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PUNCH

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JANUARY—JUNE, 1905.



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1905.

CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR.



A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven cemented firm
J. THOMSON.



O, but she will love him dearly;
He shall have a cheerful home.—TENNYSON.



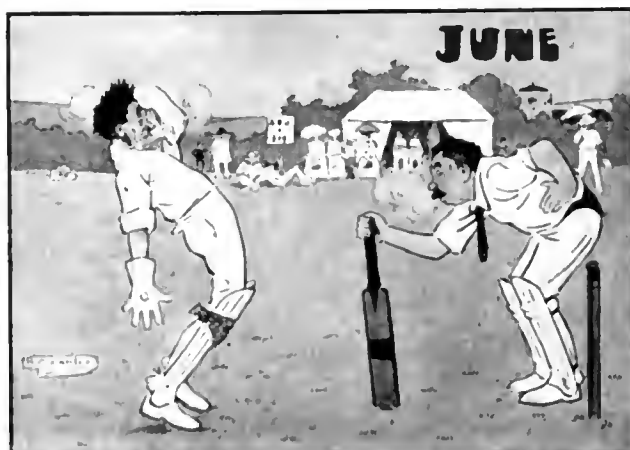
All in the freshness of the humid air. J. THOMSON.



The teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world.—J. THOMSON.



The shepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gamestome kids
J. THOMSON.



To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.—JOHN ARMSTRONG.

CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR.



Beside the idle summer sea.—W. E. HENLEY.



Be patient,
For the world is broad and wide.—SHAKESPEARE.



Here from the sultry harvest fields
The reapers rest at noon.—T. BUCHANAN READ.



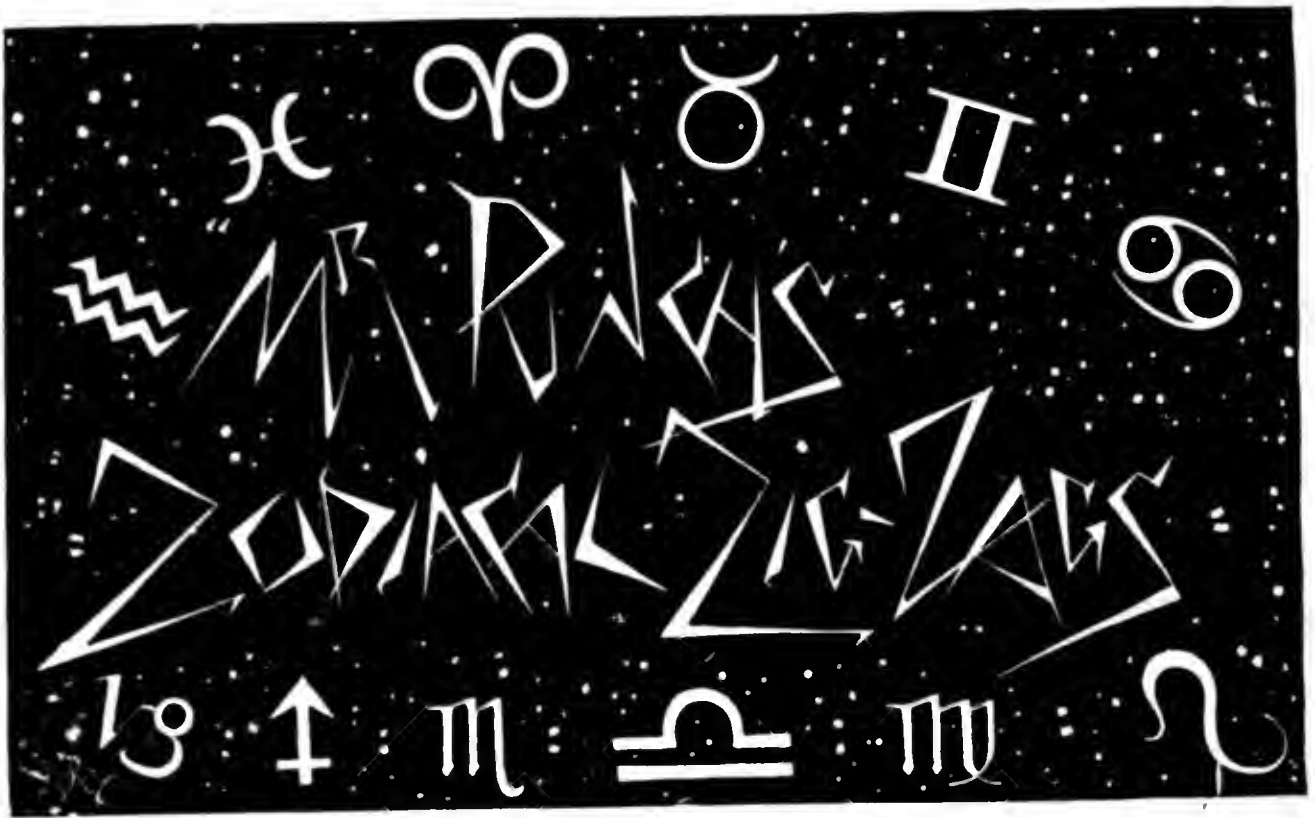
Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labour done.—BROWNING.



Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.—DR. JOHNSON.



A steaming bowl, a blazing fire;
What greater good can heart desire?—WORDSWORTH.



It was suggested by one of the scientific iconoclasts at the last meeting of the British Association that the Zodiac was played out. Mr. Punch, however, as usual knows otherwise. To that profound Sage it is given to see farther than any through a brick wall, and he has discovered that, so far from Aries, Taurus, Aquarius & Co. having ceased to affect their children, it is impossible to escape their dominion, as the following notes on the months only too

abundantly prove. A baby coming into this world in January, under Aquarius, cannot escape aquatic influence in one form or another; to be born in March, under Aries, the Ram, is to be aggressive; to be born in July, under Leo the Lion, is to be leonine; and so forth. The Zodiac still rules, and Mr. Punch has brought together instances both from ancient and modern history to prove the truth of the assertion.

JANUARY AQUARIUS.

Though water is placed last of the four elements, January has its revenge by leading in the year. This is only as it should be, for British greatness is built on its control of the water. The Englishman begins his day with a cold water tub, he tempers the rigours of the night with a hot-water bottle, and he consolidated his Empire by winning the battle of Waterloo. The United Kingdom is surrounded by water. What would Scotland do without its Burns, or England without its Becks? Aquarius fittingly dominates the first of the months.

No one born in January can avoid watery influences: either he will make a voyage, or abstain from one; get water on the brain or his feet wet; pay the water rate or go to prison; mix too much whisky with his water, or too little with his whisky. And it is in this month that water pipes usually burst.

England has many notable Januarians, as they might be called. Dearest to the

heart of Aquarius is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who is pledged to the service of water pure and simple. The world's record for abstinence is, however, held by the Ancient Mariner, of whom it is recorded, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." In spite of Sir Wilfrid's creed it has been proved by Thames trippers to be as easy to be drunk on water as on land. In this month also were born Mr. Water Long and Lord Tankerville, Baron Scheweppe, Mr. Anthony Waterer, Mr. H. G. Wells, author of *The Liquid of the Gods*, and Principal Rainy, each of whom in his own way is helping to build up the Empire.



MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Hereules encountered the first Hydro. Jan. B.C. 2501.

Mixed bathing permitted in the Round Pond. Jan. 1905.

Kingsley's *Water Babies*, published 1863.

Umbrellas first called gamps. Jan. 1844.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

An Englishman's aquasutum is his castle.

When an acorn sprouts on a mountain ash,
Then prepare for splash, splash, splash;
But if a walnut buds on the oak,
Then prepare for soak, soak, soak.

HINTS TO SMOKERS.

Distrust cigarettes which are sold at more than ten a penny.

Irish cheroots can be negotiated only by persons of an iron constitution.

Before lighting a cigar, always hold it to your ear. If you hear a roaring like that emitted by a sea shell, it is safer to ask for a milder brand.

FEBRUARY—PISCES.

To be born under Pisees is a sure augury of success as a swimmer. Hardly anyone so favoured can fail every



summer to swim to France—that test of the higher natation. Greasley was born in February, and so was Haggerty. Leander and Byron were both February babies, and it is the only month in which Holbein and Mr. Swinburne feel really well.

The influence of Pisees is powerful also in stimulating thirst, and many of our greatest drinkers have confessed to February as their natal month. Porson, for example, so notoriously drunk like a fish that the French coined from his prowess their expressive word *poisson*.

Such is the power of Pisees that most of the Finns are born in February, and they invariably choose that month in which to perform any important action, such as taking a new house, buying a dog, &c., &c.

Coldness of blood is not unavoidable by February children, but a certain frigidity is often noticeable. Mr. Gill, K.C., was born in February, and so



FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. GILL, K.C.

were Mr. Richard Whiteing, Sir Reunell Rodd, and St. Polycarp. Perhaps England's greatest February son is the judicious Hooker.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Izaak Walton became Senior Angler. February, 1615.

Mr. Gluckstein met Judge Salmon. February, 1893.

Kedjee invented. February, 118.

Ananias related his first fish story. February, 61.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

A fly in the hand is worth two in the bush.

THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.

On entering the room a caller advances towards the lady of the house before addressing anyone else, and shakes hands. If your hostess has only one arm, be sure to offer the hand corresponding to the one she still possesses.

When a visitor rises to take leave, his hostess rings the bell so that the servant may be ready to open the hall door. If the bell is out of order, the guest, on descending to the hall, should hum or sing gently to attract attention. Should that fail, he must call down the kitchen stairs, unless the kitchen is at the top of the house.

MARCH—ARIES.

March, the month of bluster and aggressiveness, owes its character to the influence of Aries, whose power is such that under it the most timid of creatures, the hare, develops an extravagance of behaviour which has become a by-word. Schemes of aggression almost invariably have their origin in March. It was in March that Mr. Andrew Carnegie began to endow Free Libraries; spring-cleaning commences on the 21st; and demands for rent disturb the equanimity of the householder in the last week of the

month. To the domination of Aries we must attribute all these phenomena.

To be born under Aries is inevitably to be energetic and assertive. Mr. Winston Churchill was born in March, and so was Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson first saw the light of this planet in a windy day of the vernal equinox. Mr. Chamberlain planned his tariff reform in March, and in March Admiral Togo rammed the first Russian cruiser. Our old friend Mrs. Ram was a March child, and Rameses the Second, and greatest, was crowned in this month.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Cardinal Rampolla first saw Madame Clara Butt. March, 1899.

Shakspeare murdered by a desperate band of noted amateurs. March, 1904.

Ramadan introduced into London by the Omar Khayyam Club. Members go on Shorter rations. March, 1905.

The Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, received his first butt. Lady Day, 1895.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Butt me no butts.

You can't make an ivory ruler out of a ram's horn.

COSTUMES FOR WINDY WEATHER.

To obviate the painfully *bouffante* effect caused by rude Boreas and his attendant brethren, fragile and airy fabrics must now be carefully avoided. For esplanade wear, tailor-made gowns should be heavily slotted, while an inner lining of ferro-concrete will be found to give the desired stability to a fur-trimmed cloth redingote. Now, however, that open-air exercise in all weathers has



become so fashionable, no one should venture out in a tornado without a parachute. Embroidered and jewelled parachutes of lace and *bébé* ribbon made up over a detachable silk lining, of which it is advisable, in the interests of variety, to include several in one's wardrobe, are now much in vogue.

TOBY, M.P.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE MEMBER FOR SARK.



As in the case of another personage well known in literature, Toby's birth "is wropt in myst'ry." There are authorities who claim that he descended in a June thunderstorm from the Dog star. That, however, need not be taken Siriously. In brief, it is a myth. Toby was never nearer the Canis major than was Homer, whose birthplace is equally a subject of controversy.

Whilst dismissing legendary lore it is safe to say that Toby was born of poor but honest parents. He lacked the advantages of education at a public school, and took a degree neither at Cambridge nor Oxford. But, as John Bright used to say, and was able to personally testify to the truth of the allegation, 'Varsity training is not absolutely essential to achievement of high position in public life.

The fact is, reading and writing came to Toby by nature. Thus endowed he was able to pursue his studies at the fountain head. His mother, to whom, like most great men, he owed much, was removed by water early from this sphere. His father, Tobias by name, was the companion of a wooden-legged watchman who lived in the vicinity of the Isle of Dogs. Bereft of his mother the young pup clung more closely to his remaining parent. Also on one

overlooked. Toby selected the other one.

On the face of it it was a trifling circumstance. It had momentous effect. The irate watchman misunderstanding his motive, which was simply to investigate the reasons why one leg should be more bulky than the other, kicked him off. His father fearing to be deprived of his living disowned him, and Toby was cast out upon a cold world.

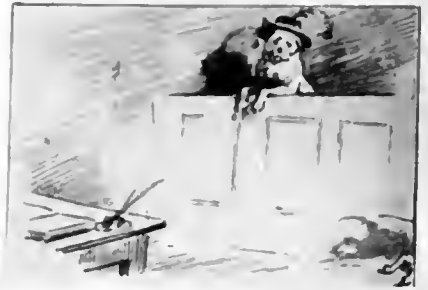
Retiring to the Isle of Dogs his capacity and personal predominance quickly asserted themselves. Though still young in years he drew around him a retinue of dogs. Some acquired the habit, fastened upon them by rude boys, of appearing at Court with sections of a tin can attached to their tails. This indignity, the handiwork of idle boys, gave birth to deep resentment in the generous breast of the Captain. He resolved to form a Republic in the island. As a preliminary he established six Army Corps with remounts and all modern appliances. In due time he would lead his army against the tyrants of his race, make prisoners of them, and send them to work in the gold mines under native gangers.

All went well for some weeks. At the approach of the dog days sedition was fomented within the camp. The Commander-in-Chief he had now assumed that rank with extra rations—was accused of ratting. Summoned to appear before the Council of Ten he indignantly denied the charge. As he proceeded with his oration the ears and tails of his accusers drooped. The Ten in Council barked approvingly, honourable acquittance was certain, when, as William Black used to say in his novels, "Lo, a strange thing happened." Some commotion was heard at the back of the Court. A cry was raised "A Rat! a Rat!" Instantly all the dogs, led by the Council of Ten, bolted, leaving Toby a free, but lonely dog.

Sickened of statecraft Toby, still in his teens, though wiser than many

heary bulldogs, shook the mud of the Isle of Dogs from off his paws and turned his face towards the setting sun. "The star of Empire," he said, "rises in the West."

One morning, taking a walk down Fleet Street, whom should he meet but Mr. Punch. The keen eye of the Sage piercing the shaggy eyebrows trustfully turned upwards on him beheld the light of honesty and genius that shone beneath them. His friendly whistle was fearlessly obeyed. Trotting briskly at the heels of his new master Toby found himself in an office. He was promptly arrayed in a white starched ruffle, and "accommodated with a seat," as they say in the police courts, on a number of volumes set upon the table



where sat the Master Spirit of the age, pen in hand, contemplating an impromptu.

That was sixty-three years ago. Dicky Doyle happened to look in, drew master and dog as they sat in close companionship, a picture of world-wide renown that exists to this day. Forty years later the electorate of Barks, looking round for a representative worthy of the historic county, sent Toby to Parliament.

But that is another story. Are not the doings and sayings of Toby, M.P.



of The Kennel, Barks, written in successive volumes of Punch whose appearance has gladdened the world during the last quarter of a century?



occasion he clung a little viciously to his father's employer. If it had been the wooden leg in which he inserted his teeth the incident might have been

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

WENT TO THE
CUPBOARD,
TO GET HER
POOR DOG
A BONE,

BUT WHEN
SHE CAME
THERE

THE
CUPBOARD
WAS
BARE,



AND SO THE SLY DOG HAD KNOWN



BABY
BABY
BUNTIN

DADDY'S GONE A HUNTIN',



HE'LL GET A LITTLE
RABBIT SKIN

TO WRAP
POOR BABY BUNTIN' IN.



"WHERE ARE YOU
GOING TO
MY PRETTY MAID?"



"I'M GOING

A MILKING, SIR -
SHE SAID!



OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR.

HE PROMISED TO BRING ME A

BUNCH OF
BLUE
RIBANDS

TO
TIE UP

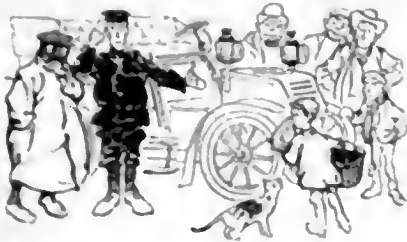
MY BONNY
BROWN HAIR!



THE MODERN JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was an Alderman
Of credit and renown;
His family was staying at
A distant country-town.

Now Gilpin bought a motor-car,
And the first time 'twas tried—
Arranged to fetch his family,
And take them for a ride.



The morning came, the *chauffeur* drove
The car up to the doors:
A 16-horse-power, Clincher-tyred
Mercedes-Napier-Mors.

And, when it stopped, men sauntered up,
And little boys as well;
And some remarked the wheels went
round,
And some observed the smell;

And everyone cheered loudly when
A start was made at last
To see that drays and brewers' vans
Were easily out-classed.

Now all went very well at first,
But twenty miles from town
Something began to squeak. At once
The *chauffeur* got him down.

Alas! while he was underneath
To find out what was wrong,
Gilpin was left alone (which points
The moral of my song).

Now Gilpin (though a pleasant wit
Who loved a timely joke)
Scarce knew the difference between
Misfiring and a spoke.



So, having nothing else to do,
At length must needs forsake
His rôle of looker-on, to put
The clutch in by mistake!

"So, fair and softly!" John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain;

The car began to move as though
"Twould never stop again.

And fast and faster grew the pace:
For, reel less in his fright,
He oped the throttle with his foot,
And eke with all his might!

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went mask and hat;
At sixty miles an hour or more
He dashed along the flat.

And when the rumour spread around—
"The Gordon-Bennett Race!"
There scarcely was a person there
But backed him for a place.

While men who in the morning laid
Seven to one on Edge,
Looked anxiously at Gilpin's back
And tried their best to hedge.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
And chickens strewed the road;
And some cried out "Police, police!"
And some, "Police he blowed!"



Then Sergeant Jarrett paced a mile,
And waited watch in hand:
But, eke to hide his fell intent,
Covered his boots with sand . . .

But Gilpin vanished in a cloud,
And very soon he neared
His family, who wondered much
To see how well he steered.

They cried, "John Gilpin! Here we are!
Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake!"
Said John, with head between his knees,
"Can't someone find the brake?"

So like a bullet swift he flew—
Shot from a marksman's gun—
Far past his family—for why?
It was a Non-stop Run!

Away went Gilpin, far away,
And sore against his will;
'Till somewhere short of John o' Groat's
His car at last stood still.

But while he wondered what to do,
His carelessness (alack!)
Once more was his undoing, for
The car began to back!

Slowly at first, but faster soon
It gathered pace again,
And all the way it came before
It hurtled back again.

And as before the people cried,
"The Gordon-Bennett Race!"
This is the second round. How well
Gilpin maintains the pace!"



So backward ever Gilpin dashed,
Until some miles from town
He met a circus in the road . . .
And then at last got down!

But, undesignedly no doubt,
Got down upon his head—
Some yards away; and people thought
"Alas! he must be dead."

Not he! By landing on "The Man
With India-rubber Skin"
He saved his own! (all but a slight
Contusion to the shin).

[The car was not so fortunate—
And all to pieces went:
They found a wheel in Dorsetshire,
A sparking-plug in Kent.]

That night (returning home by train)
O'er coffee and cigars,
Surrounded by his family,
He cursed all motor-cars!

He cursed the Lanchester with strength,
The Darracq without pause;
But most of all he cursed aloud
Mercedes-Napier-Mors;



And promised there and then to buy
A carriage and a pair,
And when his wife goes forth to shop
May I be near to stare.

So let us sing, "Long live the King!
And Gilpin long live he!"
(And Gilpin's wife, who daily drives
Down Regent Street at three.)

HOW HISTORY IS MADE.

1810



Year after year they catch nothing.

1830



At last!
Unexampled success!



1900

A statue is erected to the Man who caught the fish, and is the glory of the town and the admiration of tourists.



1905

They recommence trying for another celebrity.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

MR. PUNCH'S ZODIACAL ZIG-ZAGS.

APRIL. TAURUS.

In this month was John Bull born on the first, according to some foreign publicists, but not so according to Cocker. The old gentleman, in spite of a few little troubles in some of his limbs—a twinge or two of South African

days before the day of England's patron saint. Taurus not only provides the roast beef of old England, but he typifies her natural solidity of character. In various liquid forms, again, he ministers to one's internal needs, and (by advertisement) to the illumination of our streets.



TAURUS.

gout, a suspicion of Russian influenza, the possibility of German measles, a slight attack of Lhasitude is still hale and untouched at heart. There are some who say that he takes too much exercise at games—a view in which *Mr. Punch* is inclined to agree—and is too little disposed to consider serious measures to compete with his more enterprising Brother Jonathan; but doubtless energy in this direction will come in time. He remains at any rate the finest Bull on earth.

It is with no ordinary appropriateness that the sun enters Taurus only a few

To be born in April is to be infallibly associated in some way or other with Taurus. Bisley prize winners are born in this month, and so was Mr. Jesse Collings. It was in April that the first Cowes regatta was held, and in that month also Mr. Croker, the Taurmany Bos, left Oxon.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

St. Patrick introduced bulls into Ireland to take the place of snakes. April, 400.

Sir Boyle Roche born. April 1, 1743.

Sir Loin knighted. April, 1196.

Baron Liebig first read *Elegant Extracts*. April, 1815.

Bull-baiting suppressed at Worcester by Bishop Gore. April, 1903.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Where there's a Bull there's a Bear. (Afghan Proverb.)

Never hit a gift bull in the eye.

COMMON SUPERSTITIONS.

To find a mouse in your tenup means good luck.

If a tinnack or a drawing-pin is seen on the bathroom floor and not picked up, misfortune will dog your steps.

It is unlucky to give red pepper to a mad bull.

Walking into a coal-shoot right foot foremost brings luck.

MAY—GEMINI.

The Heavenly Twins, Castor and Pollux, affect in various ways the destiny of those born in May. Castor is the patron of horsemanship and driving, Pollux of boxing and wrestling. To be born in May is therefore, in addition to the chances of being a twin, a sure sign that one will be influenced positively or negatively by horses or bruisers.

The advantages of being a twin are obvious only when it enables the one who has done wrong to be mistaken for the one who has done right. On the other hand, it does not entitle you to the Royal Bounty. No really very great persons have ever been twins, with the exception of Caesar and Pompey, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the two Lees, Sidney and Nancy.

It is impossible for a May baby to go through life without either witnessing a wrestling competition or refraining from doing so—such is the power of Pollux. Hackenschmidt was a May baby, and so were the Terrible Turk and the Atrocious Bulgarian. All May children are born with clenched fists. All May children also are in danger of becoming horsey, whether they take to motor-cars or not. Lord Brampton was a May baby. Mr. Rider Haggard, Miss Cobbe, Canon Mornington and Maréchal Ney were all born in May.

MEMORABILIA.

Castor oil first administered to the little Pollocks. May, 1881.

Scotland Yard first discovered that Adolf Beck was not John Smith. May, 1903.

John Chilcote, M.P., appointed ambassador to Siam.

Madame Sarah Grand and Mr. W. Baddeley win the mixed doubles.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Two of a face seldom agree.

It is better to have German measles than Siamese twins.



POLICEMAN X. CAN'T TELL T'OTHER FROM WHICH.

CRICKET FORECASTS FOR 1905.

The cricket season proper may be said to open with May. About this time the daily papers will begin to print cricket articles. In the *Chronicle* Mr. Jephson will welcome the return of King Willow to power and wish him the allegiance of Old Sol and as little as possible of the company of Jupiter Plu.

On the fields all over the country wickets will fall, and not a few legs will find their way before them. About the 13th a great batsman will disappoint his admirers. On July 1 Surrey will appoint a new captain.

JUNE—THE CRAB.

That we cannot always be moving forward but must occasionally *reculer pour mieux sauter*, is beautifully indicated by the entrance of the Sun on the sign of the Crab. For, as the American poet sings:

Three things there are in the world which when they seem coming are going.
When they seem going they come—diplomats, women, and crabs.

While a somewhat similar thought has occurred to our own Poet Laureate:

Rash man toils forward, ev'n in four-wheeled cabs,
Yet surely something may be said for crabs.

Not merely something but much may be said for the wayward crustacean, who deeply influences all who see the light under his ruddy sign. To be born in June is to be reactionary, an apostle of retrogression, a *laudator temporis acti*, and so strong is the spell of their natal sign on oarsmen who celebrate their

birthday in this month that they can never be depended on in an emergency.

M. Pobedonosteff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, was born in June; so was Mr. Henry Chaplin. In this month also the days grow to their longest, like a crab's claw in process of deliberate

extension, and begin to shorten again, like the same claw withdrawn.

MEMORABILIA.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt opened Arabian Aquarium at Crabbet Park. June, 1901.

Great Claus and Little Claus, written by Hans Andersen. June, 1846.

The Great American Impresarios, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, projected their dramatisation of Crabbe's *Borough* in this month.

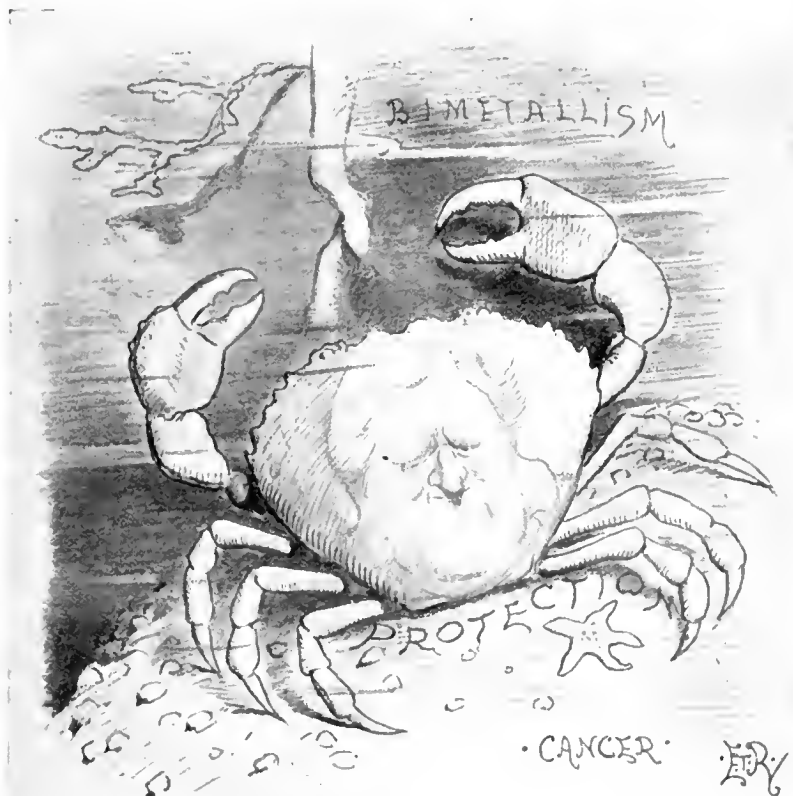
Lord Rosebery crabbed the Anglo-French Agreement. June, 1904.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Even a crab-apple can have the pip.
It is better to catch a Tartar than a Crab.—*Togo's Table Talk*.

MORE GARDENING NOTES.

Tennis lawns should be well swept and mown, the courts marked out at least once a week, and lost balls carefully looked for in the herbaceous borders. Withered flowers should be removed, dried and pressed, and if snow falls it should be at once removed. Watering is necessary in dry weather, but in the event of a heavy rainfall the amount can be substantially reduced. Cover fruit trees with green baize, and pot newspaper cuttings.



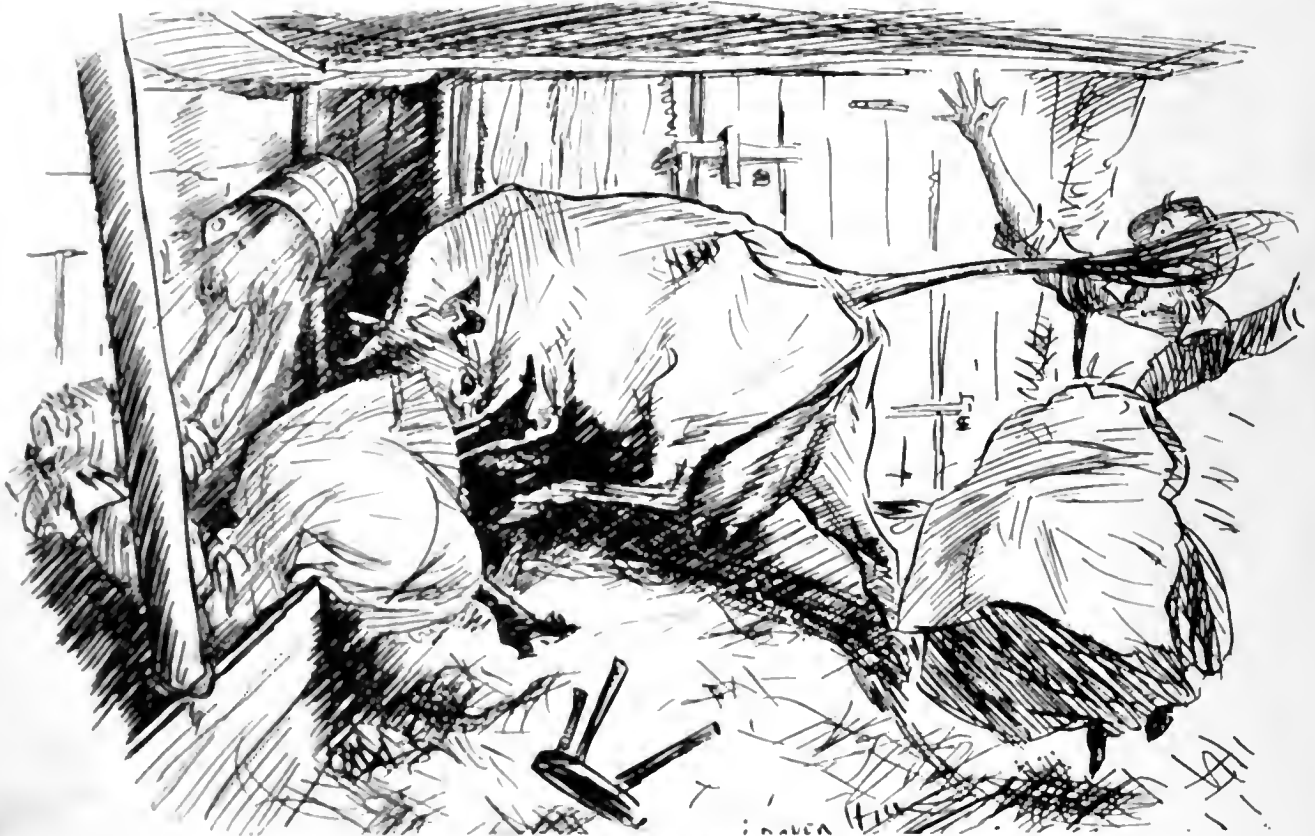
"THE WAYWARD CRUSTACEAN."

BACK TO THE LAND.

"ERINTRADE" AND "LADY CHARLOTTE," OF FEMININE JOURNAL PANE, HAVING IMPRESSED UPON THEIR READERS THE DELIGHTS OF A COUNTRY LIFE, DECIDE TO PRACTISE WHAT THEY HAVE PREACHED.



THE MILKMAID.—ANTICIPATION.



THE MILKMAID.—REALISATION.

BACK TO THE LAND.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—ANTICIPATION.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—REALISATION.

A MEMORY OF MAY.

Measures the reading public are invited to note that many of the statements contained in the following epic are merely legendary.

I **LOVES** wish that I could part
The hanging folds of drifted haze
Which so divide me, head and heart,
From what I was in early days:
I wish that I could take a course
Of Someone's Stimulating lotions
And so revive the vanished force
Of first emotions.



"Mentally reconstruct the thrill of vernal passion."

I would (in thought) renew delight
Of every season's sporting cult;
The cursive hoop, the hovering kite,
The pebble-loaded catapult;
I'd give a lot to taste again
The joy of going into breeches,
Or even bear (in mind) the pain
Of caudal switches.

I simply cannot! When I've seen
The young about me skip and play
I've felt I never could have been
So young, so immaturely gay;
And though they kindly veil their scorn
When I elude their hurly-burly,
I know they think that I was *born*
Obese and surly.

Yet, when upon the evening breeze
The sighs of lovers haunt my ear,
When swallows swoop from over seas,
When Spring (to cut it short) is here;
I too, who once at Nature's will
Followed apace the season's fashion,
Mentally reconstruct the thrill
Of vernal passion.

O magic sights and scents of May!
Back flow the ebbing sands of Time;
The mists are rent that round me cling,
And I retrieve my boyhood's prime!

Not in the elemental stage
Of marbles, butter-scotch and Henty,
But at the still more guileless age
Nineteen to twenty.

Once more I flash a garish vest,
A tie of flame, a flawless cuff;
Once more my lip (how well caressed!)
Evolves a kind of downy fluff;
Almost the memory makes me swoon
And ere I know it I am playing,
"O that I like the poignant tune)
We two were *Maying!*"

Not that we scoured the nutty grove
Or tramped across the "sheep-trimmed
down,"

Not that I ever really wove
About her crest a floral crown
But May has somehow always struck
The chord of that third term at college,
When she and I essayed to pluck
The Tree of Knowledge



"She lit the match."

Her name I will not noise in print;
To her address I drop no clue,
Nor yet betray by half a hint
What was the local shade of blue;
Discretion seals my mouth, and if
I give (below) her social status
'Twas thence I drew the primal whiff
Of love's afflatus.

She sold tobacco. Often I,
Leaning across the sundering bar,
From sheer virility would buy
A needlessly robust cigar;
She lit the match (ah! little spark
That sets ablaze the leagues of hea-
ther),
And always made some fresh remark
Upon the weather.

We seldom trenched on higher themes;
Soft nothings whiled the hour away,
And just as in a world of dreams,
Went by that truant term of May;
My habits underwent a change;
My bowling lost its easy action;
Even to Dons she proved a strange
Counter-attraction!

I gave her, day by day, a rose,
Warm from my chest, but still de-
ferred
(From modesty, I must suppose)
To breathe aloud the crucial word;
And while my doubting lips refrained
To ask her if she cared to rough it,
Quite suddenly my hopes sustained
A knock-out buffet!

The facts were these. From my exam
I issued last of all my year,
Which caused my captious Head to dam
What would have been a fine career;
I guessed the shock might well explode
That heart (I could not now annex it)
To whose seductive snares I owed
This shameful exit!

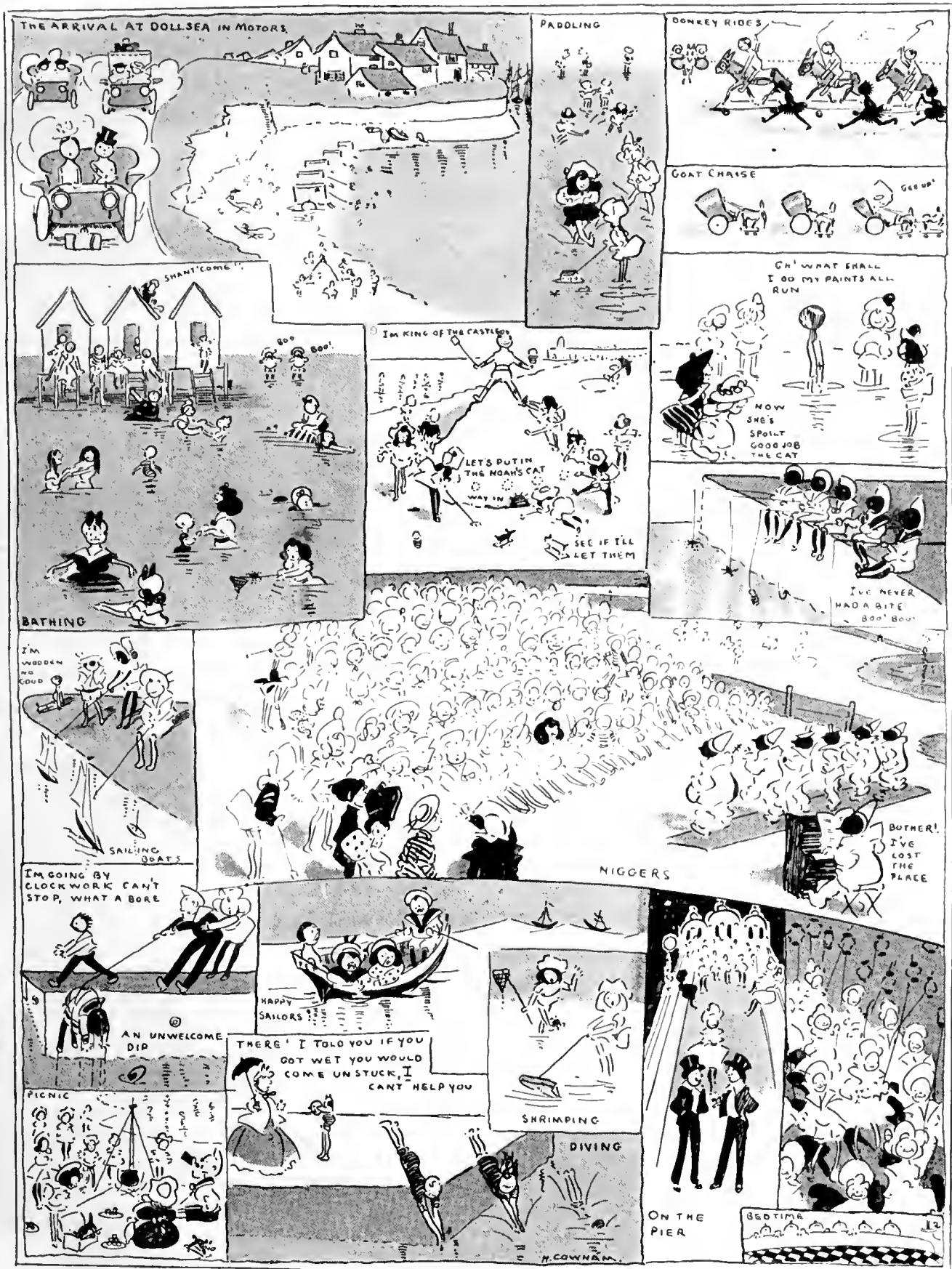
She bore the news with perfect tact!
I even wondered if she had,
Unknown to me, a nuptial pact
With some more oozy undergrad.
Base doubt! She merely meant to hide
The truth that she was broken-hearted;
And so, with many a sob inside,
We kissed and parted!

Two decades fled before I faced
Those scenes again: the shop was
there;
But O, her name was now erased,
And she had gone I know not where



"My captious Head."

Yet if her heart (like mine) is true,
I still can picture her as saying
From time to time, "O that we two
Once more were *Maying!*"
O. S.



MR. PUNCH'S ZODIACAL ZIG-ZAGS.



JULY - LEO.

With the entry of the Sun on Leo, a multitude of national attributes are revealed in those born under this tawny sign. The children of Leo are invariably strong and ferocious, but of a magnanimous disposition and a noble and benevolent appearance. They wear their hair long, even in the dog days, they like to get the lion's share of all good things, and, if musical, on very slight provocation will rend the welkin with their roar. If addicted to literature they are prone to the composition of leonine verses, and attracted by the legends of Lyonesse. If musical, they incline to the cult of the lion comique. If engaged in the brewing trade they exhibit a marked preference for the Red Lion over all other signs. If their bent be financial they generally adopt a ramping attitude.

The choice of the lion as typical of Britain, in spite of the fact that lions were never indigenous in these islands, has long been the subject of heated controversy, but now, according to the Poet Laureate, it probably arose from a confusion on the part of King Alfred when, after creating a fleet, he was saluted by his grateful subjects as Lord of the Main. Anyhow, July is the month in which lionising reaches its grand climacteric.

MEMORABILA OF THE MONTH.

Wholesale exodus of young lions from Peterborough Court to Carnelite Street, July, 1880.

Herr Julius Seeth first entered a lion's den. July, 1870.

Lyons' Restaurant first opened at the Zoo. July, 1901.

Dr. Clifford first saw the *Lady of Lyons*. July, 1902.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

A lion in an ass's skin is more dangerous than a sheep in wolf's clothing.

It is safer to twist the tail of the lion than the horn of the unicorn.

A DAINTY RATIONAL PUNTING COSTUME.

The high temperature prevailing in the dog days renders the choice of a light fabric indispensable. But as immersion is always possible, it is as well to have the skirt of waterproof *quennelle* with a cork lino waistbelt trimmed with aerated *passementerie*. The tunic and bodice should be of Waterbury ticking with an antique aluminium *jabot*, always a satisfactory accessory, while a striped Pompadour *Zouave* with *pergola* insertions and a sash of imitation pampas grass knotted loosely on the left side, combine to produce an eminently suitable whole.

AUGUST - VIRGO.

Virgo being the Lady Paramount of August, amazonian influences are rife throughout the month. All the most eminent exponents of emancipated womanhood, Semiramis, Queen Elizabeth, George Sand, George Egerton, Mrs. Carrie Nation and Madame Sarah Grand, were born in August. It was in August that Mrs. Eddy invented Christian Science and Mrs. Bloomer the bifurcated skirt. In fact, whenever woman has shown herself in the van, it has been under the sign of Virgo. Girton and Newnham Colleges were founded in August; it was in August that lady cyclists in rational costume stormed the Hautboy Inn, that Madame Sarah Bernhardt played *Hamlet*, that Lucas Malet decided to amputate Sir Richard Culmady, and that Mrs. Gallup





Lily Sandover del. et sculp.

A Dance Round the



World on a Motor.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

CHARIVARIA.

It is feared, that owing to the depression in trade and general tightness of money, many persons will be prevented celebrating Christmas by eating too much this year.

It is nevertheless confidently anticipated that, on the night of Christmas Day, not less than twenty thousand little boys will be wishing they had never been born, and the music of the weights will be awful to hear.

For ladies, loose blouses are to be the rational costume for the Christmas dinner-party this year. Small boys will, as usual, be most sensibly clad in elastic jerseys.

"Thick or clear soup, Sir?" said the footman to Master Tommy. "Bah," answered Master Tommy, without a moment's hesitation.

We trust, by the by, that there will not be a repetition this year of a disgusting orgie which took place last Christmas Eve. A Harry and a Harriet entered one of Lockhart's establishments. "What'll you have?" asked Harry. "Tea, coffee, or cocoa?" "Oh, let's have all three," said Harriet. "Orlright, as it's Christmas Eve," consented Harry.

The feeling in favour of £5 hampers as presents in the place of the useless Christmas Card is steadily gaining ground among recipients.

The most clever of the many clever safety money boxes now on the market is a poor thing compared with the little girl who swallowed the threepenny bit in the Christmas pudding last year.

A traveller who, on making his way to a Railway Refreshment Room on Christmas Day, was informed that it was not open, remarked that he ought to have remembered that all museums were closed on that day.

Home for their Holidays" is anxious to receive suggestions for spending a pleasant Christmas Day. Himself, he writes, he is a lover of quiet. We have always set ourselves against the growing fad of suicide, and must refuse to answer "Father, Ae's" question.

We do not know how the erroneous idea has got abroad that we are willing to solve everyone's difficulties, and to "Young Cook," who writes to ask us what is the best method of removing finger-marks from blanc-mange, we can only suggest india-rubber.

By the by, the Cook who, on being surprised on Christmas Eve having supper in the kitchen with a policeman, answered her mistress's "What's the meaning of this?" with "Oh, please 'm, I thought I heard burglars," should have a future.

Dumb waiters have long been in use. The latest innovation is, apparently, to have dumb diners. We received an invitation from a Society lady the other day, to dine with her "absolutely quietly."

But this, perhaps, is not so offensive as a far more common form of invitation. We have not infrequently been asked to take dinner with acquaintances "in quite a friendly way." Seeing that

we make a point of never quarrelling at a dinner-party, the condition is unnecessary.

A well-known cricketer was expecting an interesting family event. Suddenly the Nurse rushed into his smoking-room. "Well, Nurse?" he said, "what is it?" "Two line byes," announced the Nurse.



DISILLUSIONED.

AWFUL PRECIPITANT OF YOUNG FITZ-BROWN, WHO, HAVING UNDERTAKEN TO SEE A YOUNG LADY SAFELY HOME AFTER A DAY WITH THE SEABOARD HARRIERS, HAS LOST HIS WAY, AND HAS CLIMBED UP WHAT HE TAKES TO BE A SIGN-POST.

It is hard when an honest attempt to please only succeeds in calling forth angry actions. The two little lads who, having overheard their papa remark that he must get his high hat ironed before Christmas Day, in his absence ironed it quite flat, are feeling very sore about it today.

"Father of Ten Lusty Boys now



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEASIDE.

(By our Goblinsque Artist. Studies for Goblin Tapestry.)

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

RULES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Mrs. SPENDER-MOORE'S.

Rule.—To abstain from running up a big milliner's bill.

Exception.—Unless I have no ready money.

Rule.—To abstain from tale-bearing, gossip and scandal.

Exception.—Unless discussing Mrs. Slacker—whose hair is as changeable as her teeth.

Rule.—To abstain from incredulity when my husband says he has been detained on business.

Exception.—Unless he returns in high spirits, with his hair ruffled.

Dr FOWLER'S.

Rule.—To abstain from hacking, tripping, or unduly marking the enemy's forwards at hockey.

Exception.—Unless they are in the circle.

Rule.—To abstain from breaking down fences out bagging.

Exception.—Unless the Field Master isn't looking.

Rule.—To abstain from giving free play to my muscle in a crowd.

Exception.—Unless at a bargain sale.

Mrs. HENRY SLACKER'S.

Rule.—To abstain from spending more than four hours a day on the sofa.

Exception.—Unless after hearing one of dear Henry's speeches.

Rule.—To abstain from having my boudoir refurnished more than twice a year.

Exception.—Unless dear Henry's position demands it.

Rule.—To refrain from mentioning our titled connections in general conversation.

Exception.—Unless Mrs. Spender-Moore is present.

THE ELDEST MISS PARSON'S.

Rule.—To abstain from out-singing my neighbours in the hymns and responses.

Exception.—Unless in the vicinity of the Curate who has a weakness for high sopranos.

BETTY BLYTHE'S.

Rule.—To abstain from allowing Edwin to kiss me again.

Exception.—Unless my fringe net catches on his coat-button when I've no choice.

Rule.—To abstain from being engaged to more than one at a time.

Exception.—Unless the others insist.

Rule.—To abstain from smoking in hansoms.

Exception.—Unless Mamma is out of town.

MARY PERKINS'S.

Rule.—To abstain from reading Missis's letters.

Exception.—Unless Cook thinks it necessary.

Rule.—To abstain from offering Master's cigarettes to a friend.

Exception.—Unless I've run out of my own.

Rule.—To abstain from breaking the china.

Exception.—Unless the cat's in the room.

THE YOUNGEST MISS PARSON'S.

Rule.—To abstain from eating choes during Bible Lesson.

Exception.—Unless the girl behind drops them down my neck.

Rule.—To abstain from giggling out loud at Hester Homemade.

Exception.—Unless her clothes are too weird for words.

Rule.—To abstain from losing my temper with Bertie and Jack.

Exception.—Unless they pull me back by my pigtail—the cowards.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S.

Rule.—To abstain from kicking my dear little baby brother.

Exception.—Unless he takes up too much room in my mail-cart.

Rule.—To abstain from crying.

Exception.—Unless when washed.



THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLY.

Local Grocer and Wine Merchant "THANK YOU, SIR! THAT JUST COMES TO ONE DOZEN AND NINE BOTTLES. NOW, WHAT CAN I PUT IN TO FILL UP THE CASE, SIR?"
Old Peasbree. "SAWYAGE!"

Rule.—To wear an unbecoming hat through Lent.

Exception.—Unless at Sunday morning services and missionary meetings.

Rule.—To abstain from showing any interest in the opposite sex.

Exception.—Unless at Easter decorations.

Rule.—To abstain from betraying confidences. *Exception.*—Unless I am quite sure that the person to whom I tell them is as trustworthy as myself.



A FEAT OF AGILITY.

Voice from the Bow (to Binks, who is trying to adjust the moorings, and has arrived at the happy moment when he is doubtful whether he will stay with the pole or return to the punt). "NOW THEN, YOU IDIOT, KEEP STILL! I'VE GOT A NIBBLE!"

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

MR. PUNCH'S ZODIACAL ZIG-ZAGS.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

It is better to stand on a swelled head than to sit on a scorpion's tail.

The bark of the cockatoo is worse than the bite of the cockatrice.

HINTS IN EMERGENCIES.

TO BURGLARS. If discovered in the pantry, say that you stepped in to get out of the way of a motor car.

WASP-STINGS. The sting must be extracted if the insect has left it in, otherwise it is useless to search for it. In the event of medical advice not being obtainable, it is as well to write to Lord Avebury without delay.

COLD—when overcome by the effects of. In the case of extreme gelidity the application of a red-hot poker to the affected part often causes the patient to recover by leaps and bounds.

NOVEMBER SAGITTARIUS.

Dandies are born in November, for what would Sagittarius be without his



OCTOBER SCORPIO.

There are no scorpions in England since the publication of *God's Good Man*. But though the scorpion is no longer indigenous in the British Isles persons born under that sign generally manifest some of the traits of that spirited reptile. October, in short, is the month of reprisals, and all those born in that month are retaliators. It is then that the most caustic things are said, the most pointed paragraphs written. It was in October that Mr. Gibson Bowles called Mr. Balfour's Cabinet the Hotel Cecil, and that Mr. Winston Churchill described Sir H. H. Haworth as a mammoth Mandarin. Scorpions are still imported from the tropics every October to stimulate the jaded appetites of the plutocrats of Park Lane. Persons suffering from chronic lethargy cannot do better than try a brace swallowed whole with a pinch of cayenne pepper. Curried scorpion is much in vogue at the Oriental Club, and scorpions on toast have completely ousted angels on horseback at the ordination lunches at Lambeth Palace.

MEMORABILIA.

Handel composed the famous March in Scorpio. October, 1748.

Mr. Winston Churchill trod on the tail of Sir J. Crichton-Browne's Harris tweed coat. October, 1902.

Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., born at Netley. October, 1849.

Mr. Beit called Scorpio Africanus by the *Daily News*. October, 1900.



Beaux? In November the infant George Alexander was first put into trousers, and Mr. Bobby Spencer first donned a high collar. Mr. George Wyndham's moustache dates from a November not too long ago, and it was in November that Mr. Max Beerholm first bought a three-fold mirror and, like Cortes upon a peak in Darien, knew the joy of gazing upon the back of his distinguished head. It was also in November a few years ago that Mr. Tree appeared as the beau of *Ulysses*.

It is a curious fact that more persons are born within sound of Bow Bells in November than in any other month. They have generally a tendency to be bow-legged, their favourite reading is the *Quiver*, varied by Beaumont and Fletcher, and they cannot say Bo! to a goose. All this is due to the malign influence of Sagittarius, who, as everybody knows, is the patron saint of Arrow School.

It may be asked by earnest meteorologists, Why should the month controlled by Sagittarius be so confoundedly foggy? The answer leaps to the pen. "A. was an Archer and shot out a fog," which, as Professor Kuno Meyer, in his famous monograph on cuneiform inscriptions has conclusively established, is the true reading of the old line. When frog crept into the text we can only conjecture, probably with the advent of William the Conqueror.

The greatest of all the Archers, not even excepting the Worldly William, is Cupid. Hence the amatory history of the month. It was in November that Henry the Eighth tottered for the sixth time to the altar. It was in November that Sir Francis Jeune and Brigham Young were born.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Arrowroot puddings introduced into England. November, 1541.

Motor Arquebuses first used in the 'Arrow Road. November, 1904.

Mr. Alfred Austin first rhymed "quiver" to "river," and "Margate" to "target." November, 1855.

Bulls' Eyes invented by Mr. William Archer. November, 1861.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

It is better to bury the hatchet than to draw the long bow.

Shun Bow Street and you will escape the Broad Arrow.

THE ETIQUETTE OF MOURNING.

A widower should not wear mourning on the occasion of his re-marriage unless he espouses his deceased wife's sister.

DECEMBER—CAPRICORNUS.

It is due to the fact that the year closes beneath the influence of Capricornus that all classes become skittish at Christmas. Many responsible public men date their first deviations from decorum to the perturbing influence of Christmas capers. It was in the fourth week of December some sixty years ago that Dr. Clifford ate his first mince pie. At the same season Mr. Frederic Harrison determined some day to become a novelist, and to plunge into the verti-

seen on Christmas Eve on the summit of Cleopatra's Needle. Under the inebriating influence of Yule Tide, Mr. Hall Caine on December 25, 1888, sent Miss Corelli the present of a Manx kitten, with the inscription on the label, "From her first Reader."

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Captain Kidd began to subscribe to the Almanach de Gotha. December, 1684.

Death of the Piccadilly Goat. December, 1893.



•CAPRICORNUS•

THE CAPERY-CORNUS, OR GIDDY GOAT.

ginous revels of the Byzantine smart set. December was also too much for the ordinarily cool head of the Leader of the Opposition. In a moment of expansion he added the suffix Bannerman to his name, and has never been the same man since. It is only in December that Mr. Alfred Austin ever indulges in two helpings of turkey, and it was in that month in 1904 that Mr. Stead visited his first circus.

In fact the history of December is the history of desipience. Mr. Watts-Dunton, for the rest of the year a prisoner at his desk, visits the Wandsworth Swimming Bath every Boxing-Day. Mr. James Bryce, always a fearless climber, may be

Caper sauce invented by Mr. Benjamin Kidd. December, 1880.

Mr. Chamberlain visits Capri and grows a goatie. December, 1904.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

It would be awful if Christmas came twice a year.

Rich living and high-jinking.

SOME WINTER DRINKS.

A very pleasing cordial is that known as Liquid Sunburn. To a tablespoonful of boiling strawberry jam add a claret-glass of methylated spirits. Light the mixture with a fusee, and sip it through a penny whistle.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A NERVOUS INVALID—(UNDATED) PRESUMABLY WINTER AND SPRING 20TH CENTURY.



1. Am ill, consult my medical man. Verdict—"Nerves, my dear Sir, nerves." Sentence—"Go abroad, rest, quiet, change, cheerful society, and in four or say five years or so you will probably be better; above all don't worry." Appeal to Specialist. Verdict and sentence confirmed. So we have packed and gone to Sunny South—my wife Dorothea and I—Dorothea as nurse, banker and courier in charge.

2. Horrified to find sentence supplemented by order, "*Fresh egg to be taken twice at intervals.*" Eggs in any form my pet aversion; find Dorothea has brought a dozen or two to begin with—and proffers sample in mid Channel. Decline with thanks. Forlorn hope that Customs at Calais will detain remainder.

3. Arrived Paris; also, I regret to say, eggs. Calm of stay disturbed by early advent of postman. Must sign for letter myself. Excellent, but at times embarrassing, regulation.



4. Dreading further disturbance dress hurriedly, when another knock at door make dash for it, and upset my "little breakfast," also the *garçon*.

5. Leave Paris by *wagon-lit* for Hyères. Dorothea as courier not perfect yet, hence muddle about berths, and are separated. Rest and quiet *en route*, doubtful; but lots of cheerful society and change. Can't have everything, and safe from raw eggs. So "turn in."

6. Wretched night. Arrived Avignon 6.30 A.M. Still fearful of egg,—so order Dorothea's coffee, and have mine on platform.



7. Arrive Hyères. Rest and quiet at last, but judging by *ciao-ciao* at *table d'hôte*, cheerful society not arrived—or quite on.

8. Hotel clientele know all about me in few hours. I receive much gratuitous advice. Evidently no difficulty in getting well—only difficulty to select cure.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A NERVOUS INVALID.



9. Had enough of quiet. Try Nice. Capital Hotel, cheerful society, and as Proprietor has it, "No sick." Induced by cheerful society to try Carnival; dress up and jog about in correct fashion. Meet Dorothea, who objects.

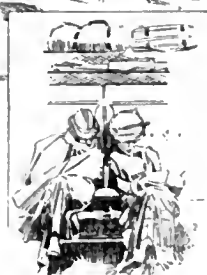


10. Objection upheld, Nice adjudged too exciting. Swallow raw egg in penance—no good. Dorothea asserts authority, so try Cannes. Find happy medium, also old yachting friend. Never tried yachting—do so. Yacht seems a size or so too small. However, endeavour to be useful and fail; also get wet and catch cold.

11. Cash getting low, Dolly getting desperate—leave for Italy. Stay Monte Carlo en route—just pop into rooms, risk 5 francs, win and go on; can't lose, win a lot, too exciting. Play again; closing time saves situation. Nerves unstrung, but purse full.



12. Fly over frontier. See plenty of Italian customs. Ditto Swiss and German, and little else for next few weeks.



13. Finally leave for home. Wonder why health much the same? Cash balance, thanks to Monte Carlo, as good as ever, rather better in fact. The idea of anyone wishing to put down gambling at Monte Carlo!! Absurd!



14. In fact rather sorry to be back—only ashamed to say so. So is Dorothea.

P.S.—Regret to find Dorothea has been systematically smuggling. She admits it,—with glow of honest pride at not having been detected.

PROPOSED GRAND INDIAN CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

By H. H. JARRELL, Esq., B.A., A.C., &c.



IN my former capacity of British Resident in Metropolitan areas I of course frequently attended various London Pantomime-performances. And to myself it was a wonderment that all such entertainments should repeat *ad nauseam* a few obsolete nursery fictions that must surely be stale as the hills to every cultivated English Playgoer! "Why," I could not help ejaculating, "do London Managers persevere in Sisyphean struggles to wring fresh changes out of such trite and effete legends as *Whittington and his Roated Puss*, *Jack the Bean-Stalker*, *Goody Glass-shoes* and *the Beast with the Blue Beard*, *et hoc genus omne*?"

Are they then ignorant that there are innumerable stories infinitely fresher and more suitable for Pantomimical purposes in certain notorious Indian literary *hors d'œuvres*? Why not dig for such pearls in the inexhaustible mines of our *Mahā Bhārata*, *Bhagavad-gītā*, or even our *Ganama-gāya Rāgansāvalī*?

On this I suddenly recollected a very fine *saga* which, when that I was a tiny little boy, was frequently recited to me by some aunt or other, and which might be plotted out into a rather splendid Pantomime. Being aware of the proclivities of British Public for the thoroughly up-to-date treatment, I took the precaution to ascertain from England the titles &c. of the latest popular songs, in order to incorporate same in my text. I have now the honour to submit the result, which I shall entitle:

SHANG-GASBA;

OR, THE LUCKY HERO WHO BECAME KING'S SON-IN-LAW.

The opening, "A Scenery in Celestial Regions" (*this, if at all liberally tinselled, will have the truly imposing effect*). Some ballet-dancers by a bevy of *Apsaras* (or Heavenly Nymphs). While they pirouette and hover on aerial wires, they are to melodiously chant, "All the little ducks go quack-quack-quack! And all their little wings go flap-flap-flap!" &c.

To be followed by a lengthy argument between a *Devī* (or Sky-Deity) and a *Rākshasa* (or evil demon) as to whether *Shang-gasba* is to experience best of luck or the jack of troubles. This is to

cause audience to split their sides with uncontrollable cachinnations!

Next comes the Scenery of "An Open Space in a Grove of Gambu-Trees."

The Hero, *Shang-gasba*, comes in and has a fine soliloquy. He says his name signifies "Renowned Possessor of Treasure"—instead of which he is as impetuous as a church mouse! His deceased Father had promised him that, if he should only inter his bones in this spot (formerly the site of Rich Ancestor's family residence), he will infallibly become mighty as a King's Son. Bones have been cemetered as per instructions—but unfortunate Son is still tormented by the Pinch of Poverty. He longs for death, and sings, "Give me a ticket to Heaven, For that's where Dad's gone, they say!"

Impromptu there enters a Magnificent Procession of Elephants, Camels, &c. (*these can either be genuine or imitation articles*), conducting *Princess Girikā*, the beauteous and only brat of *Vasū*, the King of *Magadha*, home from a journey in a gorgeously-gilded palan-



"Yer 'at don't fit yer very well,
And yer trousers, ain't they baggy!"

quin. *Shang*, bo-peeping from behind a gambu-trunk, instantly falls a victim to tender passion. Procession goes out: *Shang* resolves that, though he is such a poor beggar, he will go to King and request hand of *Princess*. Song, "She is my only girl, my only girl!"

Change of Sceneries to "A Hill on which is the huge effigy of a *Garudā Bird*." It is bedecked with costly silks and stuffs in honour of *Princess*. Here, perhaps, might be a Cake-walking Competition by some *Dakinis* (or ghoulish females). Then joyful populace enter, dancing and cockalooping for joy at *Princess's* return. When they depart, *Shang* enters. He is so esurient that he devours greedily the "baling-cakes" offered to said *Garudā Bird*, from which he pulls off the silks, &c., and conceals same in interior recesses of his ragged trouserings. Next is "A Garish Apartment in *King Vasū's* Palace, in City of *Vidanārājampura*."

King Vasū and his better half *Queen*

Gandha (*capital parts for Hon'bles Henry Randle and Danvers*) are discussing Marriage of *Princess*. They sing a comical duet, "Three are jolly fine company!" and perform some rather drollish antics. Then the Great Princely Trumpet is heard blowing outside! "This must be some Princely Suitor! Show him in, and send for *Princess*!" This is done. *Shang* appears, arrayed in shockingly seedy garbages.

Trio by King, Queen, and *Princess*. "Yer 'at don't fit yer very well, And yer trousers, ain't they baggy!"

Shang demands hand of *Princess*, who exhibits superciliousness at his cheek. Song by *Shang*, "What is the use of loving a girl, if the girl won't love you?" *Queen Gandha* pleads that he may be decapitated for such presumption. King replies, "Pooh! he is merely a Beggar." Then *Princess Girikā* says she is only to wed a Prince so rich that he can afford priceless underclothing. At this *Shang* sings, "Well, what's the, what's the, what's the, what's the, what's the, what's the, what's the matter with ME?" and pulls out of his

baggy trousers all the stuffs he has stolen from *Garudā Bird*. King is about to relent—but *Queen* (who is inimical to *Shang*) says, "Not so. First he is to achieve some mighty deed or other!" S., although constitutionally by no means a valorous, consents to perform any moderate heroism. It appears a Prince of Unbelievers is making war on King. *Shang* is to have an Army, a fine warhorse, and bow and arrows. If he drives off Unbelievers, he is to be treated as one of the Royal Family.

So *Shang-gasba*, in severe state of funkiness, gets up on

top of horse, and rides off with Army, to fight Unbelievers.

Song by *Queen Gandha*, after his departure, "They'll soon make an angel of him THERE!" and dance. . . .



This is only the beginning—and there are much finer episodes to follow!—but, it seems, I am not to be conceded any more space, though perhaps I may be permitted to conclude my Pantomime in a subsequent issue. Should Hon'ble Sir Harry Irving, or Beerbloom Tree decide, from above sample, to produce such a first-class novelty, I may come over from Calcutta (or rather Kora!) to impersonate the character of *Shang-gasba* in *propria personā*. What offers, Masters? H. H. J.

'INTS ON 'UNTING. BY 'ARRY.



IN A COUNTRY WHERE CAPPING IS PRACTISED, ALWAYS TRY TO KEEP SOME BARRED WIRE BETWEEN THE SECRETARY AND YOURSELF.



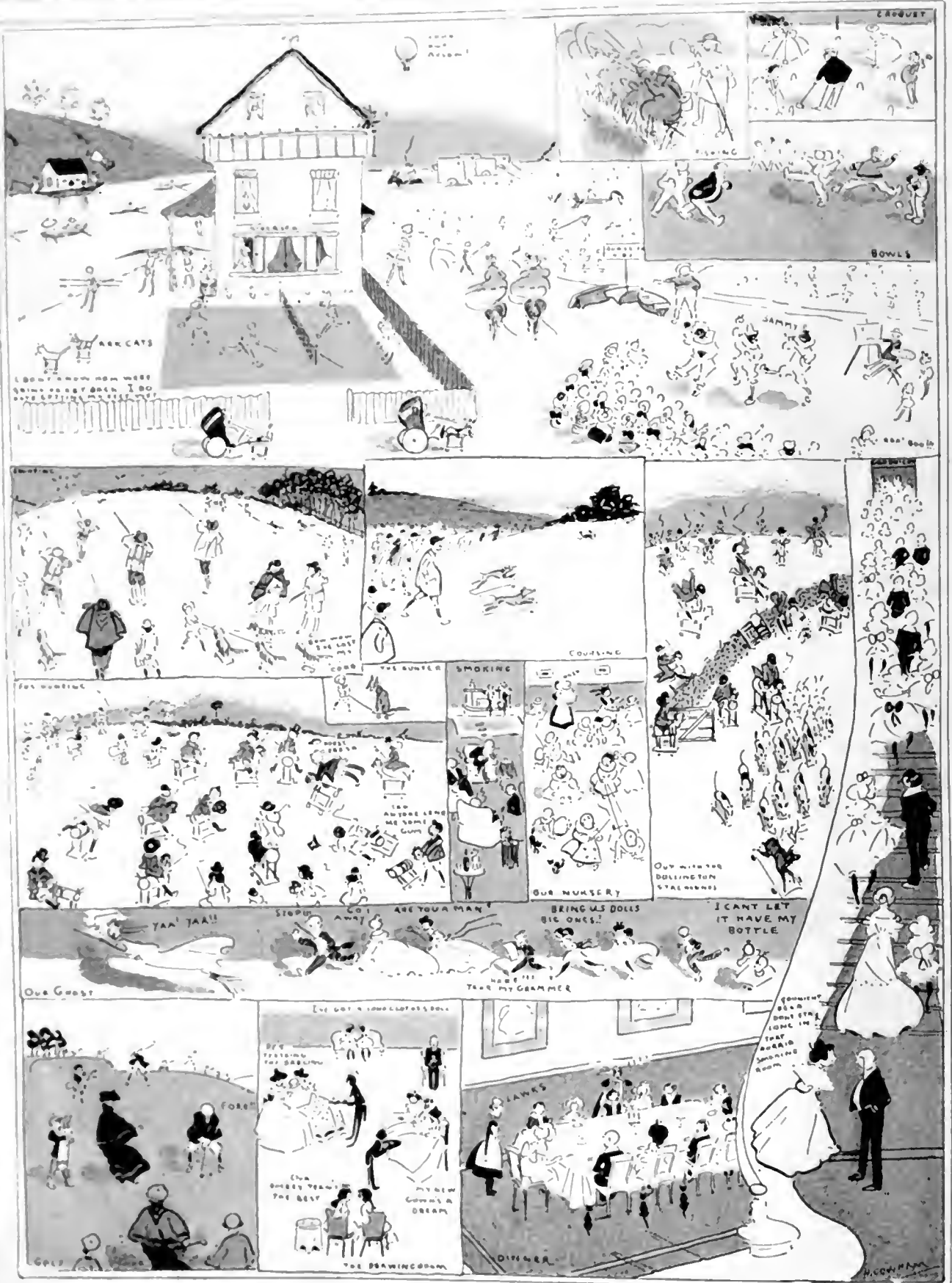
IF THE MASTER USES STRONG LANGUAGE TO YOU FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO MANAGE YOUR HORSE, AND GETTING AMONG THE HOUNDS, JUST ASK HIM IF HE WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE MOUNTS!



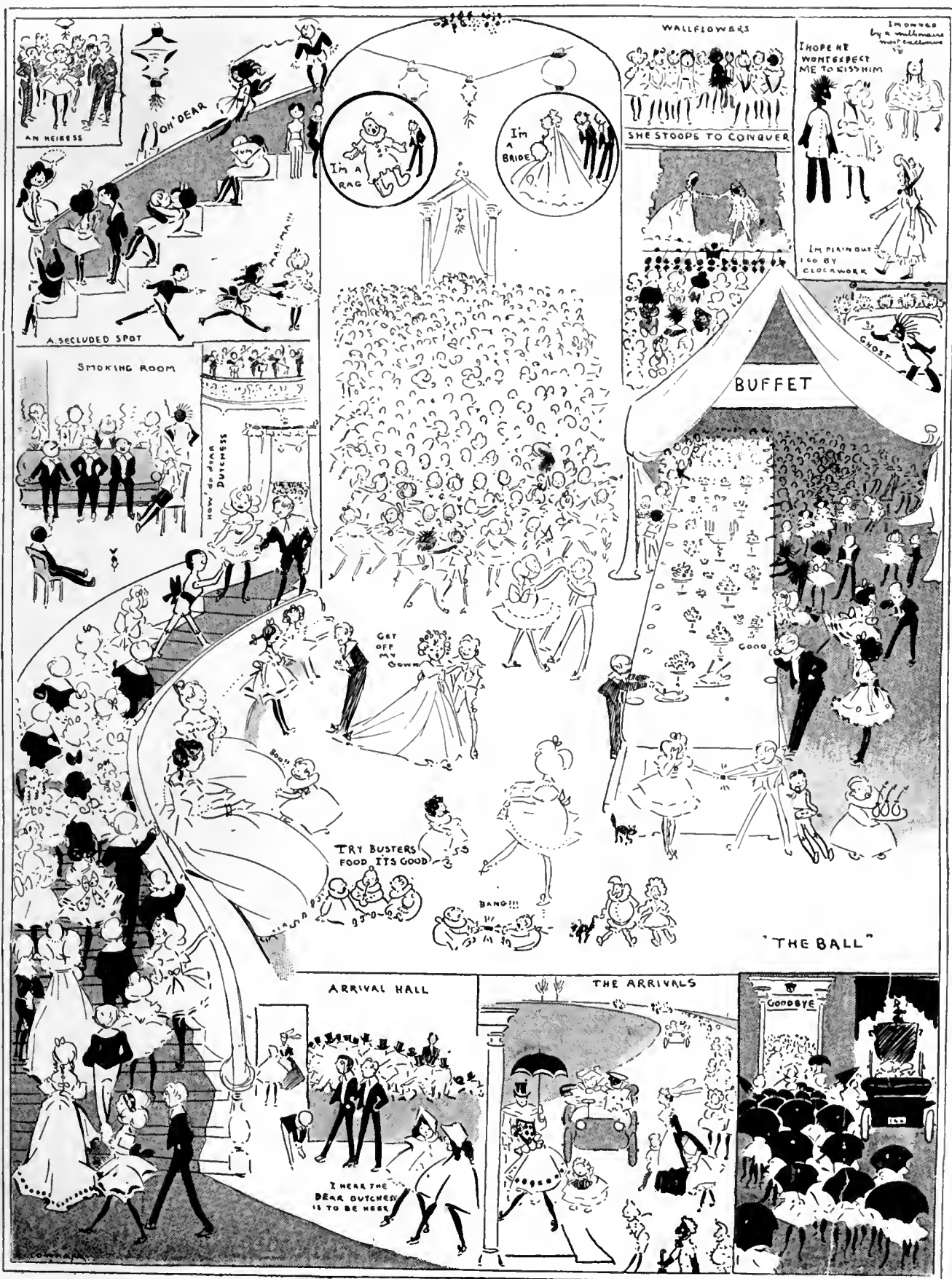
WHEN RIDING A KICKER, ALWAYS TRY TO GET FIRST TO THE GATES, AND YOU WILL NOT BE TROUBLED BY THE CROWD!



IF A HEAVY-WEIGHT M.F.H. TELLS YOU NOT TO HEAD THE FOX, A VERY GOOD REPLY IS TO TELL HIM HE DON'T LOOK LIKE DOING IT!



THE DOLLS' COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY.



THE DOLLS' DANCE AT CHRISTMAS.



VALE !

BERNARD PARTRIDGE

**Alien Cheap Labour.**

Underbidding our Native Clergy.

WE learn from the *Sun* the disquieting news that the Macedonian gipsies recently put in an appearance at West Ham, "taking up a spot near the parish church, which had been hired in the morning by a foreigner speaking some English at 6d. a week."

Taking it Sitting Down.

THE following notice appears at various stations on the District Railway:

CRYSTAL PALACE.
THE ASPHALTE RINK
SESSIONS DAILY.

CORRECTIVE AFTER A QUICK LUNCH.—
Take Sloe Gin.

Greek at the Universities.

THE division of opinion on this question has already had a far-reaching and disastrous effect. At Athens, the Government has resigned.

THE ORIGIN OF RURAL DECADENCE.—
Through communications corrupt good manners.

IN PRAISE OF FOG.

MYSTEROUS instrument of urban woe,
O Fog,

Weighing on palsied London like a log,
There must be something good in you, I know,
Or why does everyone abuse you so?

You veil the cheeks of beauty, that is true,
But then

You also veil some very ugly men,
And these are legion while the fair are few,
And therefore I am much obliged to you.

Wrapt in your cloak of comfortable dark
Ninefold,

The Albert Effigy, all spruce with gold,
And poor Achilles, shivering in the Park,
Even at ten A.M. escape remark.

'Tis yours to pluck the mighty from his seat.
You god,

Whose ear is wont to treat me like a clod,
Alights on earth to trace his bus's beat,
Not knowing Charing Cross from Regent Street.

Over the motor-fiend you cast your grim
Grey spell,

Claiming your equal right of raising hell,
Till on his own account there dawns on him
A sense of sanctity in life and limb.

Your trend is democratic. I have seen
A lord,

Driven (by you) to courses he abhorred,
Stand on the Underground, first class, between
Two seated segments of the Great Unelean.

Your vogue revives our Strephons' drooping lyres;
The skies

Ring loud to RUDER HAGGARD's happy cries;
You come to town, and lo! the race retires
"Back to the land" that reared its rustic sires.

At Christmas-tide I could not wish you hence,
Not I,

Who gave, in lieu of gifts I failed to buy,
This fair excuse, "The Fog was too, too dense!"
Thank you for that. It saved me much expense.

And, eating more than I could well digest,
I pled

Good cause for spending Boxing Day in bed,
Saying, "My constitution needs a rest;
That fetid Fog has choked me in the chest!"

Ergo, I cannot let my feelings chime,

O Fog,

With theirs who paint you black as Golliwog;
But I shall be most pleased at any time
(When matter fails) to mention you in rhyme.

O. S.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER VII.

How Sylvia made a Duke.

It is almost unnecessary that I should tell you the real name and rank of the able-bodied mariner who so unceremoniously forced himself into SYLVIA's Christmas party. You know, of course, that it was HILDEBRAND, SYLVIA's father. Why he could not reveal himself I have already told you. During the weeks that had elapsed since she was proclaimed Queen he had been brooding in retirement over his unfortunate position, and, without having any definite plan, he had made up his mind that he must see her again by hook or by crook. The Christmas party offered him a splendid opportunity, and he had seized it with the lucky result described in the last chapter. The Queen, moreover, without knowing why, had been strangely attracted to him. Before the party finally broke up she had asked him to call again on the following day, and to bring with him any testimonials to good character that he might possess. He had only two, one from the captain of a ship in which he had formerly sailed, the other from the hereditary Grand Butler to the King of the WINDWARD ISLANDS, in whose service a year of his adventurous life had been passed. These were, however, on inspection, judged to be sufficient to recommend him for the position of Naval Blue-Stick-in-Waiting, which happened at that moment to be vacant. To this he had promptly been appointed, and, as his office brought him into daily contact with her Majesty, it may be supposed that he became a fairly happy man. One thing alone troubled him: he foresaw that sooner or later he would have to meet his wife (who was, as I need hardly add, SYLVIA's mother), and, though for many obvious reasons such a meeting could not fail to give him pleasure—indeed, he ardently desired it—yet on the other hand it was evident that if she recognised him, as she was practically certain to do, he would have to confess his identity, and thus open the floodgates of a constitutional crisis the results of which he shuddered to contemplate. At present the Queen's mother was laid up with a severe bronchial attack, but she might recover any day, and then, as he said to himself, farewell to peace and happiness for HILDEBRAND, the rightful but most unwilling King of HINTERLAND. Meanwhile we will leave him enjoying the emoluments of his office and the society of his daughter, but haunted by the terrible possibilities that might at any moment overwhelm him and the kingdom.

Scarcely had the Christmas and New Year festivities been brought to a conclusion when a most severe Ministerial crisis broke out in Hinterland. The party at this time in power had, if we may trust the authorised historians, exhausted their mandate. Their supporters declared them to have conferred absolutely unparalleled benefits on the people; their opponents with equal assurance denounced them as a set of rogues and impostors who had dragged the honour of the country in the dirt and had reduced its former prosperity to the verge of bankruptcy. Be that as it may, they had been defeated on a vote of confidence, and the Prime Minister, having with his colleagues resigned office, was compelled to advise the Queen to send for the leader of the Opposition, and to entrust to him the formation of a new Ministry.

"Your Majesty will believe me," he said at the interview which had been granted to him for this purpose, "when I say that I shall always consider it my proudest privilege to have held office when your Majesty graciously came to the throne."

"Oh," said SYLVIA, "I couldn't help coming to it, could I? At any rate you were very kind about it, and I shall never forget it. I've wanted to know for some time what it

"Two Japanese men-of-war, apparently converted cruisers, are cruising off Singapore."—*Lloyd's*. We are asked to state that these "converted cruisers" have nothing to do with Mr. HALL CAINE'S *Prodigal Son*.



THE SANDS RUNNING OUT.





THINGS WE CAN HARDLY HOPE TO SEE IN THE NEW YEAR.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN PRESENTING THE FREEDOM OF BIRMINGHAM TO SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ON BEHALF OF AN ADMIRING POPULATION.

["And may I, Sir, in presenting to you this handsome casket on behalf of MY PEOPLE, venture to reiterate the hope that, inspired by this token of our esteem, you may succeed in approximating more nearly to the Birmingham standard of gentlemanly behaviour—one which is as exacting as it is peculiar."—*Extract from Improbable Report.*]

felt like to make somebody a Duke, and I'm going to do it now. One, two, three—are you ready?"

"Your Majesty is too good," murmured the statesman in some natural confusion.

"Not a bit of it," said the Queen. "I like doing it awfully. Bang! Now you're a Duke," and she laughed very heartily.

"Your Majesty will no doubt give directions to the officials to make out the patent," said the ex-Minister, who was not sure that this playfully conferred Dukedom might not, after all, escape him through some informality.

"It shall be done," said the Queen. "And what have I got to do now?"

The new Duke informed her that in accordance with constitutional usage she would do well to send for the leader of the Opposition.

"But," said SYLVIA, "I don't like him."

"I own," said the Duke with a smile, "that I am not myself passionately attached to him; but may I ask, with all deference, what are the reasons of your Majesty's dislike?"

"I'll tell you," said SYLVIA. "He has bandy legs and a very large wart right in the middle of his nose. His legs I could forgive, but the wart simply drives me mad. I always think," she added, settling herself comfortably in her throne, "that a man with a wart on his nose might do anything. How do you know he doesn't flog his dog or his wife, or pull wings off flies? That would never do in a Prime Minister, you know."

"The books of the Constitution," replied the Duke, not without embarrassment, "are silent on the subject of warts. It is true that the leader of the Opposition is afflicted with a

large one, but, bitterly as I am opposed to his political principles, I am forced to own that in his private life he behaves not otherwise than becomes a gentleman. I fear, Madam, I cannot give you any advice except to send for him and direct him to form a Ministry."

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed the Queen, "is there no way out of it?"

"None, your Majesty," said the Duke impressively.

"Oh, very well then," said the Queen, "if I must I must. But it's no good thinking I shall get any pleasure from it, because I shan't."

"Your Majesty is much to be pitied," said the Duke, as he bowed himself to the door.

"Now I wonder if he meant to be sarcastic," thought SYLVIA when she was left alone. "If he did it wasn't nice of him directly after he got made a Duke."

However, she resigned herself to the wart, and shortly afterwards sent for the gentleman who owned it.

A Ducal Atavism.

IN Part III. of Mr. PERCY MACQUOID'S *History of English Furniture* is an illustration of an old "Day Bed, Property of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE." This discovery goes far to explain a certain phase of the present Duke's character; he is undoubtedly a victim of the awful forces of heredity.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VIII.—THE WEDDING PRESENT.

I.

From the Rev. Wilson Large to several of his parishioners, including Lady Fern, Mrs. Harrison Root, Miss Callow, Mrs. Pollard, Sir Anthony Dix, Mr. Horace Sparrow and Mr. Jack Pyke-Luntin.

DEAR —,—As you no doubt are aware, our friend and neighbour, Lord CLUMBER, after a period of lonely widowerhood is about to enter again into the bonds of wedlock with Miss BIRDIE BANGLE, and it has been thought that, in addition to any little gift which we may individually be sending to him, some general token of our esteem and our desire as a community for his happiness would be timely and welcome. I write to you, as to several others of the leading residents in the neighbourhood, to ask for your co-operation in this little scheme, and for your views as to the shape which the testimonial should take. My own idea is a timepiece, with a suitable inscription on a silver plate beneath the dial. Believe me,

Yours cordially,

WILSON LARGE.

II.

Mr. Jack Pyke-Luntin to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—If by timepiece you mean clock, I'm on. Of course old CLUM has clocks to burn, but wedding presents don't count. It's the thought behind them. Put me down for a sovereign, and if I can help you by buying the clock when I go to town next, I will do so gladly. But you must give me all instructions very clearly.

Yours, J. PYKE-LUNTIN.

III.

Miss Callow to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—Your news has made me a new woman. I have been so ill with rheumatism and general depression for so long, but the thought that dear Lord CLUMBER is again to be made happy has brightened every minute since your letter came. I like the idea of the clock—how very clever of you! Such unsuitable presents are often given on these, to me, sacred occasions, such even as spirit flasks and other unpleasantly material things. But of course you, with your views on temperance, would not have permitted anything like that. I enclose a cheque for two guineas.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

ELLEN CALLOW.

IV.

Lady Fern to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—I am both pained and shocked by the interest you are

taking in this unfortunate marriage. When English noblemen marry dancing-girls it is the duty of the clergy to weep rather than organise wedding presents. Your scheme will receive no countenance from me, I remember poor Lady CLUMBER far too vividly. Any present that I may feel disposed to make will take an admonitory form, or I may possibly send a copy of Lord AVERBURY'S *Pleasures of Life*.

Yours sincerely,

ANGELA FERN.

V.

The Rev. Wilson Large to Lady Fern.

MY DEAR LADY FERN,—I was greatly distressed to find that your attitude to Lord CLUMBER'S engagement is so hostile. I fear, in your perhaps natural dislike to see a stranger in the late Lady CLUMBER'S place, you have been betrayed into a slight error. You say a "dancing-girl," but I understand that Miss BANGLE spoke quite a number of words in the last play at (I think) the Gaiety Theatre, and was very warmly praised for her imaginative treatment of the part by some of the leading critics. In any case I doubt if we ought to condemn dancing *quâ* dancing. We have all danced a little in our time—I used, I remember, to be singularly happy in Sir Roger—and Miss BANGLE may be a very worthy person in spite of her calling. It is enough for me that Lord CLUMBER has chosen her.

I am, dear Lady FERN,

Yours cordially,

WILSON LARGE.

VI.

Sir Anthony Dix to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—It's a very good notion, but a clock is too dull. BIRDIE won't care for a clock at all; not unless she's very different from what she used to be. A motor coat would be much more in her line, or a tasty fan. I saw some beauties the other day in Bond Street. It's rather a joke for her to catch CLUMBER; and a good deal of a change for him after the late Lady C. I enclose a cheque for two pounds any way.

Yours truly, ANTHONY DIX.

VII.

Mrs. Harrison Root to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—I cannot find that anyone staying in this Pension knows Miss BANGLE'S name, although there are several ladies who seem to be ardent playgoers. But perhaps she has only just appeared in London. Mr. BENSON, whom I know slightly, is always producing wonderful new Shakspearian actresses, and I imagine Miss BANGLE to be one of these. But what an odd name! Yours sincerely, GRACE HARRISON ROOT.

VIII.

Mr. Horace Sparrow to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—I think your idea a good one, and I shall be glad to join. But is not a clock a rather unimaginative present? It always seems to me that insufficient thought is given to such matters. I have put down a few articles which my wife and I consider more suitable and original. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

HORACE SPARROW.

Reading Lamp.

Revolving Book-case.

Complete set of RUSKIN.

After-dinner Coffee Set.

P.S.—MRS. SPARROW and myself have derived more comfort from a breakfast heater than any other of our very numerous wedding presents.—H. S.

IX.

Miss Effie Pollard to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—We think it such a charming idea of yours, and shall be delighted to assist. My mother is in favour of a butter-dish, but the clock seems to me an admirable thought. What could be prettier than a reminder such as this that another hour of happiness has passed, and that so many friends have good wishes for the new life! As I tell mother, she can give the butter-dish independently, if you think that our one visit to Clumber Towers, on the occasion of the Missionary Helpers' Union annual fête, a sufficient ground. Meanwhile I enclose a postal order for a pound, and remain yours sincerely, EFFIE POLLARD.

X.

The Rev. Wilson Large to Mrs. Harrison Root.

DEAR MRS. ROOT,—I am happy to be able to tell you that everything is in train for the wedding present for Lord CLUMBER. Mr. PYKE-LUNTIN has very kindly arranged to buy the clock in London, in a shop in Bond Street where I saw them, and to arrange for a suitable inscription. The *Tatler* which you send me is very interesting. Miss BANGLE has certainly a very charming face, but it seems to me to border too much on familiarity to call her plain "BIRDIE" underneath. Lord CLUMBER can hardly like that. Still, it is not for me to sit in judgment. Believe me, dear Mrs. Root,

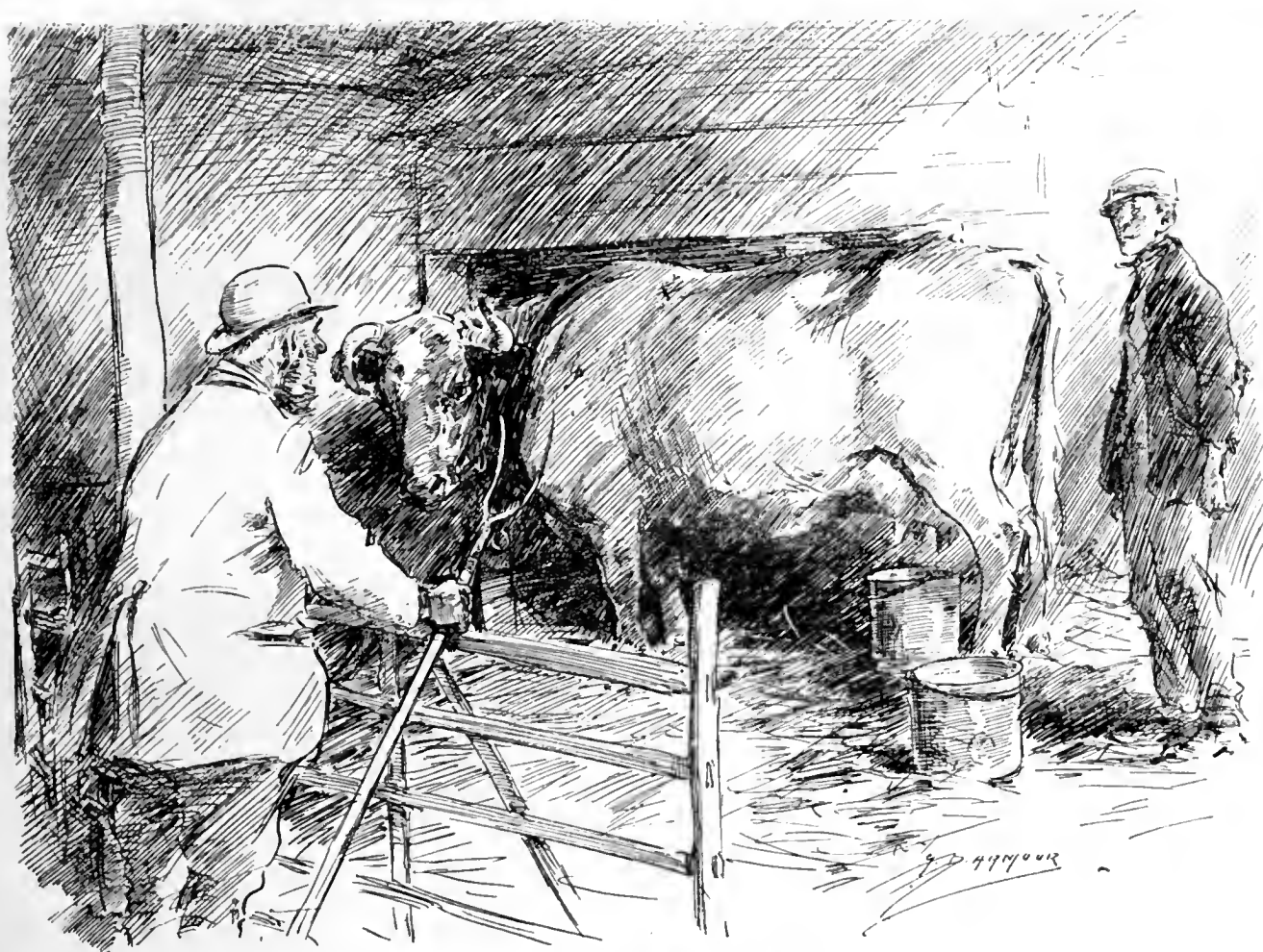
Yours cordially,

WILSON LARGE.

XI.

Mr. Jack Pyke-Luntin to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—I am sorry to say that the fog yesterday was too much for me altogether, and made it impossible to



"BACK TO THE LAND."

Old Farmer Worsell (who is experimenting with unemployed from London). "NOW THEN, YOUNG FELLER, 'OW LONG ARE YOF GOIN' TO LE WITH THAT 'ERE MILK?"

Young Feller. "I CAUNT 'ELP IT, GUV'NOR. I BIN WATCHIN' 'ER 'ARF AN HOUR, AND SHE AIN'T LAID ANY YIT!"

get to Bond Street. But I managed to struggle as far as the Stores, and I think you will be delighted with what I managed to secure—a real bargain. They had no clocks worth anything, and so I hopped on to this—a first-class Tantalus. It is being engraved to-day, and should reach you to-morrow. I know old CLUM will appreciate that, and he's got clocks enough already to tick his head off. Yours sincerely,

J. PYKE-LUNTIN.

THE PINCH OF GENTILITY.

[Dedicated to Mrs. PRAGA, who has written a book showing how to keep an elegant house on £200 a year.]

ONCE upon a time my MABEL

Cooked me plain and homely fare;
Simple beef adorned my table,

Simple cabbage too was there;
Here was salt and here was mustard,
Here a glass or two of custard

Round the roasted apples clustered—
Otherwise the board was bare.

But the ancient order ended

When by melancholy chance

On a little tome descended

Mistress MABEL's eager glance.

Straightway dawned another æon:

MABEL vowed that she would see an
End of everything plebeian—

Now we aim at elegance.

Knives and forks and glasses glitter

Round a centre of sateen,

And, instead of vulgar bitter,

Claret (name unknown) is seen.

LIZZIE then, the porter's daughter,

Brings the *purée*—MABEL's taught her

So to call the cabbage-water

Ladled from the soup-tureen.

After this, in silver dishes,

Enter bits of skin and bone,

Mixed with heads and tails of fishes

With a flavour all their own.

Patent jellies, round and hollow,
Filled with custard powder, follow—
Jellies which are hard to swallow,
Though they lend the feast a tone.

Finger-bowls then LIZZIE places
On their doilies fringed with dirt,
Manufactured out of laces

Which were once an evening skirt.

Coffee essence—so the label

Calls the mixture—decks the table;

Thus does providential MABEL

Strive to give us our dessert.

* * * * *

When the pinch of hunger wakes me

Just as I begin to snore,

When a longing overtakes me

For the vulgar meals of yore;

When I lie there, faint and dizzy,

Still I hear the luckless LIZZY

Toiling in the kitchen, busy

Washing up for evermore.

"EXPRESSLY FOR CHILDREN."

"Look here!" cried the Genius of Modern Pantomime, bursting excitedly into *Mr. Punch's* private sanctum, and looking, if possible, bigger and longer and more glittering and gorgeous than ever, "you're supposed to be an authority about children, aren't you?"

"Am I?" said *Mr. Punch*. "I'm fond of them, if that's anything to do with it. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want your opinion," said the Genius. "A most unfounded and unfair attack has been made upon me! What do you think the critic of a certain London morning journal has been writing about the latest production at Drury Lane? Calls it 'unsuitable for children' and 'vulgar,' Sir! Vulgar!—with the amount of money that's been lavished on it!"

"After all," said *Mr. Punch*, taking refuge in platitude, "vulgarity is very much a matter of taste, isn't it?"

"He's quite alone in his opinions, Sir," said the Genius. "All the other papers have been unanimous in a chorus of praises."

"They invariably are," said *Mr. Punch*. "You see, Pantomime has become one of those fine old British institutions which it is considered almost impious to criticise."

"Almost? It's quite impious, Sir! Why, *The White Cat* has been written expressly for children, is in every particular fit for them, and there's nothing whatever in it—especially now that all the passages objected to have been cut out—to injure them, mentally or morally!"

"That," said *Mr. Punch*, "in a piece written expressly for children, may surely be taken for granted."

"Perhaps you've seen it for yourself?" the Genius inquired. "You have? Then I'll just ask you this question—is it fit for children, or is it not?"

"In my opinion," was the judicial answer, "it is every bit as suitable for them as any of its predecessors for some years past, if that's any comfort to you."

"I knew you would be on my side!" said the Genius. "And I suppose you had some children with you? . . . I thought as much. Well, did any of them see anything at all objectionable in it?"

"I've never yet met the child who *did* see anything objectionable in a Pantomime," said *Mr. Punch*, "and I'm not at all sure that I want to. Still, I gather that you wish me to be quite candid?"

"Of course, of course!" said the Genius.

"Well," *Mr. Punch* continued, "it's a mere detail, I know, but I don't altogether see why—in a piece written expressly for children, you know—it should be essential to represent the Good Fairy as not only elderly, but partially bald."

"Partial baldness in female characters is always considered a highly humorous make-up, in the Halls," said the Genius. "And, as the part of a Female Fairy is naturally allotted to a leading music-hall comedian—"

"That accounts for it, of course," said *Mr. Punch*. "But why reduce the Fairy to earn her living as a Barmaid, or a lodging-house keeper? Not a particularly brilliant flight of fancy, is it?"

"You must give a Pro a chance to work in his usual wheezes somehow," said the Genius, "or how are you going to get in any humour?"

"I see," said *Mr. Punch*. "And your theory is that the sort of humour that most appeals to the average child mind consists in allusions to fish-stalls, hawking the brokers in, tripe puddings, and quarters of gin?"

"There's no real harm in it, anyhow," said the Genius; "and whether the kiddies understand it or not they laugh just the same as the grown-ups do. We've always had that sort of jokes in Pantomimes, and no one's ever called them unsuitable for children before. Why begin making a fuss at this time o' day?"

"It may be a little late now, certainly," agreed *Mr. Punch*. "Still, you know, songs and jokes which are inoffensive enough in a music-hall mayn't always be just the thing for the nursery, eh? But, to come to another subject, you've brought in a good many characters that aren't in the original story, haven't you? *The Missing Link*, for example?"

"Of course," said the Genius, "you've got to do that in every Pantomime. And the character of *Simcon* is not only comic but instructive—there you have him, gradually evolving, according to the Darwinian theory, from an ape right up to a man of the world. Didn't it strike you as a screamingly funny scene where he'd got to the stage of an idiot just able to stutter out his passion for his elderly landlady, the ex-Fairy?"

"I can't say that it did," replied *Mr. Punch*; "but of course, so long as it amuses the children—"

"Well, there's *Cupid*—he's brought in too. You can't deny that *he's* a pretty character!"

"It is very prettily played, at all events. But perhaps—in a piece expressly written for children—it was not absolutely necessary to give *Cupid* such cynical lines about the durability of love after marriage."

"Oh, if you're going to be so particular as all that!" said the Genius huffily. "But go on. Anything *else* that struck you as amiss? I shall be really obliged if you'll mention it."

"Well, as to the *Princess Aurora*, now," began *Mr. Punch*, "the *White Cat* of the story—"

"Come, you can't have any fault to find with her, I should hope!" said the Genius.

"Not with the lady who played the part, certainly," said *Mr. Punch*. "She did the little she had to do most charmingly. But why isn't she turned into a *White Cat* in the Pantomime?"

"She is, Sir," said the Genius; "you can't have been attending!"

"I beg your pardon," said *Mr. Punch*, "she merely wears a sort of *toque* in the shape of a *White Cat's* head—most becoming, I admit—but it entirely destroys the point of the story."

"What *does* that matter—in a Pantomime?" said the Genius. "You can't ask a principal lady to go through a whole scene with her face hidden under a great mask, just for the sake of sticking to the story, *can you now?*"

"I should have thought you might—in a piece written expressly for children," said *Mr. Punch*, "because, you see, the great scene in the original story is where the *Prince* has to cut off the *White Cat's* head before she can become a *Princess* again. But, of course, all that had to be left out."

"You must leave out a good deal of the story," said the Genius, "or how would you find time for all the magnificent spectacles and processions and ballets? Why, the piece plays well over four hours as it is!"

"Perhaps the children mightn't mind a little less magnificence if they were given a little more of the story," suggested *Mr. Punch*.

"They mightn't," said the Genius, "but the grown-ups would!"

And that, as *Mr. Punch* recognised at once, would have been quite fatal to the fortunes of any piece written expressly for the children.

F. A.

More Commercial Candour.

From a trade prospectus:—

"—, being a Practical Cutler, invites Customers to have the benefit of his experience, and they will find that the prices charged will bear favourable comparison with those usually charged for Worthless Rubbish."

OF VIOLET, PLAYING.

DAINTY and light the touch of VIOLET
 On the familiar keys,
 The keys, responsive to her every
 mood,
 Elated, when she feels that life is
 good,
 And yet depressed—for notice, if you
 please,
 Until depressed, no music shall you get.
 So light, so light the touch, her fingers
 thrill
 The deep, still pool of sound,
 As 'twere the fleeting breath of
 summer breeze;
 Yet firm as some prehensile chimpanzee's
 Grasp of the branch on which his tail
 is wound,
 And pliant, too, like Mr. B-L-F-E's will.
 Often by crescentual chords she
 climbs,
 Or makes the spinet sing
 Of bygone youth, dead hopes, and
 last year's rose;
 Tears dim the spectacles upon my
 nose.
 For, when *she* plays, "A Little Bit of
 String"
 Sounds sweetly solemn as cathedral
 chimes.
 Methinks, if he were sitting by my side—
 The elephant, who gave
 These tusks that sing and laugh, or
 moan and wail,
 As she commands—that his expres-
 sive tail
 And vocal trunk would warrant him
 her slave,
 Thrice happy for her service to have died.

LAY HELPERS.

[The Bishop of LONDON has just published his balance sheet, and *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in publishing a little correspondence on the subject.]

SIR,—I have been much interested by the dear Bishop's balance sheet, and cannot help thinking that he may like a few hints from an old housekeeper.

I see that more than £1,000 a year is spent on food, fruit, &c. Now this seems a great deal. If the Bishop were to do his marketing *himself* and carry home his purchases, he would, I am sure, reduce his expenditure by more than half. *I know this to be so.* Also, he should not have books at any of the shops. Let everything be paid for when it is ordered. If his Lordship will take care of the pence in this way the pounds will take care of themselves.

I should be very pleased to show the Bishop my housekeeping system any afternoon. I am generally in at tea-time.

Yours, &c.,

MOTHER OF A FAMILY.



WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

Little Girl (to Curate, who is waiting for his hostess). "DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING WHILE I'M GONE, WILL YOU, MR. JONES?"

SIR,—After reading through the Bishop's balance sheet it struck me that much more might be done to make Fulham Palace and London House centres of the home life of Londoners.

It seems a pity that more is not done in the way of entertaining by the Bishop. For instance, the busiest man has a spare hour sometimes, when a chat with his Bishop or a game of skittles with him would be a great pleasure and something to look forward to in business hours. Again, our wives and daughters would find it very useful to have some quiet place where they might rest after their shopping expeditions, and leave parcels, umbrellas, &c., to be picked up on the way home. In this way the Bishop would learn infinitely more of the personal tastes and

views of the people in his charge than is possible under the present system.

I am quite sure that if these suggestions were adopted we should hear no more of Disestablishment.

Yours, &c., PRACTICAL.

SIR, I noticed with deep pain one item in the balance sheet recently published by the Bishop of LONDON.

The eighteenth entry is as follows:

"Hire of four horses in constant use £210."

Will his Lordship tell us when these poor dumb creatures have any rest? I am sending a copy of this letter to the R.S.P.C.A., who will, I know, take the matter up immediately.

Yours, &c.,

LOVER OF ANIMALS.



A LITTLE HORTICULTURE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

Squire's Daughter (to Gardener's Wife, who suffers from chronic rheumatism). "HAVE YOU EVER TRIED SWEDISH MASSAGE, MRS. BROWN?"
Mrs. Brown. "I HAVE HEARD SAY IT BE VERY GOOD FOR THE RHEUMATICS, MISS; BUT WE DON'T GROW IT IN THESE PARTS."

THE SWEETS OF FAME!

After reading Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN'S "study" of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN in a popular Magazine.

WILKS WOISEY, in a celebrated speech,
 Bade THOMAS CHOMWELL, "fling away ambition,"
 I take it his intention was to teach
 The disadvantages of high position:
 And that in fact we tend to overrate
 The splendours of a Minister of State.

My own impression is, in WOISEY'S day,
 In spite of block and headman and the rest of it,
 Exalted personages had a way
 Of somehow managing to get the best of it,
 While the poor scribe who dealt with men of note
 Had to be very careful what he wrote.

But now that pleasant state of things is changed,
 The "insolence of office" veils its face,
 And things are very differently arranged
 For statesmen in the present year of grace
 A thing which public men should not forget
 When offered places in the Cabinet.

Soon as your risen star has left behind
 The cold obscurity which masked it lately,
 Dick, Tom and Harry promptly call to mind
 That in your youth they knew you intimately.

This touching fact they hasten to confess
 In a communication to the Press.

JONES in a playful paragraph retails
 The likeness that his infant features bore to you,
 BROWN says he met you years ago in Wales,
 TOMPKINS declares his uncle lived next door to you,
 SMITH tells how once he asked you so and so,
 And how you answered that you didn't know.

Each chance acquaintance rises like a ghoul
 Determined to exploit this kind of knowledge;
 The duffer whom you used to kick at school,
 The bore you resolutely cut at college,
 A hundred people whom you never knew
 Proclaim that they have not forgotten *you*!

Such are the dire concomitants of Fame
 At this depressing period of our history,
 But why we print such trash or read the same
 (If we do read it) is to me a mystery.
 Meantime, if this is what the Great endure,
 I shall contentedly remain obscure.

The Tariff Reformer's Catechism.

Q. Howins? — A. He-wins.



A NEW CUSTOMER.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN. "WHAT YOU WANT, SIR, IS SOME OF OUR PROTECTION STIMULANT!"
OLD 1904. "SAME OLD STORY! THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN RUBBING INTO MY HEAD, AND
LOOK AT ME!"



CHARIVARIA.

THE CZAR has issued a Decree insisting on autocracy, and consenting to only a few minor reforms. He is said to be acting on the advice of his infant son.

The Russian Government is so often accused of lacking a sense of justice, that it is only fair to point out that, as soon as proof of the escape of M. DE PLEHVE'S murderer was satisfactorily established, the sentences on the two men found guilty of the crime were reduced to 14 and 10 years' imprisonment respectively.

For a wager of £2 a Lambeth labourer ate twenty mince-pies in ten minutes in a local public-house. This is likely to lead to trouble, as it is quicker work than the Trades Union regulations allow.

A gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to complain that two letters which he posted on the Saturday before Christmas, and which "obviously contained Christmas cards," were not delivered at Streatham till after the event. It is rumoured that the Postmaster-General has apologised, explaining that, owing to the rush of work at that time, he mistook the letters for business communications.

After appearing as Santa Claus to 2,000 children in Zion City, Dr. DOWIE removed his disguise, and pointed out that there was no such person as Santa Claus. A more welcome announcement would have been that there is no such person as Dr. DOWIE.

It is credibly reported from the Carmelite Quarter that owing to the distractions of Christmas no newspapers changed hands during the last week of December.

An interesting letter, written almost entirely in unintelligible slang by one prisoner to another, has been published. Is this the beginning of the much-talked-of revival of Gaelic?

In an interesting, eulogistic article on the work of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS (from the pen of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS) published in the *Express* last week, there is a paragraph which confirms a suspicion we had long entertained. "Next to the spectacular portion of the pantomime," says the writer, "comes the ill-important one of fun, and, if anything, this is more difficult to provide than the story."

The recent fogs are said to have cost London shippers and merchants 10,000,000. Many people question whether they were worth the money.



"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!"

(First of January.)

"LOOK AT THIS LOVELY PRESENT YOU HAVE HAD SENT YOU. ISN'T IT JUST A DARLING, JACKY, EH?"

"WELL—I MUST SAY I DON'T THINK MUCH OF IT, AUNTIE. CAN'T YOU PUT IT AWAY IN A PARCEL TILL NEXT NEW YEAR, AND THEN MAKE A PRESENT OF IT TO SOMEBODY ELSE?"

The chief War news of any importance is that the Japanese have determined to help Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY in his search for their ships.

Professor SEWARD, of Stanford University, questions the value to Americans of the Rhodes scholarships. His countrymen, he declares, have nothing to learn from England. Four hundred undergraduates of Columbia University, in a hunt after a Freshman last week, broke innumerable windows in New York, and destroyed the railings of a subway station.

India is described by an enthusiastic road-hog as "A Paradise for Motorists." Nothing is said about the natives, but it is understood that, if need arise, no difficulty will be put in the way of their translation to a Paradise of their own.

The great "h" difficulty which has for so long troubled civic orators has apparently been solved. At a recent City dinner the experiment of printed speeches was tried with success.

A gentleman has written to the Press to say that the question in algebra set at a recent examination for cavalry officers and quoted as absurdly difficult is in no way unreasonable, for it has been solved at the first attempt by a six-year-old schoolgirl. But our recollection is that all that was said was that it was absurdly difficult for cavalry candidates.

War against Waistcoats having been declared by the headmaster of Kingston Grammar School, a strong committee of defence is to be formed at once, with the Marquis of ANGLESEY at its head.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

[A London policeman, in a letter to the *Express*, says that "one of the reasons why the police cannot be found when they are wanted, particularly during the night, is that a large number of men are allowed time off duty to play football matches."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

DARING BURGLARY.—No. 21, Parsifal Avenue, West Kensington, was last night the scene of a burglary of a peculiarly impudent nature. Every article of any value was appropriated by the thieves, who had apparently made themselves quite at home, as was evidenced by the remains of a sumptuous repast on the kitchen table. A piece of paper was found protruding from the neck of an empty whisky bottle bearing the words, "Play up, Wanderers! Here's luck." This, no doubt, has reference to the fact that the members of the Z Division (in whose district the burglary took place) were at the time playing their return match against the Willesden Wanderers at the Wormwood Scrubs Athletic Ground. The police believe they have a clue, but are very reticent about the matter. The result of the match was a draw in favour of the Wanderers—2 goals all.

SMART CAPTURE.—JOSEPH SPINK and JOSHUA BROWNRIGG have reason to regret this morning that they did not consult an up-to-date "Fixture Card" before they decided to enter the premises of Messrs. GILLING AND WARWICK last night. As it turned out, the X Division had no match on Thursday this week, and P.C.s ADAMS and CLARKE (the latter perhaps the finest centre-forward in the Metropolitan Police) were enabled to effect an easy capture. BROWNRIGG, we believe, used to play in goal for Barry Dock United, and it is hoped at Scotland Yard that when he has served his sentence he will join the Force, to which he should be a great acquisition.

HOXTON SHOOTING AFFRAY.—At a late hour last night, as JAMES WILSON, a railway porter, was returning home, he heard six revolver shots in rapid succession, followed by a woman's despairing cry of "Murder! Police!" With admirable presence of mind, WILSON, after consulting a *Football Star* (which fortunately he was carrying), ran to the Hoxton Casuals' Football Ground, where the First and the "A" teams of the Y Division were engaged in a friendly match. In less than an hour's time two men from each team had changed into uniform, and with commendable promptitude proceeded at once to the scene of the outrage. No signs of the murderer or his unhappy victim could be discovered, but fuller details and a sketch of the plucky porter will be found in our late edition.

MUSICAL HONORIFICS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a morning paper complains that he never heard the next line of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and asks if there is a second. "Under what circumstances," comments a contemporary, "may a dean, a headmaster, an undertaker or an archbishop be termed a jolly good fellow? What we really want is a slight tempering of our national habit of familiarity with some slight education in the Japanese system of honorifics." We subjoin a list of variations of our national personal-anthem to be selected in accordance with the standing and antecedents of the subject of this musical compliment.

A Peer or County Magnate (at a Tenants' Dinner)—"For He's a middlin' good Landlord."

The Heir of Ditto (non-committal, on his coming of age)—"For He's the Son of his Father" (or, more friendly)—"For He's a Chip of the Old Block."

A Lord Chancellor or Legal Luminary (at a Benchers' Dinner)—"For He's a Bit of a Bigwig."

A Company Promoter or Director (at a Meeting of Shareholders, with exceptions)—"For He's an Eye to the Main Chance."

A Headmaster (at a Breaking-up Supper)—"For He's a Beast, but a Just Beast."

A Member of Parliament or Cabinet Minister (on accepting the Chiltern Hundreds)—"For He's a Jolly Good Riddance."

A Popular Novelist (at a Literary Gathering)—"For We are as Clever as He is."

A Lady (at a New Vagabonds' Baquet)—"For She's as Good (Smart, Bright, Neat—or any other appropriate monosyllable) as they Make 'em."

An Undertaker (at a Local Wayzgoose)—"For He's a Cheerful Reminder."

We have to confess that the rest of the encomium, before the finale "Which nobody can deny," remains yet to be written.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

(With acknowledgments to that entertaining volume, "The Housewife's What's What.")

SWEET ladies, when life with its worry appears

To be but a valley of trouble and tears,

When the sun is a shadow and day is as night,

When everything's wrong and when nothing is right—

Don't sit down and weep at your pitiful lot,

But send off at once for *The Housewife's What's What!*

And thus may you end, just as soon as you care to,

The infinite natural shocks flesh is heir to,

For here you will find all the woes that exist,

With their cures, in a long alphabetical list—

Deep wrinkles, which hasten—*mirabile dictu*—

To smooth from your brow all those lines which afflict you.

If an Accident happens, as happen it may,

You have nothing to do but to look under A;

Is Butterscotch wanted or Black-currant tea?

For excellent recipes look under B;

Under C you will find in this wonderful book

How to blow out a Candle or blow up a Cook;

Under D there are hints for the feminine sex

On the checking of Draughts and the Drafting of cheques

While Eating one scarce is astonished to see

Included with Everything Else under E.

Next follow remarks about Feathers and Fares,

And how to behave when a Gentleman Glares,

With much information on Halibut, Hams,

Ionian Islands, Jute, Jellies and Jams,

Kale, Ketchup and Kidneys, Kid-gloves, Keys and Knives

Lamps, Lollipops, Lard and insurance of Lives.

Under Medicine you'll find mythological lore

You probably never have heard of before,

For though it would doubtless occur to most men

That Nerves and Neuralgia should come under N,

I think it unlikely that many will know

That the Father of Medicine, who lived long ago,

Was called "Ossenlapius"—(see under O).

Next we learn about Painters, Pots, Parrots and Pails,

Quinine, Quinquagesima Sunday and Quails,

What to do when a Runaway train leaves the Rails,

How to brander a Steak, cut a Skirt, Shop at Sales,

Make a Tart, wear a Train, or concoct little Tales,

How to hang up the kitchen Utensils on nails,

The nature of Vinegar, Vermin and Veils,

Warts, Waterproofs, Whisky, Welsh-rabbits and Whales.

Domestic economists, don't let it trouble you

If you find that the list ends abruptly at W,

For really but little remains to be said

By the time you are landed at X, Y and Z.

CRABER, HILL



OUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The Rector. "Oh, Piano, Mr. Brown! *Pi-an-o!*"
Mr. Brown. "Piano be elowed! I've come here to enjoy myself!"

OLD RHYMES & MODERN INSTANCES.



HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL.



HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL.



ALL THE KINGS HORSES & ALL THE KINGS MEN COULDN'T SET HUMPTY DUMPTY UP AGAIN.



A PROPHETIC NOVEL.

[It has been announced that the *Times* will shortly publish the fragment of an unpublished novel by the late Earl of BEACONSFIELD. Thanks to the exercise of that intelligent anticipation for which he has long been famed, Mr. Punch is able to present his readers with some characteristic extracts from this intensely interesting work, entitled *The Great Cham*, which fully bear out Lord BEACONSFIELD's reputation for political prescience.]

"Sr. JOSEPH, though still young and naturally of a gay and joyous temperament, had a high sense of duty and strong domestic feelings. Every day when he looked into the glass and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Pro-

vidence that his family was not unworthy of him."

"It was an hour past dawn when WINCHURCH strolled home. London is often beautiful in summer at that hour, the architectural outlines clear and defined in the smokeless atmosphere, and ever and anon a fragrant gale from garden balconies is wafted through the blue air. Nothing is stirring except wagons of strawberries and asparagus. Eve has its spell of calmness and consolation, but Dawn brings hope and joy. But not to WINCHURCH. Young, sanguine and susceptible, he had for the moment yielded to the spell of the recent scene; but with his senses stilled by the morn-

ing air and free from the influence of HUGO HATFIELD's exhilarating sophistries and all the wild and amusing caprice and daring wilfulness and grand affection that distinguish and inspire a circle of patrician youth, there came over him the consciousness of frustrated hopes and baffled ambitions. It was the dawn of his birthday; he was twenty-eight years of age and he had not yet been asked to join the Cabinet."

"Motor-cars have elevated and softened the lot of man," said Lady MARGOLIOUTH, "and my husband views them with almost a religious sentiment. But you cannot play Bridge in a motor-car, and the human voice is distressing to me amid the squealing and panting of the loosened megatheria who drag us, so I have no resource but my own thoughts."

"Surely that is sufficient," politely murmured the Duke.

"Not when the past is expelled," replied Lady MARGOLIOUTH, "for every woman has a past nowadays."

"But the future?" said the Duke.

"Yes, that is ever interesting, but so vague that it sometimes induces slumber."

"I shall remember that," remarked the Duke, "when next I am troubled with insomnia."

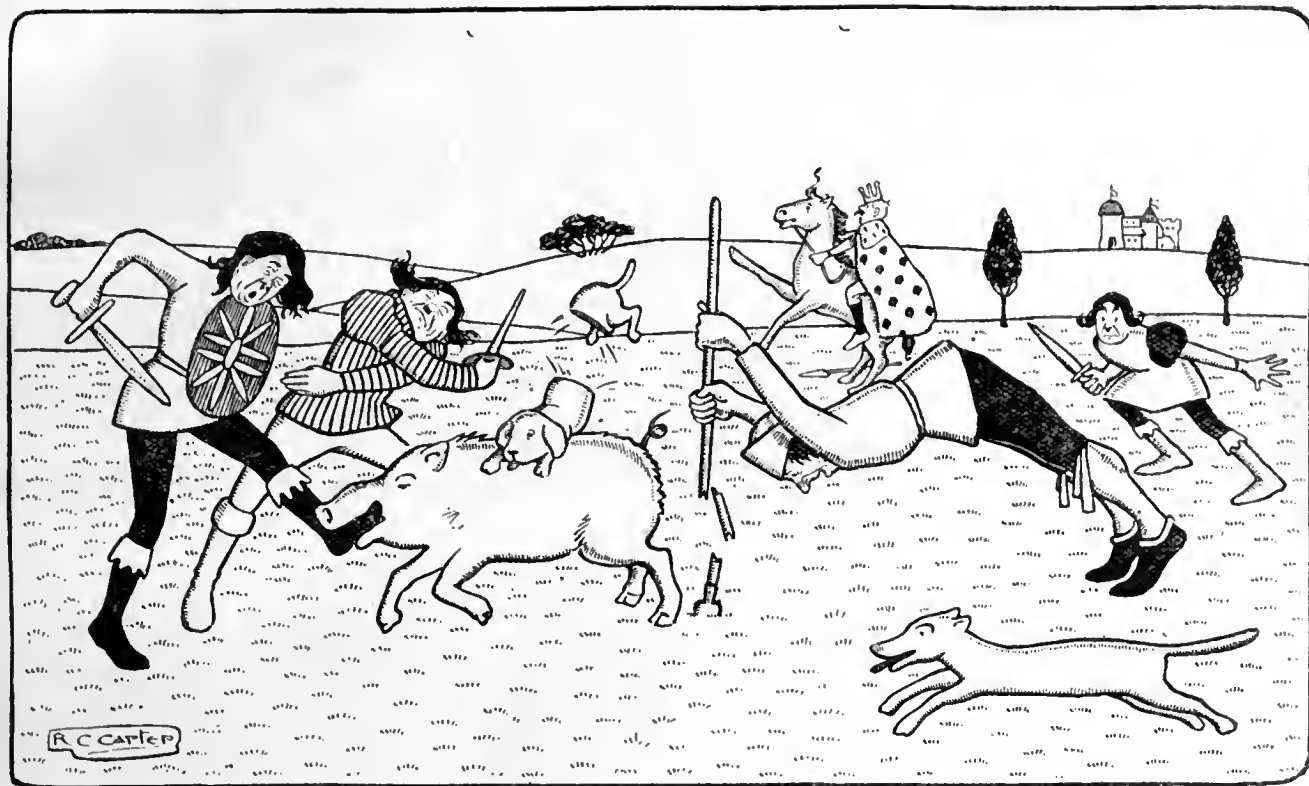
"Mr. ALKANE was a young man, though more than ten years older than Lord Hugo. His appearance was striking. Somewhat below the middle height, his spare yet sinewy form was crowned by a countenance aquiline but delicate, surmounted by a dome-shaped forehead of extraordinary altitude. A thick but small moustache did not conceal his curved lip or the scornful pride of his distended nostril, and his Vandyke beard did not veil the exquisite tenderness of his mouth. He wore a simple costume of tweed knickerbockers, with a black velvet jacket, a scarlet cummerbund, Byron collar, and a soft sombrero with a peacock's feather daintily stuck into the band.

"I cannot enter into such controversies," said the King. "Every day I feel, more and more, that I am extremely unfamiliar with modern fiction."

"Do not regret it," said Mr. ALKANE. "Nine tenths of existing books and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of modern novels are nonsense."

"What you say I feel very encouraging," said the King, repressing a smile, "for I myself have little leisure for novel reading."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. ALKANE, "especially if he happen to be a constitutional



SPORT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The Boar Hunt. From an Old Print.

sovereign. But the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Kings should learn to talk: it is a rare accomplishment and extremely healthy. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and devoted to sacred melodrama, should be an important element of Royal education. I should not object to the recitation of certain sonnets. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, except a few selected novels published by HEINEMANN.

"Those are the maxims of Manxland?" said the King.

"They are," said Mr. ALKANE; "and of such principles I believe a great revival is at hand. Your Majesty, we shall both live to see another Renaissance."

"It was a balmy day. They sat down by the great trees and the servants opened the luncheon baskets, which were a present from Potsdam. Mr. JESSICO was seldom seen to such advantage as when distributing the viands on such an occasion. Never was such gay and peaceful hospitality. The professor of economics was quite fascinated as Mr. JESSICO thrust a paper of lobster sandwiches into his hand and enjoined Mr. PEARSWORTH to fill his tumbler with Australian champagne."

"If there were anything or any person in the world that Sir HARRY BOSWORTH hated more than another it was the Duke of EASTBOURNE. Why BOSWORTH hated him was not very clear, for the Duke had never answered him in the *Times*, nor were the reasons for his detestation which he occasionally gave to his special crony, Mr. MOLARY BEBB, entirely satisfactory. Sometimes it was because the Duke snored in St. Paul's; sometimes because of the shape of his lower lip; sometimes because he wore a white hat. But whatever might be the cause BOSWORTH generally wound up, 'I tell you what, MOLARY, if that fellow becomes Premier I have made up my mind to go to Nova Zembla and hunt for the remains of the mammoth.'"

"It was a brilliant gathering. All the 'nice' people in London were there out of respect to the high character of Lord ST. JOSEPH. LEO MINIM, his topaz eyes flashing with the lambent effulgence of genius, was seated on a sofa eating a Mandarin orange and conversing with a lady of distinguished mien, and with the countenance of a Roman empress. Hard by stood Mr. MOLARY BEBB, a man of extraordinary beauty, with one of those faces one encounters in Asia Minor, rich, glowing, with dark fringed eyes of tremulous lustre; his

figure was scarcely less striking, and of voluptuous symmetry. Lord VINCENT HOWARD, delighted with himself and everybody else, looked more like a benevolent walrus than ever, and in an ecstasy of urbanity ejaculated "Hear! Hear!" from time to time. Mr. JESSICO sat on a small stool at the foot of Lord ST. JOSEPH, and was practically invisible, like an ortolan smothered in vineleaves, but whenever Lord ST. JOSEPH said anything he broke into a frightful shout, and Sir HENRY CHINLAP tittered immensely."

Episcopal Exercise.

SIR,—As a straightforward, healthily sporting Englishman and thorough-going churchman, few things delight me more than to know that some of our leading Right Reverends take a pleasure in British sports and pastimes. Imagine my joy then, on reading in the *Times* for December 27, under the heading of "Association Rules" (which I believe means a particular sort of Football), how "Bishop Auckland beat Ilford, at Ilford, by two goals to one." Bravo, Bishop! May his episcopal gaiters never be less! Of course he brought his own team, as did Mr. Ilford of Ilford. Honour to victor and vanquished. Let clergymen follow this excellent example, says

Yours ever, A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I WANT to see Burma—Burma that I annexed." Over a space of ten years my Baronite remembers the rarely moved tones with which Lord RASTOLPH CHURCHILL uttered this aspiration. It was in conversation at a farewell dinner he gave to some old friends on the eve of his setting forth on that journey round the world whose closing scene was his death-bed in his mother's house in Grosvenor Square. Burma, annexed and prosperous, finds glowing testimony to its interest, beauty, and fertility in two volumes issued by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. Mr. SCOTT O'CONNOR, Comptroller of Assam, spent two years travelling through the length and breadth of the land, a journey supplemented by a subsequent visit. The result is this sumptuous record of *The Silken East*. As he modestly claims, the true character of a once mystic country was disclosed to him, and he has set it forth in an admirably written narrative. The volumes are illustrated by innumerable photographs taken on the spot, their perfection testifying to the purity of the air. In addition there are twenty coloured plates copied from paintings made by Mr. JAMES MIDDLETON during prolonged residence. Thus nothing is lacking to the rare perfection of a work interesting from first to last. Mr. O'CONNOR significantly discovers a strong resemblance between Burma and Japan, and expresses the hope that "one of the fairest and most attractive provinces of the Empire" may, under happy auspices, follow Japan's lead along the prosperous pathway of civilisation.

The essential fault of *The Tiger of Muscovy*, a cleverly conceived story by FRED WHISHAW (LONGMANS & Co.), is that the author has made the heroine of his story so irritatingly whimsical as to weary the patience of the most hopeful reader who had begun by admiring her light-hearted and somewhat light-headed audacity. Her treatment of her stupidly devoted lover becomes tedious, while her Elizabethan manner of speech only serves to give a kind of imitation Shakspearian tone to her shrewish and witless impertinence. Yet there are some good scenes and strong situations when the heroine is at the Court of Ivan the Terrible, and when hero and heroine are making their escape from it. But their stay at the Russian Court is too prolonged, and the incidents are somewhat monotonous. The accomplished Skipper will find his work cut out for him, but he and his mates, judiciously skipping, will enjoy the story.

Mrs. EVANS-GORDON, who inherits literary tastes from her mother, Mrs. SAUNDERS (author of *A Week in a French Country House*), has published with Messrs. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL a leash of stories, of which the first, *Amanda Penfold*, lends its title to the book. Her work is marked by a very engaging naturalness, and both in "The Story of Amanda Penfold" and "Dame Margaret's Chamber" she betrays a gift of imagination which unites the qualities of gentleness and strength. In "Juliet Hepburne" she has handled with perhaps less felicity one of those themes for which the laws of nature provide no issue, and melodrama has to be called in to redress the balance of things. When Mrs. EVANS-GORDON is more instructed in the tricks of the writer's trade, she will easily remedy certain obvious defects of style; but my Nautical Retainer hopes that she will never become professional enough to lose the sincerity and unselfconsciousness which go to make her present charm.

Lady Broome's gipsy, whom as a child she encountered "on Cannock Chase, long, long ago," in one particular justified her claim to prophetic instinct. She told the child that she would wander up and down the earth. In the range and variety of her travels Lady Broome excels the record of Ulysses. Born in Jamaica, she crossed the seas before she was two years old. She saw India just after the Mutiny; went out to New Zealand with her second husband to work on his sheep farm;

in course of time accompanied him in his successive governorships of Western Australia, Trinidad and Mauritius. She has written the story of her wanderings in *Colonial Memories* (SMITH, ELDER). Very pleasant reading they make, being imbued with the unaffected art of a traveller's letters home. Perhaps the best, because the earliest impression in least conventional circumstances, tells of roughing it in the wilds of New Zealand forty years ago. Another delightful chapter, through which glimmers the pleasing light of quiet humour, is devoted to "Colonial Servants." Its reading should make ladies, who live at home at ease, more content with their domestic lot. In a couple of chapters on Trinidad the traveller tells some fearsome tales about ants. My Baronite, a couple of years ago a guest at Government House, "the tropical palace" which sometime earlier was graced by Lady Broome's chateaulineship, can testify to the moderation of her story. He well remembers the busy, interminable procession of gigantic black ants that, never resting, never ending, always on the same track, some going one way some the other, every morning and through the sultry day, patrolled the ceiling of the spacious bathroom.

The contents of the volume entitled *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (CONSTABLE) are essays based, as Mr. SNEY LEE explains, on a series of eight Lectures delivered by him at the Lowell Institute, Boston. There is in the book no echo of the lecture room. They are literary essays of the purest kind, the most skilful workmanship. His subjects are Sir THOMAS MORE, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Sir WALTER RALEGH, EDMUND SPENSER, FRANCIS BACON and SHAKESPEARE, a galaxy sufficing to illuminate a century. The erudition displayed by the Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* almost takes my Baronite's breath away. He has read everything written by and about each of his subjects. The result is a rare combination of biography and literary criticism, the latter marked by refreshing absence of servility. Apparently without effort, with no indication of deliberate design, he manages to invest these classical—to most of us, shadowy—persons with flesh and blood. They glow upon his canvas as living men, with some of the infirmities, much of the sublimity, of human nature. In undertaking to introduce these giants of the sixteenth century to their countrymen of the twentieth, Mr. LEE undertook a stupendous task. He has accomplished it in a manner befitting his theme.

The Liberal Year Book, issued from the Liberal Publication Department in anticipation of the New Year, is a marvel of condensation. Published at the price of one shilling, containing over three hundred pages, it will be found an indispensable adjunct to the writing-table of all concerned in Imperial politics. Among its contents is a full list of Members of Lords and Commons; a poll book showing how elections have gone in town and county during the last twenty years; a similar record of Parliamentary Election Petitions; a statement of the political composition of the House of Commons; useful information about Parliamentary procedure and electoral registration, with a chapter devoted to exposition and illustration of the fiscal controversy. For men in both political camps this little volume, entering on its first year, will take the place of the policeman in the dubieties of street life. "When in doubt," says my Baronite, "about anything relating to Parliament or politics, ask *The Liberal Year Book*."



THE TICKET SEASON.

I VENTURE, reader mine, to ask of thee
Thy sympathy to be my soul's solace,
Because I feel a moral certainty
That thou art in the self-same parlous
case;

And I may gather comfort, more or less,
That I am not alone in my distress.

Alack, the ticket season's at its height,
And daily am I now besought to buy.
With some I may have waged successful
fight,

Others, avoided with averted eye;
And yet have they already wrung from
me

The sum of one pound seventeen and
three.

The Rector's daughter captured half-a-
crown

For village teas—which I did not
attend.

I bought a football-concert seat from
BROWN --

Henceforth I cannot count him as a
friend.

Our Photographic Club arranged a show,
Admission sixpence—I was bound to go.

Our Workmen's Social Evening—some
one thought

"I'd like to buy a few to give away."
I didn't like—but yes, oh yes, I bought
(That made the extra threepence, I
may say).

An "entertainment" by the C.L.B.
Squeezed a reluctant florin out of me.

Our Amateur Dramatic Club have played
Some antiquated piece, the last few
nights.

For two "reserved-and-numbered" I
had paid,
But did not taste their dubious
delights.

It cost a bob to hear the Curate's views
On Missionary Work among the Jews.

Oh wicked custom! most pernicious
trade!

Oh enmity concealed 'neath friend-
ship's mask!

How many a bitter quarrel hast thou
made!

And—Jove, old chap, I quite forgot to
ask—

Our Smoker's Monday evening, at the
"Boar,"

How many would you like—say three or
four?

THE GREAT WAISTCOAT QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it would
be an awfully good idea to do away
with waistcoats. You've no idea how
they check the development of the chest.
I know that after dinner on the 25th
of last month I could hardly breathe

because my waistcoat was so tight.
That cannot be good for a chap, can it?
I often get the same feeling at school on
Sundays, and I wish you would write to
that Kingston chap and get him to
agitate for the removal of the top button
on Sunday trousers as well. It fairly
digs into your chest sometimes, doesn't
it? Yours expansively,

T. TUCKER, MINOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The headmaster of
Kingston Grammar School has very
rightly pointed out that waistcoats "are
no protection to the back, the most

vulnerable part of the body." They
certainly are not, as they do not come
anything like low enough. I am looking
forward to this term with considerable
apprehension, owing to a rag on
breaking-up day. Couldn't you suggest
in your widely-read organ that "the
most vulnerable part of the body" should
be protected by a leather lining?

Yours gloomily, WILLIE BIRCH.
(Card enclosed.)

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."—Influ-
enza.



'LANGUAGE QUAIN AND OLDEN.'

SCENE—Wales. TIME—End of a day's hunting.

Brown (who is on a visit to a friend). "GOOD THING OLD JONES JOTTED DOWN A FEW NAMES
OF PLACES, AND DISTANCES, SO THAT I CAN ASK THE WAY HOME."

[What Jones wrote down:—Llanacethaiarn, 3 miles. Slwynny-mafon-uchaf, 7. Ynyseum-
haiarn, 8. Llanystymear, 5, &c., &c.]

ROZHDESTVENSKY, LOTUS-EATER.

The Admiral delivers an address off Madagascar:

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land;
"Here is our haven after many days!"

Let loose the anchor; call upon the land
To towle forth the lively *Marseillaise*;
And bid our leading bugler, should he know it,
To take the Malagasy Hymn and blow it.

"For we have come, pursuing desperate tracks,
Under the lee of that well-favoured isle
Where our beloved allies instruct the blacks
In French ideas and pure Parisian style;
And hence the niggers in this cultured part are
Disposed affectionately toward the Tartar.

"I would we might escape, a few brief weeks,
From Ocean's indefatigable roll,
And kiss the garrison on both their cheeks,
And help ourselves at ease to neutral coal,
And soothe our nerves, just now a little weedy,
Here where the hour is always *après-midi*.

"For what a lotus-land invites the eye!
A land of ripe bananas, very cheap,
Where we might rest our bodies, light and dry,
And disregard the nauseating deep,
And, conched on beds of amaranth and moly,
Keep saying 'Hence!' to horrid Melancholy.

Alas! we must forego this fair delight,
For Duty calls us onward, stern and stark,
And we shall be in places still more tight
Than when we met the trawlers after dark.
Or tentatively stole, with shivering narrows,
Up ancient Elsinore's insidious narrows.

Sunda, Malacca, Torres (see the maps), —
Out of a hundred straits who is to know
Where KAMIKAZI means to set his traps?
I do so hate an Archipelago!
The open seas are often very lumpy,
But Archipelagos are much more jumpy.

"Oho! A cable? What is this we read,
What sacred mandate from our Lord, the Czar? —
Till further notice you will not proceed,

But on the other hand stay where you are;
Meanwhile, awaiting our august decisions,
Lay in some jams and other fresh provisions."

"Gentlemen, you have heard our Master's voice;
And who are we to doubt that he knows best?
He might have urged us forward, but his choice
Is that we give the sea a well-earned rest;
It feels the constant strain (and little wonder!)
Of keeping all these crocks from going under.

"Then let us pluck the pleasant tropic day
Ere yet our useless toils again begin;
Since, go we back or forward, either way
I fail to see what glory's left to win;
Out with the pinnace, then, my hearties! Heave-ho!
Who's for a jaunt to Antananarivo?" O. S.

* The report that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY's fleet has been recalled may, for the purposes of this poem, be ignored.

"ASK ME NO MORE!" According to the *West Surrey Gazette* there has been a curious epidemic at Chiddingfold. The Christmas tree and Sunday School treat has had to be postponed "owing to the prevalence of meals."

"A CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME";

OR, THE WHITE CAT WITHOUT A TALE.

SINCE Boxing Night, when the Drury Lane Pantomime was first presented to the public, much has happened. It has undergone some severe operations, and is now considerably relieved. On the seventh night, which was its thirteenth appearance in public, Mr. Punch's Commissioner, being a credited expert in such matters, went to see *The White Cat*. "Punctually at 7.30" (so he reports) "I was in my place, and heard the capital pantomime overture. And here let me say that Mr. GLOVER's running accompaniments, his medleys, and his adaptations of all sorts of well-known airs and popular tunes to burlesque and pantomimic purposes, are excellent."

The pantomime is announced as "Written and invented by J. HICKORY WOOD and ARTHUR COLLINS," and it is emphatically described as "A Children's Pantomime." Does it tally with this description? That, at first, some portions of it were decidedly unsatisfactory is evident from the extensive deletion that, as I am informed, has taken place. I have to deal only with what I saw and heard. The spectacle is throughout magnificent, the combinations of colour thoroughly artistic, and the costumes are designed with rare good taste.

Had the story of *The White Cat* been clearly told and well dramatised, had its two collaborating writers given their best attention to rendering intelligible the action of the plot, and to the development of all the fun and humour of which the legitimate situations might be capable, and had they left a margin of time for a genuine old-fashioned harlequinade, then, with such a company of eccentric comedians and pantomimists as "The Lane" now possesses, and with all the accessories at the command of the management, this pantomime, if played between 7.30 and 11 P.M., might indeed have earned for itself the title of "A Children's Pantomime," and might have ranked among the best on the long list of Drury Lane successes.

As a test I selected a small party of bright-looking children, evidently brought out at night for a "grown-up treat." At the gorgeous spectacle they were "in amazement lost"; they did not know what to make of the repulsively prominent *Gorilla* (until he was associated in business with the comic fairy), and the presence of a larrikin coster at Court was as unintelligible to the children as it was to myself. Why the *Gorilla* (most cleverly enacted by Mr. HUGH J. WARD) and the *Coster* (also good, by Mr. TOM WOOLWELL) were introduced at all, I totally fail to understand. Sincerely do I wish they had been omitted. The first hearty laugh for the children was when clever Mr. JAMES WELCH, quite out of place as *Prince Patter* (he has since been compelled to retire, I regret to say, on account of ill-health), and Mr. FRED EASTMAN, amusing as *Prince Plump*, tried to climb the perpetually rising wall; and this laughter swelled into a roar when the unfortunate *Prince Patter's* shirt was pulled clean over his head and proved to be about thirty feet long, a most inconvenient length for either a day or night chemise. This was decidedly funny, and scored the first real good laugh.

Then was presented "an interior," a sort of kitchen, or room-of-all-work. Here the old pantomime knock-about drollery of washing the baby-doll, of playing at eating and drinking, of magic glasses, mice running out of the cheese, a giant policeman going up in the air, kept my representative children, and, for the matter of that, every one in the house, in bursts of the heartiest merriment. They laughed too at the curious crockery-ware plate, bottle and jug-gling of Mr. TOM HEWIS; but this character, called *Snale*, no more belonged to the story (that is, the story as it ought to have been) than did the *Gorilla* and the *Coster*.

When at last, at 10.40, *Princess Aurora* (Miss JEANNIE MACDONALD) was commanded by the vindictive witch *Hecate*

BANG. GUN MAKER.



PANTOMIME BUSINESS.

CLOWN (RIGHT HON. A. J. B-L-F-R) to PANTALON (SIR H. C-M-P-B-I-L-B-N-X-R-M-X). "OIL, I SAY, HERE'S A JOLLY LARK! I'VE BEEN AND ORDERED SUCH A LOT O' THOSE NICE NEW GUNS—AND YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR 'EM!"

[A General Election is said to be imminent, and the Government expects to go out.]



NEW YEAR'S FÊTE AND GALA.

"WELL, JANE, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME AT HOME? WAS THE VILLAGE VERY GAY?"

"YES, THANK YOU, MUM. BUT WE WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTED, AS THE POLICEMEN'S FEET DIDN'T COME OFF!"

(who, as I think, was Mrs. LANE-JOYNT) to be metamorphosed into the long-expected white cat, I am sure my little friends in front were as disappointed as were all of us on finding that the wicked fairy's spell had not been half effective enough, and that the Princess, except for a little white fluff suddenly appearing about her legs, and a cat's mask on the top of her head, leaving her pretty face as open a countenance as ever, remained *in statu quo*, looking very much as she did before these additions were made to her costume.

How the children enjoyed such topical songs as the one by Miss MARIE GEORGE as *Cupid* (*Qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?*), with a chorus and dance (encored), and the one written in defiance of a certain newspaper, sung by handsome Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON, a capable artist for this turn, also some others about County Councils and prominent Parliamentary persons, I am unable to decide. I observed that on these occasions they kept their eyes on their elders, and if they saw them applaud, "their little hands," which "were never made," as Dr. WATTS has it, for this sort of exercise, went to work with a will.

I did not stop for the third part, which, presumably, was followed by the condensed Harlequinade, as it is quite possible to have too much of a very showy thing. Anyway this is my

report of the amended edition of the Drury Lane Pantomime, which far more appropriately might have been entitled, after the monarch amusingly represented by Mr. JOHNNY DANVERS, *King Ivory and His Three Sons*, or *Harlequin The Golden Net*, and the *Pretty Princess who couldn't become a Cat*.

No pantomime hands need be deprived of their employment were the "Drury Lane Co., Limited," to produce a pantomime of which the opening, as it used to be termed, should play from, say, 7.30 to 10, when the scene of the show, "the transformation scene," should be given, followed by the Harlequinade, with Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon and Clown as principals, assisted by sprite, policeman, all the supernumeraries, tricks, dances and quick changes, and the old-fashioned bustle of the "spill and pelt" that hasn't been seen for many a year, perhaps not since the VOKES' time, when FRED VOKES was "Mr. Spangles," and ROSINA VOKES the Columbine. I should be inclined to quote *Aladdin*, with the VOKES Family, and *Blue Beard*, with the inimitable Paynes, as model pantomimes. Now, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, in your next, let there be a well-known story so deftly dramatised that it could be intelligibly told in "deeds without words," full of laughable "situations," songs set to catchy music, and plenty of graceful and eccentric dancing.



"SOYEZ LE BIENVENU!"

MR PUNCH WELCOMES "LE FIGARO" ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON. IN THE MATTER OF COSTUME THEY HAVE EXCHANGED COMPLIMENTS LIKE ANY OTHER POTENTATES.

[The Paris *Figaro* is about to open a London office under the direction of an Englishman.]

HOW TO BEFRIEND THE CILDED BABES.

By Edward H. Coper, the world-famous editor of "*Hans Tharmstrong's Fairy Maids*," and other favourite books for children whose titles we cannot recall.

THE problem "What to do to entertain one's dear young friends at Christmas" is one that recurs every year, and every year has to be answered. Speaking as the accepted judge of what is good for children I say, Take them to the theatre. Spare no pains or expense to make them conversant with all that is going on on the stage. I say expense, but as a matter of fact it is the cheapest form of entertaining. The children's theatre parties, which had a vogue during the Christmas holidays of 1902-3,

were the height of the nursery fashion last Christmas, owed their popularity chiefly to financial considerations. As every hostess knows who has given a party worth the name to children worth the name, it is a very expensive business. But the theatre? A mere "phleebite," to use the expressive orthography of a little four-year-old maidie of my acquaintance.

Let us look at the matter in a practical manner, as men and women of the world. On the one hand are so many spoiled patrician children lolling in their nursery palaces, surfeited with cake and sweets, half smothered beneath toys and books; on the other hand are you, dear reader, with but one ambition in life—to add to the artificiality and complexity of

these young *blancs* by taking them to this play and that in a series of vast parties.

Very well. You come to me, an old hand, to know how to do it; and I will tell you with as little digression as possible. In the first place it is necessary to know the parents. No one, however thorough a child-lover, has the *entrée* to a nursery without first having secured the *entrée* to the drawing-room. This must be remembered. Many experimentalists in this new game of Toddle-worship, as it has been called, have thought it sufficient to make acquaintance with the nursemaid on the Broadstairs promenade. But no; there is a wide gulf, as the French say, between the *bord de la mer* and the *salon*. There is but one road to the aristocratic nursery, and that is the aristocratic drawing-room. Here I must leave you to find your way for yourself. Such secrets cannot be communicated.

Let us assume that your circle of blue-blooded children (for none other are interesting) is complete. The next question is, What theatre shall be patronised? This is a difficult nut to crack; but let us omit the steps by which the decision is arrived at, and settle, for purposes of argument, upon *The Taming of the Shrew*, since it is so rich in the conditions for an excellent youthful Christmas amusement. What, for example, could be better for children than to see *Petruchio's* behaviour to *Katharina*? Here indeed is a grounding in chivalry that should be of use to every boy and girl. One sees the children in the theatre literally shouting with laughter, and it is unnecessary in any theatre but Drury Lane to inquire whether laughter is rightly based. At any rate the laughter caused by *Petruchio* throwing chairs at his lady is a better thing than the deplorable merriment resulting from the insipid and brainless fun, so-called, in the nauseously popular adaptations of LEWIS CARROLL'S over-rated stories. LEWIS CARROLL had none of the qualities or attributes of a successful playwright, unless some ill-natured critic may like to believe that his inordinate vanity was such an attribute. His books had a certain vogue in days when writers for the young might be counted on the fingers of one hand; though I am, and shall always remain, profoundly sceptical about the children having liked them. There rests always in my mind the inspired answer of that adorably sagacious little maid who was asked by the author which she liked best, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Alice through the Looking Glass*, and who answered, after deep thought: "I think *Alice through the Looking Glass* is stupider than *Alice in Wonderland*." But to suppose that

modern children are so stupid as to bother their heads about *Alice*, is equivalent to believing that modern women have the doings of *Clarissa* at their fingers' ends. And when such songs as the "*Walrus and the Carpenter*" are sung on a stage, where their old-fashioned pointlessness is trebly apparent, nine children out of ten turn to you with sighs of boredom to ask what the deuce it all means.

It is assumed, then, that we go to *The Taming of the Shrew*. The first thing for you to do is to make arrangements to get your guests together. The best means is the electric *coupé*, which costs but a guinea for the afternoon and will hold two children. Fifty *coupés* will thus convey a hundred children, which is a fair number. The nurses can follow in a dray.

At the theatre itself, once the children are seated and have been made acquainted with their host (although for gaining an intimate acquaintance the tea afterwards gives the better opportunity), the duties of entertainer are taken out of your hands by the spirited Mr. OSCAR ASCHE and his companions: except, of course, between the Acts, when it will be your privilege to listen to the comments and hand round chocolate. How delicious these comments are! I recall an Honorable of three and a-half who hushed the whole theatre to startled and inquisitive silence by remarking, after one of *Petruchio's* more brutal sallies—"That's just what daddy does to mummy!"

Another of my young friends, heir to I know not how many thousand square miles of Scottish deer forest, insisted on showing me his natural-wool vest during the whole of one interval. During another interval fifteen or twenty children will be waiting to be greeted; and if you check the speakers abruptly, or show any lack of interest, they will be miserable for an hour and suspect your friendship for a week.

The performance over, and the nurses rescued from the pit and gallery and other low places and carefully disinfected, you then drive in procession to the Carlton, where tea or supper is spread, and indulge in chicken and champagne, dance the cotillion, and exchange that conversation which to the true child-lover is inestimably precious. I remember with rapture a little lady of ten informing me in a confidential undertone, secure of sympathy, that she had just left off baby-stays, and that the new ones hurt: a confession of intimacy which I felt amply recouped me for the money she and her companions had cost me. But the inner friendship of children cannot be computed in pounds, shillings, and pence.

Tea or supper done, the last cracker pulled, the last present distributed, the



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

He (alarmed by the erratic steering). "ER—AND HAVE YOU DRIVEN MUCH?"

She (quite pleased with herself). "Oh, no—THIS IS ONLY MY SECOND ATTEMPT. BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I HAVE BEEN USED TO A BICYCLE FOR YEARS!"

last *quenelle* eaten, there is nothing left but to summon the nurses from the coal-hole, and send your little guests back to their homes and schools—to Marlborough House and Berkeley Square, Eton and Sandhurst.

I subjoin a good working estimate of the cost of this delightful afternoon or evening:

Printing and postage of invitations, &c.	£	s.	d.
Fifty <i>coupés</i> at a guinea.....	52	10	0
Four drays for nurses.....	4	0	0
Seats in the theatre for guests and host	35	0	6
Seats for nurses	2	10	0
Meal and crackers at the Carlton...	100	0	0
Cotillion presents	50	0	0
Extras	5	0	0
	£250	5	6

For just £2 10s. a head, then, one can give 100 children of the rich yet another

pleasure. Is not this worth doing? On all sides I see foolish busybodies wearing themselves in idle quixotry. How much better to devote one's energies and spare cash to bringing wonder and laughter to the eyes and lips of a little titled che-ild!

We notice that the Russian Admiral to command the Third Baltic Squadron bears the ominous name of NEBOGATOFF. Let us hope, for his sake, that he won't.

FROM the *Daily Chronicle*:—
IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR SPORT
AT CHATSWORTH
EXCITING GOLF
THE QUEEN'S DRIVE TO WELBECK.
Surely this is a record stroke.

A BOHEMIAN BAG.

Its appearance it is quite an ordinary Gladstone—but either the row from which it derived its being was exceptionally erratic in her habits, or else the bag is possessed by some inferior order of demon with an elementary sense of humour.

The salesman at the portmanteau shop where I bought it assured me that I should find it a very good little bag indeed—for the price—but I do him the justice of believing that, like myself, he was imposed upon by its extremely inoffensive appearance.

I had not been on many journeys with it before I became indignantly aware of the gross carelessness with which porters on every line I travelled by seemed to treat luggage committed to their charge.

I tried taking it in the carriage with me—but it refused to go under the seat, while it was too bulky to remain long in a rack intended for light articles only, so I entrusted it to a porter, saw it labelled myself, and thought no more about it until I arrived at my destined station—which the bag never by any chance did until hours afterwards.

It is trying at first—especially on a visit to comparative strangers—to enter a country-house drawing-room, and join a large and formal dinner-party in the clothes one has travelled down in—but I became fairly accustomed to it in time. Some of my fellow guests—particularly when I met them again under precisely similar conditions—no doubt concluded that I had some conscientious objection to dress for dinner. Those who knew wondered at my lack of even sufficient intelligence to look after my own luggage like other people. *They* didn't lose *their* bags. Which was all very well—but I would defy them not to lose *mine*.

Yet, although I see now of course how blind I was, I went on blaming porters, traffic-superintendents, station-masters, even myself, for months before it ever occurred to me to suspect the bag. How could I imagine that, under its sleek and stolidly respectable surface, it was seething with suppressed revolt, that a passion for liberty and independence had permeated every fibre of its leather?

Perhaps my eyes were not even partly opened till one autumn, when I had been staying with some friends in Ayrshire. My bag had rejoined me there in a day or two, after running up as far as Inverness. So, on my way south from Edinburgh to York, I saw the bag with other luggage into a composite luggage van, and took a compartment immediately adjoining it, expressly to keep an eye upon it.

At York an elderly guard in the van attempted to convince me that my luggage was at the other end of the train, and while I persisted in demanding it the argument was interrupted by the arrival of several huge Saratoga trunks which monopolised his attention. At last I had to get in myself, and identify my property. I got out all but the bag, which I could see, but not reach, behind a pile of other luggage; just then the train began to move, and I had to leap out to avoid being taken on to Peterborough. The bag, of course, went on.

It condescended to return late the same night, but from that instant my confidence in it was shaken. I could not understand such obstinacy and cunning in a mere bag, nor how it had contrived to enlist, not only Saratoga trunks, but a white-bearded Scotch railway-guard, as its accomplices. I only felt that in future, even for week-end visits, I should prefer to take a portmanteau. It might give the impression that I expected to be pressed to stay longer—but at least we should arrive in company. And so the bag was condemned to inglorious idleness till the next summer, when, not without misgivings, I decided to give it another chance by permitting it to accompany me and the portmanteau in my Continental wanderings.

Any ordinary bag would have been touched by this appeal to its better feelings—mine merely regarded it as an oppor-

tunity to work off long arrears of devilry. It broke out as early as Paris, where I had seen my baggage registered for Munich and received the *bulletin* for it at the Gare de l'Est. I was roused from sleep at about 1.30 A.M. to go to the luggage-car and see it examined by the Customs officers. But it had spared them that trouble by inducing somebody to put it into the express for Carlsbad, and, which I minded even more, it had persuaded my hitherto immaculate portmanteau to elope with it. They came back together in a day or two, and, while I thought I could see signs of depression, if not penitence, in the portmanteau, the bag maintained the demure calm of a cat that has taken a retriever out for his first poaching expedition.

The bag, by the way, possessed a key—a long one with a weak profile which could never prevail upon it to open under a quarter of an hour, an embarrassing delay when crossing a frontier. At last it broke short off in the lock, and I had to send for an Italian locksmith to force it open—an indignity which I fear destroyed any lingering remnant of self-respect the bag had still retained. It would roll out on a platform, yawning impudently, and proceed to disgorge articles which a loyal bag would have kept to itself. Italian officials refused at last to register it without the precautions of a stout rope and a leaden seal—which unfortunately was not stamped with the name of SOLOMON—and every time it was thus corded and sealed I had to pay an extra fee.

Whenever an eye was off it for a single moment it escaped. It saw considerably more of Italy than I did myself, so much of my time was spent in describing its salient features to officials, who drew up innumerable documents concerning it with leisurely thoroughness. It returned from these escapades an absolute wreck; I was obliged to have its back strengthened with an iron brace, while its mouth remained as permanently open as an imbecile's. Still I managed to get it safely home—though it very nearly contrived to return to Calais by the next boat from Dover.

Since then it has been once more in penitential retreat till this very last Christmas. Then—it may have been the influence of the season—I relented. I was spending Christmas a little way out of town, and I thought the bag must be tired of tomfoolery by that time, so I started with it in a hansom on that particularly foggy Wednesday afternoon which no Londoner who was out in it is likely to forget. My hansom, after landing me in a *cul de sac*, declined to take me any further, so I had to get myself and the bag to the District Station at Victoria as well as I could. I was not sorry when a stranger, who—so much as was visible of him in the fog, seemed respectable enough—offered to carry it for me.

I know now that he was quite honest, but I confess that I had my doubts of it when, after dismissing him at the station, I discovered that my confounded bag had vanished during the short time I was taking my ticket. I gave information at the proper quarters, with no real expectation of seeing it again. It was only too easy for a thief to make off with it in such a fog, and, on the whole, I was rather relieved to be rid of it. For once—I chuckled to think—it had over-reached itself in its artfulness.

But I was mistaken. The bag turned up in the last place I expected to find it in—the Left Luggage Office. Somehow, at the moment I had put it down by the Booking Office, it had managed to suggest to a man (who must have been a bit of an idiot) that it had been left behind by a friend of his. So he had rushed down below after him—only to find out his mistake, and hand the bag to a porter, who took it up to the Superintendent as soon as he had time. Still the bag got out of coming with me, which was evidently its intention from the first. I cannot help thinking there must be something morbid and depraved about a bag which can prefer to spend its Christmas in a Left Luggage Office instead of in a cheerful family circle.

After this last mortification I feel that all further attempts



UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

Fondly foolish Mother (to Son, who has had a few little friends to spend the afternoon with him). "Well, Darling, HAVE YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF?"

on my part to civilise a bag like that must be abandoned. And yet—am I justified in letting it loose on Society? I doubt it. If I presented it to a gipsy caravan, it might settle down with its fellow nomads. Or it might, out of sheer perversity, insist on tracking its way back to me. Is there any kind reader with a talent for reclaiming abandoned baggage who would care to adopt it? If so, I shall be pleased to hand it over to anyone who will undertake to provide it with a comfortable home.

It mayn't be such a bad bag, if only it finds someone who really understands it.

F. A.

ARMY REFORM.

[The following advice has reference to an Order, which is understood to have been recently promulgated by the Army Council, prohibiting the use of improper language by subordinate officers.]

Let the ribald British Subaltern take warning,
Let the autocratic Captain have a care,
Let the Major with a headache in the morning
Give expression to his feelings if he dare!
O you wicked, hear the news!
You must mind your P's and Q's,
For the Army Council says you're not to swear.

If you're anxious to remain in your profession
You must learn to keep your conversation free
From the charm of apostrophie indiscretion,
From the helpful and exhilarating D.

Be content with "Oh, my Aunt!"
(If you can)—and if you can't,
You can take it out in "Goodness Gracious Me!"

For the Thomas, though recruited from the peasantry,
Was taught, before he donned the blue or red,
To consider even slang a vulgar pleasantry,
And swearing as excessively ill-bred;
And the way in which you speak
Brings the crimson to his cheek,
And it elevates the helmet on his head.

In the future, if an N.C.O. deceives you,
If your men are being naughty in the ranks,
Make it clear to them how terribly it grieves you
To administer correction for their pranks;
They must pay the price of Sin,
But you're not to rub it in
With a volley of illuminative blanks.

If you're gruelled for some flowers of invective
That are free from the reproach of being coarse,
"By my halidom!" is far from ineffective,
And "Beshrew me!" has a certain quiet force,
While the properties of "Zooks!"
As a counterblast *de luxe*
Have a merit I can thoroughly endorse.

Then put off your evil courses with the old year,
And remember, oh, remember while you can,
That the treatment of the modern British soldier
Is conducted on the modern British plan
Of *toujours la politesse*—
And a lady-like address
Is the making of a military man.

DEW-DEW.



FROM AN AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT.

Jarge. "FROM WHAT I 'EAR, AN' FROM WHAT I'VE 'EARD TELL, IF WE SHOULD GET THIS 'ERE OLD FUSIL, 'T'WILL BE MUCH AS 'TWERE IN GRANFEATHER'S TIME, WHEN THEY LIVED ON FRIED TRENCHES AN' WENT TO THE PUMP FOR THE FAT!"

CHARIVARIA.

The *Kaitic Fleet* has reached Madagascar in safety, but Japanese anxiety will not be at an end until the vessels are safe in Far Eastern waters.

The *Express* has been pointing out how little attention is bestowed on foreign languages in our Navy. This neglect is deplorable in view of the fact that a foreign language, as spoken by a British naval officer, would, we imagine, be one of the most deadly weapons ever used.

It is untrue that Mrs. ONAH KEST-WHITE, the leader of the Denver Pentecostal Cake Walkers, is being treated for St. Vitus's Dance.

At one of the revivalist meetings at Bangor, a girl of fourteen prayed that her cousin might be prevented from reading *Tit-Bits* and *Pluck*. Prospectuses of *The Times* and *National Review* were, we understand, sent off immediately the news reached London.

The young lady who recently plunged a hat-pin into the body of her sweetheart has now married him. Hat-pins are so easily mislaid that the convenience of having a husband who does not object to being utilised as a pin-cushion must be enormous.

In the stomach of a terrier which died recently at Bournemouth were found nearly 2lb. of coarse gravel, a wire nail, and the key of a clock. We understand

that the ambitious animal was endeavouring to qualify for the post of the deceased rhinoceros *James*.

The poodle to whom an annuity of £12 was bequeathed by a St. John's Wood lady has been so pestered by other dogs for small loans, &c., that he would like it to be known that the sum barely suffices for his own needs, and all those in actual want are referred to the excellent Home at Battersea.

"Messrs. THOMAS WALL AND SONS, the well-known sausage manufacturers, desire it to be known that Mr. GEORGE WALL, who is playing at the Monte Carlo tables with a gambling machine, is not a relation or acquaintance of either of the two members of the firm," says a disclaimer in the *Daily Mail*. This is the first time we have heard it hinted that the machine used is a sausage machine.

An hotel intended exclusively for the use of children is being built in New York. One of the regulations is to be that no child will be taken in without a nurse. We fear this will keep away many up-to-date infants.

A letter addressed to "TOMMAS SMITH, 135, George St., Marybone," has been safely delivered by the Post Office, in spite of the queer spelling, which would have baffled ninety-nine persons out of one hundred. Still, it must be remembered that the General Post Office has special practice in this kind of work.

In an article in the *Daily Mail*, on "A Great Memorial to SHAKESPEARE," Miss MARIE CORELLI speaks most kindly of the dramatist.

On her reappearance at Chicago a talented actress, feeling indisposed, drank undiluted brandy instead of her medicine. Her maid was responsible for the mistake, which was not discovered, we are told, till half a tumbler had been consumed.

The statement that 500 copies of a certain Radical organ had been stolen has turned out, after all, not to have been a piece of mere *braggadocio* on the part of the proprietors. The matter came into the Police Court last week, and evidence was given by the fishmonger who had purchased the papers from the purloiners.

Striking proof of the value of our alliance with Japan has just come to hand. The Somaliland Mullah has now undertaken not to resume hostilities against us.



REGAINED!

[Port Arthur captured by Marshal OYAMA, November, 1894; restored to China under pressure from Russia, Germany, and France, January, 1896; leased to Russia, March, 1898; surrendered to General Nogai, January 1, 1905.]



THE MUTE ADMIRER.

(An Unfinished Romance.)

SOMETHING like the following series of advertisements in the Agony columns of the *Mayfair Post* has been going on at intervals for many months past, and things seem no nearer solution.

SHY BEAUTY.—Though you have not looked, and will not look, at me, I feel that you have forbidden me to speak. I can therefore only worship in silence and remain your DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—Though I may not look at you, and you must not speak to me, I feel that you are the person who stood by the pillar-box on the opposite side of the road last Wednesday. SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Your last sweet message gives me hope. I shall stand by the pillar-box in all weathers all day long for the future in case you may see my reflection when you look the other way. DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—You can have no reflection or you would not do anything so foolish. I have given up looking at anything or anybody now.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Yet you have a mirror, and it must tell you what you are. Why so heartless? You are the only woman in the world. I shall never speak until you deign to cast a glance at me.—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—You misunderstand me. I did not want you to be getting into difficulties with the police. They will suspect you of having designs on the contents of the pillar-box.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Then you do care for me? I am taking a house in your street so as to be nearer my divinity, on the strength of this last dear intimation. Perhaps in time you will lift one eye-lash in my direction.—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—It is useless. I have forgotten what I felt you were like, and I do not now know whom to avoid. Please give up the house and leave the neighbourhood. Otherwise I shall be avoiding all the wrong persons.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Joy! I shall obtain some recognition at last, if it is only that of avoidance. Did you really cut me in the Park yesterday? Say it is true, that I may feel that I am not utterly forgotten!—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—No, I did not mean to cut you, because I did not see you. Perhaps fortune will favour you next time.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Your kind and gracious reply has sent me into the seventh heaven of delight. Were you not at Chg. X



"THE MISSIONER OF EMPIRE" AND THE "ROTTEN COTTON" TRADE.

"OH, MY DEAR FRIENDS, LET ME INDUCE YOU TO SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS! LET ME EXHORT YOU, MY DE-AR B-BRETHREN, TO LEAD A MORE PROFITABLE LIFE."

[Mr. Chamberlain addresses a mass meeting at Preston on January 11. For men only.]

this morning, when you caught a fleeting glimpse at me, and then rushed off to catch your train?—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—I thought you were somebody else, otherwise should not have risked even that fleeting glimpse. Do not break confidence, but keep this unfortunate incident a sacred secret.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—At last! we share a secret! It shall be ever sacred. You have, for one beatific second, flashed those glorious orbs upon my countenance. I wait, even for twenty years, for its recurrence, and am meanwhile, until you bid me speak, your DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—Take courage. In 1925, if all is well, I hope to be rushing to catch a train at Chg. X, again. He

there once more, and a second time I may pass you by. Farewell till then.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—May every blessing attend you through the New Year, and until that happy, fateful day, when you have plighted me your troth to shed a passing glance. I'll win it yet, I swear it, while waiting years my love enhance

I've ventured to declare it. You'll know me then, I'm sure you will. And while I live, I shall be still your DUMB ADORER.

At this interesting stage of the correspondence we have to leave them. *He* is obviously sincere, but an awful thought suggests itself—can the SHY BEAUTY's communications be, after all, the concoction of some wicked Fleet Street wag?

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

Peace or War.

SYLVIA had great fun after the events narrated in the last chapter. The new Ministers were appointed and kissed hands, and almost immediately afterwards there was a general election which resulted in their return to power by a thumping majority. Then she had to open the Legislative Assembly in state and deliver a speech which had a great many long words in it and meant very little. The proceedings were rendered memorable by *Rollo*, who forced his way into the House (nobody daring to stop the Queen's own St. Bernard dog) and took his seat beside the throne. He showed a sagacious interest in all that went on, only barked once when the cheering became very loud, and was fed upon biscuits which the Chamberlain had, in contravention of the rules, brought in for his own lunch. *Rollo*, however, nosed them out and gave the Chamberlain no peace until the biscuits were produced and offered to him. There was a very sarcastic article on the subject in a Society paper conducted by a lady who had failed to obtain from the Chamberlain an admission to the Royal enclosure at a recent race-meeting. Shortly after this things began to go on pretty much as they had been going before. The only difference appeared to be that those who had formerly been dissatisfied now professed themselves highly pleased, while those who before had been entirely contented now began to declare that patriotism had disappeared, and that the country could not possibly be saved from the dogs to which it was inevitably going.

One passage in the Queen's speech had, however, given rise to some uneasiness. She had been made to say that her relations with all foreign Powers continued to be friendly. "A slight difference of opinion," she had continued, "which has arisen between my Government and the Government of H.M. the King of Eisenblut with regard to the time-tables of the train service between our respective countries is in process of amicable adjustment by the usual diplomatic methods."

Now this question was in reality a very simple and silly one, but a considerable amount of diplomatic and journalistic discussion had made it difficult and complicated, not to say dangerous. The reigning sovereign of Eisenblut was at this time, as everyone will remember, *Orno III.*, a young man of twenty-two, very dreamy, very romantic, highly impractical, and most impulsive. It had recently occurred to him that the orthodox system of fixing the time was too monotonous to be tolerated by an autocratic monarch, and after consulting his Astronomer Royal, a man whose scientific attainments were equalled if not surpassed by his patriotism and his deference, he had decided on a fundamental change.

The result of this was that nobody in Eisenblut knew at any particular moment what was the time of day. Banquets, for instance, which had been arranged to take place at 7 o'clock P.M. (for 7.30), might be seen beginning sometimes at daybreak, sometimes at what would in other countries have been the middle of the day; and even lovers who had agreed to meet for a walk in the evening might find themselves compelled under severe penalties to postpone their little excursion to the less amatory and convenient hour of 6 o'clock A.M.

To the Eisenbluters all this was really a small matter, for they had been trained to unquestioning obedience for many generations, but the effects on the neighbouring country of Hinterland (and Eisenblut had no other neighbours), especially on those of its inhabitants who were engaged in foreign trade and railway transport, were immeasurably inconvenient. Contracts were brought to nothing, and railway trains which had started from Hinterland were often made ridiculous by arriving at their destination in Eisenblut either long before they had begun their journey or so long afterwards as to

show an average speed of half a mile an hour. The railway companies in Hinterland are high-spirited concerns, and this annihilation of their time-tables was more than they could bear with patience. They had protested, and their protests had been made the basis of diplomatic representations by the Foreign Minister of Hinterland.

Now it would not have been thought that such a question as this could have lent itself as fuel to the flames of popular passion. Undoubtedly, however, it had become a most perilous matter. The leading newspaper of Eisenblut had stated that "those who might attempt in defiance of the independent rights of our nation to impose their effete systems on a State which had been bold enough to burst the shackles of an absurd convention would find that the ancient might of the Eisenbluters had lost none of its vigour. We hurl back with contempt," it continued, "the miserable insults to which our beloved King is daily exposed from a hireling Press." To this the *Banner of Hinterland* had very properly replied that, if King *Orno* wished to taste the bitterness of defeat, that luxury could be supplied to him by the armies of Hinterland. It then proceeded to hint that the King was a raving lunatic, while his Ministers were merely drivelling idiots, and wound up by declaring that, not for the first time in their history, it might be the duty of Hinterlanders, who never pushed their almost fanatical love of peace to the length of craven compliance with tyranny, to chastise and repress the overweening insolence of the blood-thirsty population of Eisenblut.

In the meantime King *Orno* began to review his troops, a proceeding to which SYLVIA made the only possible reply by calling up her reserves. King *Orno* next added five hundred men each to forty of his regiments, and SYLVIA retorted by embodying her Militia. Both parties finally issued loans of a very considerable amount, called upon their Archbishops to frame special prayers, and prepared for the worst.

It is not to be supposed that at this crisis in the fortunes of his country the Poet Laureate was silent. Far from it. His poem, "The Time-Snatcher," issued in popular form at the modest and barely remunerative price of one shilling a copy, will remain for all time one of the noblest and most inspiring efforts of a patriot's muse. In an impassioned exordium he described (of course in popular language) how this earth revolved round the sun without ceasing for a moment to revolve methodically on its own axis. Having briefly alluded to GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, COPERNICUS, and Professor Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, he then showed how Hinterland had profited beyond all other nations from the teachings of astronomy, and how it became her people, "free but submissive to divine decree," to bring to naught the dark schemes of one who,

Striving to hurl Jove's thunderbolts, would find
He grasped the idle wind.
Nought can avail to stay the fearful shock
Of myriad legions bantling for the right.
Soon shall the foeman's helpless kingdom rock
Under the onset of our armoured might;
And time that he despised shall once again
Make the poor schemer and his schemings vain.

The poem ended with a glowing picture of the return of peace after the armed forces of Hinterland should have laid waste the whole country of Eisenblut and "left no single male To tell in future years the miserable tale." After this had been sung in various theatres it was felt that war hung indeed upon a hair. What actually took place I must reserve for another chapter.

SPORTING CYNICISM.—"The hounds soon got on good terms with their fox" is a phrase constantly used by sporting writers. How disgusted the fox must feel with this hypocritical description.



THE DISTRACTED POET, IN A MODERN COUNTRY VILLAGE.

HE CAME DOWN FOR ABSOLUTE QUIET, "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," DURING THE FESTIVE SEASON.

EDMUND KENYON

BURKE UP TO DATE.

[By the courtesy of Mr HARRY FRIDBERGSON, the genial Comparative Philosopher, we are enabled to present our readers with some of the most striking passages from his article on "Britain's Delicacy," which will appear in the next number of the *Fortnightly Review*.]

... But this putrefaction of the national fibre is unhappily not confined to politicians and place-hunters, bosses and "bustlers." The criminal cynicism of the Prime Minister, who slinks away from the post of danger to seek shelter in the unmentionable bunkers of North Perwick, has its counterpart in every walk of life, every stratum of our eviscerated society. Bishops, instead of tending their neglected flocks, spend their days and nights playing unlimited "Bridge," or gadding about in motor cars, maiming dogs, and mutilating innocent children. The public schools are honeycombed with the fetish-worship of athletics, and, instead of partaking of the simple diet which helped us to win the battle of Waterloo, lads of twelve and thirteen batten nightly on champagne, Devonshire cream and *pâté de foie gras*. And alongside of all this wanton and odious extravagance we find evidences of the most degrading cruelty rampant in our midst. Our sandwichmen, for example, perhaps the finest, the most unselfish, the most picturesque body of citizens that we have, are warned off the foot-walk like so many Kaffirs, and compelled to wear a metal apparatus compared with which the chains of the galley-slave are a mere luxury. Cockfighting is, I am assured on the best authority, extensively if clandestinely patronised in the heart of mid-Mayfair, and it is credibly reported that Mr. Beit is about to erect a private bull-ring in the gardens of his Park Lane palace. Of the ineffable orgies which attend the periodical meetings of the Tariff Committee I cannot bring myself to speak, beyond bare mention of the fact that they are invariably attended with human sacrifices, victims being usually kidnapped from the Cobden Club. The extraordinary facial resemblance to TIENTS that Lord Muxer has developed in the past few years cannot escape the notice of any impartial observer, while, by way of a significant contrast, the approximation of my style to that of EDMUND BURKE cannot fail to impress every true lover of his country.

Nor is any consolation afforded us by the contemplation of the latest developments of the *Erig Weibliche*. On all sides we are confronted with formidable viragos who in their reckless thirst for notoriety emulate all the worst extrava-

gances of the sterner sex. The language of the modern boudoir would not be tolerated in the fo'c's'le of a whaler. The gentle matrons portrayed by Larch have been replaced by ferocious Amazons, past mistresses in the art of ornamental oburgation, who devote all the time they can spare from the neglect of their nurseries to the pursuit of brutalising pastimes.

Literature also is ruined by the prevalent craze for vulgarity, ostentation, and "smartness," and even our staidest and most honoured writers have not escaped the infection. Even philosophers have to resort to Billingsgate to gain a hearing and desecrate the talents designed for loftier themes by the composition of



Mr. Friggie. "Well, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN LIFTED BY A CRANE!"

novels extolling the meretricious splendours of the Byzantine Empire. Poetry is dead, for how can that noble name be applied to the Banjo Byronics of the pseudo-Imperialists? *Belles Lettres* is another ruined industry. History is replaced by the scurrilous gossip of the backstairs. Psychology is paralysed by the sinister miasma which exhales from the Kaffir market. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of homes are destitute of books of any sort whatever. Our very furniture is suffering from the devastating influence of the decadence. The cucumberbund threatens to displace the grand old English waistcoat. Snee gin is habitually drunk at five o'clock tea by persons of all ages. Ping-pong, which bade fair to rescue our youth from the reproach of indolence and brace up the national fibre to its pristine standard, is, alas! relegated to the limbo of the obsolete.

And as with adults so is it with the rising generation. The brutalisation of the Briton begins in the bassinette, and is completed before he is short-coated. A gifted writer in the *Monthly Review* records an instance of infantile depravity which I cannot forbear to quote: "What do you mean to be?" asked a little boy of a little girl not long ago. "When I grow up," was Buncat's proud reply, "I mean to be a Bridge-player like mamma." Could anything be more eloquent of our social putrescence than this deliberate foredooming of an innocent child to a gambler's career by the choice of the name BUNCAT! *Nomen omen*, and it is of sinister augury that more male children are now started in life under the names of GEORGE NATHANIEL, JOSEPH, and ALFRED than under any other. Wherever we turn we are met by the trail of Tammany, the curse of Khaki, the ban of BEIT. The Parliamentary system is honeycombed and rotten beyond recovery. The Bar is corrupt to the core. The Bench can always be squared. The City is steeped to the lips in villainy. Art is dead. Music is mummified. All our great men are gone or going. I myself do not feel very well . . .

SLAUGHTER PRICES.

"I WANT a new skirt," said Miss MENTOR, my old governess, poking her bony chin round the door of my self-contained flat one January morning. As she had worn her present garment for the last three years I was somewhat astonished at her sudden discovery. Then I noticed a sale catalogue in her hand.

"This pamphlet," she said, "I have received this morning. Now what," she continued, regarding me sternly, "is meant by 'slaughter prices'? Are they in any way connected with the sweating system?"

"Oh no," I explained, "it only means that everything's very cheap."

"That," she said, a gleam creeping into her scholastic eye, "I should not object to. I notice some garments here quoted as 'Joh Lot—usual price 45/6, my price 16/9.' It is possible one of these may answer my purpose. Will you come with me and assist me in the choice?"

I consented willingly, and an hour later we stood on the threshold of WENTON'S costume department. The sale was in full swing, and glancing from the struggle round the counter and the knee-deep litter on the floor to the austere face of my companion I sighed hopelessly.

"We can't get anything here," I said.

"We'd better try SMARTER AND CHICK'S." But to my surprise I found her sniffing the breeze like an old war-horse.

"*Can't!*" she exclaimed severely, "how often have I told you there is no such word in the English language." But before she could utter another word we were caught by an ugly rush from behind and swept into the surging mass that swayed to and fro before the skirt counter. I was pinned flat against a large bale of mercerised éoliens, but I could follow my companion's career by various passages of arms that reached my ear through the hubbub.

"Pray get off my train, Madam," screamed a high-pitched resentful voice.

"I am not on your train, Madam," replied Miss MENTOR's voice in its severest tones; "and if I were it would be a lesson to you not to wear one."

"But you *are*—and if you don't take your foot away I'll speak to the shop-walker!"

"Madam, that is not my foot—it is a roll of cloth," replied Miss MENTOR with very proper dignity.

Immediately afterwards another skirmish attracted my attention.

"Do not push me, Madam," exclaimed a wheezy, hysterical voice belonging to a stout lady with a violet toque perched on her golden hair. "You're digging your umbrella handle into the middle of my back. You mustn't *do it!*"

"Madam, I have no umbrella," replied Miss MENTOR; "you are alluding to my elbow, which is forced into a painfully unnatural position by the person behind, who—"

But I heard no more, for at this moment a general swirl landed me high and dry in an open space, where I presently saw my companion approaching.

"There is a skirt on this side of the counter," she said, "which is the very garment I require—but try as I will I cannot reach it." Her eyes glowed passionately behind her spectacles, and there was a solemn frenzy in her voice.

"You must dive low," I replied, still panting myself; "stretch out your arm—grip the little bit you can see, and pull for all you're worth."

She obeyed, and taking a deep breath once more plunged into the *mêlée*. Presently she reappeared, stooping sideways, evidently dragging the object of her search behind her.

"Put your back into it," I cried, sharing her enthusiasm, and seizing her hand I added my strength to hers, but without avail, till suddenly the resistance

ceased so unexpectedly that we were nearly precipitated on the floor—and there emerged from the crowd, like a cork from a champagne bottle, the skirt certainly, but a lady inside it: the large lady with the violet toque and the golden hair.

"Come away, come away!" I whispered, terror-stricken—and managed to sweep my companion into the Blouse Department before our victim had time to turn round and discover what had dragged her back so mysteriously from her well-won place by the counter.

It was among the ferment of the bargain blouses that Miss MENTOR got entirely beyond my control, burrowing and rummaging among the crumpled heaps, and trampling under foot the delicate finery of the ones she rejected as if she had been at it all her life.

"Where can I try this on?" she cried,

woman calmly. "Here, Miss, make me out a bill for this blouse, please."

Miss MENTOR's face suddenly darkened. "My good woman," she began—

"What!" cried the other with an indignant snort, "how dare you insult me!" and looking round she whimpered, "People who come to sales might at least use common civility."

Needless of the murmur of sympathy the remark evoked, Miss MENTOR seized the garment under discussion, the meagre woman in an equally determined attitude retained her hold, and for a few moments as they swayed together the issue was uncertain. Unfortunately for Miss MENTOR, at a moment when victory seemed in her grasp, her hat became inextricably entangled in the meagre woman's hat-pins. Her hands flew up instinctively to guard her headgear—but too late to save it from being twich-

ed off and carried away like a victor's crown on the top of the chiffon hat of her antagonist as the two combatants were parted by a skirmishing party from the Baby Linen Department. I saw Miss MENTOR's hat being kicked like a crushed football before the feet of the invaders, and I rushed frantically to the rescue.

"Is this *your* string bag?" said a good-natured girl who had picked it up, and I said it was and thanked her, and brought it back in triumph to Miss MENTOR. Her expression terrified me. Her face was purple, the veins were swelling in her temples, and her features worked strangely.

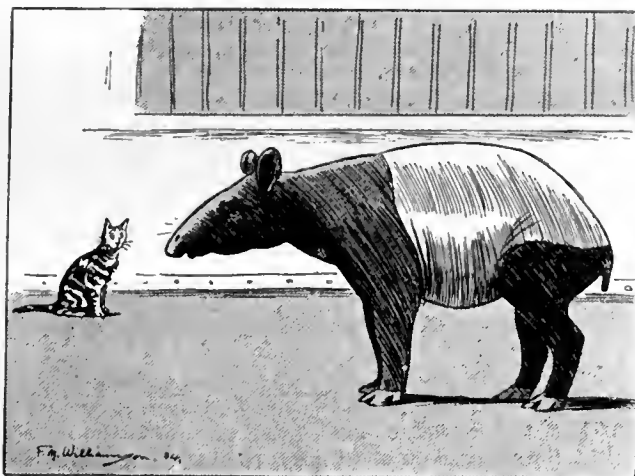
"Where's that woman?" she hissed.

"Here—this way," I replied promptly, and seizing her arm I hurried her through the departments in imaginary pursuit, nor did I stop till I seated her at a marble-topped table of the tea shop next door. To my intense relief her face gradually resumed its natural tint as she sipped her tea with closed eyes.

"After all, dear," I said, "it will be best for them to send you two or three skirts, on appro." And Miss MENTOR buttered her scone in silence—the silence of resignation.

THE MILITARY MAN FOR BIRMINGHAM.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Shakespearian advice to his constituents, after the visit of the Guards, is "List, List, O List!"

COSMOPOLITAN hospitality is suggested by the name of Lord ZETLAND's place, "*Aske Hall*."



Puss (who has wandered into the Tapir's cage at the Zoo). "WELL, THAT'S THE BIGGEST MOUSE I'VE EVER SEEN."

flourishing a grim-looking black viyella.

"Anywhere, Madam, anywhere," replied an exhausted attendant who hurried by.

"What!" cried Miss MENTOR, turning to me, "have they lost all sense of decency—look, child, there's a *man!*" And indeed a middle-aged gentleman could be seen in the next department, helping his daughter in the choice of a hat.

"All right, Miss MENTOR—he's only her father," I said reassuringly.

"Is he all of our fathers?" she exclaimed wrathfully; but at that moment a rush from behind made her lose her hold on the blouse, which was immediately pounced upon by a meagre little woman in a black chiffon hat bristling with hat pins, who had been eying it greedily.

"That is mine, Madam," cried Miss MENTOR.

"Nothing of the sort," said the meagre

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes. Such a romance as this of *Edward and Pamela Fitzgerald*, told as *GERARD CAMPBELL* has told it, is apt to dull the piquancy of popular fiction. It is a delightful correspondence, edited by a biographer who knows the art of self-repression, and presented by EDWARD ARNOLD in a setting that has the right air of distinction. To the ingratiating qualities of Lord Edward's character, always acknowledged by his political opponents, sufficient justice had already been done long ago by Tom Moore, and it is rather on PAMELA's so lovable nature that fresh light is here thrown from many unpublished family letters, to which Mr. CAMPBELL, her descendant in the direct line, has had access. On these letters, in which her sweet and innocent nature is everywhere confessed, the author relies for an answer to those unkind reflections by which certain writers, and notably Miss Ixa Taylor, have contrived to hurt her memory.

Her second marriage, which may explain, without excusing, these reflections, is here shown to have been due to what Lady SARAH NAPIER (her sister-in-law) describes as "the false French idea" of the necessity of an *établissement*. Its failure was its own condemnation; but, at the time, the FITZGERALDS do not seem to have regarded it as an act of disloyalty to Lord EDWARD; and if, in after years, they became alienated from PAMELA herself, while retaining their unalterable devotion to her children, we need not look beyond natural causes for this estrangement. She was always absent; and her charm was of the kind that in friendship, as distinct from the love of husband and child, depends on nearness for its appeal. At the first, when Lord EDWARD brought her home as his wife, she had had to live down an implicit opposition. Whatever her disputed origin, whether English and obscure, or royal and French, and the evidence on both sides, dispassionately advanced by Mr. CAMPBELL, leaves the mystery unsolved, though the fact that Madame GEXLIS would seem to have had no adequate reason for denying her motherhood, if she and PHILIP of Orleans had actually been the parents of PAMELA, almost turns the balance in favour of the other theory—her intimate connection with the ORLEANS children gave her an atmosphere that was unnatural, and therefore presumably unnatural. But the fascination of her personality, which conquered so many hearts (sometimes also evoking envy and malice, but indifference never) does not appear to have survived separation, except always where the affection of her children was concerned. It is their unswerving love which is her best vindication. And Mr. CAMPBELL, who in these last days has followed them in paying pious honour to her gentle memory, deserves well of all his kinsmen and hers for this labour of love.

The magic of the Oxford India paper is illustrated in three volumes just issued from the University Press. In two, extending to nearly fourteen hundred pages printed on ordinary paper, we have *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, quite a portable possession compared with ordinary library editions. With them comes a single volume of lesser bulk, containing just seven hundred pages, in which, in admirable type, is given the whole of the immortal work. When my Baronite was at an elementary school he learned the axiom "Two into one won't go." Here it is disproved. Two ordinary volumes are conveniently presented as one. Both editions contain the whole of the text issued more than a century ago under the superintendence of EDWARD MASON, with BOSWELL'S own notes.

The Oxford *Shelley*, issued from the same treasure house, includes materials which the editor, Mr. HUGHSON, justly boasts have not hitherto appeared in print. It presents two pages of "Prometheus Unbound" in facsimile of SHELLEY'S handwriting, showing the alterations made in the MS. To

his Oxford Edition of the Poets Mr. FROWDE adds two charming volumes on India paper, comprising in marvellously slight bulk the Poems of TENNYSON and the complete works of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In *Atoms of Empire* (MACMILLAN) we do not renew acquaintance with the ever-welcome Captain Kettle. Mr. CUTCLIFFE HUNT proves his capacity to write interesting stories without the assistance of his most famed familiar. My Baronite does not quite know why the book should bear the title selected for it. That does not matter. Suffice it that the volume contains sixteen chapters, each a masterpiece of that rare art, the telling of short stories.

Sir HENRY SEDON-KERR has often heard the chimes at midnight at Westminster, where for full ten years he has sat as Member for St. Helen's. But he has other, even more cheerful, experiences, memory whereof serves to while away the hours whilst Mr. CALDWELL is discoursing, with Mr. WEIR to follow. The *Leather-stocking* of the House of Commons, he has brought down big game in Norway, British Columbia, and Western Australia. While still an Oxford undergraduate he shot his first stag in a Norwegian forest. Since then, over a space of thirty years, he has spent well-earned holidays killing something in either hemisphere. In *My Sporting Holidays* (ARNOLD) he gives a lively, picturesque account of his adventures, the story being elaborated from notes made in his diary at the time. "I hope," he modestly says, "I may claim for my narrative that it is strictly veracious." My Baronite, whilst secretly admiring Sir HENRY'S habitual good fortune, hopes so too. There are some blood-curdling adventures, notably one with a big grizzly, happed upon in far-off Wyoming, particulars of which thus conclude in a passage that has a familiar twang: "I pulled up short, put two more bullets behind the shoulder of the bear, and laid him dead at our feet." In other, and parliamentary, language the hon. Member for St. Helen's moved the closure.

In *Doctor Luke* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. NORMAN DUNCAN makes us further acquainted with *The Way of the Sea*, a series of sketches which, published a year ago, testified to the coming of a new writer worth reading. His last book takes the form of a novel—not altogether successfully, since it lacks the coherence and attraction of a plot. That, however, novel-readers have always with them with persistence equal to the habitude of the poor. What is fresh in *Doctor Luke* is its land and sea, its simple-hearted unlearned heroic men and women, who sparsely people one and dominate the other. The land is the desolate shore of Labrador. The sea the cruel, icy, hungry ocean that snarls at it through the long winter months. "The sweet wild sea," Mr. DUNCAN exclaims; "loveliest in her adorable rage like a woman." This attitude, with which my Baronite is not out of sympathy, depends upon the point of view. It is all very well uttered on land. Aboard the little schooners in which the Labrador fishermen pass half their lives it is a different kind of thing. The story, slight, occasionally disjointed, is full of keen sympathetic touches with humanity. Perhaps the beginning and the end are the best of it, the first introducing the frail mother, the last chronicling the death of that delightful personage, Skipper Tommy Lovejoy. Since TUCKERMAN wrote the last word of *Col. Nercome* nothing finer has been written than the parting scene where the rugged old fisherman answers the last call.



THE REPRODUCTION OF ENVIRONMENT.

AN enterprising publisher announces a new edition of SHAKESPEARE *printed and published at Stratford town*, and actually "set up" in the very house of JULIUS SHAW, SHAKESPEARE'S intimate friend and one of the witnesses to his will! Fancy that! It is needless to dilate on the excellence of text, typography, &c., assured by these novel precautions. Mr. Punch, however, feels confident that the idea may be carried further, and that we shall soon hear of the following announcements:

A new Standard Library Edition of *Paradise Lost* will shortly appear, which, it is hoped, will rapidly supersede all others. MILTON'S noble epic is to be printed by a small portable press temporarily erected on the left bank of the Tigris in the locality identified by expert theologians as a probable site of the Garden of Eden. An extremely short-sighted *littérateur* holding extreme anti-monarchical views has been selected to revise the text, in the hope of recalling as far as possible the mental atmosphere of the author.

The new selection of Lord BYRON'S poems should meet with a warm reception from critical readers. The revision of the proofs has been entrusted exclusively to noblemen of somewhat dissipated habits. The Editor has qualified himself for the task of supervision in a "Byronic" spirit by a considerable course of domestic trouble, followed by a few weeks' yachting in the Mediterranean.

A new, popular, and yet accurate and up-to-date Natural History of British Fishes was badly wanted. The sumptuous work now announced presents, to specialist and scientific readers, an entirely novel attraction. A short prefatory note of the publishers informs us that these portly and well-illustrated volumes were—doubtless at considerable expense—actually printed and bound *under water*.

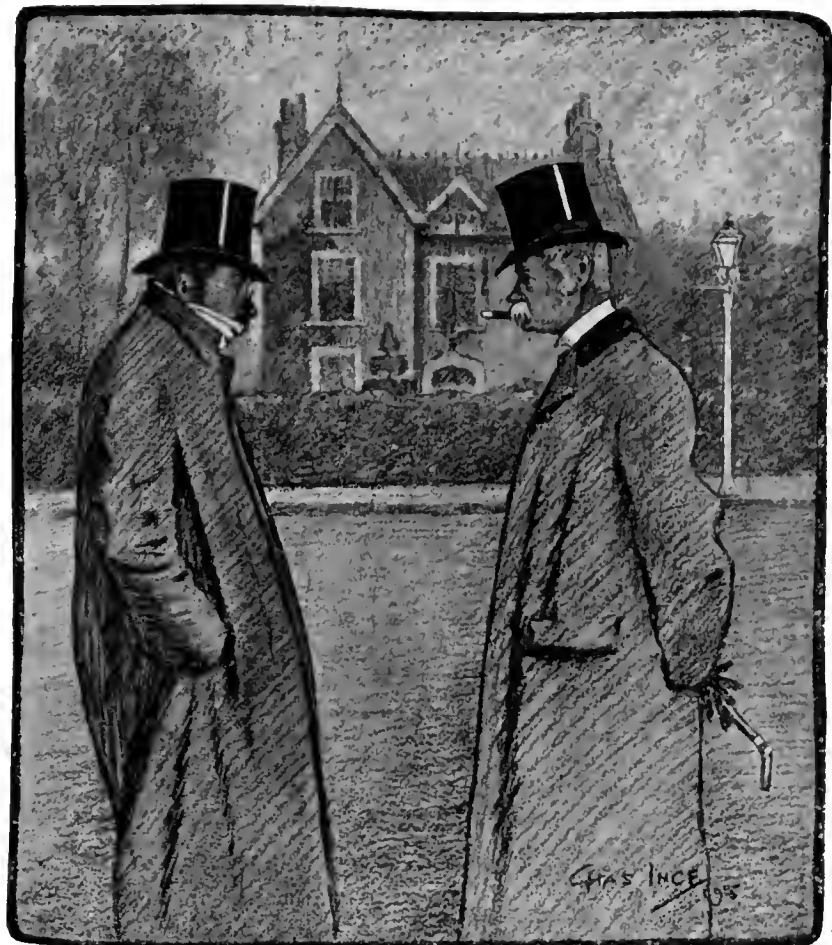
Italian publishers have often been reproached of late for not doing their duty by the greatest of National Epics. The announcement of a new, revised and annotated edition of DANTE'S *Inferno*—to be entirely printed and prepared by first-class artificers *inside the Crater of Vesuvius*—will reassure foreigners that the resources of the Poet's native country are at last being fully utilised.

Time's Revenges.

WANTED, NURSE for one baby, who has been under nurse in good family.

Church Times.

NATURE'S IRONY. — Copper veins in Tintos.



"HELLO, BROWN. HOW'S THE COLD?"—"VERY OBSTINATE."
"HOW'S THE WIFE?"—"ABOUT THE SAME."

ANOTHER RUINED INDUSTRY.

[In New York, according to the police, the 'crook' is about the hardest worker for the smallest wages to be found in the city. The most brilliant and successful Bank burglar cannot ever hope to earn more than £600 a year. As to the lesser lights, they do exceedingly well if they average £2 10s. a week.]

Drop the knuckle-duster, sonny,
Fling the jemmy far away,
For there isn't any money
In the burgling trade to-day.
Though I toil and slave far harder
Than your idle artisan,
Empty oft remains my larder,
Empty oft my inner man.

When your navvies lie a-snoring
Snug and comfy in their beds,
I am in the streets exploring
Windows, areas and leads.
I must bear the nightly burden
Of the rain and frost and snow
For the miserable guerdon
Of a weekly quid or so.

Banks? I too had my ambitions.
Once I dreamed my dreams, like
you—

Pondered on our great traditions—

Fifty thousand at a coup;
But alas! I came a cropper,
I was pitifully sold,
For I only found a copper
Where I hoped for notes and gold.

Even those who have ascended
To the summit of the tree
Get, when all is said and ended,
Little, little £ s. d.
Men whose talents must have made
them
Rich in any other sphere
Find their trade has only paid them
Paltry hundreds every year.

Sonny, do not think me doting!
Burgling as a trade is dead.
Take to company promoting,
Take to honesty instead.
Money there awaits true merit,
And success is yours, my lad,
With the talents you inherit
From your old burglarious dad.

"A CROP EXPERT."—A Professional Hairdresser.

"POUR LE MÉRITE."

THOSE who carelessly asserted that the Age of Anglo-Saxon Heroes is dead are sufficiently rebuked by a recent cable from Pittsburg, Pa. "More than 10,000 applications for medals," we are told, "have been received by the Credentials Committee of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S Million Sterling Hero Fund." The overwhelming sympathy accorded to this noble scheme could not miss for long the flattery of imitation; and we are privileged to announce the establishment of a similar fund in our very midst. The munificent Donor desires, for the time, to remain anonymous, and we hope we are not committing an indiscretion in stating that he is a Rand magnate, and that the purity of his English descent is only thinly veiled by a name terminating in -SUEIX.

Application for medals, which are offered to British and Aliens alike, should be made on printed forms, which will be issued to the public to-morrow. The list opens on Monday, January 23, and closes for London at 5 P.M. on Friday, March 31, and for the country and abroad on the morning of Saturday, April 1; but an extension of time up to the first post on Monday the 3rd will be allowed in the case of claims arising out of Saturday's heroic feats in the football field.

Notices inviting applications for medals have already been despatched to certain distinguished persons whose heroism is above question, and we are indebted to the Donor's second footman for the opportunity of reproducing the following communications, alleged by him to have been already forwarded in response to these invitations. The statements here given are supposed to represent the grounds on which the several applicants base their claims for a Hero Medal. One or two, it will be seen, decline to apply; and the gentleman signing himself "Anon." was never asked. He must have heard of the scheme through some breach of confidence in a rural post-office.

For testimonial please find enclosed cutting of German KAISER'S message about me to my august Emperor. I am, however, deferring the honour of accepting your Medal till I know more about its size. If it should assume the dimensions of a chest-protector, it would, of course, come under the category of military equipment, and I could not in that case accept it for my personal use any more than I could accept General STÜSSEL'S waler.

NOGI, General.

I have just negotiated the appalling perils of the Suez Canal.

BOTROVOSKY, Admiral.

P.S.—Kindly forward Medal to me,
c/o Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY,
Poste Restante,
Diego Suarez,
Madagascar (near Africa).

Chosen to uphold my country's honour as chief witness of that memorable sea-fight, I may with perfect modesty describe myself as the Hero of the Dogger Bank. I shall therefore be pleased to place your Medal on my breast in close proximity to the one already planted there by an admiring Admiral.

KLEMO, Captain.

To accept such rewards as you offer is tantamount to acknowledging the superiority of the donor over the recipient. They ought to issue only from the Fount of World-Honour. We are therefore not applying for your Medal Pour le Mérite.

WILLIAM II., K.K.

Though unfortunately excluded by the exigencies of intervening space from participation in the heroic exploits of my fellow-countrymen, I, too, have not been idle. Scarcely a

day passes but I unsheathe my pen in my nation's cause, and endeavour to disperse the darkness of the Occidental Press.

SUYEMATSU, Baron.

In the very hour of my party's triumph, for which I have worked so hard and faithfully, bearing the burden and heat of the day, I am renouncing the victor's crown. Let the others scramble for it. Is not this Heroism?

R-S-B-RY.

There is a story told of a certain Hero—I forget his name—who assisted at a great national crisis—I forget its nature, but it comes in one of the Encyclopædias. His supporters, flushed with success, burst into his presence to announce that he had been elected Dictator by popular acclamation—and found him peacefully asleep. That is my position.

D-V-SHU-RE.

For the past few days I have been inundated with requests that I would sell *The Morning Post* to a Free Food Syndicate; but I have in each instance rejected Affluence in favour of Honesty.

GL-N-SK.

I have accomplished the heroic task of reading *God's Good Man* from cover to cover.

H-LL C-NE.

By sheer heroism I have struggled through *The Prodigal Son*.

M. C-R-LLJ.

My official position renders the idea of a direct application most indecorous.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.

I have made the heroic resolve that, before the present year is out, *Sherlock Holmes* shall have been annihilated—twice and for all.

A. C. D-YLE.

An appeal has been made to me to allow my name to figure in the *Book of the Plantagenets*. If the Editor of this monumental work chooses to insert my genealogy where it has a perfect right to be, I cannot prevent him. But, shunning publicity as I do, I will be no party to this colossal act of snobbery.

ALG-RN-X ASHT-X.

P.S.—If you award me your Medal I will make due provision in my will for its upkeep.

Altruism is the highest test of the Hero. I propose to limit myself in future to the production of fourteen masterpieces *per annum*.

G-Y B-THBY.

I have refrained from making the joke, "Togo or not Togo."

ANON. (card enclosed).

I am returning home.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

It has been necessary for the Donor of this new Hero Fund to form a rough estimate of the probable number of Medal claims which he may expect. He has based his anticipations largely upon the prominence of people's names in the Press. With the assistance of Mr. H-LT SCH-L-XG he has arrived at the following figures: 750 football forwards, 450 half-backs, 300 backs, 150 goal-keepers, 200 expert football-journalists, 50 expert authorities on the results of the next season's Test matches, 8 War Correspondents (at the front), 80 ditto (elsewhere), 45 Colonels of Volunteers (exclusive of Sir HOWARD VINCENT) opposed to reduction of Auxiliary Forces, 25 Publishers, 15 Impresarios, 35 Dramatic Authors, 135 ordinary authors, 10 Leaders of the Liberal Party (exclusive of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL), five Tariff Leaguers, two Mistaken Identities, one ex-Colonial Secretary, one Mr. HAROLD COX, one Pantomime Reformer, and one Common Hangman.

O. S.



“GO WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU!”

GOVERNOR OF MADAGASCAR (*anxious to speed the lingering guest*). “MUST YOU STAY? CAN'T YOU GO?”





SISTERS!

(Before the Ball.)

Pierrette (changing the subject after a recent tiff in which she has come off victorious). "THIS GLASS IS BETTER, ROSE. I CAN SEE MYSELF HERE BEAUTIFULLY!"

Pompadour (seeing her opportunity). "PLAINLY, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN."

A PROPHETIC NOVEL.

II.

[Being further extracts from Lord BEACONFIELD'S unpublished romance, *The Great Cham*, shortly to appear as a feuilleton in a leading daily.]

"My campaigning has not been very fortunate," said MENTMORE; "and I am not so enamoured of the arena as you are, Sire. My mind is rather set on the pursuits of peace, on the cult of the Muses, and twenty-four hours ago I had a dream of settling on the shores of the Bay of Naples."

"Whatever you do," said the KAISER, "renounce indolence. Action may not always be happiness, but there is no happiness without action. If you will not fight the French in Morocco, return home and plunge into affairs. That was a fine castle of yours I visited a few years ago; a man who lives in such a place must be able to find a great deal to do."

"I almost wish I was there with you for my companion," said MENTMORE.

"The wheel may turn," said the KAISER, "but I begin to think I shall not see much of England again. The forces of democracy seem to me to be stronger than ever, and ERNCastle tells me that your War Office are seriously contemplating the abolition of all ornamental uniforms."

"Your great fault," he would sometimes say to BALFORTH, "and the cause of many of your sorrows, is the habit of mental introspection. Man is born to observe, but if he drifts into psychology he observes nothing, and then he is astonished that life has no charms for him, or that, never seizing the occasion, his career is a failure."

"I fear," said BALFORTH, "that I have at length found out the truth, and that I am but a dreaming psychologist."

"You are a dozen years younger than I am, and not irredeemably lost," replied Sr. JOSEPH. "Fortunately you have received the admirable though partial education of your class. You have been

to a public school, and to the University—I was at neither. You are a moderately good golfer, you have been summoned for furiously driving your motor-car, you have—I am told—bestridden a Bantam bicycle. That sickly and imperfect secretion of the brain which is called thought has not yet bowed your frame. You have not had time to read everything. Take the advice of a practical man, drop metaphysics, shun the emasculating influence of modern music, and go in for a course of DICKENS. I would not have you give up serious reading altogether, but remember that the droll conversation of a man like CATESBY is worth all the libraries in the world. If it were only for my sake, I should wish to save you, but I wish to do it for your own. Yes, profit by the vast though calamitous experience which you have gained in a short time. We may know a great deal about our bodies, we can know very little about our minds."

"Whether from the bad news from

Stalybridge or the presence of Lord CUTTLEFISH or from some other cause, LEO MIXIM was brusque, ungracious and silent, only nodding to Sir ALFRED PEARS-WORTH who benignly saluted him, and refusing every dish that was offered. Nor was his costume correct. All the other gentlemen were habited in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. LEO MIXIM, however, had on his shooting jacket of brown velvet, a pink shirt, and an Aston Villa tie, while his raven locks were peculiarly dishevelled.

"HEGO HATFIELD, who was not afraid of him, and was a High Churchman as well as an *enraged* Free Trader, kept pressing him to partake of jam and pickles, and asked, 'Well, MIXIM, are you going to church in that tie? Are those the colours of the Pentecostal Dancers?' But MIXIM would not answer; he gave a snort, and glanced at Hugo with the eye of a gladiator.

"The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the mantelpiece, talking to the ladies, who were clustered round him; MIXIM, after listening grimly for a few moments to their talk, suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, 'How I hate Sunday!'

"Mr. MIXIM!" exclaimed Lady STAM-DORNE, turning pale.

"There was a general shudder.

"I mean in Lancashire," said MIXIM, "and the day after a by-election. The whole place reeks of cotton and prosperity. I do not dislike it when alone, or in Birmingham. But Sunday in a Free Trade district is simply infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Dean of DURHAM, walking away with dignified reserve, and they all dispersed."

"There it is," said ST. JOSEPH, "Lancashire has always been our stumbling block. We must strike, and strike hard, if the Empire is to be protected. But how am I to strike? We have money and arguments. But we have not the men. CHINLAP and VINNY HOWARD have no magnetism, and I am growing exhausted by fighting the battle single-handed. The gauds and spoils of office no longer appeal to me. Perhaps the vicissitudes of life have made me insensible to what are called reverses of fortune, for when a child I remember sleeping on the moonlit flags of Birmingham, with no pillow except a tambourine which I had played in some private theatricals, and I remember it not without delight. Let us sit down. I feel that I am talking in an excited, injudicious, egotistical, rhapsodical strain. I thought I was calm, and I meant to have been clear. But I have had a sleepless night and a day of brooding thought; I meant once to have

asked you to help me, and now I feel that you are the last person to whom I ought to appeal."

"In that you are in error," said Mr. VAN BOODLE, rising and taking his hand with an expression of extreme unction: "I am the right person for you to appeal to, the only person."

"Nay," said ST. JOSEPH, and winked away a tear.

"For I owe you a debt I never can repay," continued Mr. VAN BOODLE. "Had it not been for you I should have remained what I was when we first met—a narrow self-centred millionaire, wasting my energies on frivolity, and utterly insensible to the privilege of living in this wondrous age of change and progress. Why, had it not been for you I should have at this very moment been lavishing my fortune on the endowment of a National Opera House, or the establishment of free toffee caverns for the sick and indignant poor. Pardon me if I wander in my speech, but the hour is late, and I am not altogether myself. There may be, there doubtless are, topics on which we differ; but in our love of truth and justice there is no difference. No, though you must have felt that I am not—that no one could be—insensible to your eloquence and demonic energy, still it is your consummate character that has justly fascinated my heart, and I have long resolved, were I permitted, to devote to you my fortune and my life."

"The luscious tones of Mr. VAN BOODLE's voice made ST. JOSEPH's heart beat so tumultuously that for a moment he thought he would be overpowered. Then, quickly recovering himself, he led his young friend to a table covered with pyramids of pomegranates interspersed with gentle drinks such as the fancy of America alone could devise.

"Let us drink," said ST. JOSEPH, 'to the conversion of Lancashire!'

"You will forgive me," replied Mr. VAN BOODLE, 'but I am a teetotaler and a vegetarian,' and with these words he raised a pomegranate to his exquisitely chiselled lips."

We venture to extract the following short article from the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*, with its title and sub-title:—

CHEMICAL FACTORY ABLAZE.

FIREMEN'S DIFFICULT TASK.

The Duke of WESTMINSTER and the members of the house party at Eaton Hall shot over the preserves, and in two days accounted for 1,200 pheasants.

For having, in Albert Road, Blackpool, used language described as not fit for a Christian to hear, EDITH RICHARDS was fined 20s, and costs at Blackpool on Friday.

The above is a precious example of the vanity of titles. As BURNS said, "A man's a man for a' that."

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

IX.—THE TESTIMONIAL.

I.

Jabez Copley, of Copley's Stores, to the leading residents of Great Burley and neighbourhood.

(CYCLOSTYLE.)

THE MISSENDEN TESTIMONIAL FUND.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM).—I have the honour to inform you that our worthy Station-master Mr. MISSENDEN, having received promotion, is leaving us very shortly for a higher sphere of activity, and some of his friends met together last night at the "King's Arms" to confer as to a testimonial to be presented to him. Greatly to my surprise I was asked to undertake the duties of hon. secretary and hon. treasurer, and it is in these capacities that I take the liberty of addressing you. The meeting decided to open a subscription list for Mr. MISSENDEN in the town and neighbourhood, and to present him with the proceeds and with an illuminated address.

The following is the address that was drawn up—I may say by myself:—

Presented to

JAMES HENRY MISSENDEN

By THE GENTRY AND INHABITANTS OF
GREAT BURLEY

on the occasion of his departure from that Town, on the completion of nearly Eight Years of honourable service as Station Master, to take up a post of increased responsibility at Clapham Junction—as a mark of their appreciation of his Courtesy and Efficiency during his period of Office at Great Burley Terminus.

This address will be engrossed in several colours and in gold, with appropriate borders and scroll work (as in the illuminated texts in our bedrooms) by Miss MILLIE FEATHERS, at the school, who is very clever and artistic with her hands, and presented to Mr. MISSENDEN, with the purse, at the "King's Arms" on a suitable evening.

Awaiting your reply,

I am, Dear Sir (or Madam),

Yours obediently,

JABEZ COPLEY.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the
Missenden Testimonial Fund.

Added, in Mr. Copley's own hand, to a few of the letters.

P.S.—It is not my wish to intrude business, but I feel it would be wrong not to take this opportunity of informing you that I have just received a particularly advantageous line of preserved fruits, which I can do at extraordinarily low terms. No time should be lost in ordering.

II.

Miss Mill to Mr. Jabez Copley.

DEAR MR. COPLEY.—I had no idea that

the Station-master was going. How interesting to find that his name is MISSENDEN! It was the name of my mother's favourite cook. She came, I think, from Esher, or it may have been Exeter. It is odd how long one may live without knowing the name of one's Station-master, although my niece tells me it has to be printed up somewhere, like a licensed victualler's. I think I should like to try a box of the preserved fruit if it is really nice.

Yours truly,
LYDIA MILL.

III.

*Sir Charles Transom's Secretary to
Mr. Jabez Copley.*

DEAR SIR,—SIR CHARLES TRANSOM directs me to present his compliments and to express his regret that he must decline to lend his support to the testimonial to the Great Burley Station-master. Sir CHARLES dislikes to see this kind of premium put upon duty, nor can he forget the want of sympathetic zeal and alacrity displayed by the Station-master in the autumn of 1898 in the matter of a lost portmanteau containing the manuscript of Sir CHARLES' monograph on the TRANSOM family. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
VINCENT A. LINCOLN.

IV.

*The Vicar of Great Burley to
Mr. Jabez Copley.*

DEAR MR. COPLEY,—I am afraid I cannot associate myself very cordially with the terms of your testimonial to Mr. MISSENDEN. Eight years are a very short period to signalise in this way, and I do not care for the part played by the "King's Arms." I am sorry to have to take this line; but we must act as we believe. I should be seriously vexed if you got up a testimonial for me after so short a term of work. I am,

Yours sincerely,
REGINALD LOWTHER.

V.

*Mr. Jabez Copley to the Vicar of
Great Burley.*

REVEREND SIR,—I regret that you cannot give your valuable and esteemed support to the testimonial to Mr. MISSENDEN, but I respect your motives. I should like to say in reply to your suggestion about a testimonial to yourself and my connexion with it, that I should never, I hope, so far presume as to take the leading part in a movement of this kind for a gentleman like yourself. My rule in life is that station should keep to station, and I trust I shall never be so foolish as to depart from it. But although I should not presume to take a leading part in your testimonial, as



G. L. STANCA.

INGENUUS PUER.

Mamma. "I THOUGHT THERE WAS AN APPLE ON THE SIDEBOARD, AND I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT YOU, BUT I FIND IT ISN'T THERE!"

Freddy. "WELL, WILL YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE, MUMMY, 'COS IT WASN'T A VERY GOOD ONE?"

you kindly suggest, I should however contribute to it with a whole heart. Believe me,

Yours obediently,

JABEZ COPLEY.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the
Missenden Testimonial Fund.

VI.

*Mr. Aylmer Penistone to Mr. Jabez
Copley.*

DEAR MR. COPLEY,—I do not quite feel disposed to give anything to MISSENDEN. You should draw up a different testimonial for those of us who travel third-

class, omitting the word "courtesy." I am,

Yours faithfully,

AYLMER PENISTONE.

VII.

*Mrs. Lyon Mounteney to Mr. Jabez
Copley.*

MRS. MOUNTENEY is very pleased to see, from Mr. COPLEY's letter, that a spirit of friendliness and comradeship is abroad in Great Burley. Would that all English towns had the same generous feelings! Not having used the railway for

several years, owing to her poor health, Mrs. MOUNTENEY does not feel that she could with propriety identify herself with so personal a testimonial, but she wishes it every success. Mrs. MOUNTENEY does not care for preserved fruit.

VIII.

Mr. Murray Collier, L.R.C.P., to Mr. Jabez Copley.

DEAR MR. COPLEY.—A difficulty with regard to the boys' boxes, which occurs regularly at the end of each term, and which brings out Mr. MISSENDEN's native churlishness like a rash, makes it impossible for me to support your appeal. After what I have had to say and write to the Station-master it would seem pure pusillanimity to give him money and praise. May I however suggest the emendation of one small means can our little wayside station be described as a "terminus," which is a Latin word signifying the end, as I fancy your son HAROLD (whom we all find a very promising and attractive boy) would be able to ratify.

I am, Yours sincerely,
MURRAY COLLIER.

IX.

Mr. Jabez Copley to the leading residents of Great Burley and Neighbourhood.

(CYCLOSTYLE.)

THE MISSENDEN TESTIMONIAL FUND.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM).—I beg to inform you that at an influential and representative meeting held last evening at the "King's Arms" it was decided with much regret not to take any further steps with regard to the testimonial to Mr. MISSENDEN, and to return to the several donors the £4 17s. 6d. which the united efforts of myself and two of my assistants have been able to collect in the past month, minus an amount of one guinea to Miss MILLIE FEATHERS for work already done on the illuminated address, which cannot, we fear, owing to the peculiar nature of the wording and its reference to Clapham Junction, be adapted to suit any other person.

If anything is now done to indicate to Mr. MISSENDEN that Great Burley appreciates his services, which is very doubtful, it will be done by a few personal friends, at the "King's Arms." I may say here that I have decided under no conditions to ever again undertake the duties of Secretary or Treasurer of a Testimonial, whether hon. or even well paid. Believe me, Dear Sir (or Madam), Yours obediently,

JABEZ COPLEY.

P.S.—As I am now laying down for ever the pen of the testimonial promoter, I may return to my true vocation as a purveyor of high-class provisions by saying that I have received this morning a consignment of sardines of a new and reliable brand, which I can do at 6½d. the box.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Foreign Minister earned favour.

It was while the international crisis described in the last chapter was at its most critical point that SYLVIA one morning paid her mother a visit. The Grand Duchess (for that was the rank conferred upon her by her Queen and dutiful daughter) was living in a pleasant house situated in the great Park about half a mile from the Palace. Her bronchial attack had been a severe one, but she was now almost recovered from it, and promised soon to be about again.

"Mamma, Mamma," said SYLVIA, bursting like a flood of health and sunlight into the morning room, "isn't it perfectly gorgeous?"

"Moderate yourself, my darling," said the Grand Duchess; "I haven't the faintest idea why you are so excited with joy."

"Oh, Mamma!" said SYLVIA reproachfully, "do you really mean to say you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"That we're quite certain to have war with the King of EISENBLUT."

"Oh, is that it?" said her mother. "Yes, I have heard about that, of course."

"And we shall win some glorious victories, and march into his capital, and dictate peace, and impose a tremendous indemnity or even annex the whole country and keep it for ever."

"Of course," said the Grand Duchess pensively, "all that is possible, but, on the other hand—"

"On the other hand, what? You don't mean to say you have any doubt about our winning? Why, we always have won. HINTERLAND for ever, I say, and down with Eisenblut!"

"Amen," said her mother. "But we have had unfortunate campaigns that you have probably never heard of."

"There are none in the history books," said the Queen.

"You would find them," said her mother, "if you cared to read the history books of the other countries. But I don't want to put it on that ground. Tell me," she added, "what we are going to fight about."

"Oh, as to that," said SYLVIA, "I'm really not quite sure. It's got something to do with time-tables and astronomy, and you know, Mamma, I never could learn much about astronomy, could I?"

"Oh, my darling, it's all too silly and too heart-breaking. You are going to cause bloodshed and misery and ruin and despair, and all for what?"

"The Foreign Minister," observed SYLVIA loftily, "assures me that our prestige as a world-power is involved."

"The Foreign Minister," said the Grand Duchess, "sometimes talks nonsense. You are going to send out thousands of sons and husbands and fathers to kill or to be killed by sons and husbands and fathers who speak a different language, and all for the sake of a question that most of them can never understand. Don't do this. Seek a better way. Go yourself and see King OTTO. Appeal to his manliness and his chivalry. If he should then refuse, at any rate your conscience will be clear."

"Do you really think so, Mamma?" said SYLVIA, surprised at her mother's earnestness. "Really," she went on reflectively, "it's not a bad plan. Yes, I'm sure I should enjoy it immensely. I'll give orders about it at once," and the impulsive little lady, having embraced her mother, swept out of the room.

Now it happened that the Foreign Minister, having written an important and desperately warlike despatch, had brought it to the Grand Duchess's house for the approval of the Queen. He had been waiting in an ante-room and, without intending it, he had overheard most of the conversation between the Queen and her mother. He was an ambitious man, and set much store by the favour of his sovereign. When the Queen, therefore, came into the ante-room he had made up his mind as to the course he would pursue, even though it involved the cancellation of a despatch to which, with the assistance of his secretaries, he had devoted much time and labour. He thrust it into his coat-tail pocket, and advanced with a low bow to meet the Queen.

"Good morning, my Lord," said SYLVIA graciously. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Your Majesty," said the Foreign Minister, "I have just arrived here in great haste. I have been thinking deeply about our—hum—hum—what shall I say?—our imbroglio with the King of EISENBLUT, and it has occurred to me that before we plunge into war it might be well to make yet one more effort on behalf of peace. Does your Majesty deign to follow me?"

"I do," said SYLVIA. "Proceed."



UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

Enthusiastic Motorist. "WELL—HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

"Your Majesty is of more than full age."

"I had my sixteenth birthday last week," said SYLVIA, not without some haughtiness.

"Might not your Majesty then," resumed the Foreign Minister, "yourself plead the cause of reason and justice with King Orno? Would you not consent to meet him? He is young and impulsive, but some of his impulses are good, and," he added with apparent irrelevancy, "he is strikingly handsome."

"This," said the Queen, "is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened."

"In what respect, your Majesty?" asked the Foreign Minister in a proud voice, for he feared that he was about to be accused of eavesdropping, and his patrician soul took fire at the mere possibility of the affront.

"Yes," continued SYLVIA, "the most extraordinary and marvellous thing. I had this very minute decided on the very plan you have just suggested. Do you know, I think it most wonderful of you, quite the most brilliant thing any Foreign Minister ever did," and she stretched out her hand, over which the courtly old gentleman inclined his head until his lips had touched it.

"Your Majesty is pleased to speak too highly," he protested, "of my humble efforts in the cause of peace and international good-will."

"By no means," said the Queen. "I am lost in admiration of your skill. Let the necessary steps be taken immediately, for I am dying to start as soon as possible. And, by the way," she went on, "I shall bestow upon you the Grand

Cross of the Golden Slipper of Hinterland. It is the highest Order within my gift."

"It will make old Turniptop green with envy," said the Foreign Minister to himself, indicating by this playful title the venerable statesman who had preceded him in his office. Then with sparkling eyes he took his leave to see to the drafting of a new despatch.

CULTURE AND POLISH.

[According to the *Manchester Guardian* there are several bootblacks in Hungary who are doctors of philosophy in the University.]

If vaulting ambition should prompt you to shine
As an artist of skill in the boot-blackening line,
Don't fancy, my friend, that the only thing lacking
Is a polishing brush and a bottle of blacking.

Greek verse is a training which nothing can beat
For one who exists upon polishing feet;
Nor will he who has studied his *Ethics* with care
Ever find that his life is a bootless affair.

Success isn't granted to indolent ease:
Men are only made masters of arts by degrees.
Yes, a college career you will find is your game,
For culture and polish are one and the same.

OLD SONG ADAPTED BY GENERAL STÖSSEL.—"Our dislodger's
such a nice young man!"

CHARIVARIA.

"Is vain," says the *Seet*, "do the Japanese, and their friends the English, imagine that the choice of rendezvous for battle belongs solely to Admiral Togo. Admiral Rozhdestvensky may upset all expectations." He certainly did at the Dogger Bank.

The German Emperor has conferred on General Struss and Nott the Order "Pour le Merite." It seems almost a pity that Russia and Japan should be given fresh cause for rivalry.

The notabilities of Sudja have signed and forwarded to General KURPATKIN particulars of a wonderful sign in the sky which was seen at the mobilisation of troops in that city. Only one more miracle is now required, and that is a victory by the General.

"We should be twice the musical nation we are if music teachers would insist upon their pupils practising music at sight," says Sir FREDERICK BARTLE. "Not at sight of me, I hope," writes "A Tired Father."

A large piece of Kent fell into the sea last week. Little Englanders are naturally delighted.

Parliament has had its holidays extended to the 14th prox., and will therefore not "go back" till long after Eton and the other academies. But why "go back" at all? The Country is getting on quite nicely, thank you.

Trust an agitator to brag. The anarchist DAVIS, who was bound over at Clerkenwell last week, asserted that he

had a bump on the side of his head which pressed into his brain.

The North-Eastern Railway has begun to abolish its first-class carriages, and an indignation meeting has been held under the chairmanship of the Duke of

The Baltic Fleet is now thirsting for another fight with Japanese torpedo-boats. The provisions taken aboard at Port Said included a quantity of liqueurs and champagne.

According to the *Daily Mail*, the Peace Party at St. Petersburg advocates an alliance between Russia, Japan, and China, "with Russia as the guide and in control of the Yellow Race." But the Japanese can hardly be so yellow and so green at the same time.

"This fool country pays towards the British Navy £200,000 a year," says the *Sydney Bulletin*, speaking of Australia. But in choosing his epithets the Editor of the *Bulletin* must not judge all his fellow-countrymen by those who subscribe to his anti-English journal.

The charming French actress Mme. LE BARGY is coming to London, and soon we shall all be flocking to see *La Beauté et Le Bary*.

"Peace and quietness are what we especially desire," said Mr. BALFOUR in his great speech at Glasgow. Our new guns will not be ready for two years.

Double Trouble.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has overcome the difficulty of finding a double of himself in the forthcoming play. His exact counterpart (in the *dramatis personæ*) is Mr. THOROLD, Editor of *The Smart Set*. On encountering him the Lessee and Manager (his own double in this instance) of the St. James's uttered the now historical remark, "If I were not ALEXANDER I certainly should be THOROLD."



A PREMIUM ON PROFANITY.

Young Lady (preparing to pay Caldy). "WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM, AUNTIE?"

Auntie. "JUST GIVE HIM A SHILLING, AND, IF HE SWEARS, GIVE HIM ANOTHER SIXPENCE."

NORTHUMBERLAND. We sympathise with his Grace: if Dukes are not to be allowed to travel first-class, how is anyone to know they are Dukes?

NEILSON & Co. have temporarily suspended payment of their Tea Pensions to Widows. Similar Companies would do well to insist on strict proof that the death of the husband was due to the tea.

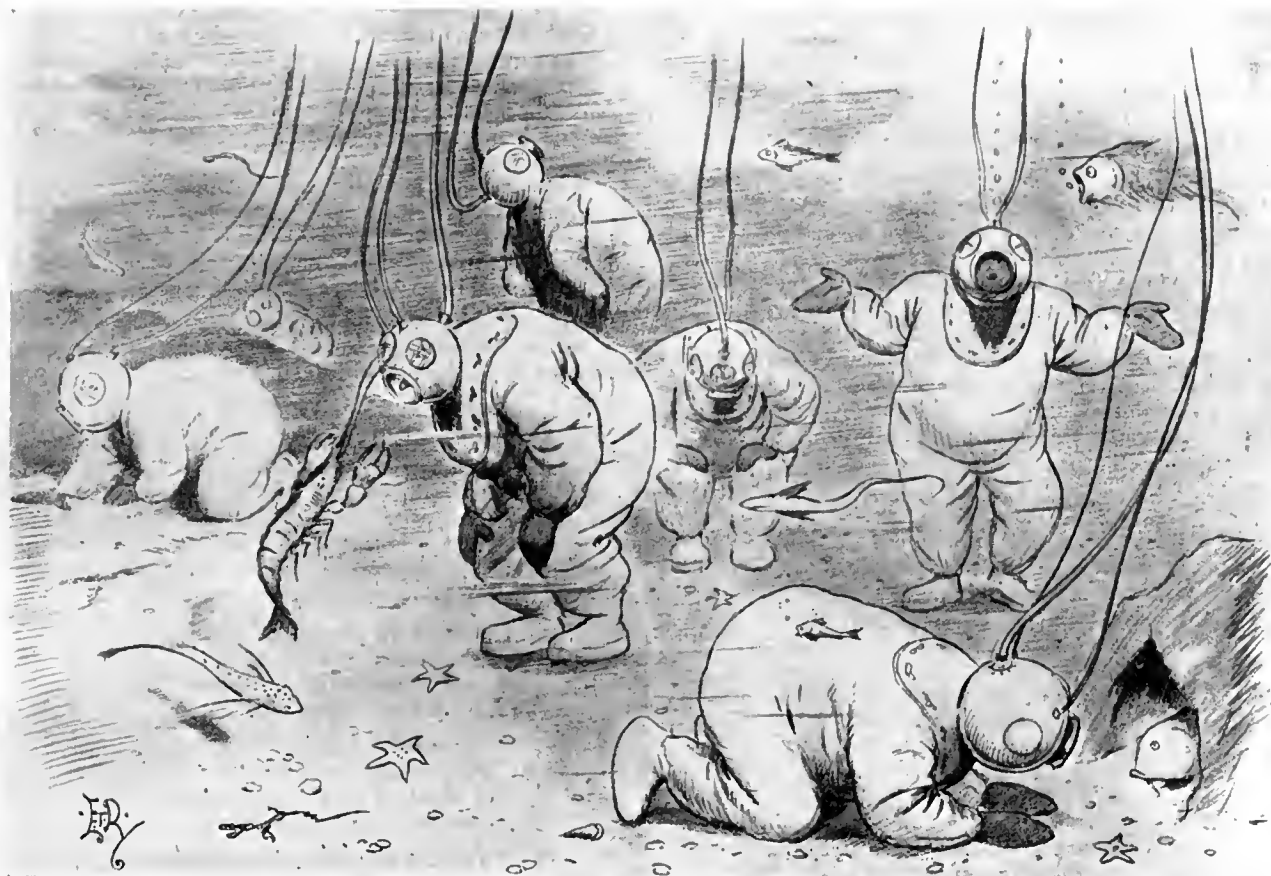
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THE DIVINING ROD.

JOE THE "DOWSER." "VERY AWKWARD! I GUARANTEED A STRONG PROTECTIONIST CURRENT SOMEWHERE OR OTHER; BUT THE SILLY ROD WON'T WORK!"





THE NORTH SEA COMMISSIONERS MAKE A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION ON THE DOGGER BANK.

[“The only circumstantial evidence of the presence of Japanese torpedo boats is at the bottom of the North Sea, whither the Commission of Inquiry cannot transfer its investigation without serious inconvenience.”—*Times*, Jan. 10.]

BILL BAILEY TRACED!

BILL BAILEY come home, has he? Uncertain. But what a character he had!—at all events before he left his home. Listen.

“WILLIAM was honest, simple, gentle, kind,
Laborious, studious, and to thrift inclined.”

“Constant at church, and there a little proud,
He sang with boldness, and he read aloud.”

“The lighter damsels called his manner prim,
And laughed at virtue so arrayed in him.”

Is this why BILL BAILEY left home? No, alas! poor WILLIAM’S FANNY threw him over, and

“With a small portion by a sister left
He roved about as one of peace bereft.”

And is BILL BAILEY still roving about, or has he come home? For information on this interesting subject the reader has to go backwards a bit with CRABBE, among whose poems will be found Bill, i.e., “WILLIAM BAILEY.”

The *Manchester Evening Chronicle* has a cynic on its Staff. “There have,” says he, “been grim and ghastly tragedies enacted in the Tower, but seldom in recent years has a wedding been solemnised within it.” “But” was a happy thought.

“MY MOTTO.”

Mr. Arthur Collins:—

“An excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning.”—*Hamlet*.

The *Daily Mail*:—

“To sour your happiness I must report.”—*Cymbeline*.

“Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.”—*Hamlet*.

Mr. George Alexander (while searching for a double):—

“There is none like him, none.”—After TENNYSON, *Maud*.

Revival of the “Buried Treasure” Craze.

GENERAL NOGI seems to have been more fortunate than LORD FITZWILLIAM in his search for hidden treasure. Notwithstanding the report that Port Arthur had been compelled to surrender through the exhaustion of its ammunition, he has discovered over 80,000 shells, and about 30 tons of small-arm cartridges, so well concealed that even the Russians who hid them were apparently ignorant of their whereabouts.

An unofficial cable from Diego Suarez reports the total destruction of the Baltic Fleet, whose Admiral unfortunately mistook a Japanese torpedo-flotilla for trawlers, and signalled to it to come alongside and supply the fleet with fresh fish.

THE POETS AT BRIDGE.

It is generally supposed that Bridge was first played in England in the year 1894. But there is evidence, in the works of the poets, to show that the game was known many years before that date. Thus LONGFELLOW in one passage says:

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

This explains itself. He had left it to his partner, warning him that he had *chicane* in hearts, but trusting him to do something pretty decent in one of the other suits; a proceeding to be condemned on moral grounds.

This is only one case. Recently there has come into our hands the record of a game of Bridge played by TENNYSON, WALT WHITMAN, WORDSWORTH, and ROBERT BROWNING—at the house of the last named. Apparently the players proceeded to put down their impressions afterwards; and as each one gives us a snapshot of a different aspect of the game we get a splendid panoramic view of the proceedings.

We start off with:

THE DECLARATION. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

At ROBERT BROWNING's, on a winter's night,
The dinner done, the women past away,
We others sat around the fire and played,
Four of our circle, and the game was Bridge.
Then WALTER WHITMAN, that almighty man,
He who by stroke of fate¹ had won the deal,
Looked at his cards, and found his hand was weak.
So in all faith he left it, murmuring "Yours,
Brave *camarado*," and the make was mine.
Then mused I for a little space apart:
"My partner trusteth, leaving it to me,
And trumps may be declared in many ways:²
Diamonds or hearts if one is over-bold,
And spades if there is nothing else to go,
And clubs"—but here I took the cards again,
And fell to counting up the kings and queens—
Guarded in all but hearts, yet not an ace.³
Then I all wrapt in this, "Get on," cried he,
And still again "Get on"; till all at once,
Grasping my courage firmly in my hands,
"No trumps," I called; but BROWNING on my left,
"Double no trumps." And WORDSWORTH led a heart.⁴

Next come WALT WHITMAN's impressions. He devotes himself to describing his own feelings, and does not tell us much of the actual play. TENNYSON has just laid down his hand.

ONE HOUR TO MADNESS. BY WALT WHITMAN.

One hour to madness and wrath. O furious! O confine me not!
O the king of diamonds, the but twice guarded spade, the heart all unguarded and alone!⁵
O I am very sick and sorrowful! O the—(All right, tan-face,⁶ I'm just going to play).
I see the two of clubs hiding in my partner's hand.
Out of the dark confinement, out from behind the queen!
(It is useless to protest; I see it there, and I mean to have it.)⁷
Camarado, I give you my hand. Come and play the darned thing yourself.⁸

BROWNING now describes the first few tricks.

THE PLAY. BY ROBERT BROWNING.

You want to know about this game of ours,
Shuffles and doubles, leads, deals, calls an' th' like,
What card took what, who had the ace of spades?
Well, this or something like it was the way:

WALT leaves it. "None," says ALFRED (*sans atout*).
I had the aces, "Double no trumps," says I.
WORDSWORTH brings out a heart, and dummy's hand
Goes down on table. Look at it—look at the heart!
The three, or is 't the four? Nay, what's the odds—
Ace, king, knave, ten, nine, eight. I planked 'em down,
Wounded a moment if the queen would fall;
WILL had it: why did the fool not play it at first?⁹
Do thistles grow on bays? You take the point?
(Put case WILL has the queen, with six and five:
Leads five; down comes the king; where's queen—who knows?)

Ace tries a second time—the six from WILL.

Next round WILL takes. Now is this sense, I ask.¹⁰

Lastly, we have WORDSWORTH's contribution. The scoring was, rather unwisely, entrusted to him, and he appears to have been in difficulties with it.

THE SCORE. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[Written at ROBERT BROWNING's on a winter's night under circumstances somewhat remarkable. . . . My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that I composed the first two lines of the fourth verse first. COLERIDGE wished the second of these lines to be "The ace of spades is black," but I objected to it as being really rather *greyish* in appearance, whereas the club is undoubtedly black. . . .]

I counted up the points we won,
"Twas seventy-two" in all;
A pleasant sight it was to see
My partner's aces fall.
"Honours?" I said, "dear brother Bob,
How many may we be?"
"A hundred aces," he returned,
And smiling looked at me.
"You say that you a hundred had?
Yet only four took tricks.
Whence came, dear Bob, I pray you tell,
The other ninety-six?"¹¹
"The ace of diamonds is red,
The ace of clubs is black,
And looking through the cards I find
Two others in the pack."
"I had," he said, "the ace of hearts,
The diamond, club and spade."
"But that," said I, "is four and not
A hundred, I'm afraid."

I took a dozen different packs,
And showed him all the faces;
"Twas throwing words away, for still
Dear brother Bob would have his will,
"I had a hundred aces!"

Notes by Mr. Punch's Bridge Expert.

¹ A poetical way of saying that they cut for deal.

² Only five.

³ He should never have dreamt of no-trumps in those circumstances.

⁴ The American convention—used, no doubt, out of courtesy to Mr. WHITMAN.

⁵ Mr. TENNYSON's going no trumps becomes all the more surprising.

⁶ A mode of address unknown at the Portland and other Clubs.

⁷ The two of clubs was evidently thrown on the second round of hearts.

⁸ Contrary to the usual etiquette of the game.

⁹ Why indeed!

¹⁰ No. As the hands were, though, there would be no harm in it, since Mr. BROWNING had three certain cards of re-entry; and another lead through dummy might be extremely useful.

¹¹ Six hearts and the other three aces (doubled).

¹² Mr. WORDSWORTH seems to have had a very rudimentary knowledge of the game.



WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR.

(A Sketch near Harrogate.)

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN TAKING THE WATERS.

HARLEQUIN AND THE HEROINE; *Or, How the Maiden of Melodramia fared in the Regions of Pantomimia.*

PART I.

I AM writing this at the request of nobody in particular, but simply because it is my practice to describe at length the events and emotions—especially the emotions—of my chequered career. My name is Rose; there has always been a Rose in our family, except when the heroine happened to be called GRACE instead. The mention of this brings me to an explanation of who I am; I am a heroine—more, I am *the* heroine, since I live in Melodramia, and it is well known that there are no real heroines to be found elsewhere. Our home is called Honeysuckle Cottage, and it stands in the village of Meadowsweet. You will not be able to find it upon the maps, because there are no maps of Melodramia.

Nevertheless you probably know our village quite well. It is the sweetest spot. Every conceivable kind of fruit and flower flourishes there in abundance, many of them on the same tree. Perhaps this is because of the climate. All the snow and winter in Melodramia is confined to the towns, and they certainly get a lot; but in all my experience of Meadowsweet I cannot remember a day when the lime-light was not shining in our garden, generally from two opposite directions.

Ah! the dear old garden! How often during my subsequent Acts have I yearned for its tranquil beauty! From it you can see the Church Tower and a little bit of the village street, up which nobody ever walks. They all come along by the fence and through the little wicket on to our lawn. Long ago, when first I succeeded to the position of heroine (which is hereditary in our family) I used to be astonished at the number and variety of the people who would drop in during the day—soldiers, adventuresses, policemen, not to mention casual strangers with soft hats and bundles, who usually stand at the gate and soliloquise: but I soon grew quite used to it.

It is by no means dull in our garden, as we often disinherit or make wrongful arrests on the lawn, but I am glad to say that we have never yet had a murder here, which is the more remarkable because (for so quiet a spot) the death-rate of Meadowsweet is unusually high. But the lonely pool and dear papa's library are the most popular places. The path through the wood has also, I regret to say, been the scene of many distressing occurrences, while the rocks by the sea-shore are almost invariably a fatal rendezvous.

One morning I was in the garden as usual picking flowers. I had a lovely nosegay of tulips and chrysanthemums with a few red roses to smell at and hold against the bosom of my gown. I remember I was humming a little tune and prattling aloud to the dear flowers in my natural girlish way, when MARY entered with a letter.

"A letter for Miss Rose!" exclaimed MARY. "How I wish I knew what was in it! My young man," she continued, "don't send me no letters—he's a soldier, is my BIL, and such a beautiful man, seven feet high, and that strong—"

Perceiving that she was about to introduce comic relief, I interrupted her by advancing with a sweet smile. This is only MARY's way, but it becomes a little tiresome at times.

"A letter for me?" I said.



—very lovely—

The Maiden of Melodramia and the Prince of Pantomimia.

"Bless your pretty face, Miss ROSE!" cried MARY, "of course it is."

Having observed that the envelope bore the stamp of Pantomimia, I inferred that it came from a distant cousin of mine called FLO—a name that fills me with repulsion!—who occupies the position of heroine, such as it is, at that place. I do not know cousin FLO at all well, therefore I was astonished to find that the note was an invitation to visit her. Anyone of a less ideal character than mine would have called such a proposal impertinent, but as my disposition forces me to do and believe absolutely everything that I am told, I foresaw that I should be obliged to go.

Just as I had finished reading it, dear Papa entered the garden, wearing a soft hat, and the light tweed coat that constitutes his invariable costume out of doors.

"Out among the flowers so early, little one!" he said, drawing me towards him and imprinting a kiss over my left shoulder.

"Father," said I, leading him to a

garden seat, where I sank at his feet, leaning my cheek against his knee, and looking up at him with wide trustful eyes (at least I hope so), "Father, I have a surprise for you."

Thereupon I gave him the letter, which he read aloud to me with much feeling.

At the end he sprang up with a stifled cry, clutching the paper to his waistcoat, and staring vacantly at nothing. Next moment, however, he apologised and sat down again.

"Force of habit, darling," he explained.

I understood. When dear Papa reads a letter he usually clutches it to his breast and says: "At last!" but in the present instance such a proceeding would have been out of place.

Cousin FLO had written:

"DEAREST ROSIE-ROSIE,—Come over and look us up. Scenery first-class and some ripping music. Come at once and stay for the run. Yours, FLO."

P.S.—Get some new frocks. That black crape wouldn't be any good here. So long!"

It is impossible to clutch a letter like that. The thing was too trivial, and I said as much.

But dear Papa rebuked me gently.

"Go, my child," said he, "and remember that to one of your house nothing is too trivial for catastrophe."

I wept a little, and then, dashing aside my tears, I kissed Papa with a smile and retired to make my simple preparations. Three minutes later they were completed, and then, wearing my most becoming hat, with a shawl over my shoulders and a small reticule in one hand, I set out through the garden-gate upon my long journey.

Cousin FLO and her parents dwell in a village almost as pretty as beloved Meadowsweet. If I have conveyed the impression that Cousin FLO occupied a social position inferior to my own, I have been wrong. The contrary is indeed the case, as my uncle and aunt, though by no means wealthy, are persons of title, and, I believe, of considerable standing in Pantomimia.

But between poor dear Papa and his elder brother Baron BROKEUP there has never existed any great sympathy, and since the Baron's marriage with a lady whom it would be charitable to call eccentric the two families have drifted widely apart.

I was received by Cousin FLO with the greatest warmth. We met in The Market Place, a picturesque spot where it is evident that the inhabitants are accustomed to hold their frequent revels. There seemed to be more of these inhabitants than with us, and they appeared considerably more lively; this however, I attribute to their comparative freedom from omens and prophecies,

from which we in Meadowsweet suffer terribly at certain seasons.

Cousin FLO's appearance was something of a shock to me, the first of many. I thank Heaven that, in whatever vicissitudes of an eventful career, such has ever been the modesty of my attire that few have so much as detected my boots. Even on the occasions when I have been out of my garret lodging and forced to wander through the streets in a snow-storm, my principles have always obliged me to trail at least three inches. After all, however, Cousin FLO is the best judge of what is proper for herself.

She drew me aside at once with every symptom of eagerness and amusement (alas! nothing will ever amuse me!), and proceeded to unfold an idea that had occurred to her.

"ROSIE-POSIE," she said, "isn't it rather rough on the old boy your leaving him alone like this?"

"My father's hair," I replied, "has grown white from unmerited adversity—"

"Precisely," interrupted FLO, "therefore we oughtn't to bleach him any more. That's why I am going to keep him company."

"You!" I exclaimed, unable to repress a slight shudder.

"I've settled the whole thing," said FLO; "you and I will change places."

The only bother is about a villain—I must take ours with me, and that leaves a vacancy. But I suppose," she added, "you have got a villain of some sort of your own?"

"Sir RUPERT RUTHERFORD," I replied, "persecutes me with his loathsome addresses."

"H'm," said FLO, "that sounds all right. Can he ask riddles?"

"Riddles!" I repeated aghast.

"Why did the fly fly, and all that, you know. Our own villain is awfully good at them. But hullo!" she exclaimed suddenly, "what on earth is this?"

Turning at her words I saw beside me the dreaded figure of Sir RUPERT RUTHERFORD himself. He was in evening dress, and carried a small case for cigarettes which appeared to have constituted his sole luggage. Horror! the unscrupulous aristocrat had followed me to Pantomimia!

"Is it," said FLO, glancing at his attire, "a conjurer?"

"Sir RUPERT," I exclaimed, "cease this unmannerly persecution! Leave me, I entreat you!"

He smiled cynically, and lighting a cigarette flung away the match with an air of insolent opulence.

"Adorable creature!" he hissed, "why seek to avoid me? Why aggravate my passion with delay? Why—"

"Evidently," said FLO, "it can ask riddles! See here," she continued, turning to Sir RUPERT, "you come with me and meet our own villain before he quits; ROSIE had better stay here to greet the Prince on his return from hunting."

The Prince! How my little heart

plea, on the part of the President and others, for the resuscitation of DIODORUS, ATHENÆUS, LONGINUS, AMMIAN, and similar authors hitherto ignored by the average schoolmaster. (We were surprised that the claims of TZETZES and the *Catanyomachia* of THEOPHILUS PROCHOPRODROMUS were not insisted upon; but let that pass.) From a very full agenda paper, however, the following subjects for discussion were unavoidably omitted:—

1. That the German EMPEROR be encouraged to add to the gaiety of nations with some further Latin telegrams.

2. That sporting reporters and lady novelists who have got as far as to use the terms "J. Pluvius," "Old Sol," "omnibi," "apparati," "vade-meca" and the like, be elected honorary members of the Association, with a view to their further education, or early extinction.

3. That "Howlers" be recognised in future as an important branch of the Academic scheme, ranking side by side with "Wranglers;" the howling examination to be conducted in dog-Latin by the Proctorial bulldogs.

4. That a Professorship of Thieves' Latin be instituted in the new Mile-End Hostel of London University; fees to be paid in kind by diligent students after a hard day's work in crowded public gatherings.

5. That the so-called "dead" languages (and more especially that of Rome) be repaired, revived, and generally brought up to date, so as to hold their own as an international medium in lieu of Cornish, Irish, Esperanto, or any such desperate resource. The grammars to be simplified, better behaviour to be introduced among the irregular verbs, and BALBUS to be deterred from building walls and to adapt himself to motoring, marconigrams, and aerial navigation.

6. That, if the British pronunciation of Greek and Latin be further continued, similar privileges be extended to the students of French, German, and other barbarian tongues, so that schoolboys should be taught to say "Allezz-vowse-enn," "Jay, itch haybe jenugg," and so on. English will thus become the world-language, [and a classic in its turn.



"SHADOW'D COVES ON A SUNNY SHORE."

Tennysen.

(To be continued.)

A NEW RENAISSANCE.

THE Classical Association of England and Wales, under the presidency of the LORD CHANCELLOR, has just concluded a congress at University College, London, at which the proceedings were enlivened by a magic lantern of the latest patent, a conversazione (in English), several quite cheerful stories, mostly at the expense of the insular classicist, and a

TO THE INFANT BACCHUS.

[A well-known divine announced in one of his addresses that there is a woman in Birmingham who boasts that her ten months' old baby "takes its glass of beer with the rest of them"]

Thou'rt liest of the many glorious types
That witness England's unimpaired virility;
Whose young capacity for shifting swipes
PASSES the common bounds of credibility.
Thou art the youngest, most profound exploiter
Of arts that men more properly employ,
Outshining even FLORENZ VON RICHTER,
And quite eclipsing Peckham's ponderous boy.

I see thee, in my fancy, at the tap,
Supported by a proud but anxious mother,
Flooding a hefty stoup of ALLSOP'S pap,
And riotously howling for another.
I see thee, rosy-cheeked and chubby-fisted,
Meandering home hilariously "full,"
And getting fined, and possibly black-listed,
For an assault upon the Constable.

I see thee, at the ripeish age of two,
Appearing at the Palace or Pavilion,
And "downing" several quarts of potent brew
Before the rapturous plaudits of the Million.
I see thee, after seven well-spent summers,
Engaging in the *Sporting Times's* page
To drink a cask of beer against all comers,
For fifty pounds, at any weight or age.

And thou wilt live a life of liquid ease,
Nor know the thriftless workman's futile scramble
To get his beer washed down by bread and cheese;
(The text is from the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL.)
But like that vinous veteran Silenus
Thou'lt pass thy days in moist and plenteous cheer,
Till either Time or Temperance shall wean us
From all that is, or appertains to, Beer!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF *Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott* (SMITH, ELDER), with few exceptions the latter are the more delectable. The world would not have been the poorer had a batch of the earliest letters been left in the obscurity of the owner's desk. "My dear Mrs. HUGHES, I am extremely sorry to hear you have been so very unwell, and that your indisposition should have interfered with your delightful musical talents is a general loss to your friends." Even from the pen of the author of the *Waverley Novels* my Baronite finds this remark only feebly stirring. There are many akin to it in the opening chapters. The conventionality is fully atoned for in the correspondence subsequent to the CONSTABLE crash. These reveal SCOTT in the true nobility of his nature, plucky though downfallen, intent on reducing expenses arising from the almost barbaric hospitality of Abbotsford, resolved to devote his labour and his life to meeting financial responsibilities overwhelming him through no fault of his own. Certainly not in literature, and rarely in the wider field of humanity, has there been a nobler spectacle than that of WALTER SCOTT, hampered in means, crushed in spirit, failing in health, doggedly writing to pay off liabilities in which he found himself enmeshed. The diaries jotted down by Mrs. HUGHES during two successive visits to Abbotsford are full of good stories told by her host when he was summing his genial nature in the blaze of prosperity. Most pathetic is her account of her final chat with SCOTT on the eve of his departure for Italy. "Heavy and helpless, he seemed hardly able to drag his limbs along. A sort of imbecility at times

overspread his countenance. A fixed look of sorrow hung upon his brow." Thus was the mighty one fallen.

In the ear of the average Englishman the name of FRANCESCO GUARDI has not the familiarity established by other, not always greater, continental painters. Yet his earliest known patron was an Englishman bearing the truly British name SMITH, and, of the nearly 300 paintings recognised as his, England, in public and private galleries, holds the lion's share. The National Gallery possesses in the *Piazza S. Marco* one of his masterpieces, whilst nine grace the walls of the Wallace treasure house. My Baronite has vivid recollection of two large canvases by GUARDI, seen at Waddesden whilst Baron "FRANK" ROTHSCHILD was still with us in his favourite character of week-end host. Among other private collections, Sir WILLIAM AGNEW has two gems. The fact is, GUARDI was a long time coming into recognition by his countrymen and the world at large. RUSKIN apparently never knew him. Certainly he does not mention his name in *Modern Painters*. It is known that, though of Austrian blood, he was born in Venice in 1712 and died there in 1793. But among its palaces and hovels his home is nameless, his grave unknown. Mr. SIMONSON has collected materials for a life of the painter, founded on original research. The work is excellently done, but the charm of the volume, to the publication of which Mr. METZGER has done full honour, will be found in engravings of the painter's best works. There are forty-two, marvellously reproduced, carefully mounted, delights to the eye. GUARDI found most of his subjects in Venice, whose stately buildings, whose gleaming water-ways, whose picturesque roofs, whose very atmosphere, are here reproduced. It is tantalising to read the text of a contract signed by the painter in his seventieth year, whereby, in exchange for the sum of £20, he undertakes to paint four pictures illustrating the visit of Pius VI. to Venice.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY gave himself a first-rate chance of achieving a great success with a sensational novel when he selected Russia, with of course Russian police, and mysterious Siberia as the scenery for the melodramatic action of his plot. Add to this a hidden treasure bequeathed by a dying man to his benefactor who, becoming suddenly an almost hopeless invalid, is compelled to confide his secret to a rather ordinary person, whom he has accepted as his son-in-law, and who is assisted by a kind of "comic relief" uncle. The story is called *In Spite of the Czar*—rather a taking title (as its publisher, JOHN LONG, must have thought)—though as a matter of fact the Czar, to whom allusion is occasionally made, never appears; while the hidden treasure, of which we hear so much, is so uncommonly well concealed that it never turns up at all! In fact, towards the close, when the villains are reaping the just reward of their villainy, when the fair damsel is rescued from the toils, and when the excited reader says to himself, "Now for the treasure," the author suddenly closes the book, and absolutely makes no further mention of the secreted millions. "But the treasure?" expostulates the reader. "Treasure?" repeats Mr. GUY BOOTHBY; "oh, yes, of course. Ah, well, you know, it was a secret treasure, wasn't it? Yes. Very good. Then we will keep it secret and say no more about it. Mum's the word." Now, had either GADRIAN, or DUMAS, got himself into a difficulty of this sort, a clear indication would have been given to the effect that anxious readers, wishing to be satisfied on such an important point, must await the publication of his forthcoming novel, *Dead on Spot*, when their curiosity (in the case of billiard players) would be gratified.

THE BARON



NIGHT-FALL IN THE WOODS.

BY OUR FLEET STREET NATURALIST.

(Who rather fancies himself in the style of the late RICHARD JEFFERIES.)

IN this wooded country night appears to fall slowly. Perhaps it is that in the dead January weather the light in and round the woods is never very clear, and that, as night draws on, some light is held and reflected in the golden sheen of the fallen ash leaves, and so, as it were, prolongs the dusk.

Here, on the north side of the great wood, it is peculiarly still, and, as I wait in an angle between a giant beech and the crumbling wall of the old Roman camp, objects across the fields slowly lose their definition.

Early as it is, the note of the nightingale floats from the coppice above, and the regular swish of the scythe in the meadow below can be distinctly heard.

Presently, from the corner of the great wood, a hen pheasant hops out to her evening meal, followed by her devoted lord, and ere long the whole covey rise and wing their way to their resting-place in the wide stubbles adjoining.

Still and dreary as woods seem in winter, it is only so to those whose ears are untuned to Nature. In the beech above there is a faint rustle, and yonder by the knot-hole appears the lithe red body of a stoat, busy feeding her young on the abundant beech-mast and acorns. The rabbits seem everywhere; country people still maintain that two or three of these faithful little animals inhabit one hole—locally called a "bury."

From below comes the footfall of the keeper—a strong and wholesome man, surely, with his hounds clustering round his feet. The sportsmen, bending under their load of game, have crossed the park to the great house. The sport is over; the game has been counted amid the lusty and well-earned plaudits of the beaters—hare and grouse, partridge and rabbit, and their blood stains the greensward.

A little later, and fresh from his burrow under the old crab-tree comes Red Reynard; with easy springs he crosses the meadow, and woe betide the rat or mouse that crosses his path this night! As I stand, his deep baying voice drifts through the coming darkness.

Another visitor, this time daintily crossing the ride at my back; surely no animal has so beautiful an eye as a hare. Encouraged by the stillness of all things, she stops and gracefully performs her toilet, softly laving first her ears and face, and then her body, in the sedge-grown brook. At the clank of the gate, as the keeper leaves the wood, she is



A QUALIFIED GUIDE.

Befogged Pedestrian. "COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE RIVER, PLEASE?"

Hatless and dripping Stranger. "STRAIGHT AHEAD. I'VE JUST COME FROM IT!"

instantly in her burrow. Hares, unlike rabbits, rarely make a bolt-hole.

The gentle wind that has swayed the topmost boughs of the trees is stilled; the mist slowly rises from the brook, veiling the alders as it were in a silvery shroud; the fern-owl chants out his *requiem* to the dying day; and so night comes.

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., recently opened a new public library, and is reported by the *Standard* as having said that "two years ago the son of a boiler-

maker in Poplar went from a junior Scholarship to an intermediate, and then a senior, and in his very first year at Cambridge took his blue (*cheers*). Could he have done that if it had not been for the public library?" This is indeed a fine tribute to authors like Mr. EUSTACE MILES. Or was it a chess blue?

A *propos* of the announcement that H. B. IRVING is to appear as *Hamlet* at the Adelphi Theatre (date unfixed):—

"NOT AMURATH AN AMURATH SUCCEEDS,
BUT HARRY HENRY."—2 *Hen. IV.*, v. 2.

THE SLUMP IN POETS.

[Mr. J. J. L. L., Specialist, of the Bolley Head, has recently consented to discuss with an interviewer the depression in the Poetry Market. He is not, however, responsible for the theories advanced in the following Cases.]

Lo! where a Century lies still-born,
The Patron's tears come down like sleet,
And barren cries from lips forlorn
Ring on the roofs of Vigo Street;
In vain among the groves to search,
Cheerless and bare and dumb and chilly,
Where vocal fowls were wont to perch
Just at the back of Piccadilly.

Scarce half a score of years have sped
(Who was it wrote that "Art is long?")
Since every hair on Bolley's Head
Harboured a separate bird of song;
Yes, that enchanted spot was then
A very Zoo of *aces rare*—
The pencilled lark, the Gallic hen,
The yellow rook, the blue canary.

Imbibing Heliconian dew,
Nightjar and jay and turtle-dove
Sung Bacchus and his satyr crew,
Silenus, Liberty and Love;
All day, and loudest after dark,
Their shrill and space-defying chorus
Would reach as far as Bedford Park,
It was so poignant, so sonorous.

But now—poor Hippocrene is dry,
Where once, with heavenly wings unfrayed,
Squadrons of prancing Pegasi
Swept up the Burlington Arcade;
And if you ask, "Where springs the rill
That laves the local Muse's Mountain?"
You will be thought an imbecile,
And told to try the Shaftesbury Fountain.

I have a friend that lately found
A pilgrim, come from overseas,
Pacing, as if on holy ground,
The cloisters of The Albany,
Who said: "Right here, Sir, I opine,
Your British Muse is still located?"
Whereat the other made no sign,
Deeming his man inebriated.

Where lies the cause that facts are thus?
A dearth of topics? Surely no!
Why, what about the Motor-bus,
The Tube and Bridge and L'Art Nouveau?
May not the loftiest poet find
Inspiring stuff in modern movements,
And trace a beauty (undesigned)
Even in things like Strand "improvements?"

Alas! the evil lies within;
It is the lust for higher pay,
The passion (so debased) to win
Fortune by some more facile way;
Greedy to pouch the larger loaf,
Young men who might have made our verses
Prefer to tout, or type, or chauffeur,
Or ride as mutes on funeral hearses.

And this is why no bards occur,
None ever knows that aching void,
That hunger, prompting like a spur,
Which former gentii enjoyed;

For all the poets dead and gone
Whose Muse contrived to melt the nation
Habitually did it on
A regimen of strict starvation.

Yet is the fault not theirs alone
Who love their ease before their Art;
The public's self is somewhat prone
To let its stomach blunt its heart;
For men in these expansive times
(Due, I am told, to fiscal freedom),
Though earth were black with angels' rhymes,
Dine far too well to want to read 'em. O. S.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER X.

A Momentous Interview.

THE news that the Queen had decided by and with the advice of her Ministers to propose to the King of EISENBLUT a personal meeting for the friendly discussion of the difficulty outstanding between their respective countries, was received by the population of Hinterland with extreme astonishment. Nothing in their past history had prepared them for anything but a warlike settlement of a question which had assumed dimensions so great and bristled with complications so serious and so varied. When, however, the great official newspaper declared in a double-headed leading article that it had foreseen for some time past that events were inevitably moving in this direction; that, as a matter of fact, no other method of adjustment had ever been contemplated or thought possible by Her Majesty's advisers, and that it redounded much to the Queen's credit and would, indeed, reflect indelible glory upon her to have chosen the exact psychological moment for making a proposal which would probably have the effect of saving two great nations from the dreadful horrors of war—why, then it began to be realised by all that the decision was one for applause and not for censure. Thereupon was to be observed the wonderful spectacle of a whole people rushing precipitately from a sanguinary and overmastering desire for battles into a passionate adherence to the sacred cause of peace. To be sure there were one or two trifling exceptions to the chorus of praise. An evening paper, for instance, which combined no reputation for wisdom or good taste with a small circulation and a large measure of insolence, declared solemnly that if such things as these were done in the green tree it shuddered to think what might happen in the dry. For itself, it continued, it would protest to the last against so criminal a surrender. Was it for nothing, then, it asked in indignant tones, that the great Field Marshal, the hero of a hundred victorious battles, had been summoned from his leisured retirement, that the manhood of the country had trooped to the colours, and that all the war-correspondents had been bidden by those who were in the counsels of the War Office to prepare their service uniforms and their official badges?

"There can be but one explanation," it concluded. "The Ministers have sold their country, and made the Queen a laughing-stock. We demand their immediate impeachment."

Nobody, however, took so much notice of this bombast as might be involved in breaking the windows of the editorial office; and when the Poet Laureate, in accents of almost painful sincerity—they were published at one shilling, bound in white and stamped with doves and olive branches in gold on both covers—when, as I say, the Poet Laureate implored

The child who sways the sceptre to proceed,
Heedless of clamour, scornful of intrigue,
Boldly to register a matchless deed
Where in a white-winged league
Mercy and peace and justice are combined—

it was acknowledged that he had once again interpreted with



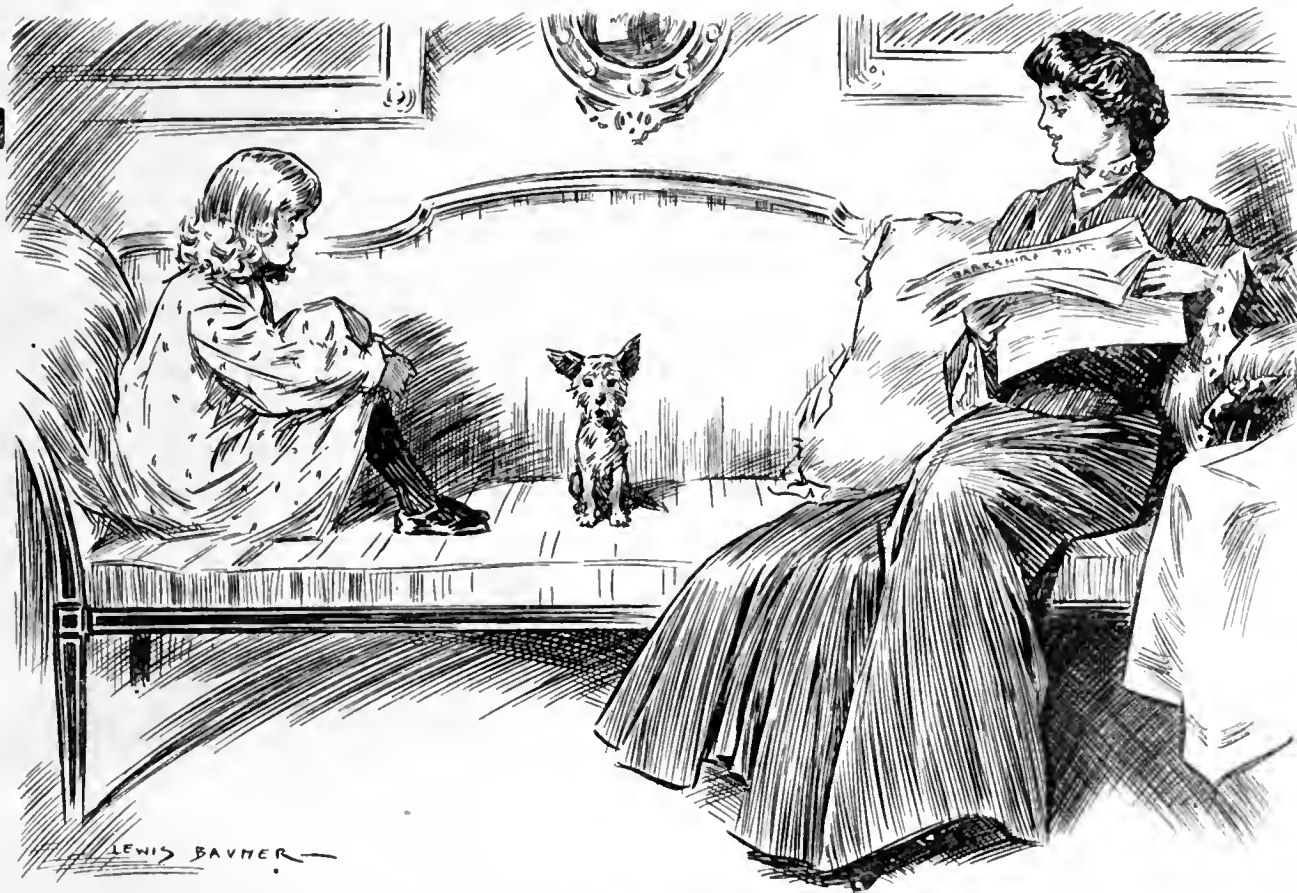
READY TO OBLIGE.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. B-L-F-R (*meditative'y, aloud*). "I WISH I COULD FIND A DOUBLE TO TAKE MY PLACE IN THE HOUSE!"

MR. W-N-S-T-N CH-RCH-I-L (*aside to himself*). } "OUGHT NOT TO BE ANY DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT!"

MR. L-I-Y-D-G-R-G-E (*aside to himself*).

[*John Chilcote, M.P.*, in Mrs. THURSTON'S novel (about to be dramatised) has a double who acts as his substitute in Parliament.]



A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.

Mabel (to mother, who has just read announcement of forthcoming local dog show). "Oh, MOTHER, do let's send 'SCAMP.'"

Mother. "No, DEAR. I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH."

Mabel. "WHY—WHAT'S HE DONE NOW?"

an inspired exactness the sentiments of the immense majority of the population.

Thus it came about that when SYLVIA set forth on her expedition she was acclaimed by an overwhelming demonstration of national joy. The houses burst out with bunting, arches of imitative masonry sprang up in unexpected thoroughfares, strong men shouted and wept, three old ladies of the working-class broke through the cordon at different points and endeavoured to kiss her hand, and the Lord Mayor, having delivered an address at the railway station, pushed forward his reluctant five-year-old daughter to present the Queen with a gigantic bouquet of lilies and white roses. In fact, everything showed that the great heart of the people had been deeply moved.

The place chosen for the meeting between Queen SYLVIA and King Ormo was the historic town of Acheval, which stands, as it were, astride of the frontier line dividing the two countries, half of it being in Hinterland, while the other half was in Eisenblut. In the midst of it is laid out a noble garden extending along the frontier and adorned with pavilions and trophies of both nations. Here the Sovereigns were to meet and decide. There had been some natural trouble at first in fixing an hour for the interview, for the question of time, as you will remember, was the very origin of the crisis. A spirit of accommodation had, however, prevailed, and, after minor concessions on the subject of hours and minutes had been made (without prejudice) on both sides, this important matter was finally arranged to the satisfaction of everybody.

Punctually at the time appointed SYLVIA arrived in her

portion of the town, while at the same moment King Ormo steamed into his. Ten minutes afterwards King Ormo, in the uniform of the Hinterland Fusiliers (the Die-Hards), of which he was Honorary Colonel, and attended by a numerous Staff, called at SYLVIA's Pavilion and inscribed his name in the visiting book. Half an hour after that Queen SYLVIA, in the uniform of the Eisenblut Lancers (the Ever Triumphant), of which she was Honorary Colonel, returned the King's visit at his Pavilion. Both sides then retired for refreshments, and an hour afterwards to the minute the real business began.

It was, if I may say so, with a beating heart and the Foreign Minister at her side that SYLVIA at last found herself walking to the meeting-place in the centre of the garden, while in the distance might be dimly descried the figures of King Ormo and his Minister advancing with a similar intention.

"Your Majesty," said SYLVIA's attendant earnestly, "will not forget to insist on the importance of the astronomical tables which my department has drawn up. Our whole case hinges on them."

"The astronomical tables?" said SYLVIA vaguely. "Did you give them to me?"

"They are in your Majesty's muff," said the Foreign Minister.

"Yes, yes, so they are. I hope I shall remember everything," said the Queen. "I shall certainly try to. Well, he really is *very* good-looking. Announce me," she added with that dignity which was one of her strongest characteristics.

King Ormo on his side had been not without some anxiety as to the interview, but when he set eyes on the beautiful

young Queen his heart gave a leap and he began to forget his time-tables.

"By Zeus!" he said, "she is a delightful sight. I shall enjoy this interview."

"Your Majesty," said his Minister apprehensively, "will be firm on the question of clocks?"

"Trust me," laughed the King. "I will be a regular devil for clocks," and, if a King may be supposed to wink, this King did so to the scandal of the statesman his companion.

The next moment the King and the Queen were presented to one another and walked off together.

What passed at this interview I know, but I shall not say. Many learned historians have spent much toil upon it, and to these I refer the curious. Certainly it was a long interview, and the two Foreign Ministers had exhausted all their diplomatic small talk long before it came to an end.

At last the two Sovereigns reappeared, and it was noticed that both were smiling, and that the King wore in the lapel of his coat a white rose which had not formerly adorned it.

"It is the custom amongst Kings," said ORIO, "to kiss when they part, since Kings are brothers."

"It is an honourable custom," said SYLVIA.

"And a Queen and a King," continued ORIO, "are sister and brother."

"Of course," said SYLVIA, "we must not neglect the rules."

So they exchanged kisses in accordance with tradition.

"And, by the way," said SYLVIA in some dismay, "I have quite forgotten to mention the question—"

"Oh, the question of the time-tables and all that," said the King contemptuously. "As to that, I have decided. I withdraw my decrees. Everything shall be as before."

"You are very good," said SYLVIA.

"And you," said King ORIO, "are very beautiful."

Thus was peace assured between Hinterland and Eisenblut.

ARMS AND THE DOG.—Practic measures have been taken in Hexhamshire for the destruction of the row notorious wolf, if we are to believe the *Newcastle Daily Journal*. "The hounds," it says, "were in the shire on Monday, and about a dozen of these on horseback and two on foot were armed with guns." This is indeed to "Cry havoc! and let loose the dogs of war."

The loose habit of speech by which we identify animate objects with their surroundings—as in the phrases, "The House rose to its feet," or "The Gallery howled"—may easily lead us into trouble. Thus, from the *Exchange and Mart*:—

MAHOGANY Palace shaped aviary, in good condition, 10s. 6d., very tame, parakeet and cage, says few words, 10s. 6d.

A GOOD EXAMPLE. The Masters of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn recently issued a card of invitation to dinner, and two words were emphatically underlined, "*No Speeches*." Hear! Hear! This is the right festive and reasonable way of dishing up the Bore's Head. Just the loyal and ancient *tristis ante pharetra, O di sic omnes*.

A Home from Home.

We have pleasure in publishing an extract from the prospectus of a Kinderhof, or Hostelry for Infants, clearly modelled on the lines of the Children's Hotel in New York.

HOTEL KIDDYMINSTER, BARRACOMBE.

Within a few minutes' tackle of the sands. Rattle-band plays daily in the Great Inhabitable Ballroom. Hotel Pram meets all trains. Stabling for rocking-horses. Mangleart Garage.

SAD CONTRASTS.

The gentle savage on his lowly plane

Of bestial innocence and lack of culture,

Ignores, 'tis said, the modern social lame

Of boredom, blues, and mental overstrain,

That tears his betters like the mythic vulture.

Far from encouraging his private woes

He has a plan to dissipate them fully;

When he is dull, he takes a club and goes

Off to the most convenient of his foes,

And beats him for refreshment where he's woolly.

Sartorial laws that guide his nobler kin,

Even from birth, which all experience teaches

To be a sweet and decent discipline,

The unembarrassed creature honours in

The breach, and quite neglects them in the breeches.

Holding th' innermost minimum enough

To give him due protection from the weather,

He flaunts, devoid of artificial slough,

His highly burnished suit of native buff,

With, now and then, a ceremonial feather.

When in his easy Prime's inglorious noon

Touched to the heart by Cupid's wanton arrow,

It does not make him sigh, or sulk, or swoon,

(As we do) or affront the solemn Moon

With serenades that chill the lady's marrow.

Our ordered ritual of prayers and vows

And soft persuasive arts does not impress him;

No. When he sees a likely-looking spouse,

He buys her at her market rate in cows,

And never thinks of *her* opinion, bless him!

Nay, more. While you and I must rest content

(Apparently) with one domestic chattel,

The un instructed pluralist may vent

His natural polygamistic bent

As often and as long as he has cattle.

The labour of the fields—to till the ground,

To reap the fruit, to guard the herds and flocks—is

With us the sterner sex's daily round;

He, by a mastery too rarely found,

Commits the toil to his connubial proxies.

And thus he lives unchastened by the rods

That Fortune pickles for the back of Labour;

The worst (and happiest) of moral clods,

He never knew his duty to his gods,

And wasn't taught his duty to his neighbour.]

O Readers, we are very wise, no doubt:

We know a power of science, art, and letters;

But if you come to think the matter out,

The artless wildling knows his way about

As well as any of his cultured betters.

He never thinks of what he "can't afford";

His tailor's bill approaches the ideal;

He does no work, and yet is never bored;

And has, beyond all doubt or question, scored

In having solved the Problem Hymeneal.

And oft, when sorrow bids me realise

All that he has, and I have lost, for ever,

I feel that I am tired of being wise;

And the vain, hungry, wish begins to rise

That I were less laboriously clever.

THE NEW LAWS OF BRIDGE.

As some doubt prevails, except perhaps in clubs, about the latest rules, we have much pleasure in publishing them. We think they will add to the amenities of the game and greatly increase the enjoyment of the players.

Dummy.—The dealer's partner, after exposing his hand, has no part in the game, yet on no pretence whatever (except as at the end of this law) is he allowed to leave his seat, or to look over his adversaries' hands. He is entitled to say "Having none?" should the dealer renounce, but with this exception he must not speak, move, cough, sneeze, wink, smile, laugh, or make any noise or movement whatever. (If the players are ladies the dealer's partner is allowed to speak, but not more than ten words.) Should he do any of these things the adversaries are entitled to blindfold him with his own handkerchief, to gag him with his own pocket-pencil or penknife, and to tie him to his chair with antimacassars or with strips of window-curtains. If the players are ladies the adversaries are entitled to call her "a person." He (or she) is, however, allowed to cough or sneeze if he can show a doctor's certificate to prove that he is justified in doing so, and it is usual for the adversaries to raise no objection to his blinking his eyes, if it is natural and simultaneous, and in no way resembles a wink. Moreover, he (or she) is allowed to leave his chair in certain circumstances beyond his control, such as:—Apoplexy, Collapse of the Floor, whether due to jerry building or the weight of the players; Distraint of his Chair for Education Rate, whether he be a Passive Resister or not; Earthquakes; Explosions; Fire, in the same building; "Pins and Needles" in his foot—in this case only with the consent of the adversaries; Revolver Shots, as in mining camps and other unsettled districts; Riots, if immediately outside; Shells, if falling on the house during a bombardment; and Tidal Waves.

Tricks turned.—Once a trick is complete, turned and quitted, it must not be looked at until the end of the hand. If however an ace should, when turned, be found to have a pattern on the back quite different to the other cards, the players shall count their cards, and the one having an extra card shall be forcibly searched and compelled to eat any other aces found up his sleeves. The partner of the dealer is allowed to leave his chair to assist.

Revoke.—If a player revokes more than five times in two consecutive hands the other players are entitled to kick him on the shins, without undue violence, or, if



FILLING THE BREACH.

Miss Smythe (organising a subscription dance). "I'M IN DESPAIR ABOUT OUR DAN E, MR. BROWN. SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE FAILED ME. YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU?"

Mr. Brown. "REALLY, MISS SMYTHE, I'M NOT A DANCING MAN. I DON'T DANCE AT ALL!"

Miss S. "OH, THAT WON'T MATTER IN THE LEAST. YOU'D HELP TO FILL UP, YOU KNOW!"

Mr. B. "AH—YES—WITH PLEASURE. I WILL LOOK IN ABOUT SUPPER-TIME."

the players are ladies, to scratch her face gently. If all the players revoke more than five times in one hand it is advisable to stop the game.

An Echo of Mile End.

STRAUS shows
How the wind blows.

N.B.—At the risk of spoiling the grammar of the above poem, our readers

are invited, out of compliment to the nationality which Mr. STRAUS claims, to give a British pronunciation to his name.

A HEAVY SLEEPER.—"To-day's Marseilles boat express from London will be an exceptionally heavy train. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE will be among the passengers."—*Manchester Courier* of Jan. 19.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

X.—THE SMITHSONS, THE PARKINSONS,
AND COL. HOME-HOPKINS.

I.

Miss Daisy Hopping to a life-long school friend. (Extract.)

THE news is that mother is going to give another No. 1 dinner party, the first for three years. We are to have waiters from London instead of poor old SMART, the greenkeeper, who breathes down your back, and two special *entrées*, and the champagne that grandpapa left us instead of what DICK always calls the Tête Montée brand for local consumption. And the county people are asked this time—no SMITHSONS and PARKINSONS and Col. HOME-HOPKINS, and the other regular old stodgers who go to all the parties within a radius of six miles. It is all because Uncle and Aunt MORDAUNT are coming from India, and he has just got a C.S.I.

II.

Messrs. Patti and Casserole to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MADAM,—In reply to your esteemed favour of the 22nd we would suggest *quendres de volaille aux champignons* as one *entrée* and *ris de veau à l'Armandine* as the other. The two waiters will come to you by the 3.5 from Euston. We are, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

PATTI AND CASSEROLE.

III.

Miss Daisy Hopping to the same life-long school friend. (Extract.)

MOTHER is in her best temper, as all the guests she has asked have accepted. LENA and I are not to come down to dinner, because there won't be room, but we are to go in afterwards, and Mother is giving us new dresses. Mine is [thirty lines omitted]. So you see it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Uncle MORDAUNT will talk about Stonehenge all the time, but they all say they are so charmed to be going to meet him.

IV.

Mrs. Leonard Hatt to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—I am so very sorry to have to tell you that we shall not be able to dine with you on the 5th after all, as my husband is ill with a chill. You will, I know, be glad to hear that his temperature is now nearly normal, after a very anxious time, but the doctor forbids all thought of going out of doors for at least ten days. I am exceedingly sorry, as we were so looking forward to the evening at your pretty house and to seeing dear Sir MORDAUNT again. I am,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED HATT.

V.

Lady Durdham to the Hon. Mrs. Willie Ross.

DEAR NANNY,—We reached town yesterday, after a delightful cruise, and now we want to see you and WILLIE more than anything, so come up on the 5th, Thursday, and we will go somewhere, and have supper, and talk it all over. If you have an engagement, break it.

Yours, BEE.

VI.

The Hon. Mrs. Willie Ross to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—It is very distressing to me to have to decline an invitation after accepting it, but I have just discovered that we have an engagement for the 5th which cannot be put off. I am so very sorry, and I promise I will never be so careless again—if you ever give me another chance! Believe me, dear Mrs. HOPPING,

Yours very truly,

ANNETTE ROSS.

VII.

Canon Bath to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MY DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—I very deeply regret to have to write as I must; but we are all servants and at the mercy of our masters, and the Bishop has just signified his intention of visiting Widdesdon on the day of your charming party, and has asked me to be his host.

To so good a churchwoman as yourself I need not say more, except that I am deeply concerned to have to break faith with you and to miss a congenial antiquarian gossip with Sir MORDAUNT. Believe me, dear Mrs. HOPPING,

Yours sincerely,

OLIVER BATH.

VIII.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—I have put off writing till the last moment, hoping that the necessity might pass, but I am now forced to say that I shall not be able to dine with you on the 5th. Poor ARTHUR was brought home on Saturday, from mixed hockey, so badly bruised and injured that he has been in bed ever since and requires constant attention. I am sure that you (who also are a mother) will understand that I should not like to leave him in this state even for an evening; and so I hasten to let you know. Yours sincerely,

KATE VANSITTART.

P.S.—You will please tell Sir MORDAUNT and Lady HOPPING that I am deeply grieved not to meet them.

IX.

Mrs. Montgomery Hopping to Messrs. Patti and Casserole. (Telegram.)

MRS. MONTGOMERY HOPPING will not

require either the *entrées* or the waiters for the 5th.

X.

Miss Daisy Hopping to the same life-long school friend. (Extract.)

THIS house isn't fit to live in. Everyone who was invited has backed out, except old General STORES, who says he put off going to the South of France on purpose. Mother never thought he would come at all. If it weren't for him, mother (who is more like a whirlwind than anything I ever experienced) says she would have no party at all; but now she must go on with it, especially as she told Uncle MORDAUNT. And so it means the SMITHSONS and the PARKINSONS and Col. HOME-HOPKINS after all. The worst of it is we are not to have new dresses.

XI.

Mrs. Parkinson to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. MONTGOMERY HOPPING,—It will give Mr. PARKINSON and myself such very great pleasure to dine with you on the 5th to meet your distinguished brother-in-law. A dinner party at your house is always such an event, and in our remote neighbourhood, where excitements are so few, short notice perhaps adds to the delight. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED PARKINSON.

XII.

Col. Home-Hopkins to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MY DEAR LADY,—Your word is always law, and you may count on me to be on your hospitable doorstep at the stroke of eight. Would that you had said seven, that an hour of happiness were added! I beg you not to apologise for what you call short notice. No notice should be too short to a soldier. I am, dear Lady, yours to command.

EDGAR HOME-HOPKINS.

XIII.

Mrs. Smithson to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MY DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—It would give Mr. SMITHSON and myself much pleasure to accept your kind invitation were it not that we are a little in bondage to a visitor, a niece of my husband's, such a very nice girl, who is staying with us before taking up a position at Cannes as a companion to a very interesting old lady, the widow of Commander MUXCASTER, who, you may remember, died a few weeks ago. As we do not quite like to leave her alone all the evening I wondered if I might bring MADELINE with me. She is a very nice girl, and quite the best pupil at the Guildhall School of Music last year. Perhaps you would like her to bring some music with

her. I know it is often a help. But of course, dear Mrs. HOPPING, you will say at once if it is inconvenient or likely to put your table out, and then we can perhaps get Miss MOBERLY to come in for the evening and bring her knitting, as I should not like to refuse your very kind invitation. The Doctor was saying only the other day how long it was since we had the pleasure of dining with you. As for short notice, I hope you won't mention it. It is so difficult often to give long notice, as I know only too well.

Yours very truly,

MARTHA SMITHSON.

P.S.—I find I have not said how glad we shall be to see Sir MORDAUNT and Lady HOPPING.

XIV.

Mrs. Montgomery Hopping to Mrs. Smart.

To Mrs. SMART.

I am glad your husband can come for Thursday evening. I am counting on him to be here at five to help with the silver, and I shall want some mushrooms if you can get them, some French beans, and two heads of celery.

E. MONTGOMERY HOPPING.

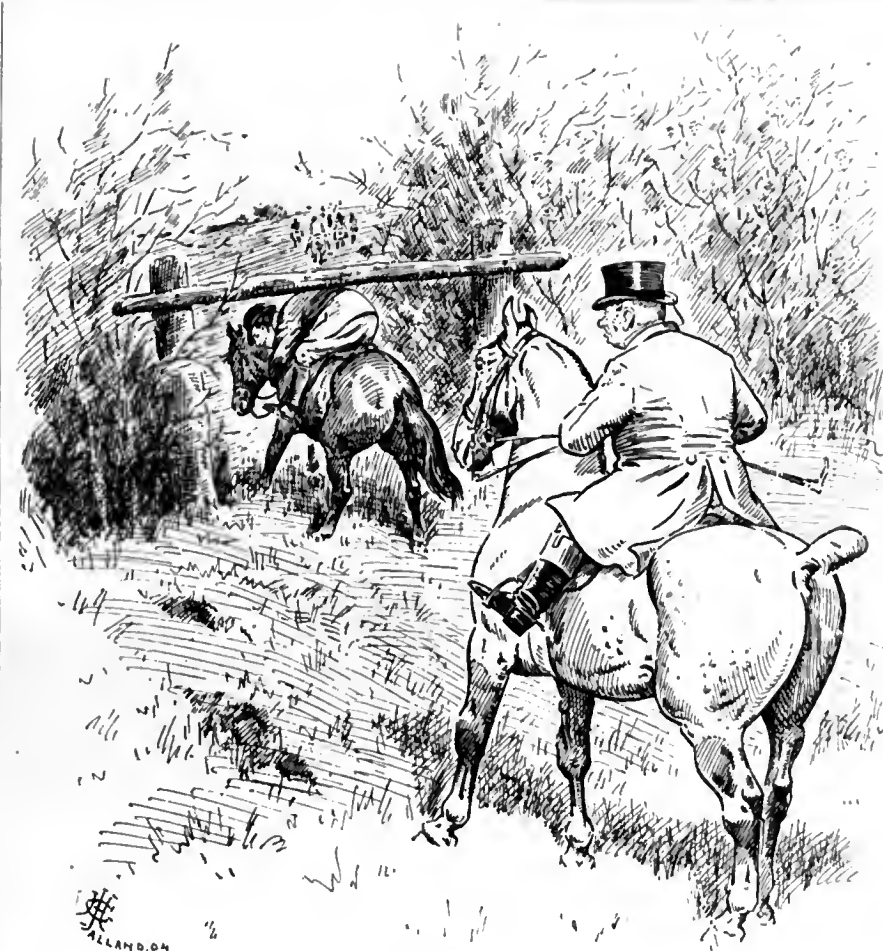
DON QUIXOTE TO MR. PUNCH.

(Translation.)

VERY MISTER MY,—I hear that in this manner one now begins a letter in Spain. *Ay de mi!* How unlike the stately politeness and elegant phrases of my time! But then we are so far from the days of AMADIS DE GAULA, and are even now three hundred years from my first appearance, which your contemporaries, *Señor Punch*, have lately celebrated.

I hear sometimes of your country and its possessions, larger, though not more illustrious, than in the time of your glorious Queen, who defeated even the Invincible Armada of Spain. What a woman! And I hear also of you, *Señor Punch*, and that you desire to right the wrong and to succour the oppressed, as all brave men should do. No doubt there are still wrongs to right, though you have an assembly of representatives of the people who talk for six months of every year in order to do this, and have talked in like manner for centuries, and yet there are men in your country who clamour for work and children who cry for food. *Válame Dios!* why do they talk so much and achieve so little?

I hear there is in your country an ingenious gentleman, named, I think, DON JOSÉ DE LA TARIFA, who loves, as I loved, to tilt at giants—or at windmills, as my squire SANCHE PANZA called them. I never could quite understand which they were. I know not if Don José be



A TIGHT FIT.

"COME ON, GRANDPA, THERE'S JUST ROOM UNDER HERE, I THINK!"

one of your friends, but I hear that his brave arm offers protection to the oppressed, and AMADIS DE GAULA himself could have done no more. Yet in former days he offered each citizen a cow, which was indeed a strange gift for a knight errant. And you have other ingenious gentlemen, who run their swords into wine-skins, or beer-barrels, and themselves drink only water, or a decoction of the strange Eastern herb called tea. *Gran merced!* There are still followers of AMADIS DE GAULA. I hope you have also brave knights who fight for oppressed damsels, as I fought for Doña DULCINEA DEL TOSOSO. But it has been said to me that the damsels in your country are now so large of stature and so powerful of limb that they need no one to fight for them.

My squire, SANCHE PANZA, presents his humble respects. I kiss the hands of your Excellency, and I am your servant,
QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA.

Timid Little Man (apologetically, to large and terrifying female Dummy).
I leave it you, partner.

Dummy. Coward!

WHEN?

It is not when the green Venetian blind Flaps at the wayward prompting of the wind,
That thoughts of thee come crowding to the mind.

When with adroitly modulated brush My few remaining hairs I coax and crush,
No words of thine into my memory rush.

Nor, when with nimble hands that work apace,
Low bending, I begin my boots to lace,
Do I look up and seem to see thy face.

If haply now and then when things go wrong,
In moments weak I use a word too strong,
It brings no music from Love's old sweet song.

Roses may bloom and strawberries grow red,
Yet dreams of days with thee forever fled
Refuse to come, but keep away instead.

Ah sad! from such a height so soon to fall!
Those halcyon days, those days beyond recall,
I fear I never think of them at all.



AFTER A SHOOT IN COUNTY CLARE.

Master. "Well, Paddy, what SORT of a BAG?"

Paddy. "Well, YER HONOUR, COUNTIN' THE RABBITS, THERE IS NINE DISTINCT SPAYCIES O' BIRDS!"

OPEN LETTER.

TO A PAIR OF FOOTBALL BOOTS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. C. B. Fry in the "Daily Express.")

DEAR OLD PAIS, —I want to speak to you seriously and as man to man, because you're not mere dead hide, are you? No, no, you are intelligent, sentient soles, and to be treated as such by every player.

Ah! booties, booties, you little beauties, what a lot you mean to us, don't you? and how hardly we use you.

I've known men to take you off after a game, hurl you—as Jove hurled his thunderbolts—into a corner of the pav. and there leave you till you are next required.

Ah! old men, that's not right, is it? How would we great machines of bone, muscle, and nerve-centre (ah! those nerve-centres, what tricky things they

are!), how would we be for the next match if we were treated like that? Pretty stiff and stale, eh, old booties?

Now, look here, when we come in after a hard, slogging game, our bodies and the grey matter in our brains thoroughly exhausted, immediately we've had our bath, our rub-down, and our cup of steaming hot Hercubos (I find Hercubos the finest thing to keep fit on during a hard season) we must turn our attention to you, booties.

First, out from our little bag must come our piece of clean, sweet selyt. With it all that nasty black slime that gets into your pores and makes you crack must be wiped off. Now, before a good blazing fire of coal—not coke, mind, the fumes of a coke fire pale and de-oxygenate the red corpuscles of our blood, you know—we must carefully warm you till you are ripe to receive a real good dousing of our Porpo (I find

Porpo the finest thing for keeping boots soft and pliable).

Finally, with a white silk handkerchief we must give you a soft polishing, and there you are, sweet and trim against our next match. Every morning you may be sure we will, like Boreas, drive away the clouds of dust that collect on you.

And then there are the laces to attend to. Oh, yes, your laces are like our nerve-fibres, the little threads that keep the whole big body taut and sound. They, too, must have a good rubbing of Porpo and a rest if they need it.

Ah! and won't you repay our trouble, booties, when next we slip you on! How tightly you will clasp us just above the tubercles of our tibiae, how firmly you will grip our pliant toes, how you will help us to send the ball swishing—low and swift—into the well-tarred net!

Good-night, booties.



AN EMERGENCY EXIT.

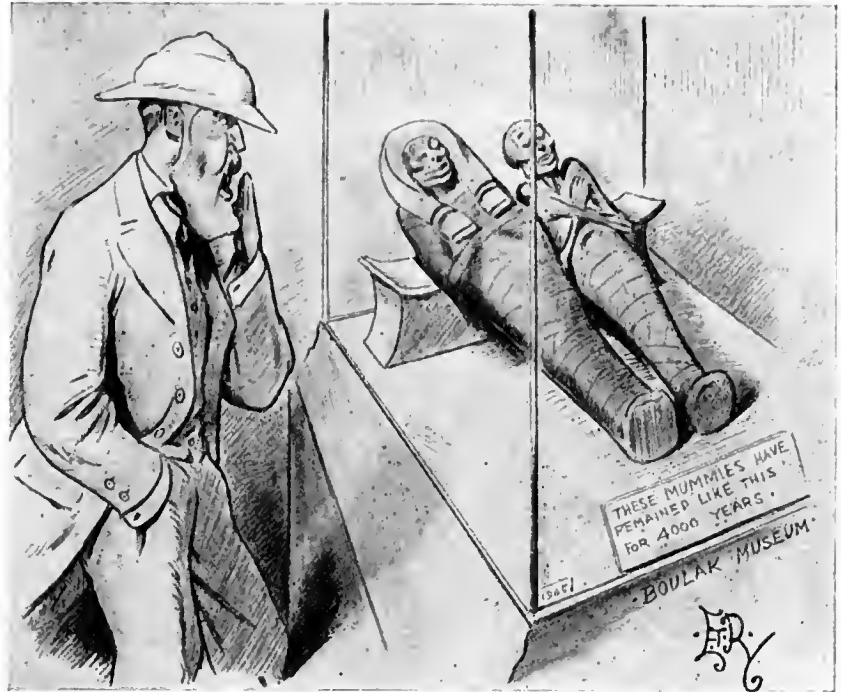
RUSSIAN BEAR. "I'M CUTTING RATHER A POOR FIGURE IN THIS COMPETITION. I THINK I SHALL GET OUTSIDE ON TO THE DANGEROUS PART, AND THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO RESCUE ME. . . . I SHOULD RATHER LIKE TO BE RESCUED."



THE LEADING ARTICLE OF THE FUTURE.

[The following article was written by a member of the Editorial staff of *Mr. Punch* in collaboration with a member of the Advertising staff who independently investigated and tasted all the products here described.]

STRANGE and paradoxical as it may appear, the War has drawn yellow and white together for the first time by a feeling of human equality. But while a prolonged study of the humane arts may refine and soften the mind—"emollit mores" as Ovid has it, neither all the colours of the rainbow nor all the perfumes of silken Samarcand can conjure a badly-fatted soap into a fit and beneficent emollient for the human skin. But to resume our study of the psychological results of the great conflict in the Far East. The generous conduct of the municipality of Nagasaki towards the Russian captives cannot but exert a powerful influence in assuaging international animosities. One consequence may be that inter-marriage between the Japanese and Western nations will gradually become frequent, with results to the future of civilisation as a whole that the intelligent anticipation of the most highly-trained publicist can hardly hope to fathom. On the other hand a detergent intended for use in the "balneum matutinum" or "morning tub" must possess greater tenacity of fibre and in consequence requires a higher percentage of tallow. The bearing of this on the production of New Zealand mutton and the entire preferential system will not escape the most superficial observer. In the meantime the Japanese Press, not without considerable provocation, is beginning to protest against the laxity with which the French authorities in Madagascar have construed their obligations as neutrals, while simultaneously Russian journals of all shades of opinion are denouncing their "dear allies" for the inadequacy of their benevolence. The French are no longer in good odour in St. Petersburg. And this reminds us that the scenting of tablets is an art in which few soapboilers attain perfection. All the perfumes of Araby, the blossoms of Cashmere, and the recondite aromas of the by-products of Baku are blended by the modern alchemist in one superb and engrossing totality. Success in this process is the work of a lifetime, nay, of many lifetimes. For it is, alas! only too true that an odour which would be admirable in a detergent would be positively disgusting on a mouchoir. It is the old, old story. What is one man's



THE D-KE OF D-V-NSH-RE IN EGYPT.

His Grace (yawning). "LECKY BEGGARS!!"

meat is another man's poison, and we must never forget that one of the greatest British prelates of the nineteenth century was distinguished by a sobriquet emphasising his saponaceous excellence. But on the chessboard of life as on that of pastime the moves of bishops or kings do not always decide the greatest issues. In the opinion of the most acute observers the ultimate arbiter of Russia's fate is neither CZAR nor MIKADO, KUROPATKIN nor OYAMA. If Russia is overthrown it will be not from without but from within. The moujik as an individual may be a negligible quantity, but multiplied by ninety millions he becomes a portent. Hitherto he has never shown any capacity for united action, but within the last few weeks the possibility of a jacquerie infinitely transcending the most formidable peasant outbreaks of France has advanced rapidly to the stage of imminent menace. The consumption of soap by the moujik is extremely limited. Indeed, he cannot even be said to emulate the historic vaunt of a former King of SAXONY, who once observed, "I wash myself every fortnight, whether I require it or not." Yet a good toilet soap, whose virtues as an emollient are admitted by every dermic expert, can now be produced by GRICE AND COMPANY'S magical process at a price which brings it within the reach of the most im-

pecunious moujik in the entire dominions of the great WHITE CZAR. In this context it is impossible to over-estimate the significance of the recent strike among the workmen employed at the Neva Shipbuilding yards. Russian Ministers have declared that the reconstruction of their fleet is an indispensable preliminary to the successful prosecution of the campaign in the Far East. But ships cannot build themselves. When Torsy said, "Speet I growed," she overlooked one prime essential in the normal development of the human frame, the habitual use in ablution of a sound, pure, and properly-fatted soap. It is true that some temerarious reactionaries, intoxicated with the exuberance of their own eccentricity, have not scrupled to assert that all the ills which flesh is heir to have their origin in the use of soap. Such persons are best left to welter in the noisome obscurity to which their anarchical sentiments condemn them. Have they forgotten, we should like to know, what was the fate of the great unwashed when the Coldstream Guards were summoned to disperse the rioters in Coldbath Fields? Have they forgotten the tragic and terrible results of that appalling "eri du cœur," "What, no soap?" which heralded the Armageddon in which the Great Panjandrum fell, "ruining through the illimitable



Lofty Candidate. "AND, GENTLEMEN, I AM MAY CONFESS, WITH AN SOME PARDONABLE PRIDE, THAT MY ANCESTORS CAME OVER WITH THE CONQUEROR."
Voices from the Crowd. "YAH! GARN! ALLES HIMMIGRANT!"

inane? We may not all be able to lunch every day at the *Sarcophag Restaurant*, or to keep a 60-h.p. *Mercedès*, but there is one thing that no self-respecting citizen can dispense with: a cake of pure, true, honest, properly-fatted soap, which forms the leading article of Messrs. GRICE's output—and our own.

CHARIVARIA.

THE CZAR, it is stated, is contributing £10,000,000 towards the expenses of equipping a third Baltic Fleet for the Far East. This present to the Japanese is said to be in return for the chivalrous treatment of the defenders of Port Arthur.

It is stated that General KURPATKIN is only waiting for a fine day to commence another battle. But if the strikes in Russia continue it may become necessary for his next "advance" to be made in a direct line for St. Petersburg.

PIERRE LOTT, in his *Escales au Japon*, expresses the view that the manners of the Japanese have been deteriorating, and, in the expressions of a crowd in Nagasaki who mobbed two Frenchmen for kicking a dog, he fancied he could detect a hatred of all Europeans.

Germany's wish to be friends with England having been received with

some scepticism in this country, a proof of the earnestness of her intentions was asked for, and a coal strike has been organised in Westphalia to England's great advantage.

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, the news that an Anglo-German Club is to be formed in London has created an excellent effect in Berlin. Some such association with similar objects is now contemplated there, and "its members," says our contemporary, "would embrace leading men in public life." This is, perhaps, needlessly effusive.

Some idea of the rigour of the winter in Germany may be gathered from the fact that one man in Munich has stolen forty-four overcoats.

The leading Boers in the Transvaal are starting a fierce opposition to the Imperial proposals for a new Constitution, being apprehensive that these may not result in Boer supremacy. It seems a pity to go out of our way to alienate our friends.

We like to see a paper up to date. The *Express* published, last week, an article entitled "The Finest Falls in the World" on what was certainly the most slippery morning we have had this year.

According to the *Sporting and Dramatic News* a number of wolf cubs have

in recent years been sold to hunts in this country as young foxes. Words fail us to express our indignation that persons can be found so vile as to take advantage of innocent country folk like this. Someone will be palming off young elephants on them next.

Shortly after leaving Jamaica on the steamer *Atrato*, a second-class passenger was attacked by a snake measuring 5 ft. 8 in. The brute is supposed to have come on board with a consignment of rum.

Recent statistics show that London is becoming increasingly healthy, and it is regrettable that so many Englishmen should continue to patronise foreign health resorts. The exodus to the Riviera shows no signs of decreasing, and can only be explained by the pressure resulting from alien immigration.

Meanwhile, according to the Birth-rate returns, Londoners, who are rightly accused of taking no pride in their city, are showing an increased aversion to being born.

It will shortly be possible to book seats in the Gallery at the St. James's Theatre. This will obviate the present inconvenient necessity of hurrying away from a dinner at the Carlton.

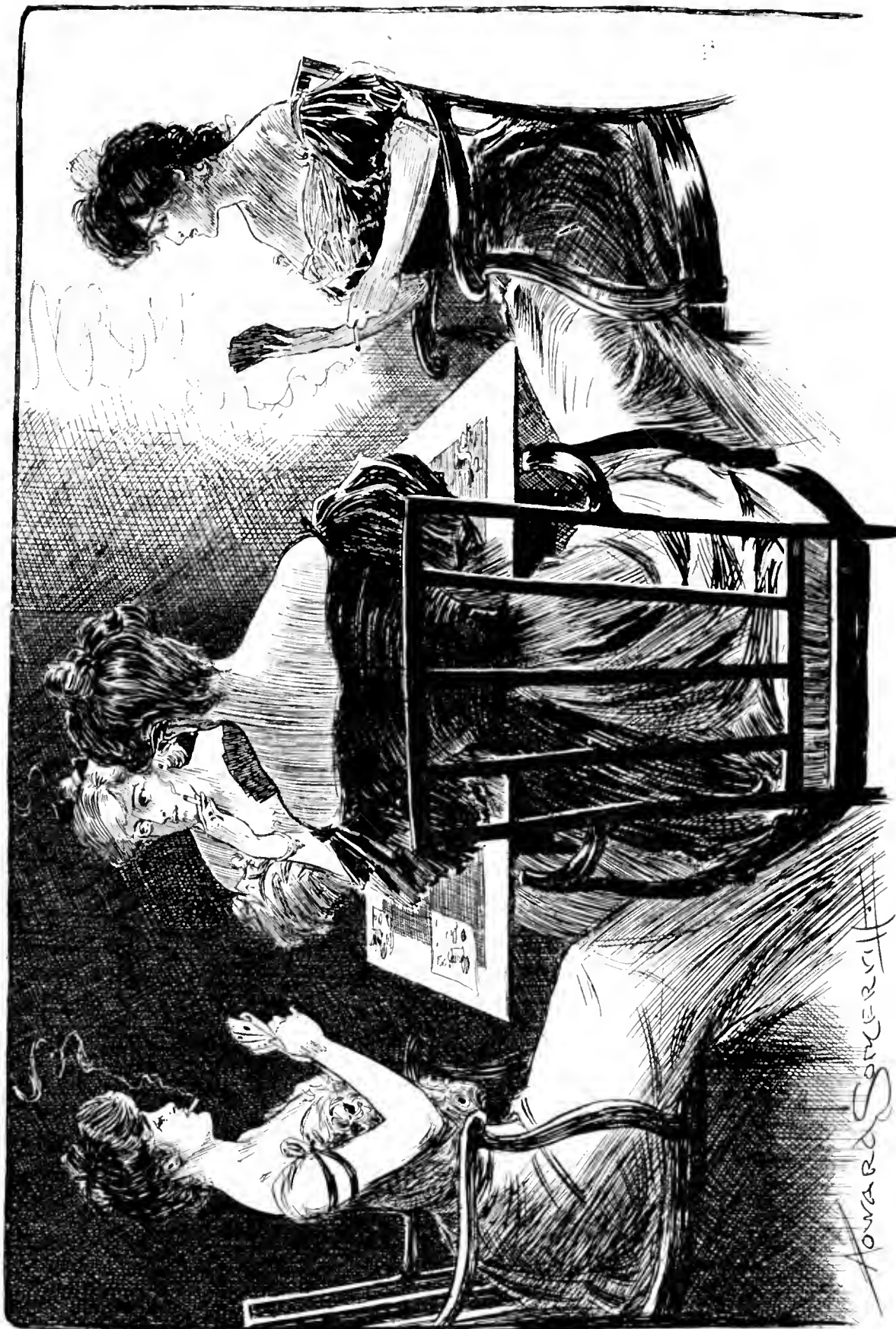
A number of persons have written letters to the Manager of Drury Lane Theatre to say that *The White Cat*, as altered, is not so futile and improper as the *Daily Mail* said it was before it was altered.

The Artillery, it is announced, will shortly be supplied with a new dress cap, having a peak and red band, which will make all the men look like officers. This clever device will, we suspect, attract to that branch of the Service more men than officers.

We think that the high state of civilisation reached by *Coco*, the marvellous monkey, has been exaggerated. It is true that when he attends a theatre, and is pleased, he claps his paws, but the beast cannot boo.

The first number of the *Grand Magazine*, we see from an advertisement, contains an article by Sir A. COXAS DOYLE, entitled "My Best Story, and why I think so." Everyone, we imagine, will be anxious to hear more about SHIRLOCK HOLMES's first death.

Are we becoming less gallant? When Miss COMELL declared, in her address at Northampton, "We have to-day no SCOTT, THACKERAY, or DICKENS," there was not a single cry of "But we've got you, Miss."



PRIMUM VIVERE, DEINDE PHILOSOPHARI.

"IS FLORRIE'S ENGAGEMENT REALLY OFF, THEN?"

"OH, YES. JACK WANTED HER TO GIVE UP GAMBLING AND SMOKING, AND GODNESS KNOWS WHAT ELSE."

(THORPE.) "HOW ABSURD!"

HARLEQUIN AND THE HEROINE:

Or, How the Maiden of Melodramia fared in the Regions of Pantomimia.

PART II.

BUT I was not allowed time for soliloquy, for already the distant strains of a band proclaimed the advent of the Royal party, and in an access of maidenly confusion I drew aside to observe the entrance of my princely lover.

Then, as the music grew louder, there entered the Market Place a procession of sportsmen, some with bugles, some with spears, others bearing animals of every known and almost every unknown variety, the trophies of their skill, already rigid in death.

These gentlemen grouped themselves naturally into two lines, and it was through the lane thus formed that I beheld for the first time H.R.H. Prince PRETTYMAN of Pantomimia.

How noble he looked, as with delicate and haughty step he advanced to meet me! He was clad, as were his comrades, in a costume which, while of suitably rich and even resplendent material, was yet designed to permit of that freedom of limb which is so essential to the pursuit of the chase. His demeanour was at once arch and engaging, and I immediately felt that I was in the presence of no ordinary being.

"Well, boys," said the Prince, addressing his followers in a voice whose singular quality would alone have commanded attention, even apart from his practice of speaking, as is, I understand, the habit of royalty, entirely in rhymed couplets—"Well, boys, once more we're here at last, With all our dangers and our perils past; Once more we gaze upon our homes and see Each well-known cottage and each family tree. But who comes here, what vision meets my eyes? The Baron's daughter! what a sweet surprise!"

His words were indeed gratifying, though I was at first a little at a loss for the proper method of receiving such lyrical blandishments. Remembering, however, that a safe rule for heroines under any circumstances says, "When in doubt, droop," I drooped accordingly. I also blushed.

But I will not recall our conversation *verbatim*; indeed, my memory has retained rather the Prince's reasons than his rhymes. Enough that we plighted our troth in the midst of a chorus, several choruses, of approval; a certain publicity of the emotions is one of the penalties of exalted station. That His Royal Highness had mistaken me for my cousin was a detail with which I hesitated at such a moment to embarrass him.

So soon as I was alone I sought out Sir RUPERT, whom I discovered in The

Baron's Kitchen. I could not but notice that his manner seemed to lack something of its wonted assurance.

"I don't understand the ways of these people," he said, giving a dejected twirl to his moustache. "They don't appear to have the remotest idea of plot."

"While," I returned, "your whole existence is one of deception and intrigue. Go, Sir RUPERT, your presence here is hateful to me, but doubtless there are those by whom such a gentleman as you would be appreciated!"

I emphasised the word "gentleman" sarcastically, and we both waited for the customary response. As none came, I was forced to add, "I mean the villain of whom my cousin spoke. Surely he—"

Sir RUPERT closed his eyes with a shudder. "If you had seen him," he said, "you would understand that the subject is a painful one. He was dressed



Hurling vegetables at Sir Rupert.

like a pirate—I am endeavouring to forget his boots."

It was impossible not to pity the miscreant. He looked so forlorn and lonely.

"I'm engaged to the Prince," I said, thinking to cheer him with the prospect of action.

"Of course you are," said Sir RUPERT, "and I'm waiting here to kill your Uncle and then say that the Prince did it. I at least can do my duty, although," he added bitterly, "there isn't a pistol or an ounce of poison in the house; and they call that management!"

"Cowardly traitor!" I exclaimed, "your treachery shall avail you nothing. I at least will always believe him innocent."

"Miow-wow," said a voice.

"Confound that Cat," muttered Sir RUPERT, "it's all over the place;" and as he spoke I perceived the creature, one of unusual size, regarding us with an expression of almost human intelligence.

"Old comrade," I said, employing my

habitual address to domestic pets, "you are my only friend now. You alone have not forsaken me, you alone can pity and understand my sorrow."

Evidently comprehending my words, the faithful animal dried its eyes with its tail, and danced round the room hurling vegetables at Sir RUPERT; it was not exactly what I had expected, but I was nevertheless touched by this exhibition of dumb sympathy.

At this moment the kitchen door opened and my Uncle entered the room backwards, tripping over the Cat as he did so. Considering the circumstances of his arrival I thought its method showed some lack of delicacy. In a murder scene dear papa would never have dreamed of entering without slow music.

Arguing from the analogy of those members of the aristocracy whom I already knew, I had perhaps formed a conception of Lord BROKEUP somewhat alien from the actual figure which I now beheld. The Baron is a little gentleman, dressed in a costume of an old-fashioned style; he still, for instance, retains a curled wig of the period of WILLIAM THE THIRD. His garments also betray some signs of an honourable poverty, and are worn, moreover, with a certain air of the eccentric not unbecoming in one of his years and position. It is to this also that I attribute his habit of blowing upon a football whistle and exclaiming "Half-time," in circumstances which do not appear to call for such an observation. On the whole, his should be, I fancy, a most lovable nature.

Before, however, I had time for more than an expression of horror, Sir RUPERT drew forth an enormous sword, and with a muttered malediction aimed a blow at the old gentleman's heart. The weapon crumpled uselessly in his hand.

"Half-time!" said my Uncle pleasantly, as he brushed the dust from his coat. "It always does that, you know, because of the joke about the War Office and Government Contracts."

I confess that I felt sorry for Sir RUPERT. He scowled bravely, but it was evident that the failure had unnerved him. Turning on his heel he was about to quit the apartment, when he was prevented by the sudden entrance of my Aunt, who, clasping him round the waist, constrained him to the execution of what is, I believe, known as a double shuffle.

Uncle BROKEUP and the Cat then commenced to fling the kitchen furniture in every direction, an occupation in which my Aunt, having released Sir RUPERT, joined heartily. I hasten to draw a veil over the conclusion of the scene. Both Sir RUPERT and I did our best, but it is indeed difficult to be emotional in an atmosphere opaque with crockery. Even

my own dignified and heart-broken reserve must have suffered from the frequent necessity of bending before the storm of hardware.

When it had abated, and the air was again clear, I ventured to reprobate my Uncle very gently for its introduction, but without effect.

"My dear," he answered, arranging the mat for his habitual and most indecorous mode of exit, "you must get used to that sort of thing before we go to the Halls," and ere I could inquire the meaning of this expression, he disappeared, head, as usual, foremost.

It was in scenes like these that I first learnt to doubt the wisdom of my choice and to pine for the simpler and less chaotic atmosphere of home. Nevertheless, a Prince, however unworthy, is still a Prince, and I was determined to go through with it. Even after the hideous moment when I beheld him in a straw hat, garments (which I will not particularise) of blue and white cotton, with a banjo in his hand and castanets upon his heels, repeating some scurrilous libel in which I was addressed as an Ethiopian, even then, when my idol of heroic dignity was shattered, I had yet one source of courage. I looked forward to an existence of stately and even tragic splendour as a Queen Consort. It was for this that I endured the abandoned levity of my suitor, the vulgarity of my relations, and the thousand agonies that can be suffered by a soul like mine from surroundings so uncongenial. How was I destined to be undeceived!

IMPERIAL CHIT-CHAT.

DEAR Mamma does get such unfortunate crazes for things, and they do so often lead to unpleasantnesses between the people here. Her very latest was the result of the Earl of JERSEY saying that the English-speaking people ought not only to think imperially but to gossip imperially.

Mamma laid down the *Daily Mail* when she read that, and said she thought it a most valuable idea, and

that she would encourage it in Slumberleigh with all her heart.

"Of course," Mamma said to all the friends we met in the village that day, "of course we don't *gossip* in Slumberleigh, but what Lord JERSEY means is obvious, and we will do it."

"Now," she said to me, "I've got a brilliant idea: next Wednesday we'll give an Imperial At Home for Imperial Gossip, just to give the idea a good start."

That is Mamma all over. So enthusiastic!

We went at once to the stationer's, where Mamma bought some invitation cards and the *Daily Mail Year Book*.

Wednesday arrived. I felt I should

had a nephew there who wrote her long letters, so she told us lots about the country, the life there, its products, and all that. Everybody listened eagerly, and several threw in very intelligent remarks. Mamma, for example, said: "Of course they desire reciprocity?" and Mrs. TOWERS replied that they were *longing* for it.

Then she paused for a minute to take a sip of tea, and Miss SNAPPE joined in. She leaned forward, smiling, and said:

"How *very* interesting; but I thought this was to be an *Imperial gossip*?"

"Yes," Mrs. TOWERS replied in her most vinegary tones, "yes, that is why we are talking about the *Colonics*."

Miss SNAPPE positively shone with excitement.

"Unfortunately," she said, "—would you *kindly* hand me the cake; thank you *so* much—*un*fortunately the Argentine is *not* a Colony of ours."

Mrs. TOWERS went crimson.

"Then perhaps you will tell me, Miss SNAPPE," she snorted, "why in *my* atlas the Argentine is coloured red?"

Then it was poor dear Mamma's turn.

"Yes," she said, "I think you must be wrong, Miss SNAPPE; you know what the great Imperialist said: 'All red,—all British, you know.'"

Miss SNAPPE was too venomous for

words. She threw an apologetic note into her voice and said: "Oh, was he referring to *Africa*?"

I saw the trap and shuddered; but Mamma and Mrs. TOWERS simply *plunged* in.

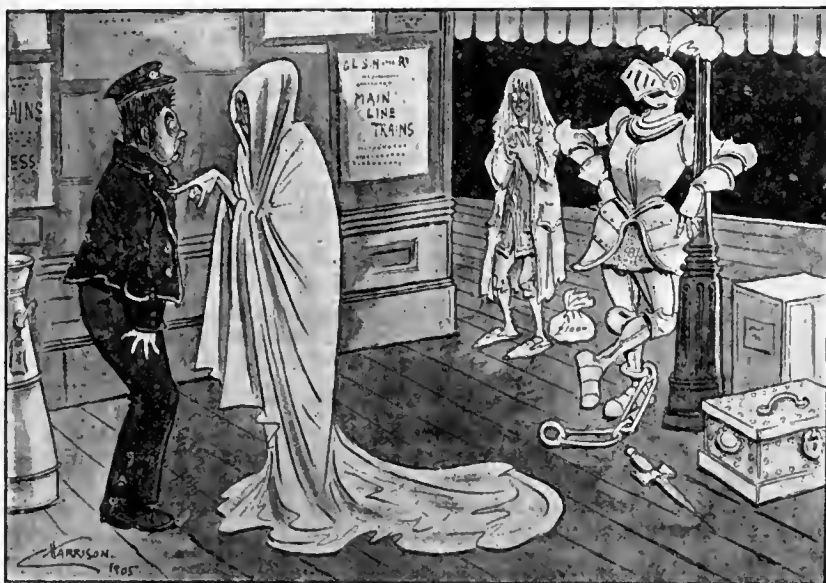
"Certainly!" cried poor Mamma.

"Of course!" cried Mrs. TOWERS.

"Because," Miss SNAPPE said, rising, "the Argentine, according to *my* map, is in South America." Then she said good-bye and went.

Nothing more has ever been heard of Imperial Gossip in Slumberleigh.

Nobody wants to curtail the well-earned recreations of the L.C.C., but their designs, lately published, for a "Bridge" Hall, seem to the poor rate-payers a little extravagant. Would not a "Pit" Parlour serve their purpose?



The Grey Lady of Moatville Grange. "PORTER, IS THERE A 'BOGIE' CARRIAGE ATTACHED TO THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS?"

[According to an evening paper, a ghost train has been seen on one of the London railways, with ghostly passengers alighting at a spectral siding.]

be fearfully out of the conversation. One thing puzzled me very much, so I asked Mamma in as off-hand a manner as I could:

"Oh, by the way, Mamma," I said, "what does 'to think imperially' mean *exactly*?"

Mamma replied that what they taught me at Miss PASSER's goodness only knew, and then she picked up the *Year Book* and I could hardly get another word out of her.

Almost immediately unpleasantness arose between Mrs. TOWERS and Miss SNAPPE. Miss SNAPPE *hates* Mrs. TOWERS because Mrs. TOWERS took her cook after she left Miss SNAPPE.

It was like this. The conversation had flagged from the very first until suddenly Mrs. TOWERS began talking about the Argentine. It appeared she

BACK TO THE LISTS.

"The motor-car is reviving the old class feeling"—*Vale Paper*!

When tilting knights on grassy tract
Measured their prowess, and the length;
When life was hard for those who lacked
The simple *amour fou* of strength,
When justices left jokes to Dagonet,
And no one kept an autowagonette;—

Your villain seldom suffered loss,
But lived at peace, the while his lord
Would very likely run across
Some errant blade of Arthur's beard,
Who loved upon the turf to chance a lot—
GAWAINE, or LAMORAK, or LANCELOT.

And surely it were fairer now
For visor'd cranks, who armour-clad
Ferdo the ruminating cow,

Make stolid roosters leap like mad,
(And more they do, that I in mercy veil,
Unknightly deeds unknown to PERCIVALE)—

If these should in some forest lorn,
Holding a Tournament of Cars,
Fencer and foil from break of morn
Till all beheld amazing stars,
While to and fro with oil to plenish all
Shunted Sir K. the Seneschal,

Then might we sing, like bards of yore,
How well Sir PASHAD fought his whack,
And battered with a buffet sore
Sir TETÉ DE MOTOMANIAQUE;
And skelled his brains, like peas that stocked a pod,
Around his 20 h.p. Octopod!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Cross River Natives* (H. THOMSON), Mr. CHARLES PARTURGE throws vivid light on a little-known territory. As Assistant District Commissioner in Southern Nigeria he made the most of opportunities of studying and describing the country and the natives. The former my Baronite cannot honestly recommend to the jaded Londoner for a holiday trip. A country in which it is necessary for the European to begin the day with a five-grain tabloid of quinine has its ominous aspect. This is at six in the morning. "At seven P.M.," says the ever-cheery PARTURGE, "you get into coat, pyjamas and mosquito boots, the dinner dress at bush stations." Mosquito curtains we know. When we hear of necessity for mosquito boots we think tenderly of London, even in a fog. There are all kinds of casual callers. "Sitting reading under the verandah one day," Mr. PARTURGE pleasantly mentions, "something from the roof fell with a thud at my feet." It was merely a snake with a full-grown lizard half-way down its throat. Item—there are centipedes, huge spiders, and ants which move in columns four inches broad and half an inch thick. Occasionally, your bedroom being in the line of march, they cross it, incidentally storming the bed. "Fire or hot ashes," says the imperturbable PARTURGE, "are the best means for expelling them." Doubtless; but this contingency for the use of one's bedroom fire is not usually contemplated on retiring to rest. Then there is the hippopotamus, who "thrusts his ugly brown head out of the water and gazes around with great goggle eyes, and snorts with defiant contempt." This may be well meant, but it is disturbing. Apart from these graphic touches of daily life, the volume, illustrated by many photographs, is full of



information. Owing to official training and associations, much of it is written in the literary style consecrated to blue books. When he lets himself go, the Assistant District Commissioner writes admirably.

Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story (FUNK AND WAGNALLS) will, my Baronite believes, bring many waververs to the conclusion that she was a wronged woman. Legal questions arising out of the trial, which form the second half of the volume, are dealt with by another hand. Mrs. MAYBRICK's task is confined to a narrative of her life in prison. Its accomplishment is marked by an absence of bitter feeling remarkable in the circumstances, calculated to extend and deepen sympathy in the public mind. The story is a powerful plea for establishment of a Criminal Court of Appeal. Incidentally Mrs. MAYBRICK offers suggestions for the improvement of the system ruling Women's Prisons that are well worth the attention of the authorities.

A dainty book is *Green* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), truly described as "an idyll of the Cañon." It is the first work by Mr. RUTH CONNOR my Baronite has come across. But the sale record of his earlier efforts, apparently in the same line of country, has run over the score of thousands. The locality where the scene is laid is vaguely described as "Old Latours, far up among the hills near the Devil's Lake." Anyhow, it is the Wild West of beautiful America, as yet untamed by railway track, untarnished by town life. An added pleasure to the simple story is found in the illustrations, done with swift, light, but sure touch.

The Baron welcomes *The Georgics of Virgil* (MURRAY), translated into English by Lord BURGHELENE. Who could more appropriately have been selected for such a task than Lord BURGHELENE, once Gladstonian Minister of Agriculture, who had himself commenced life as a GARDENER?

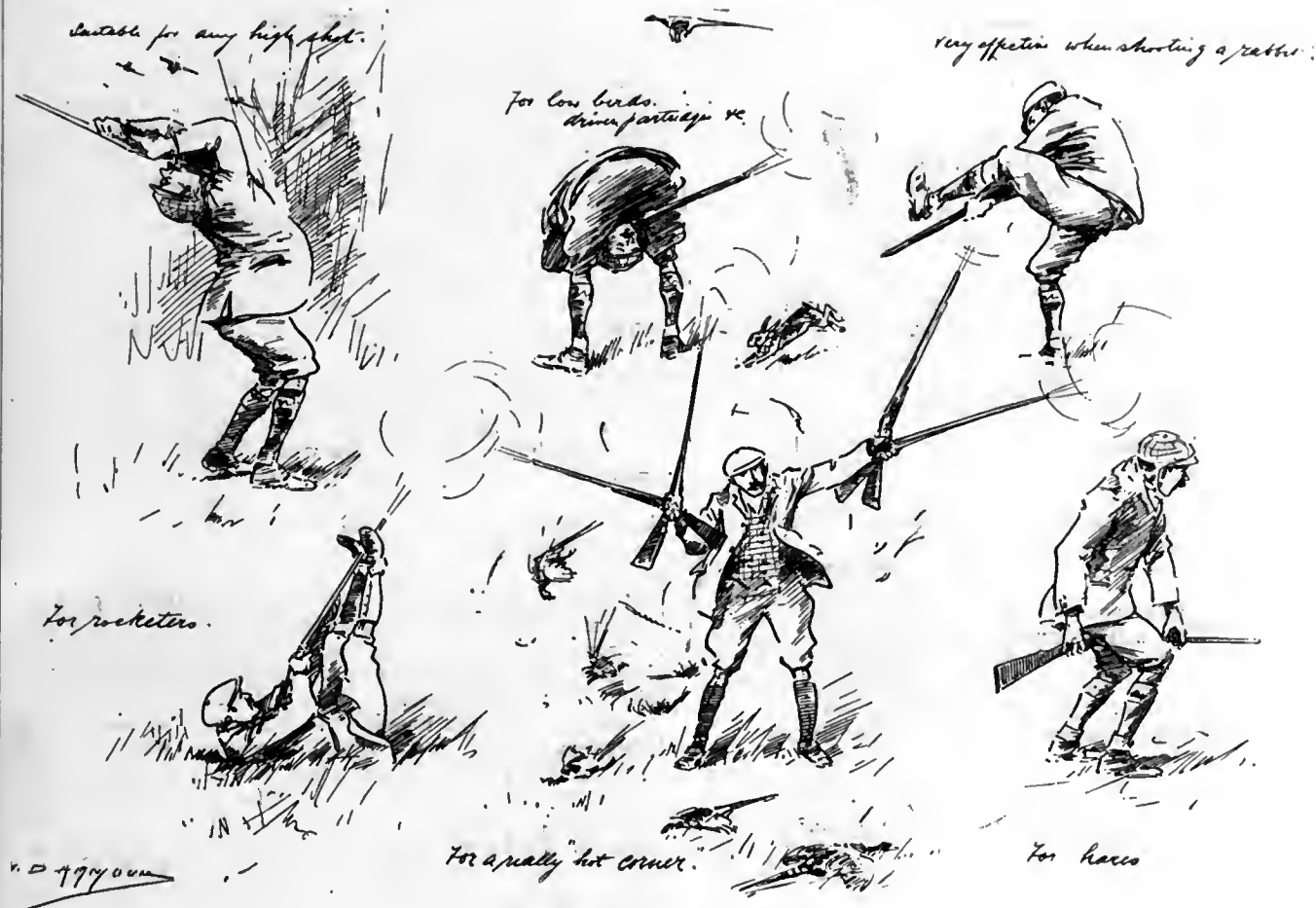
FLORENCE WARDEN has given us a sensational story which, if not quite on a par with her very best work in this line, runs it very close. Her new romance, *The Face in the Flashlight* (JONS LONG), takes hold of the reader at once, nor is the interest ever allowed to drop. The mystification is well-contrived and skilfully sustained. Where the authoress has taken so much trouble, it is a pity that she did not repress her sense of humour when depicting the actions of the lover, Mr. Hugo Frede, who, as an amateur detective, disguises himself in an "Italian hat and cloak" and "policeman's boots." Thus, a smile is raised just when we ought to be on the tenter-hooks of suspense, breathlessly watching the course of a tragic drama. The dénouement, too, is somewhat commonplace. But in spite of these two mistakes, lovers of sensation will not find any recent novel, with which the Baron is acquainted, more to their taste than is *The Face in the Flashlight*.



"Is that fierce light which beats upon a throne" the sporting propensities of H.R.H. Princess HENRY of Battenberg have hitherto escaped notice. But, according to the *Chronicle*,

"A woman who brought an action in Leeds County Court gave as her Christian names Princess Beatrice . . . and it was explained that the father, a publican and a sporting enthusiast, had named all his children after prominent sportsmen."

THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH. The Everlasting Children's Bib, 1s. — Advt. in "Daily Graphic."



SHOOTING UP TO DATE.

(A Suggestion for Next Season.)

THE KING OF PORTUGAL HAVING SET THE FASHION FOR "TRICK" SHOOTING WITH ONE HAND, MR. PUNCH HOPES THE ABOVE SUGGESTIONS MAY BE USEFUL IN THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE IDEA, WHICH MIGHT TEND GREATLY TO ENLIVEN THE MONOTONY OF THE ORDINARY DAY'S SPORT.

THE RIPOSTE.

[The following letter, somewhat delayed in transmission, is generally supposed to be—in substance—the answer to a now notorious challenge; issued to Mr. W-NST-N CH-CH-LL.]

SIR,—I herewith, by him I humbly serve, am
Directed to reply that yours to hand
Reminds him of the saying *Sus Minervam*,
In other words, he does not understand

Your folly; he believes that no such instance
Of braggadocio has yet occurred,
So far as memory serves him, since his (W-NST-N's)
Inspired career became a household word.

Do you suppose that one who lends to Culture
His practised pen, who on the lonely veld
Met unafraid the predatory Vulture,
Will stoop to punch *your* miserable pelt?

Has he then dragged the name of CH-CH-LL into
The path of Fame, to fight with common roughs?
Was it for this he won renown akin to
A liver pill's, by memorable puffs?

Became the costliest gem at once adorning
The Government and Opposition ranks,

The Star of Freedom, erstwhile of the *Morning Post*?—to be brief, Sir, he declines with thanks

Your challenge; not because, presumptuous stranger,
He fears you, or anticipates defeat,
But honour calls him to preserve from danger
His Dignity, his Country, and his Seat.

The Tariff Question in Russia.

FROM a Provincial paper's summary of Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S speech at Croydon:—"He was sure the people of England desired that the peasants of Russia should enter into the heritage of liberty and freedom which we all enjoyed, and had obtained through the sacrifices of our forefathers. He expressed a belief in the ultimate success of those who favoured Tariff reform."

Certainly, if Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER is right in his reading of the mental attitude assumed by the populace at St. Petersburg, they should have an excellent chance of realising their ambition. Judged by the number of troops told off to block the way to Tsarskoe Selo, the Czar is as keen as anybody for Protection.

DARE PONDUS FUMO.—To give way to smoking.

TEUTON TO TARTAR.

The official German Press approves the "tranquillising" methods employed by the Russian Bureaucracy. At a meeting of students in Berlin a collection for the wounded in St. Petersburg was stopped by a police official.

Now is the time to test the links of steel,
And prove the brotherhood of caste and kind,
When wanton Anarchy lifts up her heel
Against Official Order Heaven-designed,
Let Eagles of the right Imperial feather
Stand beak by jawl and claw by spur together.

We will not fail you in the unequal fight,
If Prussia's pen may lighten Russia's sword,
You who so bravely held the bridges tight, —
Horatii, hold to face a countless horde,
And kept unsullied that majestic halo
Circling the sacred Head at Tsarskoe Selo.

Neighbours already bound by natural ties
A common peril makes us doubly kin!
That riot which denuded your wintry skies —
Had it occurred at Potsdam (near Berlin),
Had local Anarchy her lips protruded,
We trust we should have served her much as you did!

For this our officers rehearse, in play,
With such materials as they can get;
Thus, should a lower-class civilian pay
Imperfect homage to an épaulette,
They make his gore incarnadine the gutter,
And have the corpse removed upon a shutter.

One spirit animates us both, you see,
Though *here* Sedition lurks in covert lairs;
It does not spread itself across the Sprée,
Or flout our Uhlans in the open squares;
We get no chance, so secretly it hatches,
To take and mow it down in solid batches.

Here, where the Socialist who speaks his mind
Is merely clapped in quad, and nothing more,
Your splendid Cossack Chivalry would find
Our life beneath the lindens such a bore;
Nor, frankly, could we hope, suppose we had him here,
To occupy an active type like *VLADIMIR*.

Yet we are with you. Can the same be said
Of those your "dear allies" (the empty phrase!)
Whose sign is Revolution's cap of red,
Whose solemn anthem is the *Marseillaise*?
You know the air? Your Sunday rabble sang it
'Till the rifles' loyal roar outrang it!

'Tis music made to rouse the savage breast,
And nerve the arm to menace tottering thrones,
Yet, by an irony too long confessed
In Europe's laughter melting all her bones,
Your bands perform it *militari tubā*
When *NICOLAS* embraces brother *LOUBET*!

You flattered France, just then in lonely need,
And took her bullion: that was in the bond;
But now you crave a twin Imperial creed,
Tastes like your own, ideals which respond;
Well, Teuton sympathy (and coal) each minute is
Giving fresh proof of our profound affinities.

O. S.

From the *Dublin Evening Mail*:

LAWYERS CEASE WORK.
NO FURTHER TROUBLES IN MOSCOW.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER XI.

The Lord Chancellor's Lecture.

WHEN the Queen came home from the foreign expedition described in the last chapter she was, as it is almost unnecessary to say, received with what I can only call a perfectly exultant display of popular enthusiasm. For a few days everybody seemed to go mad with joy and loyalty, and all the newspapers teemed with articles in which praise was lavished on the extraordinary diplomatic skill of a lady who, in spite of her youth, had been able in the space of one short afternoon to win from King OMIO so complete an acknowledgment of the justice of all the claims that the most experienced of Hinterland's statesmen had urged in vain. It is quite safe to say that no monarch so well beloved as SYLVIA had ever sat on the throne and given a tone to social life. King OMIO also was very well spoken of by the generous press of Hinterland. That he had done a handsome thing in thus withdrawing his decrees was admitted even by those who felt it their duty to point out that a policy of discretion no less than a temperate regard for justice must in any case have compelled him to yield to a power so strong in her armaments and so manifestly right in her arguments as Hinterland.

One morning, not long after her return, SYLVIA paid her mother a visit at the house assigned to the Grand Duchess. This visit was no ordinary one. In order that she might have a good working knowledge of the laws by which both she and her subjects were governed, SYLVIA had requested the Lord Chancellor to deliver to her a series of six lectures illustrated, wherever it might be necessary, with lime-light lantern slides, the room being temporarily darkened for this purpose when the lecture chanced to be given in the daytime. The old gentleman had readily consented to lay open the stores of his knowledge for the benefit of his sovereign, and to allow the Vice-Chancellor to take his place in the Supreme Court for the time being. The introductory lecture had already been given, and this morning was appointed for the delivery of the second. The Grand Duchess having expressed a desire to hear what the Lord Chancellor had to say, SYLVIA had arranged that this lecture should be given in the house of her mother, who was still confined by the doctor's orders to her own apartments. Hither then came the Lord Chancellor, accompanied by the Attorney-General, who had consented to manage the lantern for him; and hither, too, came SYLVIA, attended (reluctantly) by her Naval Blue-Stick-in-Waiting (who, as you and I know, was none other than HILDEBRAND, her father), and by her Lady of the Bedchamber, who in less fortunate days had been known as SARAH, the general servant. The party being thus complete, the Lord Chancellor began his lecture:—

"Your Majesty," he said, "will remember that in my first discourse I was privileged to lay before you a general *conspectus*, if I may so term it, of the origin and growth of law in this country."

"And very interesting it was," put in SYLVIA in an encouraging voice. "I shall ask you to let me see the manuscript again, for I regret to say that I have lost my notes."

"The manuscript," said the Lord Chancellor stiffly, "is at your Majesty's service. Before I proceed," he resumed, "to speak of the wider departments of our laws as they affect property, the liberty of the subject, the processes of our criminal courts, and other matters related to these, I judge it convenient to lay before your Lordships——"

"We are not Lordships," said SYLVIA, smiling.

"Your Majesty's pardon is begged," said the Lord Chancellor. "My long habit of addressing the Supreme Court has led me astray. I judge it convenient to lay before your Majesty, with such slight comments as the subject warrants,



THE POLITICAL ANCIENT MARINER.

"GOD SAVE THEE, ANCIENT MARINER,
FROM THE FIENDS THAT PLAGUE THEE THUS!
WHY LOOK'ST THOU SO?—'WITH MY CROSS-BOW
I SHOT THE ALBATROSS!'—"*Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."*





MOST UNFORTUNATE.

Mother (who wants to be very nice to bachelor uncle, understood to have made his pile in Australia). "Now, CHARLIE, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN UNCLE BEFORE. GO AND SHAKE HANDS."

Charlie. "OH YES, MOTHER, I HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE, I'M SURE—AT LAST YEAR'S PANTOMIME!"

the fundamental laws, as they are called, which affect members of the Royal House itself more particularly."

"Fundamental laws?" said SYLVIA. "Why are they called that? It sounds very tremendous and alarming, doesn't it, Mamma?"

"Hush, my dear," said her mother. "Let us attend closely to what the Chancellor has to say."

"They are called fundamental," continued the Lord Chancellor, "because they are unalterable. All other laws are subject to the power of abrogation or amendment constitutionally inherent in the estates of the realm. The fundamental laws of the Royal House, however, are exempt from this."

"You make me shudder," said SYLVIA.

"I will begin with the Marriage Law. Mr. Attorney, will you be good enough to throw on the screen the picture of the great King HILDEBRAND promulgating the Marriage Law."

Instantly, with a deftness born of long practice in the bosom of his own numerous family, the Attorney-General drew the curtains before the windows and projected from the magic lantern the required picture.

"Splendid!" cried SYLVIA. "And, oh do look, King HILDEBRAND is the very image, beard and all, of my Naval Blue-Stick-in-Waiting, isn't he?"

The resemblance was certainly striking, but, the room

being in darkness, it was not possible at the moment for the other spectators to make a comparison. The heart of the Naval Blue-Stick was beating fast and his breath came short, but he uttered no word.

"Thank you, Mr. Attorney," said the Chancellor; "that will do."

The picture vanished; the curtains were pulled back, and the room became light once more.

"Strange," said the Grand Duchess, gazing at the Naval Blue-Stick, who had withdrawn into a dark corner of the room. "Strange. The likeness is distinct. I wonder who that man is."

But the voice of the Lord Chancellor had begun again:—

"The chief provisions of the law are these"—he opened a heavy volume and began reading from it—"It shall be lawful for every male of the blood royal to contract a marriage, subject in all cases to the limitations—hum—hum—I need not read all that—at the age of eighteen years. It shall be lawful for females of the blood royal, subject as aforesaid, to contract a marriage at the age of seventeen years."

"I've got nearly a year to wait," cried SYLVIA.

"Hush, my darling," said her mother reproachfully.

"But," continued the Lord Chancellor, still reading, "no female whatsoever of the blood royal shall in any case or at any age be permitted to contract a marriage unless she shall have

beforehand obtained the consent in writing of both her parents, but such consent shall not be unreasonably withheld.

"Great Heavens," said the Grand Duchess in a voice of alarm. "What's that you're saying?"

The Lord Chancellor read the passage again.

"But, man alive," cried the Grand Duchess, all but forgetting her politeness in her agitation, "how can such an absurdity exist? What if one parent or both should die before a child grows up? Is she never to marry? Is my daughter to remain unmarried all her life since her father is dead?"

"I had not thought of that," said the Lord Chancellor in dignified accents, "but it would have made no difference. It has been the universal custom," he went on, "for members of the Royal House on their marriage to sign forms of permission in blank, and to store them with the Bank of Hinterland in case of eventualities. The law has winked at this; indeed it is lawful on the authority of decided cases. Did your Highness omit to do this?"

"Alas, I forgot," wailed the Grand Duchess. "How shall I ever gain forgiveness from my Queen and daughter? We were young and thoughtless, HINTERLAND and I, and we lived away from the Court and our relations."

During this scene the agitation of the Naval Blue-Stick had been painful. His breast heaved, his hands were twitching convulsively, and more than once he seemed to be on the point of speaking, but each time he mastered himself and remained silent. He had only to say, "I am the Queen's father, I am ready to give my consent to her marriage whenever it may be necessary," and the difficulty would vanish at once, but by so doing he would rob her of the sovereignty and step into her place. No, he could not bring himself to do it.

"Oh, Mamma," said SYLVIA at last, "what does it matter? Nobody wants to marry me yet, so why trouble?"

At this moment the door opened, and the Grand Duchess's butler in a ceremonial voice announced:

"A Special Emissary from King ORIO of Eisenblut craves an immediate audience of her Majesty."

MUCH ADO.

As the accredited Representative of *Mr. Punch* at the Play, I have always held that for audience, critics, and performers, the first night of any piece, be it what it may, is almost sure to be its worst night. Therefore I prefer seeing any piece after it has been running for a short time. What the success of *Much Ado about Nothing*, produced at His Majesty's, Tuesday the 24th, will be, when the piece, written by that ever youthful author WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, plays more closely, and when the actors shall have reconsidered certain important points of their impersonations, may be fairly prophesied from its first performance before the highly appreciative audience that witnessed its *première*.

Great praise is due to Mr. SIDNEY BROUGH for his admirable make-up as *Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon*, and no doubt by the time this article appears he will have meditated on his present elevation in rank, and will have refined his manners and have dropped such actions as are scarcely compatible with princely dignity at that period. His bilious brother *Don John* is played by Mr. LAURENCE IRVING in the true melodramatic spirit of deepest-dyed villainy, and, occasionally, of absolutely impish mischief. Mr. RASH GILL bears himself soberly as the lover, the rather colourless *Claudio*.

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE must be heartily congratulated on his masterly, his quite old-masterly, portrait of *Leonato*, whom he, correctly as I think, represents not as a Duke, Prince, or Grandee, but as a type of the honest mediæval bourgeois, a millionaire, who, having made his pile in trade (perhaps as a cloth-and-carpet-maker), and being personally

immensely popular (for who could resist so effusive a geniality?), has been unanimously elected *Governor of Messina*, a dignity equivalent, let us say, to that of my Lord Mayor of London, to which Governorship he brings all the overpoweringly demonstrative courtesy that is the distinctive mark of the civic dignitary, be he Mercer, Haberdasher, Pewterer, Grocer, Loriner, or Tallow-chandler. Now to the stolid, cautiously-working, commercial brain of *Leonato*, the preposterously farcical idea of presenting to *Claudio* the real *Hero* (supposed to be dead and buried) as *Hero's* cousin, whom *Claudio* is to espouse, could never have occurred; but to his brother, elder or junior it matters not, the excitable and irascible old gentleman *Antonio* (capitally played by Mr. FISHER WHITE), this absurd notion might have suggested itself (is he not the parent of the eccentric *Beatrice*?), and then what more natural than that the cluckling old *Antonio*, without a second thought, should have imparted, whisperingly, this brilliantly original notion to his brother *Leonato*, while the Prince and *Claudio* (on in the same scene) are engaged in conversation? This is a point Mr. TREE has overlooked. I commend its consideration to the next Shakspearian revivalist. It relieves *Antonio* from being regarded as a merely irascible old pantaloon, and fairly adjusts the balance of character.

Little boy *Balthazar*, Master THOMAS SAMISON, was exceptionally good, and his singing deserved the encore which was decorously nipped in the bud. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT is as stolid an idiot as *Dogberry* ought to be, and Mr. LIONEL BROUGH keeps himself within the picture as *Veyes*. The scenic arrangement that makes them appear at their bedroom windows is, to my mind, quite ineffective, and deprives the two low comedians of such excellent legitimate business as used to illustrate the action of the scene when these familiar characters were played by the imperturbably humorous KEELEY and the inimitably droll BLACKSTONE.

As the suffering *Hero* Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS was sympathetic, but on this occasion, it seemed to me, the arrangement of her hair did not set her off to the greatest advantage. As her wrongs are redressed so should her hair be. It would be unjust to deliver a final verdict on the *Beatrice* of Miss WINIFRED EMERY after this first night's performance. She was evidently nervous, and at first her voice seemed scarcely strong enough to give sufficient point to sharp sayings that require the accompaniment of a bright good-humoured smile and the merry twinkle of laughing eyes. When the sense of the responsibility she has undertaken shall have become less overpowering, then no doubt her smile will be beaming and never in the slightest degree cynical, and with increase of physical energy her delivery of the command "Kill *Claudio*!" will electrify the house. It is principally for this great effect that *Beatrice*, as a dramatic part, exists.

As *Benedick*, Mr. TREE, after a few nights, will, as the ballad has it, "smile as he was wont to smile before this weight of care" in getting up and superintending the Shakspearian drama had sadly depressed him. He was at his best in his earliest scene with *Beatrice*, and at his very best when, becoming intensely serious, he breaks off all acquaintance with his companion *Don Pedro*, and with quiet dignity challenges his dear friend *Claudio* to mortal combat. Everything that could be done for the success of the play has been done; although the scene in the side chapel of some grand church is not so effective a "set" as it might have been, nor can the stage management be here pronounced faultless. This side-chapel scene, however, is notable for the admirable performance and clear enunciation of Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND as the kindly, dignified, and most paternal *Friar Francis*, the officiating priest. His performance is quite one of the gems of a memorable revival that will assuredly attract all playgoers to His Majesty's for some time to come.

AUTHORS AND ATHLETICS.

By LEVESON TILES, B.A.

THE recent and almost simultaneous announcements that Mr. HALL Caine had taken to tobogganing in the Engadine and that GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO had been struck in the eye by a snowball, have naturally created a painful impression, absorbing public attention to the eclipse of all other topics, and revived the oft-debated question whether men of letters should or should not descend into the arena of athletics.

Speaking *ex cathedra* as the apostle of physical culture, I assert that there can be only one answer to this question. Logic, theosophy, and mental science alike insist that the brain should not be cultivated at the expense of the body. Life is a rhythm, and though the pen is mightier than the sword, a man whose brain-measurement exceeds that of his chest is seldom able to cope successfully with all the emergencies of life's handicap. Though strong men lived before AGAMEMNON, stronger men have lived since. But here, as in every other department of human activity, there is need of discretion and discrimination, and, at the risk of being charged with inconsistency, I lift my voice in poignant protest against the incursion of our leading men of letters into the domain of violent athletics, perilous pastime and dangerous sport. Our novelists, as the statistics of our free libraries convincingly prove, are one of our greatest national assets. In sheer popularity they dispute the palm of precedence with our leading jockeys and billiard-players. They minister more liberally to the needs of our great and enterprising newspaper proprietors than any other class in the community. Their noble and expressive lineaments, stimulating the ingenious youth to emulate their splendid efforts, shine forth at us like beacon fires from picture post-cards and illustrated journals. They are household words in all strata of our social system, "from the sovereign sitting on his throne to the labourer sitting on his cottage"—I make no excuse for quoting the famous phrase of an illustrious peer of my acquaintance. They have superseded the pulpit and relegated the playwright to obscurity.

To allow such men—the idols of the populace, the arch-benefactors of their species—to expose themselves unnecessarily to loss of life or limb is a slur alike on the good sense and gratitude of the nation. It is an attitude that I for one can never bring myself to accept, and if this appeal of mine be fruitless I would ask all who are interested in the matter to co-operate with me in bringing pressure upon Parliament to introduce legislation rendering it a penal offence for any novelist with a circulation of



"AT ONE FELL SWOOP."

Wife. "WELL, DID YE FIND TH' PUDDIN' I LEFT FOR YOU IN THE SAUCEPAN?"

Collier (whose favourite dish is boiled puddings). "Oh, AY; I FOUND IT RIGHT ENOUGH. IT WERE A STUNNER!"

Wife. "DID YOU TAKE THE CLOTH OFF?"

Collier (after a pause). "WERE THERE A CLOTH ON?"

more than twenty thousand to take part, except as a spectator, in football, cricket, polo, hunting, lion or other big-game shooting, hockey, and tip-cat.

But, it will be objected, how, if thus restricted, can the writers of adventurous romance, novels of strong incident, and detective stories gain the necessary groundwork of experience on which to rear the towering superstructures of imagination? The argument is plausible, but it betrays a strange and reprehensible misconception of the workings of genius. The man who only writes of what he has seen or experienced condemns himself to the category of the photographer. On the other hand, the less he relies on experience the more is he compelled to cultivate

the nobler qualities of invention and intuition. Lord BEACONSFIELD had never conversed with a coronetted wearer of strawberry leaves when he wrote *The Young Duke*.

Apart from this invigorating exercise of the imaginative faculties, which is promoted by the absence of experience, there can be no doubt whatever that far more entertainment is provided by writers whose descriptions are emancipated from the trammels of expert knowledge than by those who merely record what they have seen and heard. The essential element in recreation, as a great writer has put it, is surprise, and the surest guarantee for its presence is to be found in a blissful ignorance of actuality. Personally

I no longer wish to read of the delights of tobogganing as described by Mr. HALL CAISE, because such a narrative is sure to be vitiated by some correspondence with fact. But should he dilate on the joys of a journey in a flying machine, the fearful delights of the pearl diver, the emotions of the captain of a submarine, or of a Duke's daughter at her first ball, I should come to the perusal of his narrative with unabated zest, with unimpaired anticipation of something rich and strange.

So far I have merely dwelt on the literary and æsthetic reasons in favour of removing romantic genius from the arena of action. There remains, however, the still more potent and irresistible argument that dangerous pastimes are not conducive to longevity. We cannot afford to allow our really great men—those whose writings are richest in the divine properties of unctious sentimentality, and overslop—to run any unnecessary risks. They must be forced to husband their priceless energies and not exhaust them in ill-timed efforts to emulate the short-lived fame of a HERCULES, a SAMSON, or a MITO. It is not as if they were cut off by the exigencies of their professional career from indulging in adequate exercise. Dictating for several hours daily to a phonograph, a typewriter, or a shorthand-writer; posing to photographers; conversing with interviewers—these and other exercises of the larynx and the facial muscles germane to their noble calling surely suffice their natural desire to lead the strenuous life. I conclude therefore with an earnest and prayerful entreaty to Mr. HALL CAISE and his confrères to refrain from further efforts to assert in the domain of physical culture the *maestria* they have already displayed in the sphere of literary achievement.

THE RULING PASSION.

Ask me no more; others may seek the tee;
Caddies may stoop for sand, and mould,
as bid,

A pointed or a truncate pyramid,
For BROWN, and JONES, and you—but not
for me.

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: my answer is the same.
I loathe my cleek and masher, now
that I

(As witness every single stroke I try)
Have gone irrevocably off my game.

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; my final doom is
sealed—

To "see a Specialist" were wholly vain;
No, I shall never touch a club again. . .
"You'll give a third—for half-a-crown"—
I yield!

I ask no more.

THE ALBUM.

I SUPPOSE I had better make full confession about the beastly thing. Perhaps somebody will be able to find excuses for me. In my own eyes I acted throughout as an honourable man should do, but Miss MIFFIN has called me a story-teller. . .

The thing started in the Miffin drawing-room, where ELEANORA was giving me tea. Without any warning she said: "Oh, now you're here you must write in my album."

"Certainly," I said. I thought it was a matter of a signature and a date.

"How good of you!"

"Not at all. Where's a pen? I'll do it now."

"Oh, you clever person!" said Miss MIFFIN. "How can you think of these difficult things straight off? Will it be verse or prose?" She handed me the album and a pen.

"Oh! I thought you only wanted my signature."

"Oh no, I want something original and clever. But then if *you* write it it's sure to be that."

I agreed with her.

"Perhaps you had better take the book home," she went on, "and you can send it back to me to-night."

We talked about other things, and then I rose to go. I had got safely down the steps when she came rushing after me.

"You were forgetting about the book," she said, and placed it tenderly in my hands.

Well, I got the thing home, put it in a corner, and there one might have thought was the end of the business. But no. Three days later I got a card: "How's the album going on? E. M." I replied, "Album maintains its *status quo*." The next morning I had a long letter from ELEANORA saying that she didn't understand my card. Had I written in her album yet? If not, would I please do so at once, and return it to her? I replied that I was at that moment engaged upon a set of verses for it; and that they seemed to me, though perhaps I was prejudiced, to be both winsome and pathetic. I felt sure she would like them. Having posted this letter, I opened the album and wrote upon a rich coffee-coloured page which was vacant:

"The darkling sun rose in the west."

That line is obviously the beginning of a set of verses, and has a pathos all its own. So far at any rate Miss MIFFIN was not justified in calling me a story-teller.

A week afterwards ELEANORA wrote from the country to say that she was returning to town that day, and expected to find the album waiting for her. I

immediately wrote to her country address to ask if she would not after all prefer prose. The letter went down to Gloucestershire and back, thus giving me an extra day in peace.

Miss MIFFIN's reply was that it could be anything I liked so long as I came to lunch on Sunday and brought her book with me. This was serious, and I decided that the thing could no longer be delayed. I got the book out and read through it. Most of the contributions were pitiable.

Miss ELEANORA MIFFIN has called me a story-teller, but none the less I give you my word of honour that from ten till four that day I slaved at her poem. I can bring forward five other Government clerks as witnesses. The result was a rondeau, "To the Owner of the Book"—and as soon as I got home I copied it out on to a pale pink page. This done, I went out in my pride and telegraphed "Poem finished."

When I came back I read the poem again, and it seemed amazingly good. It showed up the badness of the other poems (particularly one by Mrs. MIFFIN) in a perfectly cruel way. I am a man of gentle heart, and I did not wish to hurt Mrs. MIFFIN's feelings. Furthermore I felt that there were people, other than ELEANORA's friends, who might care to read my verses. So, after much thought, I tore the page carefully out, and sent it to my cousin GEORGE, who edits one of the monthlies. I altered one line, and called it "To a Flirt." GEORGE gave me thirty shillings for it, and it was illustrated with a picture of a Greek maiden in what I can only hope wasn't really the entire Greek costume.

But the illustration and the thirty shillings of course came later. In the meantime I had to devise another poem. I turned to the work of Mrs. MIFFIN again, as a guide to what would pass in ELEANORA's album. And then I made the horrible discovery that in tearing out my poem I had loosened *her* page and lost it.

In what followed my conduct is, I think, described better as that of a man of resource than as that of a story-teller. I may claim to have acted with that spirit and coolness which has made us Englishmen what we are.

I drove up on the Sunday in a hansom. ELEANORA welcomed me with enthusiasm and asked for her album.

"I'm simply longing to read your poem," she assured me.

I fell into a chair with what I took to be a horror-struck expression.

"Great Scott!" I gasped.

"You don't mean to say——"

"I must have left it in the cab! Well, I'm——"

I dashed out of the room and opened the front door. Luckily the cab had gone.

"It's gone!" I said.

"Oh, how *could* you be so careless! How could you—— Did you take the number of the cab?"

"I'm afraid not," I explained. "You see, I didn't know I should want it."

"How like a man!"

"Wait a bit. It was something like 4731."

"4731? Good! Then ——"

"It wasn't 4731," I said hastily; "but something of that style. That was the idea."

Lunch was a strained meal. I left under vows to recover the album or die.

"Ask at Scotland Yard first thing to-morrow," were ELEANORA's parting words.

A month rolled by very pleasantly after this, and I hoped that I had heard the last of the matter. At the beginning Miss MIFFIN had written daily to ask how the search was getting on. After the fourth letter I replied stiffly that the matter was now in the hands of the police, who would brook no interference from outsiders; that unless we gave them a perfectly free hand we should never recover the album. This stopped her inquiries, and peace settled down upon my life.

But at the end of the month I found that I was not yet out of my trouble. I heard from a friend that ELEANORA MIFFIN was telling all her acquaintances of my extreme carelessness, and, as she said, rudeness. The MIFFINS and I have many common friends, and I did not wish to have my character dissected before them. So, on an ever-memorable day, I wired, "Album found. Am bringing it round this afternoon." Then I hunted about my rooms, and at last discovered the thing in a heap of rubbish in an old cupboard.

The album and I arrived at four o'clock. I told a graphic story of a dying cabman smitten with remorse, but I could see that ELEANORA was the least bit suspicious of me. Still she was extremely pleased to have the album again, and watched me eagerly as I turned over the pages to find my own poem.

After a five minutes' search for it, I said:

"It was on a pink page, and corresponded with one of your mother's. If you remember where she wrote——"

"Mother was near the beginning, next to Father's."

We found Father's, and then——! Once again that horror-struck expression passed over my face.

"It's gone!" I said hoarsely.

Miss MIFFIN looked coldly at me. I sat up.

"I can see what's happened," I said. "What a clever blackguard that cabman was!"



SO UNSELFISH!

"OH YES, I GAVE MY HUSBAND A MOTOR-CAR ON HIS BIRTHDAY."

"BUT I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T LIKE MOTOR-CARS?"

"HE DOESN'T. BUT I DO!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he looked through the album, and read that extraordinarily clever poem of your mother's. He saw at once what a valuable 'find' had fallen into his hands, and he tore out the page, and probably sold it to some Magazine as his own. I daresay he'd get a fiver for it. Of course, my poem got loose in consequence and fell out."

I beamed at her. It was really a brilliant explanation, and so flattering to her mother.

"I don't quite understand," said

ELEANORA. "I suppose you saw that that poem was by ELIZA COOK. You didn't really think that mother wrote it? It's a well-known one of ELIZA COOK'S."

"Impossible," I said. "The handwriting was much too good. Besides, I've always heard you call her MARY. Or was this the one before MARY came?"

"ELIZA COOK is a well-known poetess."

"Oh heavens!" I said. "Well, how could a cabman be expected to know, if I didn't? How——"

It was then that Miss MIFFIN called me a story-teller.



A VILLAGE FIASCO.

Gifted Amateur (concluding pet card trick). "Now, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE SEEN THE PACK OF CARDS BURN'T BEFORE YOUR EYES, AND THE ASHES PLACED INSIDE THE BOX, WHICH MYSTERIOUSLY TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO A HARRIT, WHICH, IN TURN, DISAPPEARED INTO SPACE. I WILL NOW ASK THIS GENTLEMAN TO NAME THE CARD HE SELECTED, WHEN IT WILL AT ONCE APPEAR IN MY HAND. NOW, SIR, WHAT CARD DID YOU SELECT FROM THE PACK?"

Giles (who has been following the trick most intently). "BLESSED IF I RECOLLECT!"

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

TRÈS CHER COUSIN. Mais c'est superbe! Vous êtes absolument au premier rang. Pour moi, qui suis vieux, souffrant, fatigué de tout, ces plaisirs-là deviennent de plus en plus impossibles. Et pourtant j'ai arrangé pas mal de luttes sanguinaires. Les Arméniens, par exemple. Mais pour moi c'est fini. Quant à vous ça commence, et d'une façon épouvantable.

Jusqu'ici vous avez fait comme moi. Toujours des gens plus ou moins étrangers; à Blagovestshenk des Chinois, à Kishineff des Juifs. C'était à peu près comme mes Arméniens, et en effet pas extraordinaire. Mais l'autre jour ces centaines d'hommes, de femmes et d'enfants, de la même race et de la même foi que vous, c'est éblouissant! C'est à n'y pas croire! Je reste ébahi, ahuri; je me sens vaincu; je n'ai plus droit au titre que ces drôles d'Anglais

ont inventé; je vous le cède, et je me retire.

Vraiment, je dois l'avouer, j'ai éprouvé pendant quelques instants une certaine malaise, une sensation inaccoutumée de dégoût et de pitié, car, voyez-vous, je n'aurais jamais fait disperser comme ça des gens de ma race et de ma religion. Vous n'avez pas hésité. Vous êtes plus fort que moi, le "Grand Assassin" en retraite, et vous avez montré à l'Occident les mœurs inflexibles et impitoyables de l'Orient.

Je ne sais pas précisément votre adresse. Chez nous on a toujours eu l'habitude de se cacher pendant de tels événements. C'est une bonne occasion de faire une petite excursion, même en mer. Si vous quittez votre pays, venez me voir. On n'est pas mal ici, et la vue est renommée. Nous passerons quelques bonnes journées ensemble à causer de nos affaires.

Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de vos

braves parents, les Grands Ducs. J'aurai le plaisir de leur faire cadeau d'une quantité de champagne des meilleurs crus, qui m'est inutile à présent, car je ne reçois plus personne qui en boit. On l'aime bien, à ce qu'il paraît, chez les Giaours et surtout chez vous.

J'avais l'idée de vous offrir un ancien cimetière, que l'on dit avoir été celui de SALADIN. Mais c'était un guerrier qui se jetait témérairement au milieu des combats. Vous n'êtes pas précisément de ce genre-là. Vous vous tenez à l'écart, même à l'abri, des luttes. Je vous envoie donc, en signe de profonde admiration et de sincère amitié, un bouclier, orné de quelques bijoux, qui appartenait à SÉLIM I^{er}. On y voit encore des taches de sang.

Votre tout dévoué ANDRÉ HAMID.

CONCILIATORY.—"Wanted, plain family's WASH."—Advt. in "Southport Visitor."



Leslie Sansum, del.

THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

(By a Victim.)

As soon as MAY had named the day
She issued invitations
To all the crew our mothers knew
(Including poor relations).
We were aware they all would swear
In language far from pleasant,
"Confound it! I shall have to buy"
The blessed pair a present."

Then boy and man in cart and van
And motor-car came driving,
With gifts galore, and more and more,
And still they kept arriving;
And housemaids flew, and postmen too,
Till all the terrace wondered,
And night and day they rang away—
Lord! how the knocker thundered!

We worked in shifts upon the gifts;
And when we had unstrung them,
We'd twenty score of forks and more,
But not a knife among them;
And as we two had scarce a sou,
There seemed to be a *carot*
When silly mugs gave claret jugs,
But not a drop of claret.

We'd endless gongs, and sugar-tongs
Of every shape and fashion,
As if sweet tea was bound to be
Henceforth our ruling passion;
We'd sachets, too, of pink and blue,
With sickly perfumes scented,
And oh! the show of *art nouveau*
With which we were presented!

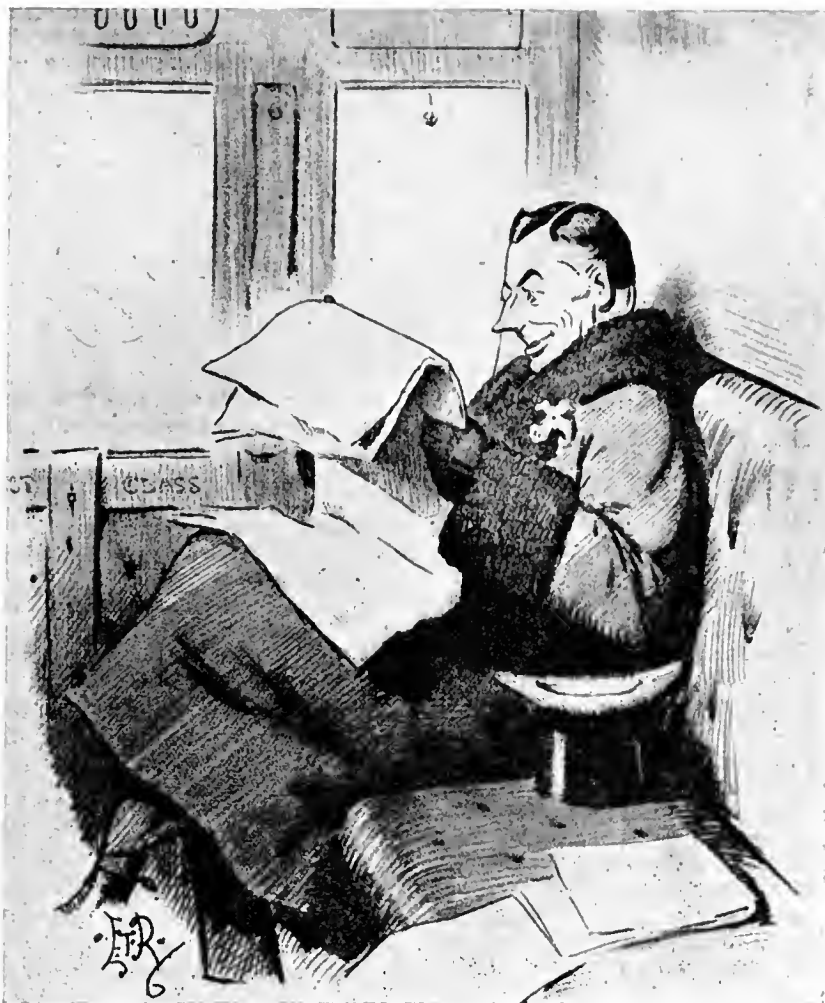
And, now we've got the little lot,
We're under obligation
To every guest we most detest,
And every poor relation;
And by the time the church bells chime,
And Hymen ties the true knot,
We find—too late—we've all we hate,
And nothing that we do not.

FIRST AID FOR HEROES AND VILLAINS.

No author need now have the faintest compunction in brutally killing off the central character of his novel. Judging from the resurrection of *She* after having been consumed by fire; of *Sherlock Holmes* and the villain of *The Motor Pirate*, resuscitated like the late *Sherlock Holmes* after having disappeared over a cliff, any author possessed of sufficient ingenuity may bring back to life his "creation" from however final a fate. This is the kind of thing:—

EXAMPLE I.

Chapter XXX.—"*Dulce et decorum est*—" . . . And with a half sob "SLOGGER" LOVEFACE sank to the earth riddled by a hundred bullets. As evening fell the shouts of battle drew further away, and the vultures came swooping down on the young hero's shattered body.



"A PORTRAIT—AFTER GAINSBOROUGH."

(Mr. Chamberlain addresses a great meeting at Gainsborough on February 1.)

Sequel.—Chapter I.—The marvellous recuperative powers of the air of South Africa are well known. Never, perhaps, did they bring about a more remarkable recovery than in the case of Lord EDWARD LOVEFACE, better known as "SLOGGER." Seated in a Kaffir hut one glorious day in June, &c., &c.

EXAMPLE II.

Chapter LX. . . . For a moment JASPAR QUICK stood paralysed. Then, with a cry of horror he ran swiftly towards his horse. But it was too late. The earth trembled violently, all creation seemed agitatedly to move, a roar as of a million cannon shook the air, the ground opened, and JASPAR QUICK disappeared. The earthquake at which he had scoffed not an hour before had over- (we may almost say, under-) taken him!

Sequel.—Chapter I. . . . Melbourne! The pitiless sun beating down on that city of &c., &c. In the coffee-room of a comfortable private hotel JASPAR QUICK sat at breakfast. Save for a slight

whiteness of the hair about the temples there was nothing in the appearance of the famous criminal to indicate that he had been passed completely through the earth some six months previously in that appalling catastrophe of '15. . . .

A Mixed Bag.

WE extract the following from the catalogue of a sale recently held at the Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores:—

239 A leather hand-bag, containing brass curtain pole fittings, a floor polishing brush, a trivet, a large iron saucepan, a brass coffee machine, a saucepan lid stand, a poker, a Windsor chair, a toast fork, a decanter drainer, a japanned coal vase, a coal scuttle, a slop pail, a water can, and a hand basket.

BLESSING AND CURSING.—It is reported that just about the time when the Czar was blessing the Neva, the Japs at Port Arthur were considering whether they should dam the harbour.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

XI.—THE BOX.

I.

Mrs. Smythe-Smith to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MRS. CLISBY,—I wonder if you would care to use the enclosed box for the Mausoleum Theatre on Thursday week. We intended to go ourselves, but my husband finds that he will have to travel North that day in connection with an important case. With kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,

RUTH SMYTHE-SMITH.

II.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Henderson.

MY DEAR MRS. HENDERSON,—Would you and Mr. HENDERSON care to join us at the Mausoleum on Thursday week? We have a box for that night, and should be so glad if you would look in. Just ask for Mrs. CLISBY's box. With kind regards, I am,

Yours sincerely, MABEL CLISBY.

III.

Mrs. Clisby to her sister Mrs. Thoms.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—Our friends the SMYTHE-SMITHS (he is the barrister) have sent us a box, which they are unfortunately prevented from using, for the Mausoleum on Thursday week. Will you and HENRY join us? We are also asking some nice people we met at Matlock in the summer—the HENDERSONS. Mr. HENDERSON is in an important position at Lloyd's, and his wife, who is very charming, is a cousin of Sir Wilson ARKSTONE, who built the Severn Bridge.

Your loving M.

IV.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MABEL,—We shall love to come to the theatre with you. But AGGIE insists on coming too, and bringing BERTIE RAWLER with her. I am sure you won't mind, she has so few pleasures, and BERTIE, who is always so considerate, can stand at the back if we are at all crowded. He is quite like one of ourselves already, and I have no compunction in asking him to do all kinds of little things like this. If only he could get some permanent and lucrative employment, we should be so happy. At present he is an agent for a new kind of combined fountain pen and office ruler, which he is trying very hard to introduce into the city, but without much success, I am afraid.

Your loving S.

V.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—I am very sorry to

have to disappoint you, but really I don't see how we can manage Mr. RAWLER on Thursday night. I am sure that eight will be plenty, and FRANK, who is so impetuous, entirely without my knowledge has asked a Mr. FLACK, an American over here on business, to whom he wishes to show some kindness, to join us. So that if AGGIE comes, and I am so sorry to have forgotten to mention the dear girl when I wrote first, we shall be eight—four couples—without Mr. RAWLER.

Your loving M.

VI.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MABEL,—It does not matter about BERTIE. We have arranged that he shall go to the Upper Circle and come and see us between the acts. Do tell me a little more about Mr. FLACK. What is his business? Some Americans can be very attractive. I suppose he has left his wife and family in America?

Your loving S.

VII.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—If Mr. RAWLER is coming to see us between the acts I think he ought to dress. Couldn't he get a seat in the Dress Circle?

Your loving M.

VIII.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MABEL,—Of course BERTIE will dress. Going to the theatre is no novelty for him. He was at school with two of WILSON BARRETT'S sons. You do not answer my question about Mr. FLACK. I always like to know in advance something about the people I am going to meet.

Your loving S.

IX.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

(By hand.)

MY VERY DEAR SOPHY,—A most unfortunate thing has happened. Chancing to be in the neighbourhood this morning, FRANK looked in at the theatre just to see in the plan where our box was, and perhaps mention to one of the officials that you and the HENDERSONS would be asking for it in the evening. To his horror he found that it was a top box, capable of holding four persons at the most, two of whom could not see the stage except by leaning over very uncomfortably. It is unpardonable of Mrs. SMYTHE-SMITH not to have told me. The question now is, What shall we do? After thinking it over very carefully I wonder if you would mind postponing your visit to the theatre for a while until there is a better play—the papers seem to think very little of the thing now on—and bringing Mr. RAWLER to

dinner on Sunday at half-past one. It is so very difficult for me to put off the HENDERSONS. I am so sorry to have to ask you to be so unselfish, but blood is thicker than water, isn't it?

Your loving M.

P.S.—Mr. FLACK seems to be a man of means. He is connected with a new patent, and we are very glad to be able to do something to make his time in London less lonely. FRANK in putting him off will make some other arrangement.

X.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

(By hand.)

DEAR MABEL,—What a pity you did not find out how many the box would hold. I had a feeling, as I mentioned to HENRY quite at the first, that you were asking too many. Of course we should like to come to dinner on Sunday, and will do so with pleasure; but I can't help thinking that the best thing to do now is for you to telegraph to the HENDERSONS that you are ill and have given the box away, and then to take just AGGIE and Mr. FLACK. The poor girl badly needs a little excitement, and it would be very unfortunate if FRANK had to be discourteous to this young American.

Your loving S.

XI.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

(By hand.)

DEAR SOPHY,—Before your reply came I had written to the HENDERSONS putting them off, but a telegram came from them almost immediately after to say that they would not be able to come, as Mrs. H. has influenza. I am so vexed that I wrote. By all means let AGGIE come and meet Mr. FLACK. Did I tell you he is quite elderly? His wife came to England with him, but has gone to Stratford-on-Avon and Salisbury for a few days.

Your loving M.

XII.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

(By hand.)

DEAR MABEL,—AGGIE cannot come after all, as BERTIE'S brother is taking them to the Hippodrome. We will be punctual on Sunday, and very likely shall bring BERTIE'S brother with us. I am sure you won't mind. Your loving S.

FROM the Manchester Evening News:

"French Taught by Parian Gentleman; terms moderate."

As nothing was said of marbles during hours of vacation the suspicions of the Advertisement Editor seemed to have been roused; and in the next issue a corrected version appeared:

"French Taught by Parsian Gentleman."



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Sixteen-stone Sportsman (who has been nearly put down over a "rotten" landing, to *Little Binks*, 9s. 2). "Do you mind putting me back in the saddle, Sir?"

HARLEQUIN AND THE HEROINE:

Or, Hæc the Maiden of Melodramma fares in the Regions of Pantomime.

PART III.

Preparations for the nuptials were well advanced, and it wanted little of the appointed time, when, finding myself alone with the Baron in the narrow trysting-place known locally as *Near the Castle*, I entreated an explanation of the words that had perplexed me at our last interview.

"Tell me," said I, speaking rather loudly to drown the noise of hammering which was distinctly audible behind us, "tell me, I beg of you, what did you mean by going to the Halls?"

"Don't you know?" replied the Baron; "the Halls are where we live when it isn't Christmas-time. Turns, you know, and all that."

"Turns?" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes, of course," said my Uncle. "What else? We all do 'em. Your Aunt and I are refined knock-about, and the Prince does patriotism and cake-walks."

"But," I stammered, a suspicion of the awful truth breaking upon me, "surely I—?"

"Of course, now you are one of us, you'll do the same," said the Baron. "I fancy your line will be something in the serio-comic. You wear short skirts and a sun-bonnet. It's quite easy."

To say that I was aghast would be to understate the truth.

"Alas!" I exclaimed. "You know not what you are saying. You forget that I am the one figure in dramatic literature that never changes, whose misfortunes and whose sorrows are invariably the same. Uncle," I pleaded, "I am almost a formula; do not, pray do not, ask me to become a marionette!"

"I'm afraid," said he, "that it cannot be helped now, and really I think the change would be an improvement. Anyhow," he added, "it will be a beautiful wedding."

I made no response.

"You shall wear three large ostrich plumes and a necklace of electric lights," continued the kind old gentleman. "Afterwards, there will be a ballet entitled *The Triumph of Cupid*, also acrobats, a tramp cyclist, and a man who does lightning cartoons. No one shall say that we denied you these simple comforts. I have also," he added, smiling, "a little personal surprise in store; you shall see what it is at the ceremony. Half-time!"

Inwardly I reflected that to see myself there would be all the surprise I should need, but, unwilling to pain him, I said nothing more, and soon afterwards he hustled away upon his preparations.

What a position was I now in! Fated (unless I could even yet escape) to an existence of silk stockings and a perpetual smile, the prospect caused the very blood to freeze in my veins. Lacking strength even to swoon, I looked round wildly for Sir RUPERT. I longed for one of his familiar curses to prove to me that I was not utterly alone. How bitterly I regretted having left dear Papa and my old lover JACK, whose lofty sentiments and simple attire I contrasted mentally with the masquerade of yonder Princely buffoon. But alas! even Sir RUPERT had vanished since the failure in the banquetting hall, and I had perforce to wait till the actual moment of the wedding at which (being in the concluding Act) he would be bound to be present.

The ceremony was arranged to take place in the Hall of Dazzling Light, as



Their entrance in line.

my Uncle had, somewhat ostentatiously, named his principal reception-room. Concealed behind a pillar in this apartment, I watched the magnificent crowd of guests as it trooped glittering down the marble staircase to appropriate music.

Very unwillingly I had permitted myself to be attired in a costume consisting principally of spangles and incandescent lamps, quite unsuitable to my severe and classic type of beauty.

So-habited, it had been arranged by my Uncle (whose conception of a beautiful wedding was somewhat transatlantic) that I should conclude the procession by appearing hand in hand with the Prince beneath a floral canopy upheld by members of the flying ballet.

But how different were my emotions from those which I had anticipated! Terror had now taken the place of pride, the shadow of some half-comprehended doom seemed to brood over the festive scene. Dimly I wondered what was happening at dear old Meadowsweet,

and what would be my parent's anguish could he but behold the position of his only daughter.

Suddenly, even as I thought thus, I saw something which caused the very blood to freeze within my veins. (It will be noticed that I am liable to this species of chill.) Close to me, mingling with the crowd, I perceived Cousin Fio, Papa, the pantomime villain, and my old lover JACK. But with what unspeakable shame did I behold them? What horrid enchantment had so altered the familiar reverence of my relative's demeanour? In a flash I understood. The pantomime atmosphere imported by Cousin Fio and her companion had proved too strong for the purer air of Melodramma, and the fusion of the two elements had produced that hybrid known as Musical Comedy.

There could be no doubt about it. My father and my ex-lover, once so serenely calm, were now pronounced specimens of this unspeakable type. It needed not poor Papa's Trilby hat, his curly whiskers, or his loud check suit to convince me; their entrance in line, each with a hand upon his neighbour's shoulder, and one leg held out at right angles, would alone have betrayed the shameful truth.

This then was the surprise which my Uncle had predicted; it was one indeed!

Pale with horror I turned to behold Sir RUPERT RUTHERFORD standing beside me. He looked older and more careworn than when I had last seen him, and his face wore the haggard expression of one engaged in a hopeless struggle with fate. In his hands was a cigarette-case—empty.

"Aha!" he hissed, making, I could observe, a violent effort to keep his teeth clenched. "Aha, my dainty Rose!" Then a spasm appeared to seize him. "Why," he asked suddenly, "is Lord KITCHENER like a potato?"

From these awful words I realised that the fatal influence of the place had spread even to him. "I don't know what made me say that," he added despondently. "I've been trying not to for days."

In a moment I had made up my mind. There was little time to lose, for already reminiscences of WAGNER were heralding the appearance of the bridal pair. I could see the Prince, in a garment of glittering silver with white ostrich plumes in his hat, searching distractedly for me. Obviously the end was close at hand.

"RUPERT," I whispered hastily (and the contraction was significant), "RUPERT, let us fly from here ere it be too late! Let us join hands and seek some distant spot to which this curse of Humour cannot penetrate. You have still your dress clothes, and I have my moral influence; with these let us give

Shakspearian recitals at local Temperance Halls—there at least there will be no amusement!"

Silently I held out my hands, he clasped them, and without a word we stole from the spot, while behind us the music swelled to a climax.

What happened when our flight was discovered, whether the wedding was stopped, or whether Cousin Flo resumed her old place, and in due course entered those mysterious Halls for which she was so obviously suited, I may never know. Sir RUPERT and I dwell in a world far removed from such frivolity.

Lately, however, strange rumours have reached us of "incidents" and "sketches," which by their extension may yet render these places fit even for a lady of such unblemished boredom as my own. In that case—Dear RUPERT has been looking over my shoulder, so I will end with his own words, words that he is never weary of repeating:

"Mark me, a time will come—"

CHARIVARIA.

RECENT events in St. Petersburg tend to show that, given favourable conditions, the Russian Army, no less than the Baltic Fleet, can gain victories.

Meanwhile the outlook generally in Russia is so threatening that it is not at all impossible that the CZAR may have to go to Manchuria for safety.

Two French newspapers have so far forgotten the traditions of Gallie politeness as to open subscription lists for the benefit of the relatives of those slaughtered in St. Petersburg.

The CZAR's Address has now been published. A few days ago there were many versions of it. We know now that it was Tsarskoe Selo.

Three little lions have been born at Haslemere Park, in Buckinghamshire. In these days of physical deterioration it is good to know that this country can still breed them.

Admiral FREMANTLE has stated that, as some persons seemed to be holding back from participation in the forth-

coming Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court from fear of wounding the feelings of other nations, he could assure them that there would be no display of arrogance. Indeed, we understand that some of our defective gun-sights will be on view.

It is hoped, by the by, that it will be possible to secure, as an exhibit, a British Merchant Sailor.

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER having declared that he was not satisfied with what the public schools were doing for the Army, the Headmaster of Eton has written a spirited letter in defence of the WARRE-training of that College.

Mr. HANBURY AGGS, according to a newspaper paragraph, has been adopted as Liberal candidate for the Everton

This explains why the surviving relatives are always in black.

A play entitled *Much Ado about Nothing* has been produced at His Majesty's Theatre. It is founded on a play of the same name by SHAKESPEARE.

"New Bill at the Lyceum!" runs an announcement. We were certainly getting a bit tired of BAILEY.

The weakness of the Drury Lane management in excising those parts of the pantomime to which the *Daily Mail* in its "outrageous attack" took exception continues to excite comment.

"Frenchmen's latest amusement," says the *Royal Magazine*, "is to fly inflated figures of grotesque appearance, which, with a slight push, soar upward into the air, and come slowly to the ground." Poor M. COMBES!

Some surprise is being expressed that the *Magazine of Short Stories* should be unrepresented at the Dogger Bank Inquiry.

It is a pity that the opponents of Alien Immigration are not more careful as to their facts. Last week's issue of the *Family Doctor* contained the following

statement:—"Out of 100 new patients treated at one of the London eye hospitals, no fewer than 102 were aliens." We need scarcely point out that this is a gross exaggeration.

À propos of Aliens, we notice that the Postmaster-General received, last week, a deputation protesting against the disfigurement of the country by ugly telegraph Poles.

Coco, the wonderful monkey, promises to bring so much gold to the Palace Theatre that that place of entertainment is regarded as a veritable Cocos Island.

The Ameer of AFGHANISTAN has asked for a seaport, and it is rumoured that Margate will be given to him.

NEW TITLE FOR THE CZAR.—The Little White Feather.



LADIES AT HOCKEY.

(From an old Print.)

division of Liverpool, and many ignorant persons are asking, Who is he? Aggs, of course, is Aggs.

One of the latest additions to the "Carmelite Music" is *Resignation*. A good deal of it is in the air.

It is thought possible that, when the Dissolution takes place, Mr. BALFOUR may finish Lord BEACONSFIELD's uncompleted novel.

The Metropolitan Water Board has decided to issue more stock. Will this be what is known as Watered Stock?

We are sorry to hear that there has been a considerable number of ice disasters at Juvenile parties lately.

According to Professor MEEK the death-rate among lobsters is tremendous, only one in 40,000 reaching maturity.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes. One is apt to despair of English criticism when a novel like *MAY SINCLAIR'S The Divine Fire* (CONSTABLE) goes almost unregarded. Possibly our conductors are themselves guided by established reputations: and Miss SINCLAIR's was yet to make. She was not Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, for instance, and she was not Mr. HENRY JAMES. Yet the one might well envy the delightful humour that here tempers a very perfect sincerity, and the other might admire how an analytic subtlety as delicate as his own could avoid obscurity and a too laboured finesse. Miss SINCLAIR's intuition for experience would never have embraced such a diversity of types—is something more than feminine. With an astonishing certainty of touch she realises her bold conception of *Rickman*, the poet with the "divine fire," and the chilling heritage of dropped aspirates; the man whose instinct for the best in art and in honour delivers him unhurt from the banality of his environment, and yet leaves him human and no prig. With equal certainty she presents *Horace Jecudine*, the finished product of Oxford dondon, with his lofty generalizations on the Absolute, and his ultimate lapse into the corruption of popular journalism. More easily imagined, yet not less admirably executed, are her women portraits, covering a wide range, from *Lucia Harden*, of the fine intelligence and noble sympathies, to *Flossie Walker*, of the Bloomsbury boarding-house ideals, each (and *Poppy*, too, of the Halls) making her appeal to some quality, higher or lower, or something between, in the same man's nature.

Miss SINCLAIR is always quietly sure of herself. That is why she will not be hurried, but moves through her gradual scheme with so leisured a serenity; why her style, fluent and facile, never forces its natural eloquence; why her humour plays with a diffused light over all her work and seldom needs the advertisement of scintillating epigrams. Judged by almost every standard to which a comedy like this should be referred, I find her book the most remarkable that I have read for many years.

Fortunately in America, which has a vastly wider reading public, and, at times, a keener flair for genius, *The Divine Fire* has been received with instant enthusiasm. This must be Miss SINCLAIR's consolation when she finds herself in the noble army of prophets and sibyls who have missed honour in their own countries.

Lady Penelope, by MORLEY ROBERTS (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is, reports one of my Assistant Readers, a high-spirited Society novel of the irresponsible type. With its bright dialogue and bustling incident it suggests possibilities of stage adaptation in the form of a rattling farcical comedy, though there are certain difficulties in the plot which a dramatist might find insuperable. The heroine, *Lady Penelope Bouding*, has eight devoted suitors, a fanatical dislike of the vulgar publicity of smart weddings, and no sense of humour whatever. She subjects her unhappy suitors to a period of probation on the Ruskinian system, pairing them off in uncongenial couples with instructions to learn to tolerate one another, in the hope that she will eventually reward one of them with her hand, but on the distinct understanding that she will never let anyone know who her husband is, while he, whoever he may be, will also be expected to conceal the fact. Later, she invites her suitors, friends, and relations to a party, and informs them all that she has married one of them, but declines to say which. And when in due course an announcement appears in the Births column of the *Times*, it gives *Lady Penelope's* unmarried surname only, which naturally not only intensifies the mystery, but causes a scandal. Whereupon each suitor, from mistaken motives of chivalry, attempts to save his

lady's name by proclaiming himself as the husband. Hence more bewilderment, misunderstandings, assaults and batteries, wild pursuits and flights in motor-cars, and a general atmosphere of confusion and mystery that goes on thickening till the last page but one, when it is satisfactorily cleared by the arrival of the genuine husband. The mid-Victorian *Duchess of Goring*, the *Bishop of Spilsborough*, and *Bob*, the boy who has been taken away from three great public schools for fighting, are well-drawn and amusing characters, and altogether *Lady Penelope* may be recommended with some confidence to those in search of entertainment.

By all students of English literature, and by all admirers of the varied work of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, a book entitled *The Thackeray Country*, written by LEWIS MELVILLE, and recently published by Messrs. BLACK, will be most heartily welcomed. THACKERAY's country, the land of his choice, was Bohemia; Upper, not Lower, Bohemia, rich in Johnsenian tradition, where men like *Warrington* and the once dandified *Pen* resided, in such chambers and amid such queer surroundings as caused *Major Pendennis*, from West-End Chubland, to shudder on the occasion of his first visit to this unfashionable quarter, when, being mistaken for the expected jet-boy, he was peremptorily bidden to "come in!" So: a few of the illustrations, those of the Temple, for example, seem somewhat unnecessary.

The Baron limits himself to three corrections, which he makes of his own personal knowledge. It was not DOUGLAS JERROLD but ANDREW ARCEDECKNE who, by way of congratulating THACKERAY on the reading in public of his first lecture on the *Four Georges*, said to him in his squeaky voice, with specially assumed, and peculiarly irritating, cockney manner, "Bravo! Thack, my boy! Uncommon good show. But it'll never go without a planner." As nearly as the Baron can remember, this is how ARCEDECKNE himself told it to him, thereby corroborating THACKERAY's own version of the story, which the Baron heard from THACKERAY himself, on an exceptional occasion, when it was the Baron's privilege to be seated with him, PERCIVAL LEIGH, and MARK LEMON at the *Punch* dinner table after most of the company had left. Then it was that, as THACKERAY was recounting "the DICKENS and YATES affair" at the Garrick Club, he brought down his fist with such an emphatic thump on the arm of his chair that he considerably startled the youngest of the party. It was little ANDREW ARCEDECKNE, too, whose unexpected entrance into the Garrick smoking-room so disconcerted THACKERAY—who at the moment was in the middle of some humorous story, with which he was entertaining a circle of admirers—that he suddenly dried up, just as though he were an inexperienced and nervous young actor who had forgotten his part. Whereupon ARCEDECKNE, quietly lighting a cigar, addressed the great man, in a cheerfully patronising manner, with these delightfully inappropriate words, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much." THACKERAY made no retort, but hastily left the room. This the Baron long, long ago had from the aforesaid ANDREW, whose society he much cultivated, and also from that inimitable raconteur SHIRLEY BROOKS. The third error is misspelling the Baron's family name both in the book and its index. Well—there's the danger of running into reminiscences—so the Baron pulls up short, and again recommends Mr. LEWIS MELVILLE's book to all and sundry.



MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

II.

"CAN you see anything of her?" said the infant, whose range of vision was limited to smoking chimneys and electric tram standards, owing to its supine position in the mail-cart.

"Yes, I can see her right enough," replied Twoyears, craning round the hood and peering through the glass door into the dim interior of the draper's shop, where Nurse sat absorbed at the ribbon counter.

"How much longer is she going to be?" inquired the infant, peevishly squirming about under the strap.

"Oh, give her time," said Twoyears; "she's only had seven boxes down yet. The postman winked at her this morning, you know, so she's buying a new ribbon for her cap on the strength of it. —Oh don't start crying, for goodness sake; I get enough of that in the nursery. Do draw it mild in the mail-cart."

"But I'm teething," whimpered the other.

"Well, if you are you'd better keep it to yourself, or they'll start vaccinating you at once."

"What!" ejaculated the baby, "don't I suffer enough as it is with my gums but they must go and dig holes in my arm, and then grumble if I cry."

"Ah, that's where they have you! They vaccinate you when you're teething, so that one cry does for both. Being the eldest of the family I fell into the trap—but you take my tip, cry *now* for your gums and in six months' time for your arm, even though it's quite better."

"But they'll think me such a disagreeable baby if I cry for nothing."

"I daresay they'll do that anyhow."

Uncertain how to take this the baby pulled down its lip as the easiest way out of the dilemma, when the other hastily interposed—

"Come—cheer up, Chummie—you're not in your bath anyhow—and if you were you'd have a better time than I did at your age. That was before we made our money. We only kept a general. I shan't forget Mother's first attempt at bathing me."

"Did you cry?" said the infant with interest.

"Yes, to a certain extent, but not so much as she did—and oh, how hot she got! She was frightened of drowning me, so as soon as I saw an opening I slipped into the deep water of the basin, and she nipped me out in no time. It was a dodge worth repeating. Not that pretending to drown in soapy water is all jam. But you're young yet for that sort of thing—and anyhow you'll find people won't worry you as long as you'll keep asleep."



G. L. S. K. A. C. P. A.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL AND NO WAY.

Stout Party. "NOW THEN, YOUNG LADY, DON'T SIT ON ME, PLEASE!"

Young Lady (sweetly). "I'LL TRY NOT TO."

"Oh, won't they?" said the baby. "I don't believe there's a single person of my acquaintance, from Nurse's aunt to the Kitchenmaid's grandmother, but runs her finger round my gums every time we meet."

"Oh—women! Perhaps so—you're one of them; but you won't find men noticing a kid of your sex and age."

"But they do. Nearly every man in the street speaks to me as he passes."

"Well, it's very unusual, then," cried Twoyears. "What do they say?"

"They say, 'Hallo, Baby! how's Nurse?'"

"Well, of course," said Twoyears

after a pause, "I don't want to doubt your word, but it's unusual. You *are* a girl, aren't you?"

"I believe so," said the infant doubtfully. "I fancy I heard Nurse say so."

"Oh, you must be, from the bonnet. If you were a boy, like me, you'd wear a fluffy white mortarboard thing two sizes too large for you, with a tendency to tilt over one eye. You're a girl right enough, though what they want more girls for beats me. There's a baby girl next door, two opposite, and hundreds of them in the Park. What's the good of them?—that's what I want to know."

"You wait a bit," said the infant.

LATEST IMPERIAL POLICY.

In these days, when farcical comedies, musical comedies, and such-like theatrical absurdities, constitute the most popular form of theatrical entertainment, that a play so scant of plot, so bare of strong situations, and with exceptionally long soliloquies, as SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth*, should arouse audience after audience, representative of all sorts and conditions of Englishmen and Englishwomen, to such a pitch of honest enthusiasm as seldom greets even an exceptionally sensational melodrama, is a remarkable fact, constituting a genuine and thoroughly well-merited tribute to the discernment of Mr. LEWIS WALLER as a Manager, to the excellence of his own impersonation of the warrior King, pious as he is chivalrous, and to the intelligent acting of a first-rate working company.

Unfortunately on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Punch's Representative to the Imperial Theatre, Miss MARY RONKE, who should have played the part of *Chorus*, one of the many exceptional charms of this revival, was suffering from loss of voice, and unable to appear. The entire audience sincerely sympathised with her, as they also suffered from loss of voice, and that voice, hers.

The cast is too full—there are some thirty-eight speaking parts—for this Representative to give adequate praise to each and every one, where all are so exceptionally good. He would like to see Mr. FRANK DYALL, as the *Dauphin*, more lively, gay, and light-hearted, than he is; for is he not the practical humourist who has sent that box of tennis balls to the English King? The *Dauphin* should be in strong contrast to HENRY, reminding one rather of what the latter had been when he was HARRY MONMOUTH.

Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON, as *Corporal Nym*, overdoes the make-up and the business of this part, notably where his by-play detracts from the pathetic interest aroused by the *Hostess's* (Miss M. GRIFFIN) touchingly natural description of the death of *Sir John Falstaff*. Mr. WILLIAM CALVERT'S *Bardolph* is good.

The rendering by Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP of two characters so distinct as the determined but courtly *Archbishop of Canterbury* and the vacillating French King *Charles the Sixth*, is admirable. Full of humour is the Welsh Captain *Gower* of Mr. EDMUND FEARIS, though, if he will endge the unfortunate *Pistol* so severely, it seems to me that Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON, the artistic representative of this cowardly, bombastic, amusing knave, the last of poor *Falstaff's* followers, takes the chastisement far too stolidly, rarely uttering a cry, hardly writhing, and never once attempting to escape.

Than Miss KATE RUSKIN as the *Boy, Falstaff's* page, no better representative could be found. Her French conversation and her acting as the interpreter between swaggering bully *Pistol* and the unfortunate French nobleman (who surely ought not to be represented by Mr. CHARLES MEYER as so utterly abject a victim), is thoroughly natural, and adds greatly to the humour of this absurdly burlesque scene. By the way, how has it come about that this sharp-witted, decently educated youth should have been in the confidential service of the Fat Knight and his company of blackguards? Much might be written on this page.

Miss SARAH BROOKE is charming as *Katharine*, and the light courtship dialogue between the French Princess, speaking her own language fluently, and *King Henry*, whose education has been so neglected that he cannot, as a linguist, be classed with *Falstaff's* page, attempting to express himself in the same tongue, is, as a detached scene, a delightful bit of comedy, recalling for a moment, as does the practical joke of the leek, the days when the King, a gay young man about town, larked with *Doll*, being quite unrestrained by the etiquette that now fetters him as the reformed rake, the manly, pious and bluff soldier-King.

Most heartily does Mr. Punch's Representative congratulate Mr. WALLER on his rendering of this fine declamatory part, and on the entire representation. Great praise is due to Messrs. HELMSLEY and BANKS for their effective scenery, and to Mr. RAYMOND ROZE for his music, though one can have a little too much of even this good thing. SHAKESPEARE'S historic play is not a *ballet d'action*.

THE GROWING IMPOTENCE OF THE PRESS.

[If we are to believe the statement that a vast majority in the country is opposed to fiscal reform, we have the remarkable phenomenon of an overwhelming proportion of the London Press diametrically opposed to public opinion on the most vital question of the hour.]

As Thought acquires an ampler sway
I've watched the old illusions die,
And felt it only right to lay
The facts before the common eye;
I've admitted a gradual breach
In the faiths that we used to confess,
But to one I have clung like a leech—
I allude to the Power of the Press.

When sceptics thus assailed my creed:
"These writers by the day or week—
Are they a supernatural breed
Of genius, giant, god or freak?"
I replied, "They are human, of course,
But the might that they wield with the pen
Is a very mysterious force
As employed in the moulding of men!"

Some say it was the breakfast hour,
When intellects are passing cheap,
Which gave the Press its plastic power
Over a public dazed with sleep;
For myself not a rap do I care
How it came to impose on the brain;
It has burst like a bubble in air,
It has soared to the sightless inane!

Vainly, to judge by truant votes,
Some 85 per cent. or so
Of London's journalistic throats
Urge the reforms of Fiscal Joe;
For the louder they din in her ears
That her commerce is going askew,
The more firmly the country adheres
To precisely the opposite view.

Yet readers love the patriot page;
No Little Englanders are these;
For joy of Empire they'll engage
To go and maslied all you please;
They have dreamt an Imperial dream
Of the Fowl and her Filial Brood,
But they couldn't consent to a scheme
That affected the bulk of their Food.

It seems, at sight, a trivial phrase—
"Your Loaf—he means to make it less!"
Yet none who knows our little ways
Will wonder how it hurt the Press;
For your Briton's a person of sense
When you get at his innermost core;
His regard for the Mail is immense,
But the love of his tummy is more! O. S.

WE learn from the *St. James's Gazette* that at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S meeting at Gainsborough all the 600 guinea seats on the platform were taken. Surely a record price!



Bernard Partridge.

MOST EMBARRASSING !

MISS TRANSVAAL. "HENRY DEAR, YOU WON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE WHEN YOUR SHIP COMES HOME?"

[“The Boers, we are told, regard General Botha's declaration as nailing Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to his speech at South Queensferry, so that, whenever his party comes into office, he may remember his pledge to grant autonomy to the new Colonies.”—“Times,” January 31.]





A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Bobbie (taking the second apple—to Mabel). "If AUNTIE HAD PASSED THEM TO ME FIRST, I'D HAVE TAKEN THE LITTLEST ONE."
Mabel. "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'VE GOT THE LITTLEST ONE!"

TO A SEMI-DETACHED
NEIGHBOUR.

AGAIN the firelight shadows mix
 Their mazy dance, and on mine ear
 Soft steals through intervening bricks
 The strain that once I held so dear.

'Tis but a simple-sounding thing,
 Yet ere an hour or so hath sped
 I feel a hopeless longing spring
 Within my breast to know you dead.

Oh count me not a Philistine,
 One of that rude, untutored throng,
 Which only designates divine
 The music of a dinner-gong.

Go, ask my relatives and those
 Who know me best, and they'll agree
 That 'neath this cold exterior glows
 A heart attuned to harmony.

Oft, oft will organ-grinders pause
 To gaze upon me in their play,
 Incredulous that they should cause
 A rapture such as I betray.

And many a wandering minstrel's eye
 Hath shed a soft Teutonic tear

Within a generous mug of my
 Imported Munich lager beer.

And yet your music stirs in me
 No subtly-sweet responsive thrill,
 Its one achievement seems to be
 To make me most supremely ill.

Is it, perchance, because your fond
 And faithful fancy seems to roam
 To melodies that lie beyond
 The narrow range of "Home, Sweet
 Home?"

Or does this lonely, brooding heart,
 That craves a silent hour, condemn
 The way in which you always start
 At nine and play till two A.M.?

I know not, friend; I only know
 That if you do not shortly cease
 I mean to summon you to go
 Before a Justice of the Peace.

"Four men who robbed a shop at
 Shipley were traced by a trail of patent
 food." In fact the Force (headed possibly
 by P.-C. SUXXY JIM) was on their track.

THE LITTLE FATHER.

NICHOL, NICHOL, little CZAR,
 How I wonder where you are!
 You who thought it best to fly,
 Being so afraid to die,
 Now the sullen crowds are gone,
 Now there's nought to fire upon;
 Sweet your sleigh bells ring afar,
 Tinkle, tinkle, little CZAR.

Little CZAR, with soul so small,
 How are you a CZAR at all?
 Yours had been a happier lot
 In some peasant's humble cot.
 Yet to you was given a day
 With a noble part to play,
 As an Emperor and a Man;
 When it came—"then NICKY ran."

Little CZAR, beware the hour
 When the people strikes at Power;
 Soul and body held in thrall,
 They are human after all.
 Thrones that reek of blood and tears
 Fall before the avenging years.
 While you watch your sinking star,
 Tremble, tremble, little CZAR!

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

XII. THE CHAUFFEUR.

I.

*Mrs. Adrian Armyne to her sister.**(Extract.)*

WE have found a most delightful chauffeur, a Frenchman named ACHILLE LE BON, who speaks English perfectly, although with a fascinating accent, and is altogether most friendly and useful. He is continually doing little things for me, and it is nice too to have someone to talk French with. ADRIAN'S conversational French has always been very rusty. You remember how in that little shop at Avignon in 1880 he said "Quel dommage?" for "What is the price?"

II.

Mr. Adrian Armyne to the Conservative Agent at Winchester.

MR. ADRIAN ARMYNE presents his compliments to Mr. BASHFORD, and greatly regrets what must look very like a slight in his absence from the chair at last night's meeting, but circumstances over which he had no control caused him to miss the way in his motor-car and afterwards to break down at a spot where it was impossible to get any other vehicle. MR. ARMYNE cannot too emphatically express his regret at the occurrence, and his hope that trust in his good faith as a worker in the cause of Fiscal Reform may not be permanently shattered.

III.

Sir Vernon Boyce to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR ARMYNE,—I think you ought to know that I came across your Frenchman with a gun in the Lower Spinney this morning, evidently intending to get what he could. He explained to me that he distinctly understood you, to say that he was at liberty to shoot there. How such a misunderstanding can have arisen I cannot guess, but he is now clearly informed as to divisions of land and other matters which apparently are different in France. It is all right, but I think you ought to keep an eye on him.

Yours sincerely,

VERNON BOYCE.

IV.

*Mrs. Armyne to her sister.**(Extract.)*

ACHILLE is certainly very useful, although his mercenary French nature makes him a little too careless about time, and once or twice he has been nowhere to be found at important junctures. For instance, we completely missed Lord TANCSTON'S wedding the other day. Not that that mattered very much, especially as we had sent a silver inkstand, but ADRIAN is rather annoyed. ACHILLE plays the mandoline charmingly

(we hear him at night in the servants' hall), and he has been teaching me *repoussé* work.

V.

Mrs. Armyne to Mrs. Jack Lyon.

DEAR MRS. LYON.—My husband and myself are deeply distressed to have put out your table last evening, but it was one of those accidents that occur now and then, and which there is no foreseeing or remedying. The fact is that we were all ready to go and had ordered the car, when it transpired that ACHILLE, our chauffeur, had been called to London by telegram, and had left in so great a hurry that he had no time to warn us. By the time we could have sent to the village and got a carriage your dinner would have been over, and so we decided not to go at all. ACHILLE has not yet returned, which makes us fear that the poor fellow, who has relatives in Soho, may have found real trouble.

Yours sincerely, EMILY ARMYNE.

VI.

Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.

DEAR ACHILLE,—I am very sorry to have to tell you that it has been made necessary for us to ask you to go. This is not on account of any dissatisfaction that we have with you, but merely that Mrs. ARMYNE has heard of the son of an old housekeeper of her father's who wishes for a post as chauffeur, and she feels it only right that he should be given a trial. You will, I am sure, see how the case stands. Perhaps we had better say that a month's notice begins from to-day, but you may leave as much earlier as you like. I shall, of course, be only too pleased to do all I can to find you another situation. I should have told you this in person, but had to go to town, and now write because I think it would be wrong not to let you have as early an intimation of Mrs. ARMYNE'S decision as possible. I am,

Yours faithfully,

ADRIAN ARMYNE.

VII.

*Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.**(By hand.)*

DEAR ACHILLE,—I am afraid that a letter which was posted to you from London when I was last there, a month ago, cannot have reached you. Letters are sometimes lost, and this must be one of them. In it I had to inform you that Mrs. ARMYNE, having made arrangements for an English chauffeur who has claims on her consideration (being the son of an old housekeeper of her father's, who was in his service for many years, and quite one of the family), it was made necessary for us, much against our will, for we esteem you very highly, to ask you to go. As that letter

miscarried I must now repeat the month's notice that I then was forced to give, and the permission for you to leave at any time within the month if you like. I am, yours faithfully,

ADRIAN ARMYNE.

VIII.

Mr. Armyne to his nephew Sidney Burnet. (Extract.)

There seems to be nothing for it but to sell our car. This is a great blow to us, but we cannot go on as we are, apparently owning a car but in reality being owned by a chauffeur.

IX.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR UNCLE,—Don't sell the car. The thing to do is to pretend to sell it, get rid of your NAPOLEON, and then have it back. Why not say I have bought it? I will come over one day soon and drive it home. Say Thursday morning.

Your affectionate nephew,

SIDNEY.

X.

Mr. Armyne to Mr. Sidney Burnet.

MY DEAR SIDNEY,—Your plan seems to me to be ingenious, but your aunt is opposed to it. She says that ACHILLE might find it out. Suppose, for example, he came back for something he had forgotten and saw the car in the coach-house again! What should we do? Another objection is that poor Jon is ill, and ACHILLE remarked to me the other day that before he took to engineering he was a gardener. From what I know of him this means that, unless Jon gets better, ACHILLE—if your plan is carried through—will ask to be retained in Jon's place, and this will mean that we shall never see asparagus or strawberries again. Don't you think that we might go to town, and you could ride over to "Higheroft" and give ACHILLE notice yourself for me? We will go to town to-morrow, and you might see ACHILLE on Monday.

Your affectionate uncle.

XI.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR UNCLE,—I went over and sacked ACHILLE to-day as arranged, but he replied that he could take notice only from you; and that from what Aunt EMILY had said to him just before you went away he is sure there has been some mistake. As to notice from you I'm afraid the beggar's right. He seems to have taken advantage of your absence to build a really rather clever pergola leading from Aunt EMILY'S sitting-room to the rose walk, as a surprise for Mrs. ARMYNE, he said. He has also re-painted all your bookshelves and mended that pair of library steps. With the dispatch

of this bulletin I retire from the position of discharger of Frenchmen.

Your affectionate nephew,
SIDNEY.

XII.

Mrs. Jack Lyon to a friend a few months later. (Extract.)

You remember the ARMYNES? In despair at ever getting rid of their chauffeur, who certainly led them a fearful dance, although he was rather a dear creature, the poor things let their house for a year and decided to travel. I have just heard from BELLA, from Florence, that she met them toiling up the hill to Fiesole the other day, and behind them, carrying Mrs. ARMYNE'S easel, was—who do you think? The chauffeur!

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

["How do you like North Dorset?" asked a working man of Mr. BALFOUR in Manchester. "I have no objection to North Dorset; we must take these things as they come," replied the PREMIER, who then shook hands with his interlocutor and stepped into his carriage."—*Daily Paper.*]

As Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON was returning the other day from an amateur theatrical performance of *A Chinese Honeymoon*, he was accosted by a sandwichman, who asked him, "What price Chinese wives and families in the Transvaal?" "My good man," replied Mr. LYTTELTON, "I have no objection to Chinese wives and families. We must take these things as they come,—or don't come," and, politely handing the man a choice Borneo cigar, the Colonial Secretary adroitly turned into an "A B C," where he ordered birds'-nest soup and roast puppy.

"What do you think of the Board of Trade Returns?" asked an Aston Villa Forward of the ex-Colonial Secretary, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was recently making some purchases in Birmingham. "What do I think of the Board of Trade Returns?" echoed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his most genial tones. "Why, I think they're perfectly lovely! Of course I'm not going to take them lying down, but that's no reason why they should make me sit up." With these words Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presented his questioner with a choice orchid, patted him on the back, and took a flying leap into a passing hansom.

As Mr. BRODRICK was leaving the India Office a few days ago, he was hailed by an omnibus-driver with the trenchant query, "How do you like Lord Curzon?" Mr. BRODRICK, with that sunny smile and ready tact which have endeared him to all classes in the community, immediately rejoined: "What's the matter with Lord Curzon? He's all right!" The



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

Lady Grubington (to very distinguished artist, whom she has just met for the first time). "DO YOU KNOW I AM SO VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU, AND I MUST TELL YOU, MY LITTLE SISTER HAS MADE SOME REALLY QUITE TOO WONDERFUL COPIES FROM SOME OF YOUR ILLUSTRATIONS, AND WE ALL THINK SHE OUGHT TO MAKE QUITE A LOT OF MONEY OUT OF THEM. OH! AND COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE SHE COULD SELL THEM, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, IT WOULD BE SO AWFULLY JOLLY FOR HER, DON'T YOU KNOW?" [*Distinguished artist thinks it would, and feels very highly flattered.*]

'bus-driver shook his head, but Mr. BRODRICK, determined not to miss an opportunity of conciliating public opinion, mounted the top of the omnibus, and taking a front seat drove off in such absorbing conversation with the Jehu that the 'bus ran into one of the lions in Trafalgar Square.

As Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM was on his way to read a paper on SHAKESPEARE'S sonnets in relation to the Irish Bacon trade at Mr. SIDNEY LEE'S superb mansion in Kensington, he was suddenly stopped by an infuriated Orangeman from Belfast, who shouted at him, "What do you think of Ulster now?" "Oh, I suppose I mustn't complain of Ulster," replied the Irish Secretary. "It is all

in the day's work." With this he pressed a fine cabinet photograph of Sir ANTOXY MACDONNELL on his interrogator, twirled his moustaches to their best RODIN sleekness, and hurried off to Lexham Gardens.

"Where's your WILLIE SHAKESPEARE now?" asked a member of the Stage Society of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, as the great Actor-Manager stood on the steps of the Garrick Club, thoughtfully perusing a telegram from a contortionist who wanted a leading part in the next revival of *King Lear*. "Anywhere but in my theatre," replied the Friend of the Footlights, turning lightly on his heel and disappearing through the historic swing doors.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER XII.

How the Queen found her father, retained her crown, and became engaged to be married.

THE butler, having made the startling announcement of the arrival of King Omo's emissary, stood still and expressionless in the attitude customary to well-trained domestics. For a time nobody spoke, for everyone felt that the incident was in some mysterious way big with fate. SYLVIA was the first to recover herself.

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The next moment the emissary was introduced. He was an aged nobleman of Eisenblut, and his uniform glittered with decorations that bespoke a long career devoted to the service of his country. It was for this reason that his sovereign had selected him for the mission—for this reason, and also because he spoke the language of Hinterland fluently and without a trace of foreign accent. When he came before the Queen he made a low obeisance, and then, drawing himself up to his full height, he produced a letter and spoke:—

"Your Majesty," he said, "my august master King Omo has confided to my care this precious document for presentation to your Majesty. Deign to read it and honour me by permitting me to take your gracious commands as to the answer I am to convey to my King."

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"Yes, Mamma," she said, "the letter is indeed from King Omo. He declares his unalterable affection for me, and asks me to marry him when I shall have reached the age of seventeen. Oh, Mamma, I am so happy!" And she sought her mother's side and flung her arms about her neck.

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"But I had not forgotten it," said SYLVIA with dignity. "My mind is irrevocably made up. As Queen I could not break a law. As subject I can, and I mean to, be the consequences what they may. On my seventeenth birthday I shall abdicate, and shall then marry Omo."

At this terrible declaration a shudder of horror seemed to go through those who heard it. The emissary started back, and placed his hand before his eyes as though to shut out some dreadful spectacle; the Grand Duchess fell into a chair and gave way to tears; and the Naval Blue-Stick, having darted forward, was clutched by SARAH, who, in the midst of her own distracted feelings, was yet able to counsel him to preserve that self-restraint which his office and the presence of the monarch rendered necessary. The Lord Chancellor too was moved, but he soon regained his composure and cleared his throat and spoke:—

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Surgeon (examining in the practical methods of reviving the apparently drowned). "Now, HOW LONG WOULD YOU PERSEVERE IN THOSE MOTIONS OF THE ARMS?" Blue Jacket (from the Emerald Isle) "UNTIL HE WAS DEAD, SIR!"

CHARIVARIA.

The Russian failure in the fighting on the Hanho is a painful set-back after the victories at St. Petersburg.

A Court of Inquiry has found that the Winter Palace occurrence, whereby a loaded gun was fired without hitting the Czar, was an accident.

Now that Port Arthur has fallen, Admiral ALEXEIEFF has received the title of Viceroy of Manchuria, in place of his former title of Viceroy of the Far East. But even the new designation is somewhat cumbersome, and we fancy he will soon come to be called simply the Viceroy.

The practice among Russian officers of firing at cattle from the railway carriage windows on their way to the front has been described as inhumane. This seems hypercritical. They might have been shooting their fellow-citizens at home.

The Czar, in receiving a deputation of workmen, told them that their welfare was very near to his heart, but to come to him like a rebel mob was a crime.

Still, that was their only way of learning how near their welfare was to their sovereign's heart.

"General TIEROFF," according to the *Daily Chronicle*, "intends to arrange for a Press bureau." Should it not be spelt *bourreau*?

"We want to go back to Cologne," the Macedonian gipsies have informed an inquirer. We had heard before that our visitors stand badly in need of the waters of that city.

During the Hungarian elections a number of persons had their ears torn off. As one of SHAKESPEARE's characters remarked, in a less important crisis, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears."

The new marine drive at Scarborough, which was to have been inaugurated by the Prince of WALES, was informally opened by the sea the other day.

"If we had not had great Colonial responsibilities," declared Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Gainsborough, "we should not be the people we are." But are we?

The persons who attend football matches are sometimes reproached with never taking part in a game themselves, but at Dublin the other day a misdirected ball broke a spectator's leg.

Many painful charges have been brought against aliens, and now the Chairman of an important brewery has called upon the Government to prohibit their entrance into England on the ground that they will not drink beer.

A Carlisle lady accused her husband last week of striking her in the face with the *Christian Herald*. It did not transpire whether she retorted with a *Punch* in the eye.

Dr. CLIFFORD has advised the inhabitants of Wigan never to buy a certain newspaper, and, in the event of their finding it in a railway carriage (when the cost would be nothing), never to believe it. We disapprove of his conduct in mentioning the paper's actual name in connection with so pronounced an innuendo; but at the same time we are free to admit that we ourselves have often noticed newspapers lying on the seats of railway carriages.



POUR LE MÉRITE.

THE MIKADO (to the Czar). "MAY YOUR MAJESTY LONG CONTINUE YOUR 'TRANQUILLISING' METHODS. IN THE MEANTIME, DEIGN TO ACCEPT THIS DECORATION AS JAPAN'S BEST FRIEND."



"ON HALF A SHEET OF NOTE-PAPER."

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, February 6.—Much stir of late about discovery of unfinished novel by DIZZY. The MEMBER FOR SARK has had corresponding luck in another direction. Turning over long-preserved contents of waste-paper baskets bought at the Gad's Hill sale, he came upon what was evidently the first draft of Chapter XIV. of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Has generously placed it at my disposal.*

It begins in sequence to the prelude to the interview Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. concedes to his dissatisfied constituents.

"Now, Gentlemen," said Mr. Gregsbury (laying down the proofs of a new pamphlet on which Mr. Pugstyle's quick eye caught the title, "What Matters Anything?"), "you are dissatisfied with my conduct; at least so I'm told by those who read the newspapers."

At this point divagation is made. The great novelist, with almost weird prophetic gift piercing the future hid by a new century, recognises the political situation of to-day. Mr. Gregsbury forecasts PRINCE ARTHUR, Mr. Pugstyle adumbrates C.-B. Only, instead of being spokesman of a disappointed constituency, the latter, heading a deputation, looks in as exponent of the views of an exasperated electorate calling for immediate dissolution of Parliament.

In the conversation that follows, copied textually from the recovered MS., members of the Boz Club and less erudite students of DICKENS will perceive how curiously little this first draft varies from that found in the final version of the chapter.

"Yes, we are," said a plump old gentleman, bursting out of the throng.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" said Mr. Gregsbury, "or is that my old friend Pugstyle, who for long nights through many Sessions has sat opposite me in the House of Commons, enjoying the amity that reigns on the Front Bench?"

"I am sorry to be here, Sir, but your conduct, Mr. Gregsbury, more especially in respect of your dubious relations with JOE, has rendered this deputation necessary."

"My conduct, Pugstyle," said Mr. Gregsbury, looking round upon the deputation with an affable smile, "my conduct has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the real interests of this great and happy country. I think the country understands that. I think that time is on our side, and that the movement of events, in so far as it is given us to forecast it, will more and more show where the country is to place its faith

* Copyright, 1905, by the Member for Sark, in the United States of America.



"Mr. Gregsbury (Mr. Arthur Balfour) leaned back in his chair till he seemed to sit upon his spine 'My time is yours—and my country's.'"

if it is to have security at home and peace abroad."

"We shall see," said Pugstyle, "and all the sooner if you will at once dissolve Parliament. Meanwhile we can't make out how you stand on this Fiscal question."

Mr. Gregsbury stretched forth his legs and leaned back in his chair till he seemed to sit upon his spine.

"I think, Pugstyle," he said, "I know what constitutes a clear statement as well as any man living. And I say with absolute confidence that you may study my speeches and my writings since this Fiscal controversy first arose—you may examine everything I have said and written, and you will find one consistent train of thought running throughout, perfectly clear, perfectly intelligible, and perfectly self-contained."

Here a voice from the back of the crowd asked, "What is it?"

Mr. Gregsbury affected not to hear.

"We wish, Sir," remarked Mr. Pugstyle, "to ask you a few questions."

"If you please, Gentlemen. Perhaps it would be more convenient if you interrogated Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. But let that pass. My time is yours—and my country's."

Mr. Pugstyle put on his spectacles

and referred to a written paper which he drew from his pocket.

"First of all," he ticked off, "will you resign, and when?"

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Gregsbury, with a smile that illumined the deputation, "so long as the party in the House of Commons enables the present Government to carry on their functions with dignity and utility to the public, so long shall we consider ourselves bound to them to give them what help and guidance we can. Go on to the next question, my dear Pugstyle."

(Mr. Pugstyle went on with his catechism very much on the lines of the published version of the novel.)

Mr. Gregsbury always smiling non-assent, a hoarse murmur arose from the deputation. One growled, "Resign!" which growl, being taken up, swelled into a very earnest and general remonstrance.

"I am requested, Sir, to express a hope," said Mr. Pugstyle, "that on receiving a requisition to that effect, framed in the fashion of an Amendment to the Address, you will not object to resign office in favour of some candidate whom the people, as indicated by recent by-elections, show they can better trust."

"I am perfectly ready," said Mr. Gregsbury, "to state, not as a matter of

fact exactly on a sheet, but on half a sheet of note-paper, the essence and out line of my views on the situation."

Here he produced and waved in the face of the deputation a slip of note-paper.

"My dear *Pugstyle*," he read, nodding pleasantly at his morning caller, "next to the welfare of our beloved island, this great, free and happy country, whose powers and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable, I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I hope to bequeath to my brother's children untarnished and unsullied. Actuated by no personal motives, moved only by high constitutional considerations, which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beyond the comprehension of the small

chester. They are in spirit and in phrase so entirely in *Mr. Gregsbury's* vein that they can be detected only by comparing the newly-discovered text with the printed book. As for the coincidence of the slips of note-paper, it is an actuality, for proof of which "overhaul the wollum," as *Captain Tuttle* used to say.

TEACHING THE RUSTICS.

(A Study in Electioneering Morals.)

I. — AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CONTEST.

From *Mr. Redde's speech* . . . I am no embittered partisan. There are matters, indeed, in which every one worthy of the name of Briton must rise far above the level of mere party politics. For example, I admit the foreign policy of the present Government has been framed with considerable wisdom, and has received cordial approval from all sides. . . . Turning to domestic matters, however, the Ministerial record is less satisfactory. . . . The instinct for change, Gentlemen, is a healthy one, and I venture to suggest that a holiday from the cares of office would be good for the present Government and beneficial to the country at large. (*Hear, hear.*)

From *Mr. Bleice's speech* . . . While admitting as I do with pleasure the considerable ability that is to be found on the Opposition benches, I ask you if there is reason in voting against a tried and trusted Ministry, which has led a united people through a period of considerable difficulty? (*Hear.*)

II. HALF-WAY THROUGH.

From *Mr. Redde's speech* . . . time to speak out. (*Hear, hear.*) The language of abuse I will leave to my opponent, who is so great a master of it. (*Laughter.*) I will only remark that of this miserable, craven, inefficient fraud of a Government the country is sick to death. And by your votes you will serve it with yet another peremptory notice to quit. (*Cheers.*) Its foreign policy, as I have consistently maintained, is beneath contempt. (*Hear.*) . . . reduced the unfortunate Chinese to something like slavery . . . bribed by the brewing interest . . . and what of this Tariff reform and its results? No one can anticipate them exactly (*Hear, hear.*) but undoubtedly there would be a great rise in the cost of food, and the results would be disastrous to the agricultural classes (*Cheers.*) Vote, then, for the party of retrenchment, for those great principles of economy blended with progress . . . greatness of the country.

From *Mr. Bleice's speech* . . . plain speaking seems necessary. What is to be said of a party devoid of intelligence, lacking in common honesty, and possessing only a superfluity of leaders

(*Laughter*), and an insensate greed for the spoils of office? . . . solid record of sound legislation which the Government can claim . . . and bring nearer the removal of an obsolete system which enriches the foreigner at your expense . . . and so contribute to the future prosperity of our great Empire. (*Cheers.*)

III. THE EVE OF THE POLL.

From *Mr. Redde's speech* . . . paint that reptile crew in their true colours. In the Transvaal quite a hundred thousand Chinese are being done to death, flogged as they labour in clanking chains until they drop . . . it is simply a well-known fact that the Licensing Bill was introduced in return for a cheque of £215,000 10s. 6d. presented to the Government by the liquor-trade. (*Shame!*) If you vote for my opponent, the following will be among the results: All your children will be kidnapped by the Ritualists, imprisoned in monasteries—already purchased in anticipation by the Archbishops—and taught repulsive doctrines, the cost of these monasteries coming out of the rates. (*Sensation.*) . . . Again, Tariff Reform will be introduced at once, your bread will cost ninepence a loaf, your beer sixpence-halfpenny a glass, your tea five shillings a pound. Beer at sixpence-halfpenny a glass, I repeat—every vote given for the Tory will be a vote for that! Nor is this all. The rent of every cottage and farm will be doubled. Any tenant in arrears, under the new Act which the Government means to introduce, will be sent at once to prison with hard labour . . . Is this unutterable tyranny to be brought about by your votes? (*Tremendous shouts of "No!"*) Then remember these simple, unworn facts to-morrow! (*Cries of "We will," and cheers.*)

From *Mr. Bleice's speech* . . . monstrous fabrications. Every Chinese labourer in South Africa is given two cows, a six-roomed house, and three months' holiday in the summer . . . do not wish to exaggerate the results of Fiscal Reform. This much, however, is certain. Your wages will be more than trebled (*Cheers*) . . . but let me be careful; even then men over 80 may be paid no more than forty shillings a week. Unlike some people, you see I exaggerate nothing! (*Hear, hear.*) Rates will be almost abolished. (*Cheers.*) Your household bills will be halved. (*Cheers.*) A voice, "What about rents?" Everyone will be able to buy his own house, so rents will not have to be paid. Four times your present wages—no rates—no rents—cheap food . . . To gain them, vote to-morrow for me! (*Cheers.*) To refuse them—vote for the contemptible Radical who, for the sake of catching your votes, has even dared to tamper with the sacredness of truth!



Mr. Pugstyle (Sir Henry C.-B.) "First of all, will you resign, and when?"

fry of the Opposition, I would rather keep my place, and intend doing so."

"Then you will not resign under any circumstances?" asked Mr. Pugstyle.

Mr. Gregsbury smiled again and shook his head.

"Then good morning, Sir," said Pugstyle angrily.

"Heaven bless you!" said Mr. Gregsbury. And the deputation, with many growls and scowls, filed off as quickly as the narrowness of the staircase would allow of their getting down.

Here the MS. ends. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with it is that the exceedingly few variations from the accepted text seem to have been taken verbally from two speeches delivered by Prince Arthur during a recent visit to his constituents at Man-



CHANGELINGS.

Master. "Hi, there! What do you mean by riding over those Turnips? Don't you know the damage it does? Can't you see they are Turnips?"
Farmer Jarge. "Be they Turnips now? Well, I be blessed! When I planted un, it were Rape!"

MRS. BRASSINGTON-CLAYPOTT'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

1.

If I had had my way we should not have had a children's party at all this year. As I said to MARMADUKE, "Modern children, especially in such social circles as we move in, expect more and more nowadays, and I really can't undertake to do things on the same scale as the GULDENSCHWEINS, or the McMAMMONS, or the SPLOSCHMEIERS. And when you're always saying things haven't gone so well in the City lately!"

MARMADUKE said he didn't like the idea of our children accepting their young friends' hospitalities without making any return, but, as I told him, our TORQUIL and ERMYSGARDE are such popular children people are only too delighted to have them. As for the disappointment to our chicks, they had both expressed their perfect willingness to accept five shillings apiece instead of having a party—which of course would come incalculably cheaper.

But he said things hadn't come to such a pass that he couldn't afford to give a children's party, and do the thing in style, too. He hinted that this was good policy from a business point of view. I represented that it was utterly out of the question for me to do the thing as it should be done on my housekeeping allowance, and he gave me an extra cheque, which he said ought to cover not only a first-class sit-down tea and supper but a really refined and expensive entertainment from HARRON'S or WHITELEY'S into the bargain.

I might have managed to make it do, I daresay, if only I hadn't had such frightfully bad luck at Bridge about that time that I was positively compelled to economise wherever possible.

So, when my maid MELANIE happened to mention a young man of her acquaintance who was anxious to obtain engagements at parties as a conjurer, and who (according to her) was quite extraordinarily talented, I told her to see if she could arrange with him to come to me and give an hour and a-half's performance for a guinea, this sum to include his cab-fares. I was careful to add this, because most entertainers make an extra charge for cab-fares, and they all seem to live a long way outside the radius. MELANIE was to point out that, as at my house he would have an opportunity of exhibiting before highly influential and wealthy people like the McMAMMONS, the SPLOSCHMEIERS, the GULDENSCHWEINS and others, he might find it to his advantage to make a considerable reduction in his usual terms.

Later MELANIE reported that she had so strongly impressed this upon him that he had declared his willingness to perform for me gratis, just for the sake of the introduction, and MELANIE added that he had offered to conclude by distributing a few small gifts, provided I saw no objection. I said if he liked to go to the expense he was of course at perfect liberty to do so, so long as he remembered that such presents should be of a certain value if they were to give pleasure to children in such a set as ours.

MELANIE assured me he quite understood, and that it would be all right, so I left it entirely to her—rather against my own instincts, for she was a girl I never could take to, somehow—it was always most unpleasant to meet her eyes in the looking-glass while she was brushing my hair of an evening. Still she was clever and useful in many ways, and I quite thought I could depend on her in a matter of this sort.

We had next to no refusals, and MARMADUKE not only came home early from the City himself that evening, but actually persuaded such busy people as Mr. SPLOSCHMEIER, Mr. McMAMMON, and Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN to look in while their respective offspring were still seated at the tea-table.

It was a thrilling thought, as one of our grown-up guests remarked to me at the time, that every one of those tiny tots was a potential little fifty-thousand-pounder at the very least,

always supposing, of course, that their dear parents met with no serious financial reverses before they reached maturity.

The little GULDENSCHWEINS are not what I call prettily-behaved children at table, and I am sure they had enough to eat of one sort and another, even if I did not think fit to provide quite enough hot tea-cake and crumpets to please them.

The other children made no complaints except that the young SPLOSCHMEIERS declared the crackers were swindles and not worth pulling, as they contained no jewellery; but when, on ERMYSGARDE'S announcing proudly that there was going to be a conjurer upstairs after tea, one of the little McMAMMONS declared he was sick of conjurers, and at their party they were going to have a Magic Kettle and a Ballet from the Empire, I confess I began to have misgivings about the entertainment I had provided.

For I really knew nothing about the man—not even his name. I had only MELANIE'S word for his being able to conjure at all, and I shuddered when I reflected that he might actually be capable of coming without a dress suit on.

It is not surprising that when at length every child admitted having reached the stage of repletion, and the Butler announced that the conjurer had arrived and was awaiting us in the drawing-room, I led the way upstairs with a sinking heart, and a fervent wish that I had not gone out of my way to do a kindness to this obscure protégé of MELANIE'S.

Many a time did I repeat that wish before that awful evening was over!

F. A.

HOTEL SIRIUS, LTD.

[Hotels for dogs have been started in America. These hotels are replete with every luxury and refinement; sumptuously fitted suites, baths, restaurants, gymnasiums and shampooing rooms are provided. Chambermaids and waiters of a superior order are placed at the disposal of dogs unaccompanied by their own valets.]

NOTICE.

LADIES and gentlemen belonging to Residents at this hotel are requested strictly to observe the following rules:—

1. Visitors desirous of being recognised may view Residents from behind the glass panels of the Caniary, whence they may endeavour to attract attention by quiet gesticulation. Tapping, whistling, chirping noises made with the lips, or other sounds likely to disturb Residents are strictly prohibited.
2. Sticks, umbrellas and whips must be handed to the hall-porter.
3. Damp, muddy, or untidy persons will on no account be admitted.
4. Dresses of serge or other rough material are strictly prohibited in the Lap-dog Lounge.
5. Boots must be removed prior to entering the rooms marked "Silence." List slippers may be obtained from the attendants on payment of 2d.
6. Evening-dress must be worn by all visitors invited to dine with the Residents to whom they belong.
7. Considerable offence having been given to Residents by the growing practice of visitors of speaking to them without introduction, the Management are now compelled summarily to expel all persons detected in this breach of good manners.
8. Visitors are on no account to pass comments whilst watching middle-aged or obese Residents exercising in the gymnasium.
9. Approved children, if not suffering from coughs, colds, chapped hands, or similar complaints, may join the recreation of juvenile Residents in the Puppies' Pandemonium between 10 and 11.30 a.m.
10. Visitors may on no account use the brushes or towels provided for Residents in the toilette departments.
11. During Siesta hours—2.0 to 5.0 and 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.—the hotel is closed.

HERR FLEDER MAUS'S NEW SYMPHONY.*(By Our Special Reporter.)*

THE new and long-expected *Sinfonia Patologica*, in D minor, of Herr FLEDER MAUS, the eminent surgical composer, was brought to a hearing for the first time at the Operating Theatre of the Langham Hospital on Saturday last in the presence of an unusually large number of students, and evoked an amount of enthusiasm which has rarely, if ever, attended a similar performance.

The symphony, which is in the usual four movements, may best be described

as a complete translation into terms of musical sound of the progress of a serious illness. A few bars of introduction, of a sinister and morbid tendency, indicate the presence of disquieting but ill-defined symptoms, a short but dignified phrase for the trombone expressing the arrival of the family doctor. We are then launched, in the first subject, a long and feverishly agitated theme assigned to the oboe, upon a poignant exposition of his sufferings by the patient, the peculiar harmonisation suggesting acute bronchial trouble. The development of this theme suggests successively dialogue, diagnosis, and decision, a strepitous figure in the violins depicting the anxiety of the patient's wife on being informed that his temperature is 104, and that an immediate operation for extirpation of the galliambic paradigm is imperatively necessary. The second subject, heralded by a few short sharp chords on the brass, typifies the entry of the great surgical specialist, and is of an abrupt and incisive character. The presence of an anæsthetist and nurses is clearly adumbrated in the working out and, by the time the *reprise* is reached, the audience is reassured by the conviction that everything that money can procure has been done to relieve the unfortunate patient. His complaint follows a normal course throughout the rest of the movement, a striking coda in which two new themes make their appearance indicating the composer's personal views as to the relative merits of allopathy and homœopathy.

The second movement, in the same key, takes the form of a *Scherzo delirante*, the opening section by its inflammatory and tempestuous diathesis indicating only too plainly that the hero (whom it

is perhaps permissible to identify with the composer himself) is suffering from a severe relapse. Great activity prevails in the highest register of the strings, while the percussion department is reinforced by four side-drums, and the trombones in three-part harmony maintain an obstinate thrombosis which is well-nigh excruciating. An interesting footnote in the full score, however, suggests that if the effect of this section is too overpowering for sensitive tympana the use of cotton-wool is not to be deprecated. A brief trio affords dynamic relief, but its fantastic character makes

its way with unimpaired serenity, dying away in an exquisitely long-drawn cadence—in which due prominence is accorded to the solo piperazine.

The Finale, D major, with the cheerful heading "*Convalescence*," strikes a reassuring note in the confident opening phrase which leads into the first subject proper, which is positively redolent of beef-tea. Indeed throughout the entire movement a steady dietetic progress is maintained. Fish is clearly suggested in some vigorous scale passages, and a fluttering figure in the clarinets shows that the embargo on chicken or other white meat has at least been temporarily withdrawn. A brief interlude for two *contra-carne Inglesi*, superbly rendered by Dr. HAIG and the Hon. NEVILLE LYTTON, introduces a transient element of discord, but their eloquent protest is speedily over-ruled by the triumphant entry of the second subject, a full-blooded fibrous melody which emerges again and again with ever-increasing strenuousness until its final apotheosis in the exultant *Coda di Bore* is thundered out with the full strength of the orchestra.

It only remains to be added that the composer, who conducted his own work with unflinching nerve, was summoned again and again to the platform at the conclusion of the performance, the applause being loudly renewed on Professor RAY LANKESTER rising in the body of the hall and intoning in a compulsory Greek mode the welcome announcement that Herr FLEDER MAUS had consented to join the staff of the Natural History Museum as honorary Demonstrator in Polyphonic Anatomy.

We hope that the character of those who advertise in the *Church Times* is not declining, but the following appeals are perhaps not quite all that is satisfactory:—

LADY wishes to find place for man (36), single, educated, as COMPANION-ATTENDANT . . . capable of anything.

BACHELOR Clergyman will be glad of someone to share his comfortable and bright home . . . Suit Lady.

(It is a brother of the cloth who kindly forwards us the second of these advertisements.)

MOTTO FOR AN HEREDITARY SWEEP.—Follow soot.

**FANCY BILLIARD SKETCH.***A Massé Stroke. From Old Cotton MS.*

it only too clear that the hero is in the thrall of the most acute amentia, and the recurrence of the opening section in an aggravated form prepares us to hear the worst at any moment.

Happily these gloomy forebodings are not fulfilled. The third movement, *Adagio Comatoso* in B flat major, by its opening bars at once indicates that the fever has abated and the patient has fallen into a profound and trypanosomatous slumber. The instruments are muted throughout, from the violin to the triangle, and a deliciously narcotic atmosphere is diffused by a variety of ingenious devices, including the burning of *Papier d'Asie* and other oriental condiments. Elaborate analysis of this simple but extraordinarily poetic movement is quite unnecessary: it is enough to say that it pursues the even tenor of

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE author of *He that Eateth Bread with Me* (METHUEN) conceals sex under the indefinite signature, H. A. MITCHELL KEATS. My Baronite would wager a ducat (if he had one



that the writer is not a man. Only a woman could conceive such a character as that of Clifford Mackemer, and tell his story without giving him an occasional dig in the ribs, or from time to time punching his head. Clifford is tall and handsome, has a soft voice and a charming manner. So he treads the primrose path without reproach or scorn. To tell the truth, he is a cowardly blackguard who wrecks the life of his first wife. Abandoning her, he finds another, fuller and whiter of flesh, as Mrs. (or Miss KEATS puts it, and, when he is satiated, goes back to his first love, who of course receives him with open arms and undimmed affection. Her content falls short of perfection only because she thinks it is really too selfish of her to take her oiled and curled Clifford away from the other woman. That lady, suspecting Clifford's wantonness, having paid an angry visit to the first wife, is, on her way back, conveniently slaughtered by an express train. Wife number one, miraculously recovering from the very jaws of death, is thus enabled to make Clifford happy ever afterwards—or at least as far as the narrative goes. All this seems preposterous. But there are some strong situations in the domestic drama, and the characters of the spirituelle wife and her fleshly rival are cunningly contrasted. In a strange book perhaps the most extraordinary thing is the title. For any conceivable connection with the story it might just as well have been labelled *She that Taketh Tea with Me*.

Maga (BLACKWOOD) remains a marvel among monthly Magazines. Oldest of all, it has the energy and vivacity of youth. My Baronite, a diligent reader, does not remember a better number than that proudly numbered MXXXII. issued this month. It opens with a slashing bit of literary criticism that will almost make CHRISTOPHER NORTH glow in his grave with gratification. In castigating the work of the biographer for what he describes as "a piece of jaded and illiterate hack-work," the reviewer is certainly a little hard on the subject of the biography. But when a Scotch Reviewer's blood is up he is, as BYRON knew, prone to hit out all round. *Maga* has, since Peninsular days, been fortunate in obtaining battle-pieces by eye-witnesses. "Linsman's" contributions from the Transvaal, republished, have taken their place in literature. He finds a worthy successor in "O.," who to this month's Magazine contributes three marvellous pictures of fighting by sea and land in the Far East.



From GRANT RICHARDS comes a tiny book of *London Characters*, so small as to be incased in a cover ingeniously got up to resemble an ordinary match-box, and described as one of *The Safety Series for Children*. The safety seems to the Baron to consist in everybody's being safe to mistake the imitation for the real article. Not wanting to purchase matches, people will neglect this specimen of light literature wherein will be found sparkling verses by Miss JESSIE POPE, illustrated by JOHN HASSALL's well-drawn and brightly-coloured character sketches. This little work of eccentric art is at present unique, as the Baron believes; and one thing is certain, that it is quite impossible to find a match for it.

The *Liberal Magazine*, issued by the Liberal Publication department housed at 42, Parliament Street, purports to be

a periodical for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It is that in fullest measure. But there is no reason why its usefulness should be confined to one political camp. Unionists, Liberals, Free-traders, Tariff Reformers, Retaliators, whatever we be, we are each all one in desire to have within reach a handy political record of the year. Such a treasure my Baronite discovers in this volume. It is quite true that the Editor, after Dr. JOHNSON's way with the Whigs, sees that the Tariff Reformers, and the Unionist Party generally, do not get the best of it. But facts and figures are what the honest seeker after truth wants, and here they be in abundance.

The plot of *The Doll's Dance*, by CLARENCE FORESTIER-WALKER (DUGBY, LONG & Co.), is boldly devised, the painful story carefully constructed, and the novel so well written that from first to last the reader is kept in suspense as to the ultimate issue. The Baron is of opinion that only a very painstaking and experienced man of the world is likely to comprehend the precise nature of the letters which give their unscrupulous possessor so powerful a hold over the younger brother, in whom, rather than the elder, the interest is centred. "*Tout comprendre*," quotes the author, "*c'est tout pardonner*." The truth of this most charitable motto the Baron admits, but he is puzzled as to its present application. Does it mean that to perfectly understand "the Doll's" movements is to pardon all that the Doll has done? But which is the Doll? Is it the younger brother? Surely, if this be so, is it not somewhat unfair on the part of the author thus to label his victimised hero, who is anything but a dancing doll? The Baron can see no other mere puppet in the show. If then the Baron cannot "*tout comprendre*," how can he "*tout pardonner*" the author? Whether he does so or not, his opinion on the literary and artistic merits of the work remains as he has placed it on record.



ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A CERTAIN Play had a most thrilling Tableau at the End of the Third Act, which seldom failed to rouse the Audience to the utmost Pitch of Enthusiasm. The Heroine was a Maiden, condemned, after many minor Annoyances, to be thrown to the Lions in the Coliseum (which, in the Play, was supposed to be in Rome), and the Hero had decided to die with her, as the only logical Consequence of repeated Asseverations during the previous Acts that he could not live without her. And when they had embraced a great many times and assured one another between whiles that Lions do not hurt much if you know how to take them, it was their Cue to walk slowly hand in hand to a Massive Door at the back of the Stage, and, amidst the horrid Growls of the rest of the Company behind, to pass away to their Fate and their Supper. But one evening, when the fateful Portal was thrown open to receive them, it discovered the Carpenter's toy Terrier, wagging its Tail, somewhat guiltily indeed, but in an unmistakably friendly manner; and, as the Latin Exercise Book says, there were some who laughed.

Moral.—"The little less, and what worlds away!"

NOTE BY THE WAY.—If the present prospects of Kent coal are happily realised, then the best part of this county will be its seamy side.



TAKING UP A GOOD POSITION ;

OR, THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

BRAN BATHS.

THE above form of cold weather ablu-
tion, so much in vogue in Parisian
circles, will appeal to the more highly
strung and delicately nurtured among
us who share the Continental prejudice
against soap and water. We guarantee
that if our readers will try the following
directions (borrowed from a lady's paper)
they will not only enjoy a complete
change of complexion, but experience
after-effects which the passage of many
days will fail to wipe off. Boil four
quarts of bran in a gallon of water, pour
the liquid into a bath, massage the flesh
with bags made of cheese cloth (obtain-
able at any American cheese merchant's)
containing a mixture of the bran—well
cooked as above and glutinous—orris
root crushed, castile soap and powdered
borax. The new coat thus formed on
the surface of the skin must be allowed
to harden before adding a second coat
of emollient jelly, composed of gum
tragacanth, glycerine, alcohol, and oil of
violet. The proper smearing consistency

of this mixture is not attained until it is
the thickness of honey or golden syrup.

We must advise our readers at this
point to suppress an overwhelming
desire for moonlight soap and a scrub-
bing brush, as by exercising patience
and self-control the bran bather will
soon become accustomed to a sensation
of stickiness. The treatment must be
continued through the cold weather, as
it has the additional charm of protect-
ing the pores from the rigours of our
spring climate.

We hasten to add that the *bran bath*
must not be confused with the *bran tub*,
one of the many points of difference
being that a dip in the latter creates a
desire to repeat the experiment, which
is rarely the case with the former.

MAXIM GORKY's new drama bears the
name of "*Dachnike*," which, we under-
stand, is pronounced, "Dash Nicky."

BETTER THAN STONES IN BATH BUNS.—
SARAH BERNHARDT in a new rôle.

PSNOBISME ?

[It is stated that a gentleman of the name of
SMITH proposes, by way of differentiation, to
adopt the signature of "Psmith," on the analogy
of the mute *p* in "psalm."]

HEAR, all ye countless SMITHS and
SCHMIDTS,

Who long have exercised your wits
In numerous ways to mask or mimic
Your world-pervading patronymic !

Ye SMITHS and SCHMITZES, SMYTHS and
SMYTHES

Or SMITHS (whereat my tongue-tip
writhes),

A Mr. PSMITH has added lately
His variant, which arrides me greatly.

It shouts aloud, this silent *P*,
A patent of gentility,
To match, with little extra trouble,
Those small initial *f*'s writ double.

Soon in the Landed Gentry books
We shall be meeting PSOKES and PSNOOKS,
And last, with rival ardour whetted,
PROMPKINS and PTUMBS will get Debretted !

NO OFFENCE INTENDED.

"DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?"

Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 1

[The statement of Mr. LEE, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty, to the effect that the new disposition of our sea forces will enable us to deal with emergencies in the North Sea as well as in the English Channel has provoked expostulation in Berlin, and been severely reprobated in our own Radical Press.]

WHEN I observe our well-known British fleet,

So fine, so large, so palpably effective,
And ask the Liberal Thinker in the Street

What is, if any, its precise objective,
It seems that I, thus groping in the dark,
Have made a most indelicate remark.

Why this is so, I simply fail to see.

We're fit, of course, to cope with all creation,

Yet, pending that combine, there well may be

Some special, some "most highly favoured nation,"

On whose particular attempt to fly

Our Admiralty keeps its weather eye.

Can it be France? And would we, then, unweave

Those fetters soft as silk and warm as flannel,

Or tear our hearts from off our mutual "Sleeve"

(This is a word-play on the French for Channel),

Just at the moment when she means to land

And start a *Palais Chantant* in the Strand?

Or Russia? No, we couldn't spoil the sport

Of that amazing tar, the gallant Togo;

Onward from Madagascar's fruity port

Let her by all means, if she wants to go, go;

We are determined, I can safely say,

To put no difficulty in her way.

Is it America? Ah, dearest bond!

Think of the mother yearning towards her daughter!

Think of the hands across the herring-pond!

Think of the liquid more opaque than water!

Pledges of faith which none who dines may doubt

When Mr. CHOWE (God bless him!) trots 'em out.

Italy loves us on account of CAINE;

Belgium is busy with the Congo tourist;

Portugal isn't quite so strong as Spain,

And Spain's "Invincibles" are of the poorest;

Greece has mislaid the pluck that broke the Persians,

And Norway's modern Viking runs excursions.

I doubt if Denmark really matters much,

Or Austria, on the bottled Adriatic,

Or Holland, though her ancestry was Dutch,

Or Turkey, where the fleet is most erratic;

Or Switzerland, with courage more than most,

But largely hampered by a lack of coast.

Then is it Monaco? She keeps a yacht,

But only one, and insecurely plated;

Or China? No, I rather fancy not,

So recently her arms were dislocated;

Nor may we compass (this is MONKIE's view)

The chastisement of Chili or Peru.

Enfin, there's Germany. But that's absurd.

I grant her navy visibly increases,

But have we not the KAISER's solemn word,

Who says his purpose coincides with Peace's;

Viz., to protect the claims of Teuton brands

Throughout his world-embracing Hinterlands?

So, after all, our braves who hold the brine,
Acquired at so exorbitant a rental,
Would seem to nurse no definite design,
Their object being mainly ornamental;
And to convey the contrary impression
Is to commit a "blazing indiscretion."

O. S.

ARS ARMOURIS.

Armour virumque cano to the tune, if possible, of the ancient hunting song entitled, "*He's the man for Gallegay!*" Here, at the Leicester Gallery show, Leicester Square, is the artist to draw a covert, to be in the first flight from start to finish, and to be presented with the brush. Those who have admired this artist's excellent black-and-white art in *Mr. Punch's* pages, - hounds, horses and riders, correctly drawn, full of action, always literally *dans le mouvement*, may have been inclined to say to the artist "*nimum ne crede colori.*" But the fortunate youth turns out to be a dab hand as a colourist, and many of the specimens now exhibited show Mr. G. D. ARMOUR taking his place with the best among the Brethren of the Brush who depict purely sporting subjects. The picture representing the immortal *Jorrocks* is rightly labelled "No. 1," for, to our thinking, in the humour of the situation, in its tone, in the attitude of *Jorrocks* and in that of the intelligent hunter he is bestriding, and in the extensive landscape showing the fields below where hounds are running, this composition has not its equal in the entire collection, though the clever No. 42, "*Vieued away,*" and 72, "*The Pouchers,*" are within measurable distance of it. The almost insuperable difficulty that must have presented itself to the artist was that the delineation of *Jorrocks* could not be his own creation, as the type had long ago been created by JOHN LEECH. But this difficulty has been overcome by Mr. ARMOUR, who has very cleverly given us only a back view of the well-known *Jorrocks*, M.F.H.

As we have said above, our unstinted praise is given to the majority of his pictures in colour, not to all. The colouring is unequal; yet in the instance of No. 67 its thinness will escape, at first sight, the criticism of the spectator, who cannot fail to laugh heartily at the humour of the situation. The rider has come to a stylish Lawn Meet, and in full sight of huntsman, whips, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the hunt, the unfortunate visitor has been suddenly bucked off by his horse which, heels in air, is turning its head towards him, evidently enjoying his discomfiture. Besides No. 1, there are two illustrations from *Jorrocks*, one of *Pigg* (not *Pig*, as the catalogue hath it), *James Pigg*, his huntsman, and one of *Binjamin*; but those who remember LEECH's illustrations of *Handley Cross* will not care much for these. Note No. 12, showing "the sort of horse that makes his owner unpopular." This is good in every way. There are in all ninety-two sporting pictures, "plain and coloured," thoroughly English in spirit. The collection is unique. But before leaving we return to "No. 1," and insert "A" before the numeral.

The Horoscope Test.

EXPERIENCED BUSINESS WOMAN as manageress, floor-walker, supervisor. Not necessarily experienced in hair-dressing, but must be tactful, reliable, and born about Sept. 22.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*.

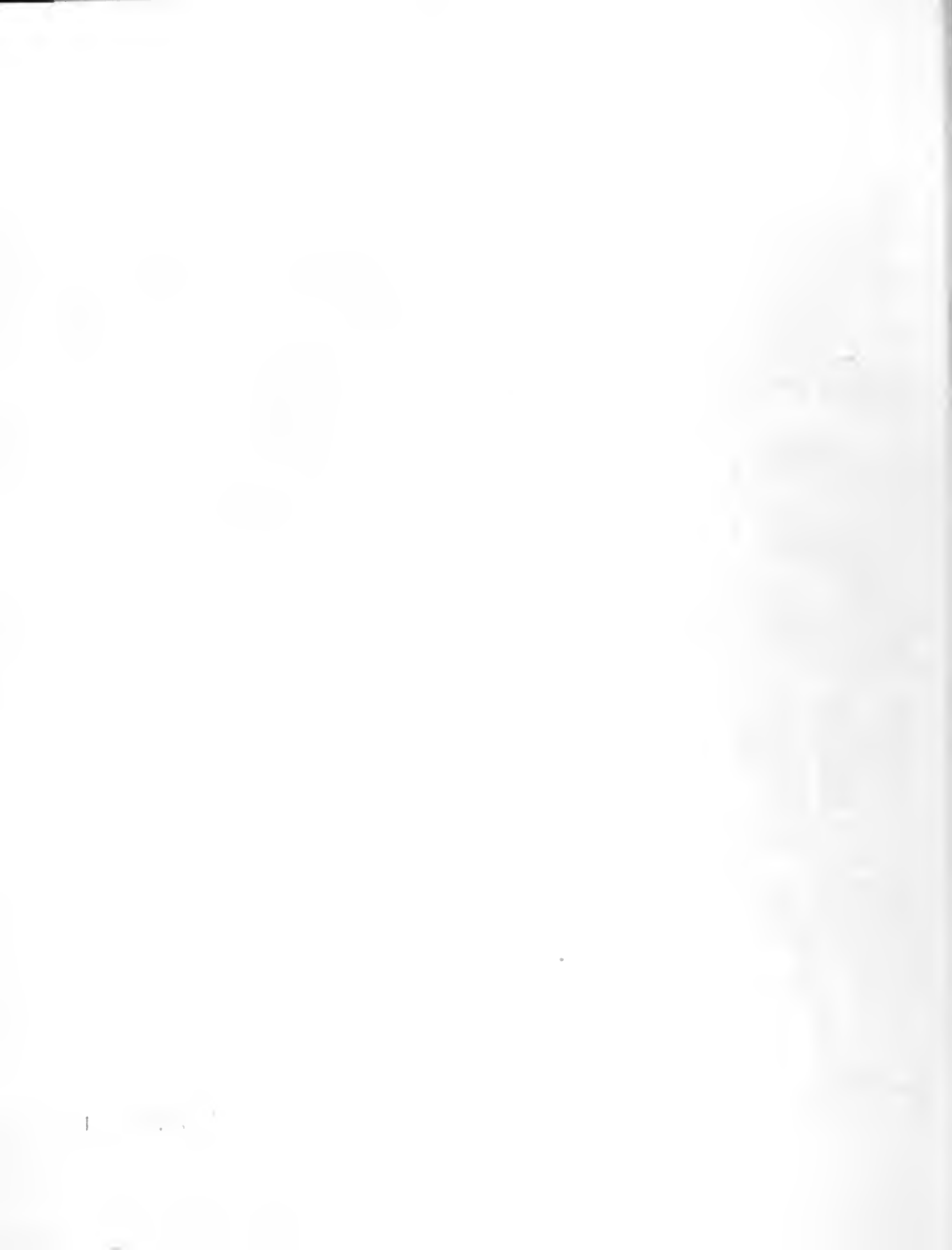
THE INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION.—It is rumoured that the Government intend to bring in a Bill to prevent Premature Internment. One sympathises strongly with the personal feelings of the Cabinet in regard to the perils of suspended animation.



A TALL ORDER.

FRENCH FINANCIER (measuring RUSSIAN GIANT for a new suit). "ALWAYS HAPPY TO GIVE CREDIT TO AN OLD CUSTOMER BUT FORTY MILLIONS ROUND THE WAR CHEST DOES CUT INTO A LOT OF MATERIAL!"

[Russia is applying to France for a fresh loan of forty millions.]





JUGGERNAUTICAL.

Unfortunate Cyclist (who has been bowled over by motor-car). "DID YOU SEE THE NUMBER?"

Jarge. "YES, THERE WAS THREE ON 'EM. TWO MEN AND A WOMAN."

A VERY HARD CASE.

[With apologies to *Vanity Fair*, *Hearth and Home*, *Daily Mail*, *Weekly Dispatch*, and any other paper that wants them]

No. XXX. OF SERIES.

A., a gentleman of means, consults his lawyer B. (of the firm "B. and S.") with regard to some property he wishes to settle on his future son-in-law X. B. knows that X. is an adventurer who has been blackballed for each of the seven Clubs to which he (B.) belongs. That evening B. meets at dinner a casual acquaintance C. who says to him: "If six men and two boys can dig a trench thirty feet long by ten feet wide in two days, and I employ one more man and decide to double the depth of the trench, how long will they take digging it?" B., who holds eight spades to the king, leaves it to his partner S., who goes hearts. The S.'s have not been in the neighbourhood long, and it is really the Z.'s turn to call. Mate in three moves.

Answers adjudged correct.

"If the S.'s have already moved three times they are probably not very desir-

able people, and Lady Z. would be quite within her rights in having nothing to do with them."—FLOSSIE.

"If B. has eight spades to the king and seven clubs there was obviously a mis-deal. B. will therefore have to deal again, and must be more careful this time."—CAVENDISH.

"Thirty-seven days."—SENIOR OP.

"If S. really called out of turn, the Z.'s can claim the usual penalty."—EXPERT.

"B. should do nothing. A black-ball does not imply anything against one's character."—BLACKBALLED FOR N.L.C.

"A massé shot off the black ball into the middle pocket."—ROBERTS.

"If Lady Z. does not feel strong enough to call she should leave it."—MADGE (*Contributor to several Society Papers*).

"K. B. to Q. Kt. 3."—CANTAR.

"If C. is really keen on finishing his trench as quickly as possible he should borrow one of B.'s spades and take a hand himself."—COMMON SENSE.

"B., being a lawyer, will probably do nothing—and charge for it."—DISGUSTED.

"C. must apologise and send in his resignation."—ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Lady X. must certainly bow to the Duchess."—SOCIETY GIRL.

"No trumps."—JACQUELINE, SPOTS, and 1001 others. (PIPPIN got the uprights correctly, but his third light was inferior.)

"Write to the Colonel of his regiment and explain."—H. A. C.

"B. should do nothing."—FLUFFLES, PEASHOOTER, POM-POM, and 137 others.

"Nothing."—TODGERS and 13,297 others.

"Anything."—TODGERS and 32,158 others. (TODGERS is informed that he cannot send in two answers to the same problem.)

The following answer failed to score marks.

"A. should buy a box of Blank's Backache Pills. Invaluable against Headache, Dizziness, Shooting Pains, and Phlebitis."—(Advt.)

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[The handling of husbands by wives in America amounts to an art, a profession, almost a science. Based on the theory that the more one has to do the more one can accomplish, ladies who have hard-working, enterprising spouses simply retire from active life. If he manages his office and business satisfactorily, why not take over the house and servant?—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE clerks in the office grew pallid with fright
When WASHINGTON P. TENNESSEE hove in sight;
He came like a blizzard, he raged and he tore,
He stormed and he hustled, he bullied and swore,
Till his trembling employees were bound to agree
Life wasn't worth living with WASHINGTON P.

This feeling by Wall Street was commonly shared,
For few were the people whom WASHINGTON spared.
He cornered tobacco, he cornered home rails,
Wheat, brandy and cattle, tinned salmon and whales,
Wool, cotton and velvet, pig-iron and pork—
In fine, he had cornered most things in New York.

Such, then, in the City was WASHINGTON P.
At home, too, as busy as ever was he;
He rose ere the morning began to grow grey,
And first he considered the meals for the day,
The soups and the *entrées*, the joints and the fish,
And the wines to be served with each separate dish.

Then the footmen came up to his room in a cue,
And he told them precisely what each was to do:
He took most elaborate trouble to teach
The housemaids and twentees the duties of each;
He scolded and drilled them until they could say
What work should be done at which hour of which day.

He next hurried off for a round of the shops,
Examined the chickens and prodded the chops,
Took a critical glance at the fine fatted quail,
Saw the salmon was fresh and the partridges stale,
Ordered bacon and butter and coffee and tea—
O, terribly busy was WASHINGTON P.

Then he went to the office and laboured away,
Making hundreds and thousands of dollars a day,
And when he came home in the evening to dine,
He took a last glance at the *menu* and wine,
And anxiously hoped to have all things complete
By the time his fair *Sauze* descended to eat.

As dish after dish was brought round to her place
He furtively studied the look on her face,
And if ever she wore a dissatisfied air
Poor WASHINGTON P. was reduced to despair;
But if a rare smile she allowed him to see,
Life still was worth living to WASHINGTON P.

TO THE OFFICE OF WORKS.

(In the matter of Two Old Ladies and Two Cows.)

GENTLEMEN,—In the exercise of that power which, the ways of Providence being mysterious, has been committed to you, you have some few days since driven from their accustomed place in the Mall two old ladies and their pair of cows. The ladies, as I say, are old. Each has passed her seventieth year. Of the cows, whose names, I am told, are *Naney* and *Peggy*, I cannot speak with the same certainty; but it seems to be established that for some years they have performed with reasonable promptitude and willingness the simple primary duty of all cows: they have stood patiently over pails and given their milk for the sustenance and refreshment

of such youthful specimens of humanity as might chance to linger under the awful shadow of the Duke of York on the one side and the no less terrifying red brick of the Admiralty on the other. The cows, then, provided milk; the old ladies saw to the wants of *Naney* and *Peggy*, and, as an additional attraction, kept a little stall, an unpretending structure, from which they dispensed cakes and sweetmeats in return for coppers. The occupation, no doubt, was humble; so are the ladies who pursued it; but humility even in these gilded days is of itself not an offence. Moreover, the spectacle was a pretty and a pleasant one. Hard by are great mansions and monuments of power, memorials of departed splendour, magnificent abodes of official activity. I have seen the old ladies and the cows and the stall many a hundred times, but it has never struck me that their presence could offend the columnar Duke, or the Admiralty, or the back of Carlton House Terrace, or the bold statue of the defiant Marine, or even the proximate and classic glory of the Horse Guards and the adjacent public buildings.

The cows and their guardians, so peaceful and so little distracted, so venerable and placid and so essentially rustic, seemed rather to bring a pleasant waft of simple human feeling to the pomp and parade of their surroundings. But to the cold eye of authority it seems they were an offence, and so one fine morning an official issued his decree and, lo, the two old ladies with their stall and *Peggy* and *Naney* have been swept away.

I ask you, Gentlemen, was it kind, was it thoughtful—

But scarcely had I finished the second paragraph and had commenced the third of my plaintive appeal, when information reached me to the effect that his Gracious MAJESTY himself has insisted on the ancient dames being re-installed, or, if not exactly that, on having new stalls provided for them not far from their ancient milk walk. The grateful old ladies have written a touching letter of thanks to the KING, by whose kind action my letter to the Board of Works is now rendered unnecessary. The Milk of Human Kindness for ever! *Vive le Roi!* Yours, URBANUS.

P.S.—Happy Thought. *Curry and Emma; or, the Royal Milkmaids*—a short drama in two acts (scene laid on Cowes Esplanade) with satisfactory finale.

THE EXEMPLARY DUKE.

I TRUST I shall escape rebuke
If I discourse about a Duke.
He buys his hats at BLANK AND Co.'s,
So I am told by one who knows.
He likes to walk about his Park,
He loves the singing of the lark.
He has (it is his Ducal way)
Three satisfying meals a day.
He generally sleeps in bed,
A pillow underneath his head.
Such is his sense of what is meet,
He wears his boots upon his feet;
And sometimes, so I understand,
He wears a glove on either hand.
In many papers you may note
Such anecdotes as these I quote:
The many useful hints they give
Will show us clearly how to live.
It is so nice for you and me
To know what is *le dernier cri*.
I cannot think how people thrived
Before the Paragraph arrived.
(I should have said,—how people throve
Before the Paragraph arrove.)

THE PATH TO PARNASSUS.

A FEW WRINKLES FOR POETS COMMENCING.

(With acknowledgments to "Smith's Weekly.")

THERE are few maxims more thoroughly discredited than that which pronounces poets to be born and not made. For, while it may apply to bards who write for posterity and ultimately secure the world's applause, many of our most successful rhymesters have attained their influential position simply by patience and perseverance. The Poet Laureate was originally called to the Bar, and did not devote himself to literature until he was twenty-six.

One great advantage of the poet's calling is that it can be practised in spare moments. Sir LEWIS MORRIS has told us that a great deal of *The Epic of Hades* was composed on the Underground—or in bed, while the entire stock-in-trade—pens, ink, paper and a second-hand rhyming dictionary—can be obtained for the outlay of a few shillings. In short, the only serious difficulties about writing poetry are the choice of a theme and the mode of its treatment. Many fine themes have unfortunately been already appropriated, but there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and even an old theme, when furnished up and treated in a bright, crisp and thoroughly up-to-date style, may prove extremely palatable. Fresh ideas are not always easy to find. Besides, though you may bring a poet to the Pierian spring, if he has hydrophobia you cannot make him drink. Hence the great thing for the poet commencing is to acquire a good stock of ideas, and to this end they should be carefully recorded in a notebook kept especially for the purpose.

Happily, ideas have not always to be hunted for. They sometimes present themselves in the most unexpected way. Thus, the present writer once found a saleable one in the pages of a money-lender's circular thrust into his letter-box. On another occasion a contribution which realised 7s. 6d. was evolved through a visit to a dentist. The germ of a third was furnished by the random ejaculation of a sandwichman who had slipped on a piece of orange peel.

The next question that presents itself is that of rhyme. Rhyme is, of course, not absolutely indispensable to poetry, as the case of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* abundantly proves. But no poetic aspirant, unless possessed of an independent income, can be recommended to devote himself to the composition of blank verse. The plain fact is that anybody can write blank verse—novelists often do without knowing it. Rhymed poetry, on the other hand, can only be written



AN INFANT ROSCIUS.

Stage Manager (interviewing children with the idea of engaging them for a new play). "HAS THIS CHILD BEEN ON THE STAGE?"

Proud Mother. "NO; BUT HE'S BEEN ON AN INQUEST, AND HE SPEAKS UP FINE!"

by a conscious effort. Here the test of remuneration is unanswerable. MILTON obtained only £5 for *Paradise Lost*, while *The Absent-Minded Beggar* brought its gifted author at least ten times that amount for his charity.

Next to rhyme the most difficult thing to manage is the metre, though here the best models allow themselves a good deal of latitude, and the insertion of an extra foot or two is an agreeable exorcism which greatly assists the march of the poem.

As regards treatment generally, it is

obvious that the idea must be worked up in as poetic a way as possible. Baldness is to be avoided, but a too luxuriant crop of verbiage is equally to be deprecated. It is difficult to state exactly what constitutes the true poetic quality, but certain broad rules can be laid down for the guidance of Parnassian pilgrims. The poet must always strive to idealise; he must omit commonplace details and emphasize the romantic aspect of his theme. Thus, if the subject be sleep, it is well to make no reference to snoring, while many useful adjuncts of our daily

life, such as hair-brushes, mutton-chops, hot-water bottles, sausages, except when disguised under some delicate alias, are not susceptible of poetic treatment. Again, precise accuracy is not expected of the poet. It is the privilege of the poet to exaggerate, to dispense with logic, and to defy statistics. Hence the admirable practice of modern schools of journalism of making the composition of poetry compulsory on all pupils.

It only remains to add a word or two on the subject of remuneration. This of course varies according to the character and status of the periodical in which the poem appears. But few high-class journals pay less than 3*d.* a line for verse. A fluent versifier can turn out a lyric of 30 or 40 lines every day, giving an average (excluding Sundays) of say 200 lines a week, or 10,400 lines a year. This output, at the minimum tariff mentioned above, will bring in an income of £130 a year, which, though less than the wages of an expert chauffeur, is much above the stipend of the average curate.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

XIII.—THE P. G.

i.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

WHEN GEORGE'S affairs are settled I shall have, Mr. GRAHAM thinks, about £80 a year; and Messrs. KEESLEY are to give me £75 for finishing GEORGE'S little history book, and the column I contribute to the *Planet* brings in a guinea a week. I may also get a little more work. Anyway by the time TOM'S school is paid for I shall not have much left. I am therefore going to take Mr. GRAHAM'S advice, much as I dislike it, and advertise for a paying guest to take the two unoccupied rooms. Mrs. VINCENT and I (she comes in a good deal and is very bright) had some fun last night drawing up advertisements; but in the end I sent to the *Morning Post* something quite staid and commonplace.

ii.

Miss Bayley to A. M.

MISS BAYLEY would be glad to have further particulars as to A. M.'s advertisement for a paying guest in the *Morning Post*. Miss BAYLEY is looking out for a congenial home, and would be prepared to pay what is asked, but certain conditions are imperative. Church of England, perfect drainage, a cook who understands vegetables, and a south aspect.

iii.

Mrs. Macnay to Miss Bayley.

Mrs. MACNAY presents her compliments

to Miss BAYLEY and hastens to set her doubts at rest. The rooms which would be at Miss BAYLEY'S disposal have an aspect unquestionably south, the cook understands vegetables thoroughly, the drainage is good, and although Mrs. MACNAY does not herself attend the church the house is free from all taint of dissent.

iv.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Macnay.

MISS BAYLEY thanks Mrs. MACNAY for her letter, and is proposing to come on Monday to see the house, provided the following eight questions can be satisfactorily answered:—

- (1) Are there any children?
- (2) Does anyone practise the pianoforte?
- (3) Are chickens kept by any near neighbour?
- (4) Is there a good young doctor available?
- (5) Is the Vicar high or low?
- (6) Could a pony-trap be obtained easily?
- (7) Do you object to a dog, a very quiet gentle Pomeranian?
- (8) Is there any intellectual activity in the vicinity—a Dante Society for example?

v.

Mrs. Macnay to Miss Bayley.

Mrs. MACNAY presents her compliments to Miss BAYLEY, and begs to reply to her questions in order.

1. One little girl, aged 7, is the only child, except in the holidays, when a boy aged 13 will return.
2. There is no piano.
3. And no chickens.
4. The doctor is 43.
5. Low Church.
6. Several pony-traps.
7. Do not mind dog.
8. No Dante Society. A mothers' meeting every first Monday in the month.

Mrs. MACNAY will be pleased to show Miss BAYLEY the house on Monday.

vi.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

The only reply that agreed to the terms was from a Miss BAYLEY, but her questions were so fussy that I answered her in a way which Mrs. VINCENT and I felt sure would end the matter. We decided she could not go on with it, but the next post only brought a longer list of questions, eight in all, tabulated like an examination paper. So we have answered these this evening, also like an examination paper, and now feel really free of the inquisition and ready to try again.

vii.

Miss Bayley to a Friend.

(Extract.)

I went down to see the house on Monday and liked it extremely. Mrs. MACNAY seems to be the widow of a

literary man, and will, I think, do all I want. Her terms are absurdly low, and the neighbourhood seems very charming. I consider myself most fortunate . . .

viii.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

In spite of my letters Miss BAYLEY came as arranged, with the harmless dog, and the first thing that happened was that it bit the knife-and-boot boy in the leg. Miss BAYLEY was very sorry, but explained that it was the green baize apron that did it—*Prinny* (that is the dog's name) once having been ill-treated by a furniture man. She stayed an hour and looked at everything, and I must say that I dislike her immensely, but her ready acquiescence in the matter of terms makes it almost impossible not to take her. I wish now that I had asked more, as Mrs. VINCENT wanted me to. One is always so wise afterwards. It is agreed that she comes next month.

ix.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Macnay.

DEAR Mrs. MACNAY,—I have decided to share your house on the terms we have arranged, but I must ask you first to make two or three slight changes. I was conscious on the landing by my room of a discoloration in the wall which could not, I think, be due to anything but damp. I have such a horror of sciatica that I feel compelled to make a point of having some damp course applied before I take up my residence with you. Another matter is the knife-and-boot boy who so unfortunately placed himself in *Prinny's* way. I am conscious that I am asking a great and perhaps unreasonable favour, but I do so trust you may see your way to getting another boy in the place of this one, or I am convinced that *Prinny* may suffer. If convenient to you I shall move in on Monday, the 2nd of next month.

Yours truly, ADELAIDE BAYLEY.

x.

Mrs. Macnay to Miss Bayley.

DEAR Miss BAYLEY,—I very much regret to have to trouble you, but I have been reminded by my lawyer that it would be very irregular if I did not go through the formality of asking you for references. Will you kindly let me have one or two? I am,

Yours truly,

ANNIE MACNAY.

[Several dull and rather acid letters occur at this point.]

xi.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Macnay.

DEAR Mrs. MACNAY,—I am at present living in a small flat at Kensington, and

previously to that I was travelling. So I have not very much experience as a paying guest. But I was with a Mrs. CREWD at 5, Wilmington Terrace, Eastbourne, for a few weeks, and she would perhaps answer your purpose, although I must warn you that her nature is, as I found out only too soon, thoroughly cantankerous, and her pen may easily be poisoned against myself. I am,

Yours truly,
ADELAIDE BAYLEY.

XII.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Crewd.

DEAR MRS. CREWD.—It has often troubled me to think that we have so completely lost sight of each other since I had to give up my pleasant rooms in your house. I write now because I have just received from a friend in Hong-Kong a case of tea, and remembering how fond you were of China tea I am sending you a parcel of it in memory of old times. Yours sincerely,

ADELAIDE BAYLEY.

XIII.

Mrs. Crewd to Mrs. Macnay.

MRS. CREWD presents her compliments to MRS. MACNAY and begs to inform her that it is some time since Miss BAYLEY shared her house, and she cannot remember very clearly what happened; but Miss BAYLEY was always prompt with her share of the expenses.

XIV.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.
(Extract.)

I am horribly afraid that Miss BAYLEY has got to come. Mrs. VINCENT (who mimics her to perfection) is for breaking off negotiations, even now, at this last minute, but I don't see how to do it, and the money is, after all, very important.

HEADS AND HEARTS.

[The Psychologist's idea of a suitable Valentine.]

LONG ago, my dear, when Science
Loaned from Fancy what she lacked,
Placing rather more reliance
On Hypothesis than Fact,
People with perverted notions
Laid the body out in lots,
And located our emotions
In the most unlikely spots.

Thus, they prate about our "choler,"
Thus, they babble of our "spleen,"—
Phrases which the finished scholar
Merely understands to mean
That a somewhat wild vagary
Made the old philosopher
Range around his "little Mary"
Passions far removed from her.



WANTED—REDISTRIBUTION.

"I THINK IT SUCH A PITY THAT POOR MEN DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO REMAIN SINGLE."
"YES—AND THAT RICH ONES DO!"

We of course are not so foolish:
We to-day should scorn to see
Such a "never-went-to-schoolish"
Physical anatomy;
Yet we keep one superstition:
Age to erring age imparts
One deplorable tradition:
'Tis the Shibboleth of Hearts.

So we find the shops again full
Of St. Valentine his Ghost;
Hearts, devoted or disdainful,
Interchange, and by the post
Light-apparelled Loves await us,
Piercing with pictorial darts
That hydraulic apparatus
Of the inter-costal parts.

Well, they're wrong, then, let me tell
'em;
Since the seat where passions reign

Lies beyond the cerebellum,
Somewhere in the upper brain;
Love's a kind of ideo-motor
Action that depends upon
Certain centres in the coat or
Kind of the encephalon.

That is why I send no token
Of a cardiac distress;
Hearts, my darling, are not broken
In the Stream of Consciousness;
To denote the dizzy vortex
Where my love has lately swum,
I have diagrammed the cortex,
Dearest, of my cerebrum.

WE are asked to say that the play which
is about to be "written round" *Coco* will
be entitled *Merely Hairy Man*.



[There is a legend that the practice of leaving the bottom button of the waistcoat unfastened has an Etonian origin.]

Jocular Passenger. "ETON?"

Perfect Stranger. "No. DRISKS'!"

CHARIVARIA.

The first anniversary of the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War was celebrated very quietly in Russia last week.

Meanwhile any chance of peace between General KUROPAKIN and General GRIFENBERG seems as far off as ever.

It was announced that General KUROPAKIN had resigned, but all that happened was that General KUROPAKIN was resigned to General GRIFENBERG's resignation.

General STUESSEL has given an indignant denial to the *Times* allegations against himself as to Port Arthur. If there was a large amount of ammunition left at the time of the surrender, then it was not his fault but the fault of those officers whose duty it was to throw it into the sea.

And M. KOKOSTOFF, the Russian Minister of Finance, has given, to a newspaper correspondent, a satisfactory explanation of the St. Petersburg slaughter. The crowd in the Winter Palace

Square threatened to be so great as to endanger the lives of those assembling there; so, to relieve the pressure, a number of persons were shot down. It is hoped in official circles that the last has now been heard of the affair.

According to our newspapers, the authorities are exhibiting strange indecision in regard to the fate of MAXIM GORKY. He is released from prison on alternate days.

The Russian Government is of the opinion that it is being unjustly blamed for not stopping the War. It is really the Japanese, they say, who keep it going.

To bring President CASTRO to terms a naval demonstration is to be made by the American Government against the Venezuelan coast towns as soon as arrangements with the leading American cinematograph firms have been completed. Tenders for the erection of grand stands to view the demonstration should be addressed to President CASTRO direct.

"Large numbers of motor-omnibuses

are being built for London," says the *Express*, and "the Metropolitan Asylums Board proposes to organise a system of motor-ambulances." But our opinion is that motor-omnibuses will prove to be no more dangerous than the horsed vehicles at present in use.

The *Car Magazine* suggests that the motor omnibus shall be called the Mobus. And the "pirate," we suppose, the Robus?

Mr. MURTON WELLES has been confiding to an interviewer the secrets of the birth of the latest sixpenny song. "It was early morning: the mountain tops were fringed with that pink hue which is so glorious and so tender. Suddenly some invisible presence seemed to sing to me, and the song was 'A Whisper of Love.'" We consider that it shows pretty poor taste in Messrs. PEARSON to sell a song like that for a tanner.

A report having been circulated to the effect that the Greek Royal Yacht had been fired at by the Baltic Fleet, the King of the HELLINES has issued a



ANOTHER THREATENED EVICTION.

Mr. Punch. "AND SO I HEAR THEY TALK OF TURNING YOU OUT?"

Mrs. B. "WELL! ALL I CAN SAY IS, IT'LL COME VERY 'ARD ON ME AND MY FAMILY, AS HAVE BEEN 'ERE SINCE TIMES IMMEMORIAL."



"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

Lady. "THERE'S YOUR HORSE, COUNT! THERE!"

The Count (who has taken several toasts). "MERCI, MADAME. I WISH HIM NOT. IT IS ENOUGH. I FINISH—I GO HOME!"

statement to the effect that "the Royal Yacht never came in sight of the Baltic Fleet at any time or place." That is no answer to the charge.

Almost ready.—*A Guide to the Hundred Best Books on Lhasa the Unknown.*—(Advt.)

The latest official returns show that Revivalism is spreading even to Trade, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is reported to be seriously alarmed.

Meanwhile, what certain politicians are praying for is not a TORREY but a Tory Revival.

The railway companies have done so badly in the past half year that extraordinary efforts are now being made to retain their customers. The Great Northern Company, for instance, are whitening the edges of their platforms

to prevent persons stepping over in the fog, or in the dark.

EARL SPENCER has at last promulgated a Liberal programme. The chief item is strenuous opposition to the policy of the other side—whatever it may be.

Recent occurrences at Constantinople have caused the SULTAN to wonder whether, after all, there may not be something in the rumour that he is not loved for his own sake alone.

The first of a new series of Saturday to Monday revolutions has just been held in Argentina, the week end being selected as offering greater conveniences to busy men.

The statement made by a medical expert to the effect that lack of mental exercise culminates not infrequently in softening of the brain has caused some-

thing akin to panic in several Government offices.

Our Flat has been revived, and the Marquis of ANGLESEY may be back in town any day.

The Real Heroine of Port Arthur.

THE following passage is from an account, in the *Western Morning News*, of a lecture delivered by Mr. FREDERIC VILLIERS at Exeter.

"In conclusion Mr. VILLIERS quoted General NOGI's opinion that General STOESEL's strategy was very good, and said the defence of Port Arthur was worthy of the unstinted admiration of the whole world. — Mrs. D. SMITH had charge of the local arrangements."

FROM the *Northern Whig*:—"Her father was —, who died some years ago, his widow having died of a broken heart previously."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 14

Asleep for six months, House and Lobby to-day leap into life; unusual buzz of excitement; hitherto through series of Sessions Opposition been lying low, sayin' nex' to nuffin. To-day quite cock-a-hoop, not to say cock-a-t-R., inclined rather to patronise Ministers; feel towards them impulse of hospitality akin to that which in olden times endowed with mosegays and brimming tankards of beer condemned criminal on his way to Tyburn.

La vie est brève, let us be tender with it whilst it still flutters. *Et puis bonsoir*.

Hero of the day ARTHUR HAMILTON LEE, Civil Lord of Admiralty. A former predecessor was ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight. Understood at time of his promotion to Ministerial office agreement entered upon that thereafter he was to shut up. Promise honourably kept. For years the most blatant of politicians, he, whilst at the Admiralty, sat dumb on the Treasury Bench or remained silent through Sheffield.

And here's LEE, suddenly breaking out in submarine threats to a friendly Power perturbing the continent with the shadow and scent of blonde war!

Impulse doubtless came from warlike associations. A man hasn't been Adjutant of Hong-Kong Volunteers for full twelve months without imbibing martial ideas. When nearly two years ago PRINCE ARTHUR looked upon Member for South Hampshire with friendly eye, a quaint little error crept in, momentarily obfuscating his mind. Every excuse for the little mistake. Don José had just launched his Tariffs barque, warranted to convey the Unionist Party over the shoals, past the rocks of Opposition, triumphantly landing them through the gate of a General Election to the safe and spacious harbour of renewed lease of power.

PRINCE ARTHUR's mind occupied in trying to think what he thought of the problem; his keen intellect, devoted to the task of finding phrases that would clearly express his meaning, got a little mixed up in geography. Knew very well that LEE had been a man of war at Hong-Kong. Had not the native poet CHU-CHU sing his prowess in deathless verse, filling nearly a column in the local paper? It would be in accordance with ordinary nature of things that ex-Adjutant of the Hong-Kong Volunteers, called to the Ministry, should be placed at the War Office. Unfortunately, in hurry of the moment, and not having at hand the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to correct the impression, PRINCE ARTHUR got it into his head that Member for South Hampshire had earned his renown in

the Naval Service. Hong-Kong, if not actually an island, was certainly a port. Probably jotted out into the sea. The ex-Adjutant was, accordingly, made Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with the consequences alluded to.

Coming on the top of other things, this untoward incident might be expected to depress the PREMIER on eve of new Session. On the contrary, never found him more beaming in countenance, more airy in manner, more bubbling with certainty that matters would, somehow, muddle through.

"As I said at Manchester the other day," he cheerily remarked, "we must take things as they come. Of course it was awkward about LEE. But it all comes of inability that hampers some men clearly to express what they mean. On the Friday (always heard it was unlucky day) LEE goes off to the country, and, of course using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense, pulls the Emperor of GERMANY's leg. Much squealing follows. Then LEE writes to the papers to explain he had not said what he was unanimously reported to have spoken, but something else. Germany regards this something else as rather worse than the utterance first reported. So we have the fat in the fire twice. Let it be a warning to you, Toby, dear boy. There's nothing like plain speaking, as short as you like, but every word simply and straightforwardly expressing your meaning. If LEE's escapade enforces that principle on our statesmen I mean those sitting on the benches opposite — and makes the practice universal in public life, he will not have blundered in vain."

Business done. Opening of the fifth Session of the First Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. General impression that there won't be a sixth.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S NEW NOVEL.

INFORMATION having reached us that MR. HENRY JAMES contemplates writing a novel on the political complications which have arisen since MR. CHAMBERLAIN left the Cabinet, one of our representatives journeyed down to the country residence of the famous cryptogrammatist to obtain confirmation at headquarters of this striking rumour.

"Is it true, MR. JAMES," asked our representative, "that your next novel will deal with Fiscal Policy?"

"What a distinctly rum question!" remarked mine host of the *Golden Bowl*. "Politics on me — at least, the actuality of them, in the dust of the arena, unless conceivably handled by an opulent and clairvoyant brush — could never exercise a stimulating influence. But BALFOUR's great, quite unspeakably great."

Subsequent conversation established the interesting fact that MR. HENRY JAMES, without treating of the details of the fiscal controversy, proposes in his forthcoming novel to elucidate the relations between MR. BALFOUR and those who left the Cabinet, and with his accustomed courtesy he was kind enough to supply us with the following luminous *scenario* on a half-sheet of note-paper: —

"They thus tacitly put it upon him to be disposed of, the whole complexity of their peril, and he promptly saw why; because he was there, and there just as he was, to lift it off them and take it: to charge himself with it as *Sindbad* the soldier had been charged with the burden of the Old Man of the Sea. It wasn't, of course, their design and their interest that he should sink under it; it wouldn't be their feeling that he should do anything but 'hang on,' 'hang on' somehow for their benefit, and even as much as possible in their company, to keep proving to them that they had truly escaped, and that he was still there to simplify. The note of reality, in so much projected light, continued to have for him the charm and the importance of which the maximum had occasionally been reached in his great 'finds' — continued, beyond any other, to keep him alert and attentive. Nothing perhaps might affect us as queerer, had we time to look into it, than this application of the same measure of value to such different pieces of property as old golf putters, say, and new colleagues; all the more indeed that the amiable man was not without an inkling, on his own side, that he was, as a taster of life, economically constructed."

Answers to Correspondents.

"CANNY SCOT." — We do not know your mother-in-law, but from your account of her methods we think you were quite justified in sending her home and replacing her with a Japanese folding screen. As you say, the latter is likely to contribute more to the harmony of your drawing-room; it is less expensive; and it can, at any moment, be shut up.

"MUGET." — So you answered that advertisement in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, which undertakes that "the height of either sex can quickly be increased from two to five inches," and have already reached the latter figure? But you must not be discouraged at your people's failure to remark this increase of 150 per cent. in your stature. After all, the advertisement gave you fair warning when it said that "these marvellous results can be accomplished at home without the knowledge of your most intimate friends." You write a very good hand for your size.

PARLIAMENTARY VALENTINES. FEBRUARY 14.



EARL SPENCER TO MISS LIBERAL PARTY.



MISS TARIFF REFORM TO MR. BAILEY.



MISS CAMPBELLINA-BANNERMAN TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO C.B.

MRS. BRASSINGTON-CLAYPOTT'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

II.

WHEN we got upstairs, there was the Conjuror, waiting for us under the arch between the two drawing-rooms. He had put on a dress-suit, and was, for a person in that position, quite gentlemanly-looking, though pale. He commenced his performance with a few simple card-tricks—but either it was too soon after tea, or the children were not impressed by an entertainer who was not in fancy costume and had none of the usual gilded apparatus—for the poor little things made no attempt to conceal their boredom.

And my ERMINGHAM, who is rather a proud child, was naturally offended by his taking such a liberty as to extract eggs and billiard balls from her hair before all her young friends. Though I must say our TORQUIL, who is his dear father's own boy for smartness, made the Conjuror look supremely ridiculous by not only denying that he was really producing the yards and yards of coloured paper which were apparently being reeled out of his little inside, but by informing everybody (and correctly, too!) how the trick was done.

Altogether the entertainment seemed to be falling so flat that I felt obliged to tell Mrs. GILDINGHAM that I could not understand it, as the man had been very highly recommended to me, and that I hoped he would show us something *really* clever and amusing by and by. He must have overheard (as I certainly intended him to do), and it seemed to put him on his mettle, for he said that for his next experiment he should require the assistance of a grown-up, and singled out Mr. GILDINGHAM, who, with a condescension remarkable indeed in a company promoter of his experience, consented to oblige him.

I could see Mr. G.'s dignity was a little ruffled at the mere suggestion that he might be a confederate, and he was as startled as anybody when something alive and kicking was taken out of his double-breasted waistcoat.

The Conjuror called it a rabbit—but it was unlike any breed of rabbits that I am acquainted with, having a much longer tail for one thing, besides being a bright scarlet, and covered all over with little scales. He rubbed the beast into two—a red and a green one—before our eyes, and they shot up the curtains and disappeared behind the gilt cornice.

Nobody made any comment, though I could see several people were considerably impressed. As for Mr. GILDINGHAM, he slipped quietly downstairs, and, so I afterwards heard, asked the butler for a whisky-and-soda before leaving the house. Then the Conjuror suddenly called out little MORITZ ROSENSTERN, and asked him if he had a headache, which the child denied. But we could all hear his little head ticking away like a tape machine, and presently we saw a stream of tape actually flowing from his left ear. His father, from sheer force of habit, I suppose, rushed to read off the message. What it was I cannot say, as we could not find the tape afterwards, but Mr. ROSENSTERN, with a smothered exclamation which I only trust the children did not catch, rushed from the room, and presently we heard a hansom clattering off in a frantic hurry. MORITZ told TORQUIL next day that, when he got home that evening, he was severely spanked by his papa, which seems rather unreasonable.

I really forget what trick came next, but I think it was the production of an immense glass bowl of water from Mr. SPOSCHEIMER's coat-tail pocket. When this trick is done with goldfish it is quite pretty, but there was hardly time to notice what was in the water in this case, as Mr. SPOSCHEIMER in his nervousness upset the bowl, and the thing inside got away. Mrs. McMAHON declared that it bit her on the ankle, which I do *not* believe. She was always a

fanciful hysterical woman, and if it was a snake at *all* I am convinced it was a perfectly harmless one.

Still, though the man was certainly a cleverer conjurer than had at first appeared, and the juveniles began to look with more approval on his efforts to amuse them, none of the older people seemed to be really enjoying themselves. However, we all applauded, to avoid hurting his feelings, and, even when he gave a ventriloquial exhibition with an excessively rude little wooden puppet out of a bag, which made remarks on every grown-up present that were so personal as to be almost likellous, they managed to laugh good-humouredly, though I could see that I and MARMADUKE were suspected of having furnished the particulars.

There is no doubt that, in persuading Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN, much against his wishes, to be hidden for a second or so under an embroidered piano-cover, and then revealing him as a large and very pink pig, the Conjuror went *much* too far—though I am bound to admit that the children, and especially the little GULDENSCHWEINS, were delighted. For myself, I was most distressed that such a thing should have happened in my house, and to Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN of all people!

At the same time, I *do* think he might have shown a little more of what I call *bonhomie* about it, especially as the effects of the illusion (or transformation, or whatever it was) wore off very soon, and indeed were hardly noticeable by supper-time. But some people are born without the sense of humour!

I should have been thankful myself, as I know a good many people were, when the tiresome man announced the last item on his programme, if only it hadn't been a Distribution of Gifts to all the children from what he called "the Inexhaustible Electrolier." For one thing, I was anxious about the chandelier (which is coloured Venetian glass and fragile), and, for another, I had the gravest doubts as to what he might choose to consider suitable presents for those innocent mites.

How he contrived that a series of white-paper parcels neatly tied up in ribbon—blue for boys, and pink for girls—should appear to drop, one by one, into a hat from the centre of the chandelier is more than I can explain—but it was a relief to find that the contents gave satisfaction not only to the children but to their parents also.

At least, it *was* a relief till I discovered that each of the pink packets contained one of the trinkets which only left my jewel-case on very special occasions, while every boy received an Oriental curio in carved jade or ivory or crystal, from a collection which MARMADUKE had picked up privately for a mere trifle and hoped to dispose of at Christie's some day at an immense profit. And, as the little wretches were quite aware of the value of the objects, it would have been useless to try and reclaim them. Under all the circumstances, the only thing to do was to encourage the parents in their impression that our little surprise had been carefully thought out beforehand. So it really *was* hard to bear when I found out afterwards, from indirect sources, that it was considered to be a piece of vulgar ostentation on our part!

I managed to persuade TORQUIL and ERMINGHAM to leave their own parcels with me unopened—hoping to get back *something* at all events—but there was absolutely nothing inside either packet, though I am afraid both the children still suspect their mother of being a story-teller.

If I had had an opportunity I should certainly have told that conjuring person in very plain terms what I thought of his performance, but by the time I was sufficiently composed to do so the man had gone. I sent for MELANIE, fully intending to discharge her on the spot, but was informed that she had discharged herself some time previously—which shows that she was every bit as bad as the man.

Who *he* was, or why he should have chosen to play such pointless and ungentelemanly pranks on *us* is a perfect

mystery to me, but I cannot for a moment admit that there was anything in the least *supernatural* about the affair. We are hardly, I should hope, the kind of people for a visitation of *that* description. Whatever we saw (or rather *imagined* we saw) that evening, I am positive can be quite satisfactorily put down to hypnotism, or something of that sort.

All the same the consequences have been *most* unfortunate. MARMADUKE is not nearly so intimate with Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN, Mr. SPLOSCHMEIER, and Mr. McMAMMON, or indeed any of his rich city friends, as he used to be, — and of course he puts all the blame on *me*! And for some days after the party there were troubles in the nursery too, owing to Nurse's finding such quantities of ivory billiard balls and breakfast eggs in

darling ERMENGARDE'S hair, while poor little TORQUIN would spout streams of coloured shavings by the hour together, which was very troublesome for everybody, though I am thankful to say the doctor prescribed some medicine which effectually prevented any return of the symptoms.

I think I am a little run down myself, and I have had to give up my "At Home" day. I should be sorry to miss Mrs. McMAMMON, Mrs. SPLOSCHMEIER, or Mrs. GULDENSCHWEIN, and all my other friends, if they *should* happen to call — but sitting alone in the drawing-room waiting for them was more than I could endure. It was nothing but nerves, I know — but I simply could *not* keep my eyes off the cornices. F. A.

THE MUSIC OF BOHEMIA.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE is giving a series of lectures on Bohemian Music. Very interesting subject were it limited to within only a radius of one mile around Covent Garden taken as the centre. Sir ALEXANDER will probably remember the old Bohemian music of the very Bohemian "Coal Hole," "Cider Cellars," and EVANS'S Supper Rooms, *tempore* THACKERAY. We trust that the learned Musical Doctor will give us the history and origin of such Bohemian choruses as commence with "Tol lol de rol lol," "Rum ti iddity hi gee bo," "with his" — the comic singer's — "fol de rol lol," showing how these words became gradually part and parcel of English Minstrelsy. Had these atoms of apparently unmeaning syllables any secret political meaning? Was there anything Jacobitish hidden in such a refrain as the one to the ancient song of *Bill Simmons*, which, after every alternate phrase of four bars in one-two-three time, was thus worded, "Til fa lara titti fal la?" Doubtless the derivation of "Tol de rol" and so forth is to be found in the songs of the people long before Shakspearian days. It is to be hoped that Sir ALEXANDER will not allow so rare a chance to escape him, and we trust that he will be able to sing the old songs, exquisitely accompanying himself to "*Sam Hall*," "*Billy Barlow raggedy O*," and others of old Bohemian distinction.

To make the entertainment perfect Sir ALEXANDER would have to "make up" for the parts of "*Sam Hall*" and "*Billy Barlow*," and sing these songs "in character." A great attraction.

PERFECT EXAMPLE OF "FLOATING CAPITAL."—The City of Cork.



"PHYSICAL LETHARGY."

REVERENTLY DESIGNED AS A COMPANION TO WATTS'S GREAT STATUE OF "PHYSICAL ENERGY." (IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT THIS MIGHT ALSO BE PLACED ON THE MATOPPO HILLS, SOUTH AFRICA, AS A SYMBOL OF THE SOBER AND UNFLAMBOYANT COLONIAL POLICY OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENTS IN THE PAST.)

A BOZ BANQUET.

ALTHOUGH, on the occasion of the celebration of the Birthday of CHARLES DICKENS (Tuesday, Feb. 7), Lord JAMES'S well-reasoned discourse on "Boz as a Social Reformer" was most instructive, containing matter which, being considered by Lord HALSBURY as controversial, roused the Lord Chancellor to comic combativeness, and although Mr. CHOWTE was in happiest vein, his speech being followed by a carefully prepared lecture by Mr. PARKINSON, and though Mr. COMYNS CARR devoted his eloquence to a subject which was evidently very dear to his heart, yet the earnest, impassioned speech of Mr. HENRY F. DICKENS, so evidently inspired by true filial

love and reverence, was not only last and not least, but it was, admittedly on all hands, the speech of the evening. Mr. HENRY DICKENS, K.C., is the very best illustration of the wise child who not only does know his own father, and understands him thoroughly, but has the rare gift of so simply yet eloquently stating his case as to convince those least open to conviction, and to convert all his hearers to his own carefully considered decisions. Such was the unanimous opinion of the Boz Club and its guests, numbering some hundred and fifty *convives*.

The menu, provided by the Savoy caterers, was excellent; vines and waiting good; thorough harmony prevailed, but there was no music to interfere with the conversation. Yet, to have made the banquet ideally perfect, there ought to have been a "redistribution of seats."

THE *Hero* of the day is now to be seen at any performance of *Much Ado* at His Majesty's Theatre. We welcome Miss VIOLA on her return to health and to the stage.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To those whose literary and dramatic palate is still so fresh as to be tickled by sensation and mystery let the Baron commend the perusal of J. E. MURDOCK'S romantic novel, entitled *From the Clutch of the Sea* (JONS LONS). The tragedy is rather intensified than relieved by two delightful characters—the old sea captain Peter Blandford, and his blind daughter. The plot is intricate and cleverly worked out, though in somewhat of a disconnected fashion, for which meandering,

towards the end of the book the author, evidently struck by the fact, regretfully apologises. The style of writing adopted by Mr. MURDOCK is somewhat old-fashioned, perhaps as befitting what used to be called the "transpontine" melodramatic character of the story. A touch of modernity would have been better. No one nowadays in ordinary conversation says "I know not." But, sighs the Baron, "Melodrama, with all thy faults, I love thee still," and so he recommends this novel to the experienced reader, who will know at what time to call to his aid the Skipper and his boy in order to make all sail and get rapidly into port.

The Secret Woman (MITHENS) is a strong book. Some may take exception to it on the ground that it is even morbidly strong. As SHAKESPEARE divined, mankind likes light mingled with the shade of tragedy. Even in *King Lear*, which Mr. EDWIN PHILLIPS' latest effort equals in sombreness, the *dramatis personæ* include "Fool." My Baronite hastens to admit that Mr. PHILLIPS is not wholly unmindful of this adjunct to the perfection of art. Mr. Westaway, the light-hearted spendthrift flockmaster, whose proudest recollection is that he once signed a cheque for over £50, and whose generous improvidence finally breaks up his home, is delightfully drawn. For the rest, the family friends and acquaintances of the *Secret Woman* are dour folk, doggedly going their own way, dropping husbands down a well and lying in wait for brothers with murderous intent should they offer barriers to progress. The theme is pitched on a highly strained note, to be maintained only by great gifts. These Mr. PHILLIPS brings to his work, reaching what is as yet his supremest achievement. There is a succession of stirring dramatic scenes, notably that where Barbara, sacrificing herself on the altar of filial affection, proposes to marry the amorous but miserly *Arlecott*, and another where the *Secret Woman* confronts the widowed murderess and accuses her of her crime. For background the grim story has the hills, the dales, the streams, the skies of Dartmoor, which Mr. PHILLIPS knows so well.

The level of excellence of the "English Men of Letters" series (MACMILLAN) is maintained, perhaps uplifted, by Mr. STEPHEN GWYN. Volumes have been written, notably by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, about THOMAS MOORE, who himself has not been backward in letting the public know what manner of man he was. Mr. GWYN had set for him the more modest, though not less difficult, task of presenting, within limits compelled by the scheme of the series, an epitome of the poet's life and works. It is admirably done, with touch discriminating though sympathetic. We follow MOORE through his butterfly life, and discover it based on a stony pathway of hard work; in later life, when the burden was less easy to carry, of sheer drudgery. Solaced and strengthened by his charming wife, MOORE'S closing days were hampered by the reckless extravagance of a worthless son. Laying

down the book my Baronite feels he knows TOM MOORE better, and therefore likes him more.

The Canterbury Pilgrims, by H. S. WARD (A. & C. BLACK), will interest and delight all Kentish men good and true, and moreover will encourage many who may be "strangers yet" to visit and make a sojourn in that sweet county, celebrated, as Mr. Jingle says, "for its apples, cherries, hops, and women." It was not in Mr. Jingle's line to commence his laudation with any allusion to the cathedrals of Rochester and Canterbury, nor to Saint THOMAS À BECKET, of whom Mr. Jingle may never have heard. Mr. WARD'S book is replete with delightful old world stories and legends, all well and wisely told, without the slightest indication of a sneer at simple folk who cling reverentially to tradition. As a pleasantly instructive companion and trustworthy guide to Kent, this book can be strongly recommended by the Baron.

If Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, the author of *Winnifred's Way* (F. V. WHITE & CO.), like another celebrated Major, be "a tough plant, yet," quoth the Baron, continuing his adaptation of the quotation, I would he were "constant as an evergreen" to his mysteries of Crime and Police, such as have thrilled his readers in *The Rome Express* and in other notable romances. When the Major condescends to a modern Society novel for the sake of delineating a wayward flirt's character, true as is his touch, and interesting as he has made this story, with its capital social sketches of scenes and characters, the Baron cannot but regret the absence of all sensationalism and villainy. At the same time the Major is to be congratulated on not having one bad character in the book. It may be that he has a lot of villains ready to take their places in another sensational novel; for the Major, once again to quote the immortal *Joey Bagstock*, is "sly, devilish sly."

Modern Merry Men, by WILLIAM ANDREWS—surely it should have been "MERRY-ANDREWS"—(published by BROWN AND SONS), will be of considerable use to all and sundry who may wish to learn something about "the authors in the lighter vein in the Victorian Era" without running the risk of purchasing their entire works, as such a speculation might not be altogether satisfactory. There are forty-eight authors mentioned, and the specimens of their merriment are, on the whole, well-selected. The illustrated cover, showing a figure of the Motley Fool with cap and bells, is perhaps scarcely appropriate when we find that ROBERT SOUTHEY, HAYNES BAVLY (not Bill), CHARLES DICKENS, ALFRED DOUGLAS, ARTHUR LOCKER, TOM MOORE, MACKWORTH PRATER, are included in the list of "Merry Men," unless we judge of a fool less by his folly than by his exceptional wisdom. It may be that, as THACKERAY is on the list of *The Merry Men*, the artistic designer of the cover was inspired by the great novelist's description of himself as wearing the motley, and he may have been struck by THACKERAY'S own portrait of himself, in a Doyle-like vignette, where, having dropped the professional cap and bells, he reveals his own unutterably sad countenance as that of the real man behind the grinning mask he has for the moment laid aside.

The Baron's friends will remark that the last three paragraphs suggest colourable pretexts for review as connecting the names of BLACK, WHITE and BROWN.



EX NIHILO NIHI FIT.

["Fashions in drama change as frequently as fashions in hats. It has been reserved for our own day to evolve the comedy of nothing-in-particular. Nowadays nothing happens in a play."—*The Outlook*.]

SCENE—Nowhere in particular.

CHARACTERS.

HE, a nonentity.

SHE, another.

He. Dear—!

She (*wearily*). Oh please don't.

[*Does nothing.*]

He. Why, what's the matter?

She. Nothing. [*He does nothing.*]

She. Well, you may as well go on. It will be something, anyhow. (*Yawns.*) Nothing ever seems to happen in this play. I don't know why. It isn't my fault. Oh, go on.

He. All right. Don't suppose it amuses me, though. Darling, I love you—will you marry me?

She (*very wearily*). Oh, I suppose so.

He. Thanks very much. (*Kisses her.*) There!

[*Returns proudly to his seat, and does nothing.*]

She (*with sudden excitement*). Supposing I had said "No," would you have shot yourself?—would you have gone to the front?—would your life have been a blank hereafter? Would anything interesting have happened?

He (*with a great determination in his eyes*). Had you spurned my love—

She (*excitedly*). Yes, yes?

He (*with emotion*). —I should have—I should have—done nothing. [*Does it.*]

She. Oh!

He. Yes. As for shooting or drowning myself, if any little thing of that sort had happened it would have been off the stage. I hope I know my place.

[*She does nothing.*]

He (*politely*). I don't know if you're keen about stopping here? If not, we might—

She. We must wait till somebody else comes on.

He. True. (*Reflects deeply.*) Er—do you mote much?

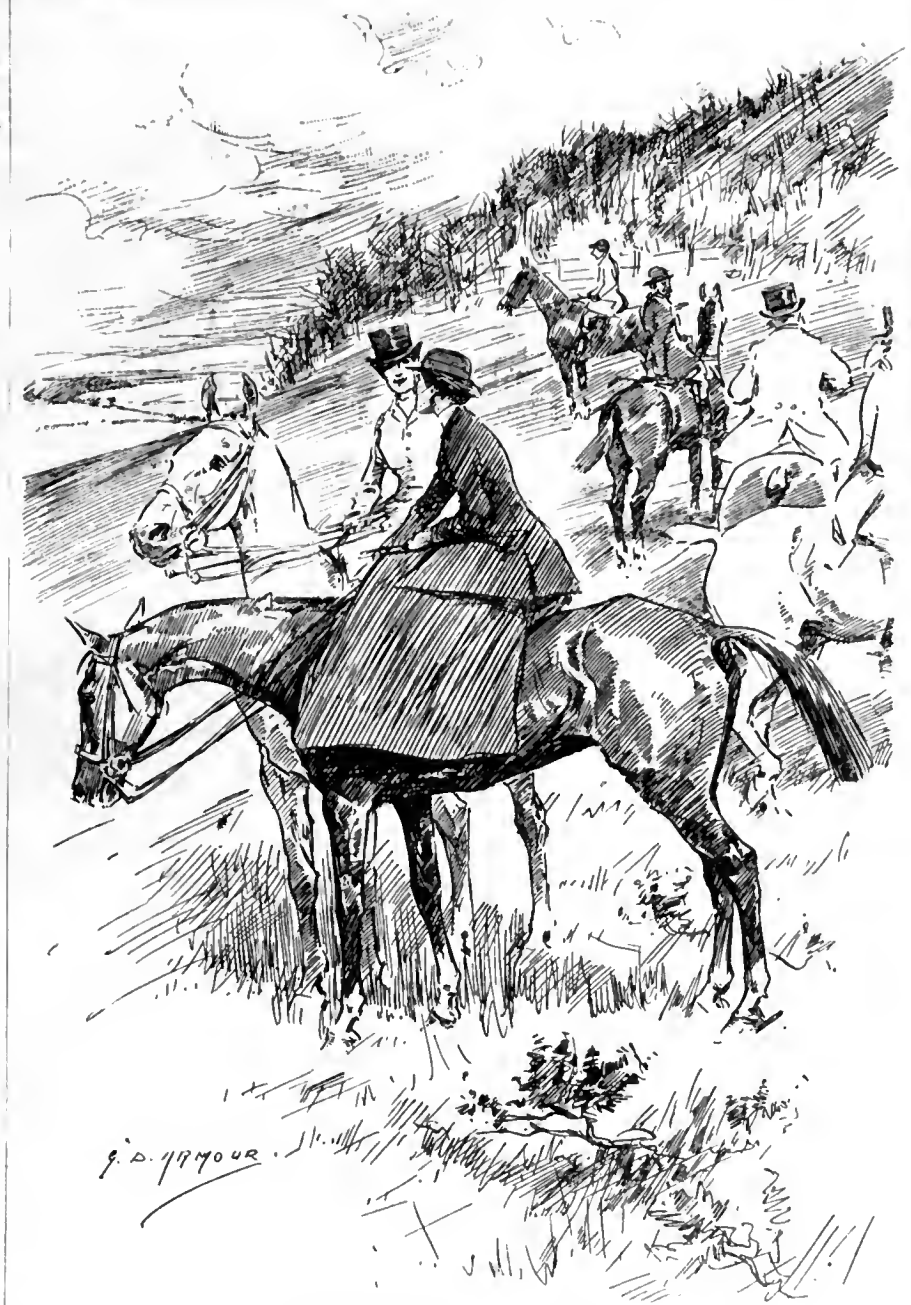
[*She sleeps. The audience follows suit.*]

Curtain—eventually.

WHAT MAY BE IN A NAME.

It has been proposed to christen the new Thames steamers after famous people who have been associated with London. If, as may be supposed, some vestiges of their namesakes' characteristics should animate these boats, we may shortly expect to read paragraphs like the following:—

It was found impossible to get the John Ruskin to go under the railway bridge at Charing Cross, and her passengers had to be transferred to the



FEMININE AMENITIES.

Miss Gush. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW HUNTER? ISN'T SHE A DREAM?"

Mrs. Sharp. "QUITE. A PERFECT NIGHT-MARE, I SHOULD SAY!"

Isambard Brunel, a boat which negotiates bridges with the utmost facility.

Owing to the presence on board of an alderman's daughter, the David Garrick behaved very unsteadily during her trip past the City yesterday, rolling about in an alarming manner, and refusing to keep her head straight. Her captain, however, says it was only her play.

The Samuel Johnson has gone ashore off the Temple. It is supposed that she was endeavouring to tap a lamp-post on the Embankment in passing.

The Sir Thomas More has repeatedly

broken loose from her moorings near the Tower steps.

The J. M. W. Turner had a slight collision with the Hogarth last week, and each has lost several plates.

Delenda est N.T.C.

Inquiring Citizen (*to well-informed friend*). I say, what does this business between the Post Office and National Telephone Company mean?

Friend (*knowingly*). It means—a deal. [*Exit.*]

THE KING'S SPEECH—AMENDED VERSION.

A NOTABLE feature of the present Parliament has been the extravagant number of sittings devoted, at the commencement of each Session, to the proposal and discussion of amendments to the Address in reply to the KING'S SPEECH: and it is generally felt that an enormous and gratuitous waste of public time might have been saved, if the duty of evolving that document had been taken away from the Government and committed to one or more of the Leaders of the Opposition. The following extract is designed to suggest, however faintly, what might have been the nature of His Majesty's Speech if its composition had been in the hands of Lord SPENCER and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANERMAN, in consultation with Lord ROSBURY, Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. LLOYD-GEOURGE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and other of their colleagues in the Leadership of the Liberal Party.

It should be added that the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of securing the KING'S consent to the recital, direct or by proxy, of this brochure, are here, for the purposes of this article, respectfully taken as overcome.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My relations with Foreign Powers continue to be of a friendly description, notwithstanding the infatuated foreign policy of my Government.

It gave me particular satisfaction to receive as my guests during the past autumn the King and Queen of PORTUGAL. I regret, however, that their visit should have been somewhat marred by the prevalence of fogs, an atmospheric condition which I attribute to the malaria of fiscal ambiguity and obscurity which infests the deliberations of my Government.

The war which has been in progress since February last between Russia and Japan unhappily continues. That no successful intervention in the cause of peace has yet been accomplished is due in large measure to the habitual tactlessness of my Government.

The condition of the Bdkan Peninsula continues to give cause for anxiety, and is likely so to continue, as long as my Government, with its inveterate pusillanimity, fails to exert due pressure in the right quarters.

The Convention entered into between my Government and that of the French Republic has been approved by the French Legislature and duly ratified. This is not surprising when account is taken of the way in which my Government has applied to the French claims in Morocco its traditional policy of graceful concession.

My Government has also come to an agreement with that of Russia, under which an International Commission of Inquiry has been entrusted with the duty of investigating the circumstances in connection with the disaster to British trawlers which resulted from the action of the Russian Fleet in the North Sea. The absolute futility of an arrangement brought about through the constitutional lack of courage which characterises my Government's diplomacy will, I have no doubt, be made sufficiently apparent as soon as the Commission publishes its report.

The steps to be taken for establishing a Representative Constitution in the Transvaal are receiving the tardy and grudging consideration of my Government; but by an inexplicable oversight the identical claims of the Orange River Colony have been ignored.

An Agreement with the Tibetan Government was concluded at Lhasa on the 7th September. The great difficulties which the Mission encountered were brilliantly surmounted by the civil and military authorities responsible for its conduct. Not tot hem, but solely to my Government, must be assigned the discredit of this shameless and unwarrantable excursion.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Estimates for the service of the ensuing year will be laid before you. They have been framed with the utmost recklessness which my Government's precarious tenure of office admits.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Legislation will be submitted to you for the establishment of authorities to deal with the question of the unemployed, and the abnormal distress arising directly out of the deplorable Sugar Convention and the total dislocation of industry evidenced by the Board of Trade returns, and accounted for by the country's intolerable suspense on the question of Tariff Reform.

Your attention will be directed to proposals for diminishing the anomalies in the present arrangement of Electoral areas; but no Bill on this subject will be laid before you till a Commission to be appointed for the demarcation of boundaries shall have reported. By that time almost anything may have happened.

My Government's indecent attachment to the emoluments of office will, I fear, cause the postponement for the time being of much desirable legislation of a highly constructive order: such as: (1) A Bill to repeal the Licensing Act of 1904. (2) A Bill to repeal the Education Act of 1902. (3) A Bill to determine indentured labour in the Transvaal mines.

Further measures which await the resignation of my Government include a Bill for substituting, in the case of future Conservative Administrations (if any), a Bi-monthly for a Septennial Parliament; thus providing facilities for a compulsory appeal to the country as soon as the particular mandate of the previous Election shall have been executed.

In the meantime, may your deliberations be guided by Heaven, of whose assistance you stand in the sorest need.

O. S.

A BALLADE OF MODERN CONVERSATION.

["Bridge, motors, and our ailments are really about the only three subjects on which we converse nowadays."—*The World*.]

"NICE to the ace, he had indeed!"

"Really?" "Didn't know *what* to throw"—

"Idiot hadn't a heart to lead;

Swore like anything, don't you know!"—

"Yes, it was rather a beastly blow,
Losing his liver and lungs and such"—

"New two-cylinder car for CRO"—

"Pneumonia"—"doubled"—"forgot the clutch."

"Over the regulation speed"—

"Abscess hadn't had time to grow"—

"One to get out is all we need"—

"It kept me in for a week or so"—

"Hearts, and made a most hopeless show"—

"Jack doesn't care for the man so much;

He drives, of course, like an angel." "Oh?"

"Pneumonia"—"doubled"—"forgot the clutch."

"Something in *itis*"—"metalled steed"—

"Leaving it, partner"—"laid him low"—

"Bobby in front of him, rather treed"—

"Run it"—"insomnia"—"Mors and Co."—

"Diamonds"—"had no time to slow"—

"Clubs"—"concussion"—"Mercedes"—"crutch"—

"Panhard"—"appendix"—"PAUL's a pro"—

"Pneumonia"—"doubled"—"forgot the clutch."

Envoy.

The stream runs on, it will overflow,

Babble on babble—it sounds like Dutch:

Listen again . . . ay! there they go:

"Pneumonia"—"doubled"—"forgot the clutch."



OUT IN THE COLD.

(Scene from the great Fiscal Melodrama, "The Closed Door.")

LITTLE TARIFFA (the "che-ibl"). "YOU REFUSE TO LISTEN TO MY INNOCENT PRATTLE! BUT I TELL YOU A TIME WILL COME WHEN YOUR HARD HEARTS WILL BE SOFTENED, AND YOU WILL LET ME IN!"



TROUBLE IN THE INTERIOR.

"SOME MEN ARE BORN GREAT; OTHERS HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM."

"A WARRIOR TAKING HIS REST."

'Tis not in MARSHALL to command success, but he might do more, Messrs. FROHMAN and CHUDLEIGH, our CHARLES and ARTHUR, he might deserve it; nay, in a general way, our Captain of comical conceits hath, in nearly all his former pieces, well deserved it. Have we not, our dear CHARLES and ARTHUR, rejoiced with the Pet of the Regiment when he rejoiced, as witness our beaming faces and laudatory remarks when we met you in the lobby of the Criterion during the performance of that most amusing *Killierankie*, so now must we condole with you, and with him, upon the sad and sudden loss of that rollicking drollery tempered by quiet humour, so characteristic of his previous work; for these qualities, truth to tell, are conspicuously absent from his latest piece, *The Lady of Leeds*, at Wyndham's Theatre.

The cast is good, the "Farcical Romance," as its author terms it, is not. WEEDON GROSSMITH ought to be funny as a victimised cockney waiter who tries to play the aristocrat, but he only faintly reminds us of his delightfully comic miseries in *The Magistrate*, with (ah!) the inimitable Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and of his conceit and helplessness as the distinguished little amateur, admirably contrasted with the stolidity of BRANDON THOMAS in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*. And, à propos of this last mentioned piece, in which everybody is supposed to be an amateur actor, what strikes us about this same *Lady of Leeds* is its amateurishness. It is the sort of entertainment that at a private party would have been pronounced by the polite guests "immensely clever," while the charming hostess, with her accomplished but

modestly simpering dramatist by her side, would have been more than gratified at being assured, over and over again, that "the piece, my dear lady, is quite good enough for the professional boards," and that, "as a matter of fact" (in a complimentary way this would have been added), "far worse pieces and far inferior acting to what we have just witnessed in this Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room to-night have been known to achieve marvellous success on the regular professional stage." And so to supper, with sharpened appetite and drinketite; then home, when of course these dear good honest people will confidentially impart to one another their real opinion of the entertainment.

In this *Lady of Leeds* the actors stroll in and out quite casually and aimlessly, except for the purpose of protracting the piece to a third Act. It seems as if the author were a bit weary of the job, and, not wishing to bother his brains about a trifle, had hit upon the notion of taking the old Bulwer-Lyttonian play of *The Lady of Lyons*, now almost unknown to modern playgoers, and using some of its materials in the concoction of a kind of dramatic *ragoût*. Why not have revived HENRY BYRON's capital travestie of BULWER's *Lady of Lyons* with its *grand coup*, in the last scene, of the two *Napoleons*? Alas! that particular burlesque could not be revived with the least chance of success, any more than could the Napoleonic uncle and nephew, because at present our most versatile comedians, or rather those who could be most versatile comedians, have neither the experience forced on them, nor have they the same devotion to the deed as those good all-round players in the old Strand Theatre days, when JIMMY ROGERS, JOHNNIE CLARKE, JAMES BLAND, MARIE WILTON

and CHARLOTTE. SUNDERS could, like ROBINSON, make us weep in domestic drama, and split our sides with laughter at the irrepressible humour of their eccentricities in burlesque. To-day real burlesque can no more be set on its dancing legs than can be re-popularised H. W. LAYTON's effective fustian. It is but fair, however, to recall that within the last four years there was one notable exception to this in the case of the burlesque of *Sherlock Holmes*.

MR. C. M. LOWNE is very good as the heavy retired Colonel, as is MR. VASE TEMPEST in the objectionable part of the unpeccanious, unscrupulous Irish peer, Lord O'Gorman. There are no pleasant characters. The two principal men are more or less unprincipled ends, and the third is a conceited little snob, without the courage of a pretender.

MISS NANCY PERT as Miss Chitty, the vulgar heiress of a fortune made in gingerade, conscientiously represents, as it may be supposed, the author's creation; and as for the acrid, uncongenial, semi-fashionable lady, Lady Anne Wilmot, if Miss FORTESCUE, precisely representing the author's intention, as she must be credited with doing, contrives to render this specimen of female snobbishness tolerable to a fairly good-natured audience, it is a great tribute to her art. Perhaps such an actress as the late Miss ROSE LECHE might have extracted some amusement for us out of Lady Anne, but even then it could have been no easy task. Miss FORTESCUE labours also under the disadvantage of having been called in to undertake the part at the shortest possible notice.

MR. McCLEERY's Venetian scenes are most effective. All that could be done for it in the way of stage management by MR. DEX BOUCHAMLT (who, as to the natural position of furniture, still retains certain eccentric theories, on which, we trust, his own domestics never act *chez lui*), has been effectively done. But cheer up, Messieurs CHARLES and ARTHUR, likewise CAPTAIN ROBERT, there is another and a better piece where this latest came from, a piece that will wipe *The Lady of Leeds* out of the memory of man, a piece the *éclat* of which, peradventure, nevertheless and all to the contrary notwithstanding, will assist in replacing in a correct artistic position upon our dramatic warrior's brow the well-earned, proudly worn laurels that in this, his latest action, have become somewhat rudely knocked askew. Sound trumpets! beat drums! Marshal your forces, and pen in hand once more unto the breach, brave friend, and take the town by storm!

LITERARY NOTES.

A WELL-KNOWN diner-out has, we learn, collected his reminiscences, and would be glad to hear from some obliging gentleman or gentlemen who would "earnestly request" him to publish them.

We should add that no names would be mentioned, the preface merely opening as follows:

"Although these stray gleanings of past years are of but ephemeral value, and though they were collected with no thought of publication, the writer at the earnest request of a friend" (or "many friends," if more than one) "has reluctantly consented to give his scattered reminiscences to the world."

The following volumes in "The Biter Bit" series are announced as shortly to appear:—

"The Fighter Fit; or Practical Hints on Pugilistic Training."

"The Lighter Lit: a Treatise on the Illumination of Thames Barges."

"The Slighter Slit: or a New and Economical Method of Cutting out."

"The Tighter Tit: Studies in the Comparative Inebriation of Birds."

THE TRUTH OF IT.

On me, the sorry numbers that I sing!

How am I changed since that ingenuous prime
When I began to flap a 'prentice wing,
And probe the deeps of Rhyme!

Had one foretold that I was doomed to sink
From my high pedestal—that I must fall
To be a hired Buffoon—I really think
There would have been a brawl.

For in those days I felt the sacred flame
Burn in my very cockles; then I dreamt
Only of loftiest theme and noblest aim,
And most superb attempt.

I would be sweet, yet lack no whit of strength;
I would conjoin high MILTON's moral tone,
TENNYSON's melody, and BROWNING's length,
With something all my own;

Till proud Opinion hailed me half divine,
And decked me (greatly beaming) with the bays,
And name and fame were synonyms in mine
Imperishable bays.

Friend, it has been to me a deep regret
That after great expense of time and skill
Candour compels the statement that the net
Results are simply nil.

I have not done the things I would have done;
Fame in her temple keeps no honoured niche
For me; my plans were all upset by one
Insuperable hitch.

Oft in the mind some flower of epic art,
Or lustrous Ode, would gorgeously unroll
The perfect splendour of its every part
Into one perfect Whole.

In the mind's eye I saw each delicate grace;
I knew each word, each impulse of the theme;
Only they always vanished into space
Before I got up steam.

'Tis sweet to give one's passion leave to flow,
Sweet in one's fond imaginings to soar,
But when you get no further, well, you know,
Friend, it becomes a bore.

And so it was with me. My noble pride
Was wounded, and my hopes were put to rout;
"What use," I said, "to have the flame inside,
When you can't get it out?"

And thus I fell, doomed by the iron law
That hampers Genius with opposing wrongs,
To squeeze, "through serannul pipes of wretched straw,"
My "lean and flashy songs."

I am content to seek no lofty flight,
It is enough that I may play the Fool;
Others may scale Olympus' skyey Height,
Or quaff the sacred Pool.

I am not jealous; nay, I wish them well.
And, if they think it worth the wear and tear,
They can attempt the heavens, or go to Hel-
icon, for all I care.

DUM-DUM.

THE TRUE FOOD OF THE GODS.

By F. Psalmanazar.

THE letters which have appeared in the *Times* on Japanese fare are doubtless interesting and even instructive, but nothing has yet been said of the infinitely more seductive and scientific dietary adopted by the natives of the Ruwenzori plateau of Central Africa. I cannot say that I am so venturesome as to try to preach its substitution for the roast beef of Old England or the nut outlets of latter-day vegetarians. Still, this article may serve to lay before Mr. *Punch's* readers what our diet really is.

The staple articles of food of the Ruwenzoris (or the Rutituwenzoris, as BURCKHARDT calls them) are pulse, beans and eels, with very small and occasional additions of bonzoline forcemeat balls.

The following bill of fare, which attempts to give the three daily meals for a family of moderate circumstances and healthy appetites, will show how they live.

Breakfast (about 7 to 9:30 A.M.).—Halma soup (with vegetables, ponchos, &c.), lava jelly, biled beans, pickled cabbage, tea, Scotch ale, zoedone, ammoniated quinine (sometimes raw eggs with Condy's fluid, or boiled sweet peas or pangoffins, &c.).

Lunch (about 11 to 3:30 P.M.).—Eels boiled in lava jelly, vegetables stewed in lava jelly, pickled ponchos, biled beans, tea (sometimes also a little raw flamingo soaked in salt water, or partially cooked pancakes, &c.).

Supper (5 to 10 P.M.).—Lava soup (with vegetables, fishes, biled beans, &c.), pickled bronchos, vaseline fritters, roast pigmy, raw eels sliced and eaten with halma sauce, broiled (or boiled) sweet peas, early (or late) spring onions, tea and Neapolitan ices.

The Halma or jumping beans are grown all over Uganda and Waganda. They are the staple food of the celebrated pigmies of the Aruwihini, and so far as I know cannot be had here. They are eaten boiled, either young or ripe, and are manufactured into the articles mentioned above, of which moly, guru and shuffli are the most important, and I shall try, if your valuable space allows, to give you the shortest possible account of these three.

1. *Moly*.—Steamed Halma beans, hops, pepper and pulse are mashed and preserved for a period not exceeding fourteen days, during which coagulation takes place, usually producing a brown pasty mess. This mess is diluted to form soup, stickphast, cream for brown boots, &c.

2. *Guru Sauce*.—The ingredients are almost the same as in Moly, except that a greater quantity of pulse (at 80° in the

shade) is generally added. After coagulation the diluted mash is strained to obtain a sauce of an almost purple tinge. The name "Guru" is said to have been bestowed on it because the original inventor, Ras Moxgesia, a Uganda potentate, on tasting it for the first time exclaimed in a loud voice, "O Guru, Guru, Guru." Both in Moly and Guru Sauce those who have not been accustomed to them will detect the aroma of the ju-ju (*magnum bonum*).

3. *Shuffli*.—Biled beans (*erambe reptita*) mashed in a mortar with some addition of hot worter (*aqua fortissima*). The thin mash thus resulting is then strained through bombazine bags, and a slight infusion of liquorice is added, when it instantly begins to conjobble, forming a sweetly pretty flake-white macaroon, which is cut into cubes,

sines, co-sines, or scalene triangles, and is eaten as it is, or fried next morning, or given to the poor when other comestibles are handy. The remnant (*okapi*), being a vitrified and voluminous mass called humorously hoki-poki by the aborigines, is compressed into small pellets by the use of a hydraulic ram, and used in blowpipes to bring down cassowaries and other prognathous and deleterious denizens of the air.

I have provided these Uganda meals to some courteous English friends, who have declared that they have never tasted anything like them before, and am forming a syndicate, with Mr. LEVE-SOX TILES the famous dietetic reformer as chairman, with a view to erecting a great Shuffli restaurant on the vacant site south of Aldwych in case the "Paris in London" scheme is not realised.



WELCOME.

"Oh, UNCLE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE CALLED. BABY'S SO CROSS, AND IT ALWAYS AMUSES HIM AND MAKES HIM LAUGH WHEN HE SEES YOU!"

WHILE THE IRON WAS HOT.

["A strike incident, which might seem incredible unless actually witnessed, occurred here yesterday. The chief girls' school in Warsaw, following the example already set by the university and high schools, struck work. The four hundred pupils chose a representative, who presented a written protest to the director on behalf of her fellow pupils. The director invited this delegate to a private interview, but the girl refused. The director thereupon telephoned to the chief of police, who called upon the military commander to send troops to the school. This was done, and the four hundred girls marched out past a patrol of one hundred armed soldiers and went to their homes."—*The Times*]

Bottleton High School.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—People may say that Russia is a very horrid country—but don't we, all the girls at Bottleton High School, that is—wish that we lived there! This is what they call a free country, but when we strike it means—well, I'll tell you what it means. FLOESSIE AGGS, who is a day girl and owes me tenpence, brought this bit of the *Times* to school, and of course we all settled at once that we should strike. Just think of it! No lessons, a haughty message to Miss SPINKS refusing to interview her, and then—oh, joy!—a hundred armed soldiers sent for from the barracks—most luckily there are barracks not a mile away—and then us marching out most dignified with our noses in the air and Miss SPINKS fainting with rage, and all the soldiers drawn up saluting us in two rows with the handsome young officers in front and—oh, this is what Miss SPINKS calls "slipshod" in my composition exercises, but I can't bother about that. Just think of that picture, Mr. Punch, just think of it! Isn't it glorious! And here are we starving on disgusting bread and water—but that's the end part of the story again.

The beginning was all right. We settled to strike in the second morning hour, which was geography. Miss SPINKS asked DOLLY GREGSON the chief rivers of Italy, and she answered, "Vesuvius, bicycles, and the pluperfect indicative." You should have seen Miss SPINKS's face! Then she asked KATE TOIMMALIN, who said—all in one breath, because she had learnt it by heart—"Down-with-tyranny-and-respect-the-just-claims-of-humanity!" Miss S. turned ghastly pale, but she managed to ask me the principal exports of Mexico. I said, very loudly, "Ah bah!"—which is the French for "Shut up!"—and that was all.

"Are you all quite mad?" gasped Miss SPINKS, "or what—"

At this moment I shoved our written protest into her hand, and she read it.

"The undersigned," it said, "solemnly resolve that they will do no more geo-

graphy, history, mathematics, or other work to have and to hold from this day forward, because their sympathies are aroused and we have tender hearts. We cannot conjugate verba while Russian tyrants are keeping the Emperor safe. The undersigned resolve that they will go on total strike, and we jolly well mean it too. And your petitioners will ever pray."

"And now, Miss SPINKS," I said, "please may I go and fetch the soldiers?"

Mr. Punch, you would not believe the awful way she raved. We were very firm, and silent, and proud. "To ask for an interview is useless," said DOLLY GREGSON, "our purpose is—"

Then Miss SPINKS got up and went out in a rage. Presently we found that she had locked the door behind her. Some of us thought she had gone to the barracks herself. But no soldiers came, nor did the dinner-bell go, even when it was long past dinner-time. Mr. Punch, we became frightfully hungry. At last Miss SPINKS opened the door one inch and told us that the cook, we should be pleased to hear, had gone on strike also, and would not yield until we did. So we had only bread and water all day. And next day—alas, Mr. Punch, how can I confess it?—we said our geography lesson as usual.

Can you tell me how much it costs to go and live in Russia?

Yours affectionately,
DOROTHY JENKINS.

AMONG THE MOTORS.

WITH fixed resolve and purpose set
He paused each car to scan hard,
Uncertain whether he should get
A Mors, Argyll, or Humberette,
A Lanchester or Panhard.

"They all seem good as good can be,"
He said, "or even better,
But special points in each I see:
This one's ignition pleases me,
And that one's carburettor.

"The finish of this make is such
That nothing could be finer;
Nor can I eulogise too much
This other's anti-friction clutch
And its astute designer.

"This is an easy car to steer,
And merits close inspection;
And this one's differential gear
Undoubtedly comes very near
To absolute perfection."

And so with patience, faith and skill
All equally misguided,
He searched Olympia with a will,
And late at night was searching still,
And still was undecided.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Pantomime season is nearing an end, but, on the other hand, Parliament has begun to sit.

Some countries seem to have all the luck. The opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature had to be postponed owing to a terrific snowstorm.

It is said that Earl SPENCER, by letting the policy of the Liberals be known beforehand, has seriously impaired the chances of their success in a General Election.

The Director of the Albany Observatory, New York, bears the title of Principal Boss. It is rumoured that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is seriously considering the adoption of this impressive title, with a view to increasing his authority.

Mr. J. REDMOND has received the following message from the United Irish League of America:—"Irish America wishes God-speed to Irish Party in smashing Tory Government. Irish America has smashed Treaty with Britain. Another £1000 follows in a few days to aid in the work. God save Ireland." Ay, ay.

The scheme for the erection of "Paris in London" in Aldwych has been "referred back" by the L. C. C. It is thought, however, that if the promoters will undertake that the buildings shall be ugly enough, and the entertainment sufficiently dull, the project may yet receive the requisite consent.

LORD ROBERTS has been praising the Motor Volunteer Corps. There is no doubt that, if only the cars can be got to explode at the right moment, we have here a weapon of considerable value.

MR. MACHNOW, the Russian Giant, is said to be in treaty for a disused lighthouse as a *pied-à-terre* in this country.

PARADOXES will never cease. MR. HENRI DE VRIES, the Dutch actor, appeared in seven parts in one piece last week at the Royalty Theatre.

THE honours paid by the KAISER to the late Professor ADOLF MENZEL show a generous spirit on the part of His Majesty, for it must be remembered that the KAISER himself is also an artist.

MR. A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, it is said, has not yet got over his shock at the cool way in which Tibet has been appropriated by other writers.

The first of the CZAR's concessions to

his people has now taken place. Last week 300 Jews were flogged by peasants at Homel with permission of the police.

A French cruiser and a British cruiser ran aground last week. Later on, the French cruiser sank, but the British cruiser felt that the *Entente* had been carried far enough, and refloated herself.

The sympathies of M. SANTOS-DUMONT during the present struggle in the Far East are, it is said, most pronouncedly in favour of the Russians. This is not unnatural in one who is interested in solving the problem of human flight.

In August last, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. LABOUCHERE wagered a Unionist Member £100 that the present House of Commons would not meet again, and he has just had to hand over the amount. It is only fair to Mr. BALFOUR, who is nothing if not kind-hearted, to mention that he was in entire ignorance of this bet when he caused Parliament to be summoned.

The Prince and Princess of WALES have just presented three Constables to Ireland, to form the nucleus of a Dublin National Gallery. The gift has been greatly appreciated, and sanguine hopes have been expressed by the Irish Party that the whole of the local Constabulary may eventually find its way into some such museum.

With a view to increasing the number of churchgoers, a Sunday has been set apart for the preaching of sermons which will be especially addressed to those who are not there.

NEW DEPARTURE AT THE HALLS.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have it on the worst authority that the proprietors of the *Times*, one of the best of the threepenny dailies, have made arrangements to take over the control of the Coliseum for one week, just to show what can be done by the enterprise and resource of an Editor-Manager.

A programme (subject to alteration) has been drawn up which it is calculated will attract all London—or as much of London as can be accommodated. In order that the greatest possible number of persons may enjoy this unique opportunity, there will be eight performances every day, as follows:—

3 A.M.—First Performance. For Editors, leader-writers, and journalists who have put their papers to bed. Free list entirely suspended.

6 A.M.—Second Performance. For workmen. All seats half-price.



AN APPRECIATION.

(Train entering Venice.)

Fair American. "WAAL, I GUESS THIS IS WHERE THE ADRIATIC SLOPS OVER!"

9 A.M.—Third Performance. One hour only. For business men and stock-brokers.

12 noon.—Fourth Performance. For people who don't want any lunch.

3 P.M.—Fifth Performance. For bankers and Foreign Office clerks.

6 P.M.—Sixth Performance. For people who don't want any dinner.

9 P.M.—Seventh Performance. For people who haven't been able to get into any of the other places of amusement.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Eighth and Last Performance. For politicians, restaurateurs, publicans, barmen, Tube railway-men, and other workers who have been occupied all day.

N.B.—As a further means of extending the seating capacities of the Coliseum a special reduction is offered to all those persons who do not mind other persons sitting on their laps, and also to those who do not mind sitting on other persons' laps.

Not quite the Same.

SCENE—Exhibition of Works of Art.

Dealer (to friend, indicating stout person closely examining a *Vandyke*). Do you know who that is? I so often see him about.

Friend. I know him. He's a collector. Dealer (much interested). Indeed! What does he collect? Pictures?

Friend. No. Income tax.

[Exeunt severally.]



Irate Station-master. "WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YE WAITIN' FOR?"

Engine-driver. "CAN'T YE SEE THE SIGNALS IS AGAINST ME?"

Station-master. "IS IT THE SIGNALS? SURE NOW, YE'RE GETTIN' MIGHTY PARTICULAR!"

DISILLUSION.

(Addressed to a Lady Golfer.)

LADY, I have loved you long and truly,
But my love has languished and has passed,
My forbearance you have tried unduly,
Till at last,
One short word, unmeet for lips of ladies,
Plunged me in a disillusioned Hades.
On the links the links of love were broken
That so long had fastened you and me,
That irrevocable word was spoken
O'er the tee,
Henceforth woman finds in me a scoffer,
More especially the woman golfer.
Straining for a stroke I saw you, nearly
[So it struck me] in a circle curled,
Swiftly swooped the club down, yet you merely
Hit the world,
And the ball you thought would soar off spinning,
Sat serenely, so to put it, grinning.
Just a fad I deemed it when you took a
Half an hour to get your bearings right,
Though your queer contortions made you look a
Perfect fright;
Still I thought your conduct more than fuddy
When you hurled your driver at the caddie.

While the irate victim glared and bristled,
And I watched with fascinated stare,
Once again the driver fairly whistled
Through the air;
But you missed the ball, and tottering lost your
Balance, and assumed a sitting posture.
Then, to most unseemly fury goaded,
Lady, there you made me what I am;
From your lips one wrathful word exploded,
It was "—!"
Quickly I perceived that we must sever,
And I have forsworn your sex for ever.

R. I. P.

PERHAPS the most poignantly pathetic word yet uttered upon the decease of St. James's Hall was contained in the title of a paragraph on this moving theme in a Sunday paper. It ran as follows:

AVE ET ATQUE.

This is indeed to wave farewell with both hands. The phrase "Ave et Aque" which occurred in the body of the paragraph had no such *double entente*, but was clearly due to a clerical error.

Reuter reports:—"A certain amount of insubordination prevails among the crews of the Third Pacific Squadron. Yesterday a sailor was shot for stabbing a Lieutenant." But surely this slight irregularity was only a case of high spirits. Tars will be tars.



DAMOCLES THE INDIFFERENT.

ARTHUR B. DAMOCLES. "AH! SAME OLD SWORD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

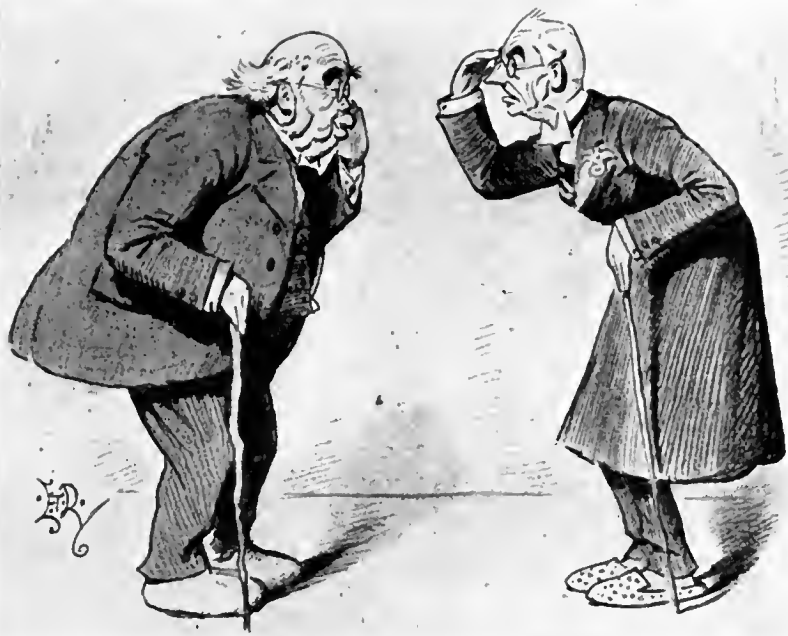
House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 14.

—Have often lamented loss to the stage occasioned by PRINCE ARTHUR having given himself up to politics. Might have been managed differently; above and below Gangway are dozens of statesmen; a heaven-born actor is rare.

To-night he gave fine taste of his quality. Ministry meet Parliament in strange circumstances. With a majority of four score still marshalled at his back, everybody (not excepting Ministers) agrees that Government must go; only doubt is as to when and how happy despatch shall be accomplished. Meanwhile here is C.-B. insisting upon knowing all about PRINCE ARTHUR's relations with DOX JOSÉ in matter of Fiscal Reform. Are the twain formally engaged? Are PRINCE ARTHUR's intentions strictly honourable? If so, what are they?

DON JOSÉ sits coyly below Gangway, near him HARRY CHAPLIN, beaming with that inexpressible, unmistakable delight that indicates the prospective "best man." On Treasury Bench PRINCE ARTHUR seems to turn cold shoulder to his alleged fiancé; that may, however, be an attitude entirely due to topographical situation. The corner seat below Gangway is to rear of Treasury Bench, and since DOX JOSÉ sits there, PRINCE ARTHUR must needs seem to turn his back upon him.

Bluff C.-B. wants an end put to uncertainty and conjecture. "Here in the face of the House of Commons," he said, "I want a plain answer to the question: Is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN correct in saying that



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

Ancient Veteran. "Why, bless my soul! Is it? No! Yes it is! It's poor old Campbell-Bannerman! Wonder what he wants!"

Aged Being. "I-I-I thought I'd just look in and tell you—Can you hear me? eh?—I-I-I thought you might like to know your Tariff Reform scheme was carried last night by a majority of two—What?—You don't remember a word about it!—Well, upon my soul!"

("I have come to the conclusion that before the goal is reached and the Empire saved, the youngest man among us will be completely superannuated.")—*Sir Henry C.-B.'s Speech.*

in the matter of Tariff Reform the PRIME MINISTER is in principle agreed with him?"

PRINCE ARTHUR pained beyond expression at this way of putting it. Had he not through the Recess repeatedly seized opportunity to state his position in the plainest language at the disposal of mankind? Nay, had he not once, tender in his solicitude for minds lacking in acuteness, set forth his position with mathematical precision on half a sheet of note-paper? And behold, on this opening day of the new Session, C.-B., *Oliver Twist* of political controversy, positively asking for more!

Through long service to the State PRINCE ARTHUR has seen and suffered much; had thought himself case-hardened. This shock too much. It broke down the panoply of his intellectual pride, undermining the buttress of his physical strength. Ordinarily gay, light-hearted, master of himself though Ministries won't fall, he to-night presented himself at the footlights in a shattered condition that dimmed with tears the eyes of the youngest clerk at the Table. He hesitated in speech in novel fashion that seemed to presage breakdown. Nervously avoiding the one matter in everyone's mind, he seized upon miscellaneous topics of the KING's

Speech animadverted upon by C.-B. He maundered through Manchuria; tremblingly tip-toed through Tibet; blubbered on the threshold of the Balkans; chortled lamentation over attacks on Chinese Labour.

The feeling of the House thus wrought upon, sympathies awakened even in the savage breast below the Gangway opposite, he finally approached Fiscal question. For full fifteen minutes he talked around it, cheers and counter-cheers punctuating his sentences. When he sat down bewildered House, comparing notes, found he had not added even a hint in direction of defining his personal position.

Business done.—Session opened.

Wednesday.—House still in flush of excitement of gathering for what promises to be critical Session. This afternoon ASQUITH, representing temporarily united Opposition, delivered first attack. Circumstances not favourable to oratorical triumph. A little after two o'clock when he rose. Something ghastly in grey light of February afternoon. Benches only half full. Notably a gap on Treasury Bench where PREMIER is accustomed to lounge. More desirable local adjuncts for a fighting speech are found at the old-fashioned hour of eleven o'clock P.M., with benches crowded



"Why should I symbolise an attitude of mental stability by physical motion?"

(Lord H-gb C-c-l.)



A Pencil Kodak of the Present and Past Colonial Secretaries.

by gentlemen who have comfortably dined. Then you shall hear the inspiring storm of cheers and counter-cheers, marking successive stroke and parry. To open debate in surroundings of this afternoon is a process chilling to the blood.

The greater Asquith's triumph. Almost at first shot got the range of Treasury Bench, whither PRINCE ARTHUR had now returned, and of the corner seat below the Gangway, where DOX JOSÉ sat with the joyous feeling of born fighter with back to the wall, a losing cause in hand, a powerful armed alliance closing in round him.

ASQUITH's speeches always models of Parliamentary debate. In length they never exceed an hour in delivery; frequently forty minutes serve for flawless effort. This desirable end attained by simple process of repressing surplussage of words. Every sentence tells; each perfectly framed, polished, unerring in aim. Time was when students of English language were bidden to spend their days and nights with ADDISON. The MEMBER FOR SARK, earnest for the success of new Members, and for the uplifting of level of debate, advises them to spend theirs with ASQUITH.

Business done.—ASQUITH, on behalf of fraternally united Opposition, moves Amendment calling for instant dissolution.

Thursday night.—A crowded House looked on at striking episode that may hereafter be recognised as marking new departure in history of politics. Amid cheers, loud but not so enthusiastic as in war time, DOX JOSÉ stirred the smouldering embers of debate. House recognised in him arbiter of situation. If it served his purpose he might, by holding up his finger to docile following

of the gentlemen of England, force immediate Dissolution. If he avowed displeasure or discontent with PRINCE ARTHUR's pirouetting on outside ring of Protection, the Government must go. Discovered in benevolent mood, DOX JOSÉ confessed that personally he would prefer early Dissolution. But if other right hon. gentlemen desired to postpone it he, in accordance with nature and habit, was ready to defer. As for PRINCE ARTHUR's views on fiscal question, expressed whether on half-sheet of note-paper or otherwise, he had nothing to complain of. In principle they were identical with his own.

PRINCE ARTHUR, lounging on Treasury Bench, listened intently; made no sign of assent or dissent. Obviously DOX JOSÉ's assertion that the PREMIER's views were identical with his own was quite a different thing from the PREMIER declaring that DOX JOSÉ's views were his.

From corner seat below Gangway up gat Cousin HUGH. Striding into arena, he with nervous hands tore up the cobweb fantasy woven by the ingenuity of DOX JOSÉ, and the assumed necessity for acquiescence on part of nominal Leader of Unionist Party.

"The future of Conservatism lies with us," said Cousin HUGH, proudly, defiantly.

In the intense excitement of the moment he repeated the phrase, now with a note of pathos in his voice. As the division presently showed, the "us" are few in numbers. But there is only one HUGH CECIL, and he is among them.

The remnant of the old Conservative Party still left in the Commons, uneasily looking on, thought of all that has happened since they were swamped by the events of 1886. Doubtless they had

qualms of conscience, some yearning towards the possibility of this gaunt, ungainly figure, with soul and mind inspired by loftiest principles, with lips glowing with real eloquence, one day, not far distant, uplifting the banner of old Conservatism, re-creating a historic party.

Business done.—ASQUITH's amendment negatived by 63 votes in House of 559 Members.

GIFTS IN SESSION.

THE present of a tin of toffee to every Member of Parliament on the Opening Day, although the only one mentioned in the papers, was by no means the only one which helped to lighten and remunerate the task of being a legislator. In addition, every member was presented by—

Messrs. TOFFY with a mackintosh against the inclement and stormy weather which the Session is certain to see;

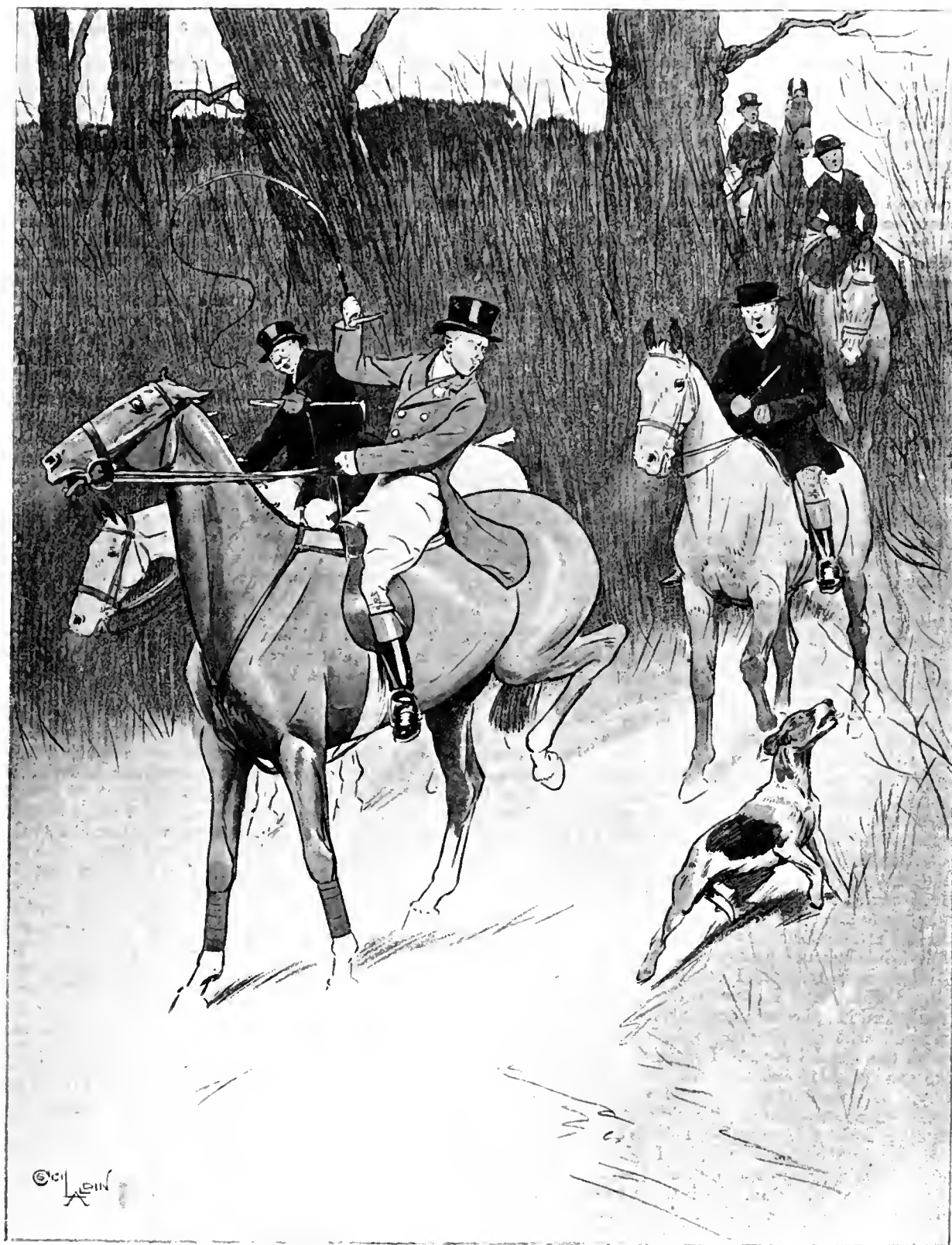
Messrs. OSPREY with a neat tea-basket (with a pound of China tea if supplied to supporters of the Transvaal Ordinance), to enable him to endure the rigours of all-night sittings without leaving his seat in search of provisions;

Messrs. BEDWIN with a pair of noiseless rubber-soled boots, to enable him to leave the House without attracting the attention of the Whips, should the claims of golf or some other public duty summon him elsewhere;

Messrs. BLUNT AND HOSKELL with a scarf-pin capable of being electrically illuminated at will in order to catch the SPEAKER's eye;

Messrs. CONFETTI AND ALHAMBRA with a microscope to assist in discovering points of agreement or disagreement (as the case may be) between Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

OSCULATORY PRACTICE AND PERFORMERS.—In his evidence as reported last Friday, given in *re Walker v. Walker*, the co-respondent, a member of the theatrical profession, is represented as saying that "It was quite usual for the male and female members of a theatrical company to kiss one another." Is it really? How delightful!—in many instances, at all events. How charming to be a member, not of a Saxe-Meiningen Company, but of such a Kissingen Troupe! Of course kissing and embracing must enter into the *jeu de scène*, when an actor has to make a business of a pleasure. Mr. Punch begs to doubt if the "practice is quite usual." If it be, then the rule on the stage does not hold good that "kissing goes by favour."



A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

Farmer (to Young Snobley, whose horse has just kicked one of the hounds). "I SHOULD GIVE THE BRUTE A GOOD HIDING FOR THAT, SIR."
[Snobley, whose knowledge of hounds and hunting is only at present in embryo, proceeds (as he thinks) to do it!]

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing could have been more unexpected. If any fellow had met me as I was leaving my rooms, and told me what sort of day I was in for, my reply to him would have been "Liar!" But he'd have been right all the same.

I was due to lunch with MONTY BLUNDELL at his Club, and started to walk, but when I got into Piccadilly I found I was beastly late. It's funny, but, though I haven't anything in particular to do, I generally *am* beastly late for most things. So of course I had to call a hansom. It struck me, as I told the Johnny across the roof to drive like the very deuce to the Junior Beaufort Club, that he was a trifle glassy in the eye and white about the gills, and he was driving a chestnut that seemed to have got a bit out of hand. But I was in a hurry, and we were off at a canter before I'd time to do more than tumble in anyhow and hope for the best. The canter quickened up into a gallop very soon, and, at the top of St. James's Street, the gallop became an unmistakable bolt. I saw the cabbies on the stand running to their horses' nosebags, and everybody skipping out of our road, and I sat as tight as I knew and prepared for trouble. The gates of Marlborough House were open, and I rather expected to find myself put down there—but the cabman just managed to slew round somehow into Pall Mall. There was a piano-organ just ahead with a monkey on top, and I made sure we should bowl over the entire show in another second. But there had been some rain, and the going was greasy, so, just before we overtook it, there was a slither, a tremendous crash, followed by fireworks * * * and the next thing I knew I was standing looking on from a distance, feeling rather muzzy, but otherwise quite all right.

The usual crowd had sprung up, as if through star-traps in the road. They got the chestnut on his legs, looking as if he was beginning to suspect he had made a fool of himself; the driver, too, appeared to be none the worse, and was being questioned by a constable, who did not seem to show him all the sympathy he expected.

I was rather puzzled, though, when I saw them lifting a young fellow up and carrying him off to the nearest chemist's. He was evidently the fare, and, up to then, I had been under the impression that it was *my* accident. I saw now it couldn't have been, since there I was, looking on. But, from a glimpse I caught of him in passing, I had an idea I'd met him somewhere or other, and I wondered whether I oughtn't to go and see if there was anything I could do for him. I knew the chemist very well, having often looked in there for a pick-me-up.

Still, if I did, I should be later than ever for that appointment—whatever it was, for I couldn't recollect it for the moment. Besides, now I came to think, I couldn't really have recognised him, he was much too muzzy; it was only his overcoat, which happened to be of much the same pattern as the one I had on. I glanced at my coat-sleeve to make sure of this—and then I made a perfectly fearful discovery. It wasn't so much that I wasn't wearing any overcoat, because it was a mild spring morning, and I'd hesitated for some time whether I hadn't better leave it at home. It was the suit I was in. I take a lot of pains over choosing my clothes, and I think I'm entitled to call myself a well-turned-out man. So it was a most awful shock to find that I had come out—in Pall Mall too—in a lounge suit of red and blue plaid, with black braid round the cuffs! I couldn't think what had induced me to order such things—or, for that matter, my tailor to make them. I should have expected he'd sooner have died.

While I was wondering, a tambourine was suddenly shoved under my nose. I never encourage street music at

any time, and I was certainly not in the humour for it just then, so I pushed the tambourine away—not over civilly, I daresay—and it fell into the gutter. On this the person with the tambourine caught me a downright nasty clip on the side of my head.

I was just hesitating whether to call a constable and give the boulder in charge, or risk a row by knocking him down—he seemed rather below my height—when I happened to notice what queer gloves I'd got on instead of my ordinary white buckskins. I do occasionally wear grey reindeer—but these were so beastly hairy.

Feeling more upset than ever, I put my hand to my head, and found I was wearing, very much on one side, a small round cap fastened under the chin by elastic. This I took off and examined closely; it had no hatter's name printed inside, and seemed to be of some regimental pattern, perhaps the latest War Office improvement. Now, except that I did once join a Volunteer Corps for a short time (and might have stuck on, if they'd only let me take my poodle into camp with me), I never was what you might call a military man, and even if I had been I shouldn't parade Pall Mall in an undress cavalry cap. It was so utterly unlike me!

And then I suddenly remembered my engagement—and the thought of it made me feel prickly all over.

I was lunching with MONTY BLUNDELL at the Junior Beaufort Club, where he had promised to put me up for election—and I'd actually, for some reason or other which was beyond me, proposed to go there like this!

For all I knew, MONTY might have asked some influential fellows on the Committee to meet me—and what on earth would they think of a candidate who was capable of turning up on such an occasion in dittoes of some beastly loud tartan? I should be pilled to a dead certainty! It wasn't fair on old MONTY either, who's even more particular, if possible, about clothes than I am. Altogether the best thing to do was to slip quietly back to my rooms while I could, and pretend afterwards that the engagement had slipped my memory.

I'd have done it, too—but unfortunately it was just too late. I'd been moving slowly along Pall Mall all this while without noticing, and when I looked up, there was I, right under the Club windows, and there was MONTY, evidently on the look-out for me! I caught his eye, and I thought I saw him nod cheerily in return. After all, if he didn't see anything to object to in my get-up, why should I? So long as a fellow looks a gentleman and all that, he can carry off the runniest sort of clothes. I'd forgotten that for the moment.

Anyhow, I couldn't get out of it now. So I waved to him in an airy kind of manner, so much as to say: "Got here at last, my dear old chap. Awfully sorry I'm so late. Explain everything when I get in." Though how the deuce I was going to explain, I'd no idea. And I admit I rather funk'd passing the hall-porter and the page-boys—not to mention the Club waiters in their black velvet knee-breeches and silk stockings.

However, BLUNDELL didn't answer my signal; he simply stared at me as if he'd never seen me before in all his life, and then turned away. There couldn't be a neater cut. And really, now I came to think of it, I couldn't blame him. It is enough to put the best-tempered chap off when he asks a fellow to lunch at his Club (and an exclusive Club too, mind you—not a pot-house!) and the fellow actually drives up to the door on top of a piano-organ!

For that was where I *was*—though somehow I hadn't given it a thought before. That explained why I felt taller than usual, and—just here my conveyance gave a lurch, and, as I steadied myself, I caught a glimpse between my legs of something long and greyish and hairy, like a lady's boa which has seen better days—and it flashed upon me

suddenly that there could be only one explanation of my situation. . . .

I daresay I ought to have realised it long before, but when a fellow has just been shot out of a hansom like a clay pigeon out of a trap it's generally some time before he's able to make out exactly *where* he is.

Now I understood. That young fellow I had seen being carried off to the chemist's round the corner was myself after all. But he was far beyond

the aid of any pick-me-up. The vital principle, or intelligence, or whatever you choose to call it, which had inhabited the body of REGINALD BALLIMORE, had already quitted it, and was now occupying this little beast of a monkey. Perhaps there was nowhere else for it to go to just then—and I remember noticing at the time that the monkey's mouth was ajar—perhaps it was even betting on the cab-horse. I don't know, and I must leave it to the scientific Johnnies to explain exactly how it happened. It *had* happened—and that was enough for me.

And really, you know, to come in at one end of Pall Mall in a hansom cab as a well-groomed young bachelor, and to come out at the other as a shockingly-dressed monkey on a piano-organ, is one of those blows which would knock most men out of their stride, for a time at all events.

F. A.

WANDERING WORDS.

By Caligula Mudd.

DURING a much-needed holiday spent on the Cornish Riviera, at the house of my distinguished friend Mr. SPILLER-GOOCH, I have been reading with deep interest the advertisements of the principal London papers, and have come to the conclusion that the literary standard of these valuable contributions is higher than at any previous time.

The publisher's announcements in the *Palladium*, notably those emanating from the well-known firm of ORDER AND ORDER, are marvels of chaste and expressive diction. The *Speculator* has its usual proportion of high-class "ads.;" the *Sentinel*, that superb representative of architectonic Imperialism, is better and brighter than ever; while the report of Companies' meetings in the *Latter-day Purview* are written with entrancing *verve* and crispness. The back page of the *University*

is also on the whole exceedingly well done, some of the blocks lending it an extremely *ehic* and *recherché* appearance. Specially good, I may note, are the half-column announcements of Professor CORKER's *Sermonettes* and HAMISH MONTROSE's *Tales of the Sea-kale Yard*.

It is reported on what seems to be unimpeachable authority that the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL was recently photographed by the famous firm of SNAPPER AND FRY.

much to be said on both sides, only time can tell on which more will be ultimately said.

The second deals with Mr. CHESTER-TON's capacity for self-suppression:

A phrenological chart, which forms one of the most interesting features in Professor HOOPER's book, clearly establishes the point that the bump of confidence is so abnormally deficient in the subject of his memoir that it was only by an extraordinary effort of will that he was enabled to conquer this fatal deficiency and rise superior to the shortcomings of nature.

This seems to me profoundly true. I may add that Mr. PAUL HEYSEMAN is adding to his *Living Luminaries* series (in which Professor HOOPER's volume appears) monographs on Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS (by Mr. SWINBURNE) and on HARRY RANDALL (by Mr. W. B. YEATS).

Mr. CHAPLIN, I understand, is very busy with the biography of Sir GILBERT PARKER which he is writing for Messrs. WHITELEY. It will form the first of a series to be entitled "Little Books on Great Men," and will include a study of Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON by Mr. LEO MAXSE, and one on Mr. LEO MAXSE by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

I am glad to see that Messrs. DELVER promise a collection of poems by the late Professor DIARMID McKECHNIE. Of all the men I remember at Cadwallader College in my student days, no one exercised a more striking or spiritual influence on his class-mates than DIARMID McKECHNIE. I still remember the opening lines of his touching little lyric:

Silently, slowly, sadly
Falleth the autumn leaves.

McKECHNIE spoke nothing but Gaelic till he was sixteen, which will account for the faulty syntax of the second line. The poems will be prefaced by a sympathetic memoir from the pen of the

Rev. ANGUS GAWTHROP, who has recently taken to motor-cycling with the happiest results.

At Dr. Appletwig's Academy.

SCENE—The Punishment Chamber on the Block System.

Classical Headmaster (on recognising a boy sent up for punishment as one who has been before him twice within the last three weeks). En iterum Crispinus!

Nervous Boy (thinking to appease the Master by his scholarship). Et tu, Brute!

[And the Result?



THE MOTOR-BATH.

Nurse. "Oh, BABY, LOOK AT THE DIVER!"

I have not yet been able to read Professor HOOPER's interesting monograph on Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, but I see that Professor HADLEY RAWMARSH deals rather severely with it in the literary supplement of *Bell's Life*. From his article I take two admirably judicial passages. The first deals with Mr. CHESTERTON's versatility:—

Whether we look at him as a ring-leader of revolt or as literary pioneer; as a first-rate fighting man or a fifth-rate farceur; as a survival of the piearoons of the *quattrocento* or as a precursor of the hairless, toothless Overmen of Mr. WELLS's millennium, we are bound in simple justice to admit that, while there is

THE NEW ORDER.

["Last Wednesday the Education Committee at Aberdare decided to deprive all teachers of the right of inflicting corporal punishment."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"In the case of *Catchpole v. Bolton*, the plaintiff, a schoolboy, brought an action against the defendant, a schoolmaster, for damages for alleged slander, and the jury awarded the plaintiff £15. The alleged slander was that the defendant said to other school-children: 'CATCHPOLE is a bad boy. You are not to speak or play with him.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Is the days (how long departed!)
When I diligently started
With my satchel and my shining morning face,
I would look with fear and trembling
While the classes were assembling
To discover if the tawse was in its place.

How old SWISHES used to thunder
If I chanced to make a blunder,
He would call me idiotic little fool,
And upon the least pretences
He would scare me from my senses,
And chastise me as a warning to the school.

All the insults and the caning
I endured without complaining,
For I never dreamt there could be any way
To resist the whims and wishes
Of the tyrannous old SWISHES,
Or to question his indubitable sway.

But, while thus I played the martyr
To this stony-hearted Tartar,
Grew a passion to be even with my race;
Yea, I hungered for a victim,
And I thirsted to afflict him
With the torments I had suffered in that place.

With this laudable ambition
I achieved the proud position
Of a teacher. Ah! to feel the thrill again,
The delight that flooded o'er me
When the brats first stood before me,
And I spotted likely subjects for the cane!

But alas! how vain the pleasures
That Anticipation treasures!
How delusive are the dreams that she enjoys!
Rosy hopes that I had cherished,
In a moment all had perished—
I am nothing but the puppet of the boys.

If the youngsters during class-time
Take a fancy for some pastime—
Tops or marbles—it is useless to cry "Halt!"
How could anyone restrain them?
If I ever try to cane them
I am sure to get a summons for assault.

Nay, if, goaded past endurance
By their impudent assurance,
I but dare to tell an urchin he is bad,
He at once seeks satisfaction,
Injured parents bring an action,
And a sympathetic jury backs the lad.

Promotion in the Russian Services.

OWING to the resignation of Port Arthur, "an Imperial decree orders that, for the duration of the war, Vladivostock is to be reckoned as a first instead of a second-class fortress." For similar reasons we understand that all second-class Russian cruisers will be given brevet rank as first-class battleships.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN Sir HARRY JOHNSTON was administering affairs in Uganda he had on his staff Mr. J. F. CUNNINGHAM. Projecting his book on the Protectorate Mr. CUNNINGHAM busied himself in the collection of information connected with the manifold tribes that people the country. It was intended that this should be incorporated in a second edition of the chief's book. It turned out so voluminous in quantity, so important in matter, that Sir HARRY advised his subaltern to make a book of his own. This is done under the title *Uganda and its Peoples* (HUTCHINSON). It makes a massive volume, with a map and over two hundred illustrations, which, taken by photograph in the clear light of the African sun, come out splendidly on the glossy page. The narrative has the fragmentary character of notes, but my Baronite does not find it suffers thereby. They are pregnant with amazing matter that needs no amplification of words. Passing from tribe to tribe Mr. CUNNINGHAM observes their social habits relating to birth, marriage, death, clothing, food and work. Customs vary in every tribe. The Bahima, for example, bury their dead in a heap of cow manure; the Baziha pay their deceased chiefs the consideration of leaving their heads above ground, whence they peer forth for two months, at the end of which time a new chief is elected. The Manyema are more frugal in their death customs. They just eat their dead. But the line is nicely drawn in the matter of contiguity. None of the immediate family may partake of the feast, nor may neighbours in the same village. Near relations in a neighbouring village, informed of the melancholy end, call for the body of the late lamented and carry it off on a wooden frame. "Is it eaten raw?" Mr. CUNNINGHAM asked, as if he were alluding to a potato. "No, it is generally roasted." "Never boiled?" he insisted. "It is sometimes boiled with bananas," answered the interrogated native. Uganda seems a nice country. But bananas don't atone for everything.

During seven-eighths of the story, L. T. MEADE'S *Little Wife Hester* (JOHN LONG) is a strong sensational novel; but at the last the strain is relaxed, and the finale will be pronounced decidedly disappointing. This novel is notable, however, for the invention and delineation of a curiously composite character in the person of the heroine, a mere doll of a girl as foolish as *Dora Copperfield*, as domestic as *Dot Peerybingle*, as sly as the *Marchioness* and as jealous as *Rosa Dartle*. Such is the strange mixture that the soft-hearted self-sacrificing *Doctor Lorrimer* prescribes for himself and takes to wife. It is a pity that the author should now and again allow the characters to drop into an old-fashioned melodramatic form of speech, as for example when the utter villain of the piece is made to think, not to say, to himself in a style thus expressed: "A criminal condemned to death lies where I can put my hand on him; and if *John Lorrimer* refuses me and ceases to do my bidding, that criminal swings high—the hangman does his work." Evidently this ought to be scowlingly spoken "through music;" then he must either exit moodily, or sink down in an arm-chair, bury his face in his hands, and, lights being quite down, at the prompter's signal, there should be a quick change to a well-contrasted scene representing a pretty rustic exterior all roses and jasmine, season winterly, time about 5 P.M. *Faute de mieux*, when old Caspar's work is done and he wants a companion for a fireside evening, *Little Wife Hester* may be recommended.





THE BRITISH NAVY IN DIFFICULTIES.

Sailor. "AHoy THERE! GET OUT YOUR COLLISION MATS! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S GOING TO RAM?"

HAMLET, PRINCE OF BRUISERS.

[Mr. JAMES J. CORBETT has intimated his intention of appearing as *Hamlet* on an early date. He defines his conception of the part with the statement that he has always felt sure that *Hamlet* "was a man who had a good, straight punch."]

AUTHORITIES may still contest

The pros and cons of *Hamlet's* madness—
Whether grief occupied his breast,
And nothing more than chronic sadness
Produced those antics of the brain
(Discords in music else euphonious)
Which mystified the Chamberlain,
The sage, but flatulent *Polonius*.

But now there swims into the ken
Of critics, in their narrow orbit,
That king of talkee-fightee men
Known to the world as JAMES J. CORBETT,
Raising a more important point,
Than those of scholarship abstruser—
When times were badly out of joint
Was *Hamlet* an accomplished bruiser?

JEM finds the Dane was not a prig,
Nor coward, who invites our stricture;
He made, when pceled to fighting rig,
A pretty pugilistic picture;
He had a most convincing punch
When trained, he was the best of stayers
And showed as elegant a bunch
Of fives, as SULLIVAN or SAYERS.

We know he saw—he tells us this
In language unadorned but fervent—
A Providence that never is
Of falling sparrers unobservant;

It went against the grain to stab
Laertes with a pointed whinger—
He would have much preferred to jab
Upon the "mark" a well-timed stinger.

The end he looked for (see Act V.),
The climax that he longed for dearly,
Was to keep *Claudius* alive,
But maul his relative severely;
To pick him up, and knock him down,
Until he tendered resignation,
And eagerly exchanged his crown
For raw beef-steak and embrocation.

So all whom it revolts to see
So many players stark and bleeding,
When falls the curtain finally,
Will welcome this humaner reading;
When Mr. CORBETT takes the part,
Horrors that now from callous eyes wring
Moisture and melt the toughest heart
Will change to graces of the Prize Ring.

Russia at Sea and Russia at Home.

A CONTRAST.

At Sea.—"The chief feature of the stay of the Baltic Fleet at Nossi Bé has been a rise of no less than 70 per cent. in the price of champagne in Madagascar."

At Home.—The old Sobor Parliament will probably be summoned early in March.

First Reveller (on the following morning). "I say, is it true you were the only sober man last night?"

Second Reveller. "Of course not!"

First Reveller. "Who was, then?"

"ADMIRALS ALL."

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Neubelt.)

[At the time of writing these lines, their author, like the Government, is without official and detailed information as to the conclusions of the North Sea Court of Inquiry. According to a *Reuter* telegram of the 23rd from St. Petersburg the Report finds that Admiral ROZHDISTVENSKY fired on the *Aurora*, and was "justified" in so doing. The following verses take no account of the British and American Representatives. It is assumed that they had no share in the composition of the more humorous sections of the Report. The chief authorship of that document is attributed to the Austrian Admiral.]

FOURNIER, SPAUX and DURASSO,
Judges of proved *esprit*!
Lift we the wassail-bowl and quaff
Health to the peerless Three!
Laughter loud as the winds that blow
Greet them on Europe's lips,
Good to be heard while men shall go
Down to the sea in ships.

*Admirals all, of proved esprit!
Honour and fair renown
Are due to the whole amazing Three,
But specially due to SPAUX.*

Never a seaman worth his salt
But could, with a half-shut eye,
Easily fix the damning fault
In the place where it ought to lie;
One thing only was left in doubt—
Whether the crews were drunk,
Or let their moderate wits run out
Owing to abject funk.

Even at night they must have known
The North from the Yellow Sea,
And might have managed to grasp their own
Vessel's identity;
And if the Inquisitors, too discreet,
Said nothing of drink or scare,
At least they could point to Togo's fleet
As being engaged elsewhere.

Well, have they solved the nautical knot
And labelled the phantom bark—
Whence and whither it steered and what
It was doing there in the dark?
Yes, its name is as clear as Day,
But Russia was surely right
In the peculiar circes., they say,
To go for the same at sight.

This they assert, but fail to tell
Who is the man to blame
If the major amount of shot and shell
Went wide of its so-called aim;
Here is a mystery closely hid,
But they find, these men in blue,
That the thing that ROZHDISTVENSKY did
Was a sailorly thing to do.

Admirals all, they have said their say,
And the Babel of tongues is still;
Admirals all, they have gone their way,
Leaving us half the bill;
But they leave us also a gift that atones
(Hail to the humorous Three!)
A gift of laughter to rack the bones
Of our horse-marines to be.

*Admirals all, of proved esprit!
Honour and fair renown
Are due to the whole amazing Three,
But specially due to SPAUX.*

O. S.

THE NEW ENGLISH.

We are delighted to be able to state that the excellent example set by the French Government will shortly be followed by our own, and that an exhaustive set of rules for simplifying and beautifying the English language, framed by a specially selected committee of three leading journalists, viz., Sir OLIVER LODGE, Mr. HAROLD BEGUE and the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, will shortly be issued and enforced on all classes of the community.

It had been hoped that universal acquiescence in the new scheme would have rendered compulsion unnecessary. Unfortunately a small band of reactionaries and obscurantists, headed by some incompetent pedagogues, have issued a manifesto of protest, and the measure of support which they have secured has left the Government no other alternative. Full details of the recommendations of the Committee are not yet forthcoming, but it is generally understood that the use of a large number of specified neologisms, free spelling, and split infinitives are cardinal features in this great scheme of emancipation.

From the mass of correspondence which has reached us on the subject we have made the following selection:—

Mr. ALFRED ARSIN writes from Malvoisie Manor:—"I have great confidence in the taste and sagacity of the Committee of Three, and their resolve to encourage free spelling is a convincing proof of their fitness for the task. The principle that spelling is to be modelled on the spoken word is essential to the success of the scheme, and will be welcomed by all true poets with enthusiasm. Free spelling enormously widens the range of rhyme, and since the announcement of the new departure I have found the divine *afflatus* in my own case has immensely increased in volume and velocity. This morning no fewer than three lyrics flew out of my Heliconian fountain pen."

Mr. CHARLES HANDS writes from St. Petersburg:—"Let us not palter with pedantry. Hoof out the fly-blown fetish of correctitude. What we want is not an anæmic vocabulary and a crippling syntax, but a full-blooded diction, teeming with splurge and vim. England will never really buck up until she learns to express herself in a crisp but lurid lingo, in which the charming compounds of pigeon-English from the Transvaal, the vivid phrases of the Sydney larrikin, and the argot of Mayfair all find their proper place."

Mr. HARRY FREDERICKSON writes:—"The notion of reorganising our language appeals to me strongly as a revolutionary historian. I trust, however, that the claims of Byzantinism will not be overlooked, and that in the new vocabulary room will be found for some of the choicer gems of speech invented and patented by my friend Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT."

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON writes:—"Language to be efficient should be at once terse and luscious. No long sentences. But plenty of purple patches. It must reproduce all the best qualities of brainy chat, and grip the reader with red-hot similes and juicy adjectives."

Sir HENRY HOWORTH writes:—"If the scheme, as I make no doubt it will, enriches the vocabulary of polemics, it will have my most cordial support. We are sorely in need of new epithets to render adequate justice to the treacherous fatuity of the Free-fooders."

Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD writes:—"Allow me to prefer a modest plea on behalf of enlarging the bounds of our speech. Some of the critics of my last work—the nine hundred and seventy-third volume which I have written—have fallen foul of me for alluding to 'a Highland chieftain or catamaran.' They say that the word should be 'cateran.' Surely this is pedantry run mad. The insertion of an extra syllable not only renders the word much more euphonious, but lends it a truly Scotch or at any rate sub-Alpine flavour."



FIRST ADVANCES.

RUSSIAN BEAR (*tentatively*). "AHM!"



SWEEPING ASSERTION.

"THE OTHER NIGHT, AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE, MRS. VERE-JONES WAS GOWNED SIMPLY IN A CLINGING BLACK VELVET, WITH A CLOAK OF SAME HANDSOMELY TRIMMED WITH ERMINE."—*Extract from Society Journal.*

MORE "WELSH LIGHTS."

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say, for the benefit of those who are interested in the unaccountable luminous visitations in Wales, that the phenomena are by no means peculiar to that country, but may be seen, under favourable conditions, from any English highway. In proof of my assertion I submit the following remarkable results of my own investigations, which were carried out not fifteen miles from town.

About 10.30 on the night of the twenty-fourth ultimo I started out on foot, armed with my camera, and found the country-side covered with mist. After pursuing my investigations for several hours without result, I was about to seek my couch when there suddenly appeared before me a hundred yards ahead a lambent ball of blood-red light. The apparition was some fifty feet from

the ground, and maintained an almost stationary position above the trees of a small copple.

Hastening to the spot I found the haze was too thick to allow a successful photograph to be taken, but fortunately I discovered a substantial pole near at hand up which I shinned without loss of time, until I found myself almost in touching distance of the mysterious luminary. Indeed I was just stretching out my hand to do so when it changed to a lambent green colour, and I was conscious of a sharp concussion on the head which necessitated my descending the pole with considerable agility.

I regret to say that on reaching the ground I nearly met with an accident in which a locomotive was involved, but luckily escaped with the loss of my umbrella and hand-camera.

When next evening I started out on

my bicycle I was pleased to find the night was clear, although I hardly hoped to meet with success on two consecutive nights. However, I had not ridden half a mile before I became aware of two globes of white fire about three feet from the surface of the ground at no great distance from me. Hastily extinguishing my lamp I quickened my pace, but far from eluding my pursuit they seemed to court inquiry, increasing in size momentarily until I was only a few yards distant. Suddenly I was conscious of a terrific impact, an unpleasant odour and a loud tumult of sound, and remembered nothing more for a considerable period.

Although at present in the doctor's hands, I intend to continue my investigations next week, when I expect to bring them to a satisfactory conclusion.

Yours truly,

PRACTICAL INQUIRER.

VER!

THERE'S something beating in my breast that tells me it is
spring-time;

My cardiac pulses prophesy the presence of the ring-time;
Now maidens doff their backwardness and all the lads get
bolder,

And everybody's looking young and nobody feels older.
The thrushes and the blackbirds sing; the sparrows chirrup
madly;

The crocuses are popping out, and don't pop out so badly;
And, yielding to the vernal warmth, the angler is reduced to
The catching of a smaller cold than lately he was used to.

Our Parliament has met again—it seems to be unending—
And ARTHUR, that engaging child, is playing at pretending.
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, the firework fiend, is spent like any rocket,
And finds himself, a fiscal stick, secure in ARTHUR's pocket.
Now WYNHAM, looking black and blue and turning on his
teaser,

Defends himself from ASTORY and tries to play the CÆSAR;
And every merry Radical, whose nerves grow daily tenser,
Is suffering from hope deferred, and throwing stones at
SPENCER.

Now sixteen Undergraduates of Cam and eke of Isis
Abandon cake and cream and tart and everything that nice is.
They spare their words and spend their winds, and though
their seats are slidey,

Their minds are firm; their oars are spruce, and soon their
pace gets tidy.

Their luxuries might be described as something less than
little;

Their meat is tough, their bites are strong (although their
barks are brittle);

And every day they take their oars and either row or paddle,
While someone scares them into fits a-cursing from the saddle.

The Cantabs change their river now, and off they go to Ely;
And now and then they change their sides (like CURCHILL,
GUEST and SEELY).

Their Coach is most severe with them: as soon as WAUCHOPE
woke up

The echoes of the sluggish Ouse they went and kept the
stroke up.

Sans peur et sans reproche they are—each one a modern
BAYARD;

And, not yet having got their blues, the cunning beggars try
hard;

And critics who come down to see say, "This will be a fast
year:

Already they are better far, we're sure of it, than last year."

At Oxford, too, they've got an Eight that's always going
better.

And though they've turned her inside out they've never yet
upset her.

Oh, much I should rejoice to watch the very far from still lips
Of one who rides and teaches them, their mentor, Mr. PHILLIPS.
He tells them all about the stroke, how finished, how begun
too;

He likes to see a thing well done and gets the men well done
too;

And when they've had their fill of work, and every one
looks thinner,

He lets them down and feeds them up and fills them full of
dinner.

In short, in saying "Spring is here!" I'm sure I shan't be
tripping;

The mint-and-saucy little lambs are practising their skipping;

In dreams I see the waving corn and catch the farmers grum-
bling;

The bumble-bee appears again and starts upon his humbling.
My soul leaps up like anything; unless my sight grows
dimmer,

I ought to see on every twig a viridescent shimmer.

Come, Ver, declare yourself aloud; no longer be a hinter;

And—what the dence! A fall of snow? By Jove, we're
back in winter! Tis.

AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

LUCKY for Mr. SUTRO that his reputation as a dramatist is,
for the present at all events, firmly perched on the *Walls of*
Jericho, for certainly it would never have attained that
elevated position had it depended either on the "curtain
raiser" entitled *A Maker of Men*, or on the "New and Original
Comedy" in three Acts entitled *Mollentrare on Women*, now
being performed at the St. James's Theatre.

In both pieces—the first is only a bit of a piece—the acting
is excellent. Too great praise cannot be given to Miss EDITH
OLIVE in the aforesaid "curtain-raiser" for her rendering of the
loving and plucky wife. Had Mr. SUTRO been well advised he
would have kept this snippet of an Act, a mere memorandum
for a scene in a play, safe in his own desk until such time as he
should see his way either to developing it or to fitting it into
a carefully planned, interesting three-act drama or comedy.
As it is, for the sake of making the female character worth
the attention of a good actress, he has given her soliloquies
written in a theatrical style that might have been acceptable
to audiences that dearly loved their BULWER LYTTON, and
admired their SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

As for *Mollentrare on Women*, described as "a new and
original comedy," it differs but little from a three-act farce.
Its plot turns upon the utter improbability of a sort of superior
Mr. Micauber, overpoweringly impressed by his own clever-
ness, absolutely omitting all mention of the name of the young
man whom he wishes a certain young lady to marry, when
talking, impressively, on this very subject, to the girl
herself! Nay, more, Mr. SUTRO places a sharp-witted barrister,
an experienced King's Counsel, in the room, as witness
of this interview, and never allows this clever lawyer to
interfere and say, "My dear *Mollentrare*, excuse me, but you
have omitted to mention your client's name." The whole
thing is too preposterous, but, granted the absurdity of the
root idea, it must be conceded that, except in this crucial
instance, the dialogue is natural, though not particularly
sparkling, and that the characters, especially that of the child-
like and bland *Mollentrare*, are as amusing as those in an
"entertainment."

Mr. ERIC LEWIS, in this eccentric part of *Mollentrare* which
is a compound of *Micauber*, *Mr. Dick* and *Harold Skimpole*,
is admirable. The character could not have found a better
representative. His light touch-and-go comedy is deliciously
exhilarating, and it would not surprise the audience were he
suddenly to burst into song. By the way he does, once,
dance; and this the House intensely appreciates. In the
Third Act there is a charming "set" by Mr. WALTER HANN
representing "the garden of Mr. *Mollentrare's* house at Swan-
ge," where the stage is carpeted with a heavy, mossy sea-
weedy sort of grass, which, on the night when we had the
good fortune to be present, not having been kept neatly
trimmed, impeded the progress of the actors by almost
tripping up Miss MARION TERRY (the delightful representative
of *Lady Claude Derenham*) and forcing Mr. ERIC LEWIS, as
his feet got entangled in the weeds, to exclaim in a tone of
genuine annoyance, "I really *must* get this grass cut." No
line in the play so took the fancy of the audience as did this.
It caught on at once, and literally brought down the house.
For quite forty-five seconds Mr. LEWIS and Miss TERRY were

condemned to silence, and, while facing one another, they had to do considerable violence to their feelings in order to preserve their gravity, while boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, applauded enthusiastically. It was the hit of the evening. Not a line of the author's obtained such instant recognition as this impromptu so naturally uttered by Mr. LEWIS.

The excellence of the acting may carry the piece, and indeed it needs carrying, as the chances of its running seem to me somewhat problematical. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL gives a clever portrait of the *Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P.*, as imagined by Mr. SUTRO. Mr. LESLIE FABER is quite the boyish *Everard Swenboys*, and great praise was on this particular night due to Miss HYLDON FRANKLYN, who at short notice took the very responsible part of *Margaret Messilent*, the silly-girly ward of the victimised King's Counsel.

Mr. SUTRO seems to lack that quality which is recognised as an infinite capacity for taking pains. He hits upon a capital eccentric character, quite Dickensian, and then, having apparently so exhausted himself with this effort as to be quite unable to invent a good comedy plot in which this eccentric character shall find his proper place, he knocks together, "constructs" is not the word, some old farcical materials as the *entourage* for this absurd individual. Pity that Mr. SUTRO should have ventured beyond the *Walls of Jericho*. Let him return to Jericho and await the arrival of another brilliant idea. *En attendant* he may study the art of dramatic construction.

A GOLFER'S TRAGEDY.

PERHAPS a golfing reader, *Mr. Punch*, may like to treat For a set of clubs, all warranted, enclosed in bag complete?

Not long ago I should have scorned as palpably absurd
The thought of the catastrophe which actually occurred;
Not long ago—the very recollection makes me weep!—
I never thought to see my whole equipment going cheap!

I loved the game; I did indeed! I revelled in a match;
My handicap, I grant you, was a good bit over scratch,
Yet now and then my Haskell, hit superlatively clean,
Would fairly fizzle from the tee and land upon the green.

One day—a black, a dreadful day—he calm, O breaking heart!

I chanced to read an article about the golfing art,
With views by a photographer—yes, BELDAM was his name;
I'd like a transposition in the spelling of the same.

The pictures, as I gathered, were intended to display
The perils that beset the mere beginner on his way;
Upon a sort of chess-board stood a golfer, who combined
Each error, great and little, that can overtake mankind.

And, as I gazed, quite suddenly I recognised the fact,
Each picture was a portrait, unmistakably exact!
Here were the modes depicted of how *not* to hit the ball,
Here were the golfer's vices—and I'd simply got them all!

Thereafter I was haunted, as I drove from every tee,
By visions of the awful sins exemplified by me;
My stance was wrong, my swing was wrong, my grip was
wrong also,

And never, never after could I make my Haskell go!

I tried to change my habits, and I hardly need explain
To any golfing reader that the effort was in vain;
Reverting to my former ways, the consciousness of vice
Made every shot a fizzle, or a melancholy slice!

So that's the reason, *Mr. Punch*, I sob aloud and weep,
And that is why I'll sell my clubs, ridiculously cheap!



APPEARANCES ARE SOMETIMES DECEPTIVE.

Inquisitive Boy. "CAUGHT ANYTHING, MISTER?"

Angler. "No."

Inquisitive Boy. "DO YER EXPECT TO?"

Angler. "CAN'T SAY." (*Pause.*)

Inquisitive Boy. "WHAT ARE YER FISHING FOR?"

Angler (becoming annoyed and trying to be sarcastic). "FCS!"

NEW RULES FOR "PIT."

[On the authority of the *Athenaeum Club*.]

(1) The table shall be firmly clamped to the ground, and the cards shall be of metal not less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, with rounded corners.

(2) Any player who speaks in such an audible voice that the position of the roof is altered shall be forced to make the damage good.

(3) No player shall use a megaphone or speaking-trumpet of any kind.

(4) Muffin-bells may only be employed by players who have formed a "corner," and desire to communicate this fact to other players.

(5) If a player has called "corner," and is found to have only eight similar cards in his hand, the game shall be continued without him. His remains may be removed at leisure.

(6) "Progressive Pit" with more than four tables shall only be played in a house which is at least five miles in any direction from other inhabited buildings.

(7) No person who is not a player shall approach while a game is in progress, except in the case when a player faints across the table and so obstructs the play.

MUSICAL FISH.

Being a postscript to an article on "The Sense and Sensibility of Fish," in the "Outlook."

That fish can hear has been abundantly proved. The following story, told by MATTHIAS DUNN of Mevagissey, is in itself testimony of the best. "The crew of one of the pilchard-boats lay becalmed one evening some miles from the coast, and, as time hung heavy on their hands, sang in chorus one of the chapel hymns, of which they know so many since the days when WESLEY preached through the Duchy. The response came in the shape of an almost miraculous draught, for thousands of pilchards, mesmerised, as it were, by the music of deep voices floating on the waters, gathered round the boat and were taken in the nets at the first cast."

It is probable that fish are now wiser, recognising that what is gospel to man is death to themselves. But the fact remains that fish can hear and appreciate music. On a dark evening it is well known to every constable in the vicinity that the fish leave the Serpentine in great numbers and come flopping across the grass towards the Albert Hall in order to listen to the TORREY-ALEXANDER choir. There are also instances of Thames fish climbing the Terrace of the House of Commons to listen to the harmony of an Irish night debate. But there is no record of their having taken to debate themselves—thus differing from the unhappy pilchards.

But fish not only can hear music intelligently; they also make it. Deep-sea concerts are very common, and divers bring back wonderful tales of their top notes. Indeed the derivation of the word *diva* is perhaps to be found here by the sufficiently learned. We may add that Professor ROLLICKER, when working at the Naples Aquarium, once provided himself with a diving costume, the helmet of which was fitted with special sound-receivers, and found that, standing at the bottom of the Mediterranean in that lovely bay that mirrors fiery Vesuvius and the low white roofs of Sorrento, he could with a little practice not only distinguish several kinds of fish by their voices, but thoroughly enjoy the artistic programmes of vocal and instrumental music which were kindly performed for his benefit by subaqueous minstrels.

But while certain musical qualities are common to all members of the finny tribe—e.g. brilliancy in their scales—there is a marked divergence in the proficiency and tastes of the various species. The voice of the turtle has for three thousand years at least excited the admiration of all hearers by its soft and

soothing tones. Accuracy of intonation is a remarkably constant feature amongst submarine vocalists, though it has been noticed that flounders are occasionally apt to get rather flat. Bass, as their name implies, have generally low-pitched voices, and Professor RAY LANKESTER in one of his masterly monographs has dwelt on the curious partiality displayed by large eels for convergational singing. The sardine has a voice of a singularly soft and rather oily timbre, which has given rise to the familiar indication *con Sardinia*. The dragonet (the *dracunculus* of Rondeletius) gave its name to DRACONETTI the famous double-bass player, and Sir FREDERICK BUTGE, the distinguished organist of Westminster Abbey, has left it on record that the command of the pedals enjoyed by a well-trained octopus easily surpasses that possessed by any human performer. MATTHIAS DUNN, himself a fine performer on the concertina, was of opinion that when the ringed seal makes a bee-line for home, bearing a plump cod to her young ones, she hums as she goes. On this point, however, there is a conflict of evidence. Professor ROLLICKER's observations of the seals which haunt the Neapolitan icebergs leading him to a somewhat different conclusion. They are however quite unanimous in holding that no matter how highly developed a fish's taste in concerted vocal music may be you will never find it appreciates a "catch."

EXCUSES AD LIBITUM.

THE *Daily Chronicle* of February 23 and the *Globe* have decided that "Sorry" is the ideal form of apology. We venture to think that it does not meet all possible cases; and the temporarily contrite, therefore, are recommended to refer to the subjoined list.

From Admiral of Fishing Fleet to panic-stricken Russian Commander, on being attacked and sunk by the latter:—"We are simply overwhelmed at the idea of causing you groundless alarm. Pray let us defray all damages you may have inflicted."

From Nationalist M.P., on calling Cabinet Minister a liar:—"Mr. Speaker, Sir, I regret to say that what I implied in connection with the Right Honourable Gentleman was the reverse of the truth."

From Indiscriminate New-Comer, on disturbing the extremities of a bus-load of people:—"It's of no consequence, I assure you!"

From Fickle Swain to Lady-love whom he has jilted:—"Pray don't mention it (to your solicitors)."

From Inadvertent Gentleman, on precipitating contents of tea-cup over front of Lady's dress: "There's many a slip

'twixt the cup and the lap," or, "Excuse my odd little *lapse*!"

From Absent-minded Barber, on gashing the chin of Passive Resister: "My mistake!"

From Over-energetic Partner to Débutante, on tearing her ball-dress: "Dear me, have you 'got the needle?' I haven't."

Other specimens of cheery apology may be easily constructed on similar lines for undefeated offenders at golf, Bridge, dinner parties and mothers' meetings, for whom the ejaculation "Sorry" is too staccato.

THE EUPHEMISTIC AGE.

[Lord HEAR CROCH, by his story of the "gentleman's anatomical belt," designed "to shape the male figure into a superelegant tenuity," has called attention to our "custom of using names because they are polite and pleasing, and not because they are accurate."]

TIME was we Britons all displayed

A frank and brutal candour;

We used to call a spade a spade,

But now we're growing blander.

If Truth be nude, we think it rude

To turn our glances on her:

We dare not look till we can hook

Some decent clothes upon her.

When nightly, as we sit at meat

Around the groaning table,

We over-drink and over-eat

As long as we are able,

'Tis not from greed we love to feed,

And swinish inclination—

Alackaday! we are a prey

To "social obligation."

When ladies seek masseuses' skill

To rub away Time's traces,

And sleep (as I am told they will)

With masks upon their faces;

When they repose with peg on nose

To mould it into beauty—

Good friend, refrain! Don't call them vain!

They are the "slaves of duty."

When City men conspire with Earls

To tempt untutored boobies

By talk of valleys filled with pearls

And diamonds and rubies;

When they invite the widow's mite

To set their ventures floating—

It's swindling? No! by no means so!

It's "company-promoting."

When public gentlemen address

Small cheques to institutions,

And little pards to half the Press

About their contributions—

You hint they're glad to get an "ad."

And easy popularity?

That's not their game! They have one aim—

"Disinterested charity."

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL GRIPENBERG declares that KUROPATKIN robbed him of a victory. Never mind: the Japanese have been playing KUROPATKIN the same scurvy trick.

But, speaking seriously, it seems hard that the one success which the Russians would have won (provided, of course, that they had not been defeated) should have miscarried owing to a misunderstanding.

The *Express* raises a scare of "Useless bulkheads on British vessels." We would rather have these than the useless blockheads from which a certain foreign Navy suffers.

A naval volunteer corps is to be started in Cape Colony, and the Admiralty has been asked for the use of an obsolete war ship. We understand that an appeal to the War Office for some obsolete guns was met with the reply that they were all still in use.

Count STERNBERG, who served against us in the Boer War, has been fighting his battles over again. Last week, in Vienna, he struck an elderly journalist on the back of the head, and then ran away.

We understand that the King of SPAIN has not yet arrived at a decision in the choice of a bride, and will still be happy to receive suggestions from our half-penny papers.

It is rumoured that the recent case against the "Emperor of the SAHARA" was assigned to Mr. Justice DARLING, at his Lordship's special request, "as it gave him such a chance."

It is also stated that in future, in dealing with minor offences, Mr. PLOWDEN will give his prisoners the option of "Forty shillings or a joke."

Mr. JAMES BERRY, the ex-hangman, in speaking of his old occupation, declared, "It injures you: it breaks you. Indeed it seems to do for a man altogether." People on whom he has operated would, we are sure, corroborate this view.

A young girl, while leaning out of a window, last week, in the Avenue de la République, Paris, fell through the awning of the café below on to the heads of the startled customers. "She escaped," the report says, "with a few scratches." Some people would have done more than this to the intruder.

Two silver tea-pots were found, the other day, in the nosebag of a donkey



FORCE OF HABIT.

Lady. "POOR MAN! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT OF WORK?"

Absent-minded Beggar (usually blind, at present working the "unemployed" business). "I WAS BORN THAT WAY, MUM."

belonging to a Newington coster. The coster, however, was sent to prison for stealing them. The attempt to foist the guilt on the quadruped was as cowardly as it was impotent.

The War Office authorities consider that too much fuss is being made about what is, after all, a very little rifle.

"Dear little rifles for dear little recruits" are what they claim, with some justice, to be supplying.

It is a pleasure at last to find Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN agreeing with another Liberal Leader, anyhow as to one point. Lord SPENCER, in reply

to the expression of a hope that he might be the next Premier, has stated, "I cannot believe I shall be called to such a high post."

To the great annoyance of the officers and men of the Third Baltic Squadron, news of the decision of the Paris Tribunal only reached them after they had passed the Dogger Bank, when it was too late for them to have a few shots at our fishing fleet.

Continuing its scheme for having our national games reported by those who take part in them, the *Daily Mail's* Parliamentary article is now written by an M.P.



LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

Motorist. "CONDUCTOR! How CAN I STRIKE THE HARROW ROAD?"

Conductor. "'ARREW ROAD? LET 'EE SEE. SECOND TO RIGHT, THIRD TO -IT'S A GOOD WAY, SIR. I TELL 'EE, SIR. JUST FOLLOW THAT GREEN BUS OVER THERE; THAT 'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT TO IT!"

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

["British lady motor-drivers," says *Motoring Illustrated*, "must look to their laurels. Miss ROSAMUND DRAKE, of Boston, U.S.A., invariably has her sweet, pet, fat, white pig sitting up beside her in the front of her motor-car."]

We are losing our great reputation,
Our women are not up-to-date;
For a younger, more go-a-head nation
Has beaten us badly of late;
Is there nowhere some fair Englishwoman
Who'd think it not too *infra dig*,
To be seen with (and treat it as human)
A sweet pet fat white pig?

There is no need to copy our Cousins,
A visit or two to the Zoo
Will convince you there must be some dozens
Of animal pets that would do,
With a "grizzly" perched up in your motor,
Just think how the people would stare,
Saying, "Is that a man in a coat or
A big grey tame-he-bear?"

Think how *chic* it would look in the paper
(*Society's Doings*, we'll say),
"Mrs. SO-AND-So drove with her Tapir,
And daughter (the Tapir's) to-day,
Mrs. THINGUMMY too and her sister
Drove out for an hour and a half,
And beside them (the image of Mr.)
A dear-wee-pink-pet-calf!"

AWFUL OUTLOOK FOR THE SMART SET.

["A weary lot is in store for feminine *Falstaffs*, for the fiat has gone forth that hips are to be abolished."—*The Gentlewoman*.]

DIGITT AND POLLEX, of Cork Street, are now showing two positively sweet lines in suede and kid thumbless gloves, designed to meet the present craze for amputating the first finger. — *The Well-Gowned Woman*.

The Countess of ORRELY was amongst those of the most exclusive set who appeared at the play last night wearing the left ear only. This attractive fashion has caught on in the most wonderful way. — *Round Town*.

Fashionable surgeons will have a busy time during the next few weeks, as we hear that one leg only is to be all the rage this season. In Bond Street yesterday we saw some very modish things in ivory and bonzoline legs at DOTT AND CARRION'S. — *The Up-to-Date*.

The Youngest Living Photographic Artist.

In the *Tatler* of Feb. 22 appears a portrait of the Czarevitch ALEXIS, and, underneath, the statement: "This is the only portrait that has yet been taken of the infant Prince by himself." "The Czar," it is added, "has sanctioned its publication." Parental pride could do no less.

Another Infant Prodigy.

CARE of elderly FEMALE BABY; near sea.—*Advt. in "Norwood Press."*



THE SPECTRE THAT WASN'T LAID.

ARTHUR B. "WH-WH-AT A H-H-HORRID THING! I SHALL R-R-RUN AWAY!"

C.-B. "I-I-I ONLY W-W-WISH I C-C-COULD!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TUDY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—
“Curious thing in Irish politics, not as far as I know noted, is effect it has upon the hair of the Chief Secretary of the day. I remember when FORSTER undertook the post there was something really truculent about his hair. It operated upon unruly Irish Members almost with severity of a Coercion Act. After a year or two it began to droop, thin out, finally assuming a lost lank look suggestive of having been out all night in the rain. GEORGE TREVELYAN went to Dublin Castle with unbriddled hair; he left it grey-headed. And now here's that young thing, GEORGE WYNDHAM, whitening visibly. A most distressful country, not least for those called upon to govern it.”

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, moralising in interval of to-night's Debate.

REDMOND *ainé* opened it with amendment to Address nominally raising question of Government of Ireland, actually designed to give his financial supporters in United States and elsewhere a show for their money, the young bloods of his party opportunity of airing their eloquence. What in ordinary circumstances would have been a hollow performance, wearisome by its obvious artificiality, led to one of stormiest scenes witnessed of late in House.

REDMOND having completed delivery of his recital, marred by loss of some



TOO LIVELY TO BE PLEASANT.

That Inconvenient "Corp." "Bedad, it'll take ye all y'ur thoinse to blury me!"
(“Cannot we bury the episode in oblivion?”—Mr. Balfour's Speech.)

pages of the manuscript containing notes of his impromptu, MOORE of North Antrim took the floor. Spokesman of Irish Unionists, he might have been expected to gird at his fellow-countrymen in opposite camp, and defend the representative of the best of all Governments. But you never know where you have an Irishman, even when he comes from Ulster. The loyal Orange man had little to say to his Nationalist brothers clamouring for Home Rule. He turned and rent his own familiar friend, his sometime captain, the Chief Secretary, representative of a Government composed of men who nineteen years ago fought and beat Mr. G., who in their absence would have given Home Rule to Ireland.

House accustomed to hear plain language when Irish Member discourses on Saxon Government. For uncompromising directness, for infusion in voice and manner of deadly implacable hate, South and West Ireland are not in it with Ulster.

Significant episode when GEORGE WYNDHAM rose to reply. His urbane manner, his unfailing consideration of other people, his keen intelligence, his bright speech, have combined to secure for him rare measure of popularity on both sides. His interposition in debate, in whatever circumstances, on whatsoever subject, hitherto the signal for outburst of welcoming cheer. This

afternoon he rose amid dead silence, broken only by his quavering voice.

Not quite two years ago he, standing in same place, pledged British credit to the tune of £100,000,000 sterling to be divided between Irish landlord and tenant. That something like legislation. For a while the gay and gallant GEORGE enjoyed popularity in both Irish camps unknown to predecessors. The Land Purchase Bill of 1903 was avowedly based on that principle of conciliation which NORTH ANTRIM to-night denounced as “wretched, rotten, sickening.” At least landlords had their share in its financial advantages. To-day the Chief Secretary is detected in—at least accused of—contemplating further concession, this time solely in the interests of the National Party.

Straightway Ulster springs at his throat.

It might be expected in the circumstances that the National Party would rally to his defence. Not a bit of it. They bang him in front whilst their loyal brethren prod him on the flank, what time PRINCE ARTHUR, with head buried in his hands, listens and realises how much sharper than a Free-fooder's tooth is Ulster's ingratitude.

Business done.—Ulster in revolt against Unionist Government. Renewal of familiar talk about dying in the ditch; this time, it is GEORGE WYNDHAM who is to suffer the inconvenience.



ULSTER RAMPANT.

“This wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation.”

(Mr. W-ll-m M-re of North Antrim.)



THE LONELY METEOR.

"His intervention in Debate, illuminating the week."

(Mr. Tim Healy.)

Tuesday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR beginning to have settled convictions that the glow of battle, the sacrifice to patriotism that compels a Minister to strain every nerve to keep his friends in and the other fellows out, may be too dearly bought. Conviction strengthened to-day. Bad enough through these twenty months to struggle with House and public from whom Providence has inscrutably withheld capacity for understanding the plainest words, even when written down on half a sheet of newspaper. To have his Cabinet shattered, his party riven because, to serve his private ends, an esteemed colleague went mad on Protection question, and bit everybody who on this matter retained opinions convincingly preached by him twenty years ago, a little hard.

Through that mill he went last week, coming out of the ordeal still jauntily wearing the "gentleman's anatomical belt" that Cousin Hugh contemptuously insists is really a pair of stays. Reasonable to anticipate a quiet week to follow.

On the contrary things worse than ever. Ulster up in arms and will not lay them down. Nay, NORTH ANTRIM threatens to "call out the Reserves on the third of March." At first, when MOORE in hollow voice, with beetling brow, mentioned this date, Members didn't know what it might portend.

"The Ides of March we have heard of, and we 'beware' accordingly," said PRINCE ARTHUR, who, if occasion arose, would go to the scaffold with a jest on his lips. "But what about the 3rd of that particular month?"

Soothsayer MOORE explained to CESAR that on the 3rd prox. (thus do soothsayers talk in these prosaic times) there

is to be a conference of Ulster men to consider situation with special reference to iniquities of His Majesty's Government. On Treasury Bench sit five Ulster Members, leavening the mass with rigid respectability, distrust of Papal aggression, loyalty to the Sovereign who wears a crown handed down by the substantial wraith of WILLIAM III. These are Ulster men first, Ministers after. At the call of the masterful Province they will, instantler, engage a brass band, don the orange scarf, borrow the office poker, and march forth to the assistance of their countrymen, even though in their stride they knock over the Government they have hitherto strengthened and embellished. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*, I see EDWARD HENRY CAESON and HUGH ARNOLD-FORSTER thus issuing forth, the rest, with trumpets also and shawms, following after.

That in the future, to be precise, on the 3rd prox. aforesaid. Sufficient for to-night are the evils thereof. Standing at the Table in effort to wind up Debate on REDMONT's amendment, PRINCE ARTHUR finds himself the target for rude, incessant, disturbing interruption from jubilant Opposition. In ordinary circumstances this might be borne. It is, *inter alia*, the business of the Opposition to make things uncomfortable for the Leader on the other side. What was lacking was the hearty support of his own men, inspiring, commanding influence, two sessions ago generously forthcoming.

With the Ulster Members in revolt, with "the Reserves" on the Treasury Bench suspected of secretly sharpening knives in the recesses of the Tea-room lavatory, with the long down-trodden Opposition fiercely jubilant, with majority

on a critical vote of confidence run down to 50, the lot of the PRIME MINISTER is not a happy one.

Business done.—On Home Rule amendment to Address Ministers saved by a majority of 50 in House of 522 Members.

Friday night.—TIM HEALY gone back to Erin, like sensible man bent on minding his own business. His intervention in Debate, illuminating the week, was worth an average man's attendance through the Session.

Pretty to see how this Irish Ishmael, unassisted by wealth, birth, or social position, expelled, as he says, from his own party, having no following, commands attention of most critical assembly in the world. When he stood up the benches were almost empty; when he concluded not an inch of space on any, a crowd in the gallery facing him, a throng standing at the Bar, the Chamber resonant with cheers and laughter.

This is the triumph not less of honesty than of genius. Tim spares no man in bitter denunciation of what he thinks is ill-doing to Ireland. He has no axe to grind—unless it be one designed for the decapitation of some five or six of the compatriots amid whom he sits, solitary but dominant. He does not even pay a Saxon assembly the compliment of preparing an oration in order to win its attention or earn its applause. No loss of stray folios of notes would embarrass him. He just talks to the House straight forth, an unpremeditated strain, over the depths of whose pathos and passion flash gleams of mordant wit.

Business done.—Still harping on the Address.

No first-nighter.

First Man in the Street. See the eclipse last night?

Second Man in the Street. No. Thought it might be crowded. Put off going till next week.

At the forty-fifth ordinary general meeting of the Brighton Grand Hotel Company, Limited, a shareholder complained that the stock of wines was too large. The Chairman agreed, and said the Board would do its best to reduce the quantity. . . . The retiring directors offered themselves for re-election.

"SEEING STARS."—The "starring" of questions already shows that power is needed to control this branch of Parliamentary procedure. Out of forty questions down for to-morrow forty-three are "starred" for oral reply.—*Irish Times.*



COWARDICE IN THE FIELD.

Lady Frances Macadam. "THIS WAY, HARRY. YOU FOLLOW ME. I KNOW EVERY YARD OF THE COUNTRY."
 Captain Harry Bruiser (of the Buffs—with a beautiful line of country in front of him). "SORRY, AUNT, BUT I DAREN'T. I'VE LOST ALL MY 'NERVE'!"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER II.

As I said before, it must naturally be a nasty jar for any fellow to find himself suddenly reduced, through no fault of his own, to the position of a monkey on a piano-organ. And I don't mind admitting that, for a moment or two, I was regularly flummoxed. After that, oddly enough, I began to see that in some ways it was almost a relief. For one thing, I didn't feel nearly such a fool.

You see, for a man who prides himself on dressing correctly, it's impossible to feel at ease in Pall Mall with nothing on but a plaid tunic fastened up the back with mother-o'-pearl buttons, and a frill round the neck. But, for a monkey, it's quite correct kit—if it isn't actually classy. And I hadn't got to lunch at the Junior Beaufort in it either, which was a lot-off.

Another thing: without being what you would call extravagant, I never have been able to live within my income. Consequently, my affairs had got into a regular beastly mess. I was simply up to my neck in money worries of all kinds. Well, I was out of them all now. Nobody would dream of serving me with a writ.

Again, I'd every reason to suppose that the REGGIE BALLADOME of old must have pegged out—or else I shouldn't be where I was. But I was alive at all events—and that's something. Isn't there a proverb about a live monkey being better than a dead policeman? So altogether I bucked up sooner than might have been expected.

I didn't attempt to leave the organ. To tell you the truth, it wouldn't have been any good, as I was attached to the confounded instrument by a stoutish cord and a leather belt round my waist.

Nor yet, though, as we passed down Pall Mall, I met several men I knew, did I hail them and explain the fix I was in. What was the use? The right words wouldn't come: I didn't understand what I said myself, so how could I expect anyone else to? Besides, I'd a sort of feeling that it wouldn't be quite Cricket. I know I shouldn't have cared to be appealed to as an old pal by a monkey on an organ.

No, since that was what I had come down to, it seemed to me that the manly thing to do was to grin and bear it—to play the monkey, in short, for all it was worth. People were always telling me I ought to make a fresh start, and do something for my living. Now perhaps they would be satisfied!

There was just one thing though, that caused me a pang when I remembered it. This change in my mode of life would prevent me from dining at my Aunt SELINA's that evening. She didn't often ask me, and when she did I seldom went—for her parties are, as a rule, devilish dull. But somehow I had been rather looking forward to this particular dinner. My cousin PHYLIS would be there now—which made all the difference. She only came out last year, and, so I understand, with considerable success. I know I saw her described as "the lovely Miss ADEANE" in the Society journals, and as being present at every smart party of the season. I only met her very occasionally, but she seemed to me no end improved since I remembered her in a pigtail—in fact, she'd grown into an absolute ripper—though perhaps a little bit above herself, inclined to be airified, if you know what I mean.

She hadn't taken much notice of me, so far—seemed indeed to consider I had become rather a piffler. But I'd been hoping that I might sit next to her, perhaps even take her in to dinner that evening. Then I could let her see that there was a more serious side to my character than I chose to show the world. Of course all that was out of the question now.

No matter! I might have been a failure as a man—but, hang it all! with my education and intelligence, any monkey ought to have a fine career before it! Pall Mall—as the couple of idiots with my piano-organ might have known—is a most unsuitable place for a street performance, but, as soon as we were permitted to halt without being moved on, I was determined to show the public that I was a cut above the ordinary professional.

I should have preferred Trafalgar Square as a pitch, but my two ruffians took me up a small lane near the National Gallery, and across Coventry Street into Soho, and I didn't get a chance of displaying my abilities till we stopped in a slum off Wardour Street.

My idea was to surprise the audience by giving them a cake-walk, in which I hoped to make some sensation. But it didn't come off, somehow. It wasn't nervousness exactly—that would have been ridiculous when they were all so young. I fancy the cord hampered me, and my tail kept getting in the way, too—and then the tunes I was expected to dance to! I've noticed that a monkey generally has rather poor luck in the music he's sent out with, and I'll defy anyone to cakewalk to "Jerusalem" or "Killarney" and put any kind of "go" into it.

So I gave it up, and just jumped about anyhow, accompanying myself on the tambourine. But the bally tambourine had two of the jingling thingummies missing and *wouldn't* keep time. I don't believe I got much more music out of it than an ordinary monkey would have, I really don't.

However, my chance came presently. One of the organ Johnnies handed me up a little wooden musket. "What-oh!" I said to myself. "Now I'll open their eyes!" For of course you can't be in a Volunteer corps, even for a short time, without knowing more about the manual exercise than your average monkey.

I had got rustier in the drill than I thought, and besides it was a rotten little rifle to handle when you're so long in the arms, and haven't learnt to control them completely. Still, it was a fairly creditable performance and improved with practice, though quite thrown away on such audiences as I had.

Not that I was a failure—don't imagine that for a moment. I should think I took at least thirteen halfpence in the first ten minutes—more than I had ever earned before in all my life! But it went rather against the grain to take the money—especially from some poor little beggar who obviously belonged to quite the lower orders. I should like to have said, "Don't you be a young ass—run away and spend your halfpenny on sweets instead of squandering it on these lazy bouncers!" But whenever I did reject a copper I got a tug at the belt that nearly cut me in two.

I should say we gave a *matinée* that afternoon in every street in Soho. I was getting quite knocked up, for I had had no lunch. At least I don't call half a cracknel biscuit and the over-ripe end of a banana "lunch" myself. MONTY would have done me to rights at the Junior Beaufort.

We stopped at last outside a small public just off Oxford Street, and my men went inside for refreshment. They might have thought of sending me out a whisky-and-soda—but not *they*! So I sat on the top of the piano in the sunshine, keeping a wary eye on my tail, which some of the little brutes of children thought it funny to pull.

When we moved off again in the direction of the Marble Arch, I felt more cheerful. Thank Heaven! we had got back into a civilised region again. There would be people there capable of appreciating real talent when they saw it. Suppose—only suppose—some music-hall manager happened to be in the crowd and offered me an engagement? Why not? I *ought* to be able to wear evening clothes, order a little dinner, and smoke a cigar on the stage better than a bally Chimpanzee who'd never done the real thing in any kind of society!

Great Scot! I might be earning my hundred quid a week before long—which I should never have done as REGGIE BALLIMORE. And I'd always had a hankering after the stage, and should have gone on it long before, if it didn't cut into one's evenings so.

I was still indulging these golden dreams when I was brought up with a round turn. . . . There was a victoria standing outside a glove and fan shop we were coming to, and on the box I recognised TUMBRIDGE, my aunt's coachman. And in the carriage, as I saw when our respective vehicles were alongside, sat my cousin PHYLLIS, looking simply ripping! Upon my word, I didn't quite know what to do. I knew she must have seen me, for she smiled in that perfectly fetching way she has. My hand flew to my hat instinctively, but the infernal elastic made it fly back and catch me on the ear. Then, recollecting myself, I gave what I am afraid was a rather sketchy rendering of the military salute, and at that same instant my aunt came out of the fan and glove shop, followed by an assistant with parcels. I felt most beastly awkward—I all but lost my head—and wished more than ever that the frill round my neck had been a trifle cleaner.

But something had to be done, and, as luck would have it, I was still carrying the little wooden musket. So, as my aunt was about to step into the carriage, I presented arms.

It was a jolly decent "present," too—though I say it myself! F. A.

COINCIDENCES.

[The following interesting experiences of students of coincidence are placed by Mr. Punch at the disposal of Professor LIMEHOUSE of the Petersen University, Wisconsin, who is stated to be preparing a work on this fascinating study.]

A CHEMIST's assistant at Bolton records a very curious experience. He was fishing in a neighbouring stream during a summer holiday in 1893. After some hours of failure he chanced to hook a gudgeon. After playing the fish for some time until it was thoroughly exhausted, he made an effort to pull it from the water, but on his inadvertently jerking the line the fish escaped. In 1904 the angler was again at this spot, on the very same day of the year—not the same date precisely, but the same day, the first Monday in August—and again,

after a disappointing interval of inactivity, he succeeded in hooking a gudgeon. This time he safely landed it and bore it back to Bolton in triumph as an illustration, not only of his own prowess, but of this freakish law of repeated history which we call coincidence. The fish, carefully stuffed, is now an honoured ornament on the walls of the canteen of the local society for the prosecution of psychical research.

A Cambridgeshire Vicar writes:—"I had just come this morning to the third head of my discourse when a starling, who had hitherto remained *perdu* among the rafters, flew down among the congregation and completely dis-

six weeks ago, as I was walking along Kensington High Street on my way to the White Sale at Messrs. TOLLY AND DEMS, the pavement being very crowded, a perambulator which was being wheeled by a nursemaid ran over my right foot, causing me serious pain, as I had on a new pair of boots. Controlling my temper as well as I could, I said, 'My good girl, do look where you are coming to!' About a fortnight, or it might have been three weeks later, I was shopping in High Street, not more than a hundred yards from where my accident occurred, when, as I was coming out of a chemist's with a small bottle of ammoniated quinine in my hand, I saw a bicyclist, riding close to the kerb, run into an elderly gentleman who was about to cross the street. You can imagine my surprise when the gentleman, who was seriously shaken, contented himself by saying, 'My good Sir, do look where you are coming to!'"

A retired civil servant writes from Gipsy Hill:—"As I was leaving the Crystal Palace after an afternoon performance of the pantomime to which I had taken my two youngest children, I was accosted by a respectable young man, evidently in the direst destitution, who begged me to help him to pay his railway fare to Southampton, where he had been promised work in a bakery by his stepfather. He produced a batch of testimonials which spoke in the highest terms of his honesty and sobriety, so I handed him half a sovereign, which he promised to repay on his arrival. A month later I went to a *matinée* at the Crystal Palace, and as I came out, precisely at the same spot

the same man greeted me with precisely the same story. In short the coincidence would have been absolutely complete only that on the second occasion my children were not with me, and that when I said to him, 'You told me that story a month ago and I gave you half a sovereign,' he simply bolted off, and I have never seen him since. I forgot to mention that the name of his stepfather at Southampton was HENDERSON, which was my wife's mother's maiden name, which made the coincidence even more surprising."

FOUNDATION OF A CHAIR OF FRENCH FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.—It is proposed that the occupant of this chair shall be always respectfully entitled *Père La Chaise*.



Sergeant (Irish Guards). "SURE AN' YOU, A FUTURE FIELD MARSHAL, CAN DO BETTER THAN SPELL S-T-I-F-I-C-Y-T FOR 'CERTIFICATE'?"

Drummer Boy (smart little Cockney, emphatically). "NOBODY COULDN'T SPELL WITH THIS PEN, SIR!"

organised attention for some minutes until the verger succeeded in catching it in one of the offertory bags. The curious thing is that at the precise moment when the interruption occurred I was likening the life of man to the flight of an eagle."

A Lady who prefers to remain nameless writes from Ladbroke Grove:—"A really extraordinary coincidence occurred last week. I was dining with a party of friends at a London restaurant when we were asked by the manager to give him the initials of our Christian names in order that the *chef* might mould an ice into the form of the letters. We did so, and—will you believe it?—all the guests had names beginning with A except three."

A Kensington Matron writes:—"Some

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IS undertaking to write *The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava* JOHN MURRAY, SIR ALFRED LYALL assumed a task difficult from the very richness of the ore in the mine he worked. There are few men in English history who have worked through so busy and varied a public life as that Lord DUFFERIN adorned. A peer whilst yet a school-boy, master of a rich estate, he was surrounded by temptations to which many born to similar circumstances have succumbed. From childhood, guided and counselled by a mother whose companionship was the



most precious of his privileges, he kept the path of honour and self-respect. His successive public services are familiar to the world, being indeed chapters of English history. Whether Governor-General in Canada, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, on special mission in Egypt, Viceroy of India, Ambassador at Rome and at Paris, he was always topside, holding the position without treading on other people's toes. A literary man, as testified by the classic *Letters from High Latitudes*, he was a public speaker whose glowing periods habitually reached the height of oratory. He was that rare combination, a brilliant yet a lovable man. Wherever he went, whatever might be his mission, he, whilst uncompromisingly performing it, achieved its end in a manner that endeared him even to the worsted adversary. He was, perhaps, the only man from whom the present SULTAN heard the truth about himself and his ways of doing business. Yet when Lord DUFFERIN left Constantinople on his Egyptian mission during the ARABI revolt ABDEL HAMID almost shed tears and longed for his return. That such a career, trodden with unfailingly lofty step, should have ended in sordid tragedy, is one of the most pathetic things my Baronite knows in Biography. When all is remembered, it is curious to read in a letter describing his visit to America, written during his Canadian administration, an account of a play he saw in New York. "The principal character," he writes, "was well acted, typifying the native speculator who ruins himself and his friends several times over by his magnificent operations." The two volumes through which the story runs form a masterpiece of biographical art. The writer never obtrudes his own personality, devoting sound judgment and consummate skill to moulding in just proportion the figure and lineaments of his subject.

The Root, by ORME AGNES (WARD, LOCK & Co.), is a powerfully-written novel of a Zolaesque type, though quite free from anything that could be considered as an approach to the objectionable characteristics of the French novelist's work. *The Root* means "the root of all evil," which in this instance is a sum of money that has no existence save in the imagination of some of the more covetous, artfully scheming, and sordid peasantry of a West Country village. The reader, as he be a thorough Londoner, will have to face the difficulties presented by the West Country dialect in which all the conversation is written. Yet the bold lector who, not being a Northerner, has mastered the crackjaw complications in dialogue of *A Window in Thrums*, and *The Stickit Minister*, or, knowing nothing whatever of the jargon of the plantation negro, has laboriously familiarised himself with the queer sentences and odd expressions used by *Uncle Remus*, the bold lector, I say, whose patience



has triumphed over the foregoing difficulties, will find the Dorset dialect a mere little holiday task by comparison. The characters are admirably drawn, and though the story is so slight and simple that it can scarcely be dignified by the

name of plot yet the reader's curiosity is sufficiently aroused and the interest is sustained to the end.

Messrs. DENT have added *Venice* to their series of guides to mediæval towns. The letterpress is contributed by Mr. THOMAS OKEY, and the illustrations by Miss NELLIE EMERSON. Both are admirable. Whilst the work is excellent for the ordinary purposes of a guide book, taking the reader by the hand and leading him with sympathetic guidance through the main points of interest in the city that loomed large in Europe through eleven centuries, fully one half of the volume is devoted to concise but comprehensive history of its people. Indispensable to those about to visit Venice, it will as a work of literature be found interesting to those who, like my Baronite, stay at home. Further recommendation is that, though running to 433 pages of legible type, the book is printed on a special paper that suits it for the pocket.

The Baron has great pleasure in recommending to all and sundry *The Vacillations of Hazel*, by MABEL BARNES-GRUNTY (ARROWSMITH). There is in this story an originality of idea and a freshness of treatment that will rivet the attention of the most jaded novel-reader. It would be perfect were not *Miss Hazel's naïveté* too persistently exploited. The characters are well drawn, especially those of the old gardener *Sammy*, and of the aunt with her own sad experience of life.

Heart and soul was the late Mr. FREDERIC KITTON in his most interesting and absolutely exhaustive work on *The Dickens Country* (A. & C. BLACK). All that he wrote about our great novelist was to him a labour of love; nor must any one who takes up this book fail to read the preface admirably written by Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH. Personally the Baron wishes that KITTON could have had JOHN FORSTER's opportunities, that he could have been the companion of DICKENS, and could have been to him as BOSWELL was to JOHNSON. On the other hand the world has the benefit of the work both of FORSTER, the contemporary biographer, and of the much younger man who was, at a distance of time, the devoted worshipper of CHARLES DICKENS. What Mr. KITTON did not know concerning the literary life and labour of CHARLES DICKENS is not worth knowing. In one respect, like *Mr. Dick*, he is always setting us right and demolishing legends which have grown up about Dickensian characters and localities. He collects evidence from all sources, weighs it carefully, and pronounces upon it judiciously. One among many noteworthy instances of this occurs in the case of the *Cherryble Brothers*, those amiable philanthropists dear to every reader of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Although DICKENS himself alludes to the originals of these brothers in his preface to *Nicholas Nickleby*, yet it was for a long time a very general impression that their prototypes were the heads of a great commercial house in London, whereas, as it now appears, they were, out of all question, WILLIAM and DANIEL GRANT, Merchants of Rainsbottom and Manchester, with whom the novelist declared he had "never exchanged any communication in his life." Then again—but hold, enough!—for if the Baron allows himself to be lured into talking of Dickensian matters, the premises of his Booking-Office would have to be considerably enlarged. So once more he strongly recommends to all his readers, the immediate acquisition of, KITTON's latest and, alas! his last work, entitled *The Dickens Country*.

THE BARO.



DE

B.W.



- A.T. SMITH -

PERNICIOUS PRAISE.

Mr. Ranty Snobbarts (holding forth). "BY JOVE, I'M AWFULLY KEEN ON HUNTIN'. AIN'T YOU, WHAT?"

Horrid Boy. "YES, BY JOVE, HE IS KEEN. WHY, WHEN HE WASN'T HUNTIN' THE FOX, HE WAS HUNTIN' HIS HORSE!"

THE NEW MODE IN HONEYMOONS.

"Africa, it would seem, is becoming quite a favourite resort for Society's bridal couples."—Extract from report of a recent fashionable wedding.]

HONEYMOON GOSSIP.

(From our special correspondents all over the world.)

MR. and MRS. FULLALOVE, who, it will be remembered, are honeymooning in Dahomey, have been mixing with quite the gayest set in that country. On the 25th, writes our correspondent, they attended a state banquet at Abomey, since when they have been lost sight of—though reports from the natives suggest that they have penetrated into the interior.

Lord and Lady SANDS have just concluded a delightful six weeks in the Sahara. They are now pushing home with all speed in order to take the waters.]

The Rev. SILAS and Mrs. LOVIBOND,

who are spending their honeymoon in the level country round Timbuctoo, are, we understand, living very quietly, and mixing as little as possible with the indigenous cassowaries.

Much sympathy is felt with Mrs. CROCKER, who arrived in London yesterday with a sun-umbrella and a mosquito-net as sole mementos of her husband.

The late Captain's unfortunate encounter with an alligator while the former was on his honeymoon up the Niger in a collapsible boat will be fresh in the minds of our readers.

BALLADE OF SPRING.

The gulls have left St. James's Park
To mate by fashionable seas;

With joyful quack the ducks remark,
"How good to see the last of these!"

Now may we swim where'er we please,
Nor shall these pauper aliens clear

Our loaves and fishes whilst we freeze—
Winter has flown and Spring is here."

Now hats that served when days were dark

Are flung aside by dainty Shes
As quaint survivals of the Ark,
And off they hasten to LOUSE.

"Pneumonia" blouses court the breeze,
And doctors, seeing Fortune near,
Already count their swelling fees—
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

Now swells the tide of traffic. Hark!

The roar grows loud by swift degrees!
Long "blocks" detain the fuming clerk,
And dowagers use big, big Ds.;

Now navvies at their idle ease
Zareeb themselves with cans of beer
Among the motors and the gees—
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

Envoi.

When trenches, deeper than your knees,
In Piccadilly first appear,
Then know, though budless still the trees,
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

THE IGNORANCE OF ARTHUR: AN APOLOGY.

(Being a reply to a recent Liberal Cartoon depicting Mr. BALFOUR as a Bab-in-a-Weed, so abysmally ignorant that he actually "doesn't know when the General Election will be.")

"A SIMPLE Child that lightly draws its breath"—
Yet they complain because it lacks the skill
To fix the date of its impending death!
What should it know of things like that? Why, nil.

Scant reverence they yield to childhood's charms,
Whereof the most engaging trait is this—
From foolish wisdom's preconceived alarms
To live aloof where ignorance is bliss.

Untaught of journals (they escape his eye)
Which vent the Liberal views of grown-up men,
How could he guess that he was doomed to die,
The only point at issue being when?

How could the horrid thought have well occurred
That he was "lingering like an unloved guest,"
Like that impenetrably hardened bird
Which would not die at CAVERLEY's request?

Did ARTHUR ever read that poignant verse?
Did he attempt to work the problem out,
And gravely put to his embarrassed nurse
This question, full of philosophic doubt?—

"How was it, if he wished to have it stuffed,
The notion never entered in his head
To take it firmly by the 'enchanted tuft'
And wring its shameless neck till it was dead?"

If so, the answer was not far to seek,
And easily explained the author's plight:
His parrot, at a pinch, could boast a beak,
And would not hesitate (he knew) to bite.

Who'd blame the brute? Man, too, defends his hide,
And, if you want your enemy's soul dispersed,
Failing his natural death or suicide,
You must contrive somehow to kill him first.

That's the omission Russia makes to-day
When she appeals to Heaven that war may cease,
And marvels why the laggard Japs delay
Poor hopeless imbeciles!— to sue for peace.

But as for ARTHUR and the baffled hopes
Haunting our Thameski Sobor's hungry eyes
That curse his ignorance of horoscopes
Whereby to tell the month of his demise—

I like his attitude, I like his airs
Of ignorance so utter, so complete,
The very same that THOMAS ATKINS wears,
Who never knows precisely when he's beat. O. S.

WHAT A FORE!—Speaking of the unparalleled difficulties overcome by the engineers in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, the *Evening News* remarks that after six and a quarter miles of boring from each end, "the workers on the Italian and Swiss sides of the mountain had to meet at exactly the same spot." But surely their difficulties were not to be compared with those experienced in cases where the engineers have had to meet at places half a mile apart.

HONOURING SHAKSPEARE.

INFLUENTIAL and representative meetings in favour of, or in opposition to, the proposed Shakspeare Memorial continue to be held daily, so frequently, indeed, that the ordinary Press cannot cope with them. *Mr. Punch* is, however, able to deal this week with one such important but overlooked gathering.

The Meeting was held in the ball-room in Mr. SUDSEY LEE'S beautiful house at Kensington, and there were present, *inter alia*, Mr. GOSSE, Mr. HALL CAUSE, and the verger of Stratford-on-Avon church. Mr. BEEBOM TREE occupied the chair.

After the Chairman had made some opening remarks he read a number of letters from eminent persons who were unable to be present, among them HACKENSCHMIDT, who favours the Memorial scheme, Father GARON, who is still on the fence, and Mr. WALKLEY, who supports every movement impartially.

Mr. SUDSEY LEE said that no one could be a more whole-hearted admirer of SHAKSPEARE than himself. He had an arrangement by which Avon water was laid on at his house at Kensington for use both in his tub and in his tea. He doubted if anyone present could say as much. (*Sensation and prolonged cheering.*) He had also written the poet's Life. (*Frantic applause.*) But when it came to a National Memorial he felt it his duty to move very slowly. There were not only pros but there were cons. (*Cheers.*) For himself he was both a conner and a proser. (*"Hear! hear!"*) Possibly a strongly-worded whip calling upon everyone to purchase the standard Life of the poet might meet the case. Possibly not. At present he preferred to think about it and give no opinion.

Mr. BADGER said he was not often drawn; he lived for the most part a very retired life; but the name of SHAKSPEARE always sent him to his cheque book. (*Cheers.*) There was no money he was not prepared to give for a Shakspeare Memorial. (*Cheers.*) He could not say why, but there it was. It was his hobby. One man had a yacht, another a race-horse; his own line was SHAKSPEARE. He hoped that no one present intended to say a word against the Bard.

Mr. CHORTE, the American Ambassador, in a witty speech, said that if the right place for a poet's memorial were in the midst of his greatest admirers the Shakspeare Memorial should be erected not here at all but in America. (*Whistles.*)

Miss MARIE CORELLI, who was received with Kentish fire, said that Stratford-on-Avon was, in her opinion, the best national memorial to SHAKSPEARE. London did not need anything else. Was there not a Shakspearian statue in Leicester Square? One or two discreet and powerful admirers of the poet could and would do more to keep his name before the public than any Memorial was likely to. As for Mr. LEE'S boast about his use of Avon water, that was doubtless very clever; but for her part she would not dare to rob the Avon of a drop. On the contrary, she often augmented the sacred river with her tears. But she should discontinue the practice now that she knew the fluid found its way into Mr. LEE'S tea.

Dr. FURNIVALL declared it as his conviction that the objection to the Memorial was based solely on parsimony. Everybody must approve of it, but a certain proportion were so afraid of being asked for a subscription that they affected disapproval. The idea of erecting a building in SHAKSPEARE'S honour at this date was so sound that it must be approved, except by the pitifully mean and miserly.

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW warmly opposed any Memorial to the poet. Personally, he had no opinion of any dramatist whose work was produced at night, as SHAKSPEARE'S undoubtedly had been. He himself was a daylight dramatist, and should remain one. Nothing was so vulgar as to be performed at night. His idea of a play was one which half the audience could not see because of the *matinée* hats, and half could not hear because of the alterations with the ladies who wore them. So far as he had been able to discover, SHAKSPEARE'S plays



A CHANGE OF RIDERS.

LORD SLD-RNE. "WHAT SORT OF A MOUNT IS HE?"

LORD M-LN-R. "A BIT TRICKY. KEEP A LIGHT HAND—CURB LOOSE, AND RIDE HIM ON THE SNAFFLE."

had been both seen and heard. The best thing to do with SHAKSPEARE was to forget him.

The verger of Stratford-on-Avon church said that undoubtedly the county had got hold of a good thing in WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and it would be a thousand pities not to behave accordingly. He was not much of a reader himself, but he flattered himself that he knew what was what when he met it. When he saw men like Mr. ENO come forward with their cheque-books in their hands he was certain he was on the right side. But he could support nothing that diverted interest in SHAKSPEARE from Stratford-on-Avon; any Memorial there might be must be erected there. He had heard it said that the best service that could be done to SHAKSPEARE's memory would be to put a barbed-wire fence round Stratford-on-Avon; but he had no notion what the speaker could mean—especially as if it was barbed no one could sit on it. SHAKSPEARE could not be better honoured than at his birthplace. Some visitors were so much interested in his tomb that they didn't ask for any change out of half-a-crown.

Mr. GOSSE said that if a good serviceable model of what English people can do in the way of Memorials were needed there was one in Kensington Gardens, exactly opposite the Albert Hall. In the speaker's opinion SHAKSPEARE should have a Memorial like that. In fact the poet himself clamoured for one. (*Profound sensation.*) If they would turn to *Richard II.*, Act V., Scene 1, they would find the reference: "My guilt be on my head, and there an end." It is true that in the Albert Memorial the guilt was all over; but SHAKSPEARE had always known where to stop. He, the speaker, personally should vote for an Albert Memorial for the poet, with only the head gilt.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT supported the Memorial absolutely. England was, he said, the very best country in which such tributes could be fostered. We had the true Memorial spirit. As an example of our fitness to build and support Memorials, the speaker pointed to the Imperial Institute. What could be more useful? he asked. Or take the Stratford-on-Avon trustees and the conspicuous success and harmony with which they managed their affairs. By all means, let us have a Shakspeare Memorial: it was just what the poet needed. Why not at South Kensington or Earl's Court? Or at Olympia, which is still empty? He begged to propose Mr. IMRE KIRALFY as designer.

Mr. HALL CAINE said he rose with the utmost diffidence; but it was one of the unwritten laws of his life that one man of letters should stand by another. SHAKSPEARE's fame was undoubtedly in



'THE EARTHLY PARADISE.'

"WHAT REASON DID HE GIVE FOR WISHING TO BREAK OFF THE ENGAGEMENT SO SOON?"

"HE SAID THE REPORT THAT HE WAS ENGAGED TO ME HAD NOT EXTENDED HIS CREDIT NEARLY AS MUCH AS HE HAD HOPED FOR."

danger of being out-lusted by more modern writers, and it would perhaps be well, considering his very creditable record, if steps were at once taken, before it was too late, to fix his memory. He, the speaker, had given considerable thought to the matter, and had come to the conclusion that the best form of Memorial was a statue. But here a difficulty presented itself—how, at this date, to get a likeness of the Bard? This difficulty, however, was happily not insuperable. He, the speaker, was perhaps the only man in the world who could help them out. He would sit to the sculptor himself. (*Terrific applause.*)

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said he had now made up his mind that London certainly ought to have within it some continual visible reminder of SHAKSPEARE's existence.

Mr. LANG asked if Mr. LEE himself did not answer to that description.

Mr. JOHN BURNS said that the best Memorial to SHAKSPEARE was a well-thumbed copy of his works. (*"Shame!"*)

With this revolutionary expression the Meeting dissolved; and it is still undecided whether SHAKSPEARE is to go on as he is or to continue to serve as a platform for those who like to be heard.

TO OUR BROTHER APE.

[Statistics are at hand to show that the wage-earning capacity of a well-trained monkey at the present day represents some thousands of pounds a year.]

Ye hairy sprites that through the tropic scrub
Do dodge the native's well-directed club,
Or tail to tail in amorous festoons
Traverse the Amazon's remote lagoons;
Whose nimble fingers, undeterred by ouths,
Nightly remove the traveller's underclothes,
Or pinch his boots, or mirthfully insert
The quivering centipede within his shirt;
And ye sublime but comatose balloons
That haunt the foothills of the Cameroons,
Whose manners bear the undisputed brand
That marks the subjects of the Fatherland;
And all ye other monkeys, brown and black,
Ape, Guenon, Langur, Gibbon and Macaque,
Orang Utang, Gorilla, Chimpanzee,
Desert the spruit and leave your native tree,
And come to London town, where we assure you
Fortune and Fame are waiting to allure you,
Don the insignia of performing apes,
And woo the Million with assorted japes,
Grasping with rude but apprehending mind
The nobler arts that dignify mankind.
Take to a pipe, assume a taste for bitter,
And learn to play the banjo or the zither;
Wear fancy waistcoats, ride a motor bike,
Sing comic songs, do anything you like,
Only arrive, and lo! to watch your feats
The curious throng will crowd the cheaper seats;
Ay, not a man in London but is willing,
Foregoing lunch, to come and pay his shilling.
Or, if your free unfettered apeshood smart
Beneath the tawdry cloak of borrowed art,
Perform no wonders: simply sit and grin,
And still the filthy dross will tumble in!
We will not carp if your performance tally
With that which graced the long-lamented *Sally*;
We will not look upon you as a bore
Because your feats have all been done before
By other apes anterior to you,
Some on the Halls and others at the Zoo.
Then lie thee hither, "Barbary's nimble son,"
Not wistfully pendent from the "proffered bun,"
As in the days of CALVERLEY, nor ground
By swart Italians on their daily round,
But washed with care and combed with loving pride,
And full of rich comestibles inside.
Then come, ye lisson Troglodytes that rove
Blithe but untrousered through the spicy grove,
Hearing the artless native murmur "Gosh!"
Stung by the impact of the heavy squash,
Or leaving private ends to spank with mild
Corrective hand the Elephant his Child;
And ye that still in many a thievish clan
Adorn the sacred fanes of Hindustan,
Dusky Entellus, Hanuman and Rhesus,
Come, and you'll all wax opulent as Croesus.
Our Halls are yours, a monumental sum
Shall constitute your honorarium,
And you shall hold our undisturbed affection
From now until the General Election! ALLOC.

A JUBILEE.

ON Saturday, February 25, the A. D. C., that is, the Amateur Dramatic Club of Cambridge University, celebrated its Jubilee. The story of its life up to the present time was told, within certain limits imposed by journalistic exigencies, in the *Daily Telegraph* of that date, and the speech of the Founder, as delivered at the banquet, was well reported in the *Morning Post* of Monday, February 27. *Mr. Punch* would like to record, at the earliest possible opportunity afforded him, the great success of this exceptional occasion.

The Chairman of Ways and Means, the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHIAN, temporarily released from his onerous duties, led off the toasts and speeches by beamingly giving out the KING's gracious message of congratulations and good wishes to the President of the A. D. C., as representing the Club, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. For had not his MAJESTY, when Prince of WALES, been Patron of the Club, and had not his personal assistance and his kindly interest in its well-being been of the greatest value to the Club in its earlier days? Certainly; so the toast of our Royal Benefactor was received with such extra hearty cheers as might agreeably have surprised even the KING himself, had his Majesty, accustomed as he is to the heartiest ovations, been present on this memorable evening.

That the Guest of the Evening was deeply touched by the affectionate reception given to him, and by the earnest attention accorded to him by everyone present, *cela va sans dire*. He regretted the enforced absence of the Prime Minister, but was able to give an anecdote of Mr. BALFOUR when acting as prompter, furnished by Mr. BALFOUR himself. The speech of Professor Sir RICHARD JENK, the oldest member present, except his neighbour at table, the Dean of HEREFORD, was most interesting. It was admirably replied to on behalf of "Actors past and present" by Lord WILLJOURN DE ERESBY.

The Colonial Secretary, the Right Hon. A. LYTTELTON, sang the praises of the "Treasurers past and present," to which Mr. J. W. CLARK, the Librarian of the University, and Mr. W. DUNFORD of King's, separately, though bracketed together, as if they were to have joined in a duet, replied. Their speeches, dealing with the most practical business of present and future, represented financial matters as quite a pleasant little holiday task.

Then, in a neat speech, the present President of the A. D. C., Mr. C. H. CHAMBERS, cordially proposed the Chairman's health, which was acclaimed as though the *convives* had not been cheering and hip-hip-hipping the whole evening, and evoked from the Chairman, as fresh and ready as ever, a most happily expressed tag that served as a triumphant finale to the banquet.

But all was not over yet. The Ancients had time to look about them ere quitting the Guildhall, and not a few of the elder visitors, approaching the orchestra, whence had proceeded the sweet strains that introduced the courses and the two first speeches, suddenly started back, grasped each other's arms, and exclaimed, in tones that *Hamlet* ought to employ when he sees his father's ghost, "'O our prophetic souls!'—can this possibly be that eminent violinist without whom, with his Stradivarius, years ago, and reckoning from before that date almost up to the present time, no undergraduate's party was ever complete, whose real name few of us knew, but who was thought of, addressed, and thoroughly respected as 'Whiteheaded Bon'! Is it? Nay, 'tis.' Then one after another takes him by the hand, greeting him most cordially, and Bon beams again as though he were but just a beginner on the violin, and as if, once again accompanied by his two faithful followers, one on a cornet-à-piston and t'other on the harp, he were receiving some most exceptionally gratifying tribute of "bobs up" as a reward for his temporary services. Then we adjourn to the Club Rooms of the A. D. C., and

IMPERIAL HISTORY.—On Monday last *King Henry the Fifth* became *King Henry the Fiftieth*—performance, as represented by Mr. WALLER at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster.



HIS HOBBY.

Friend (to Sportsman, who has just taken a toss into a ploughed field). "HULLOA! WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Sportsman. "Oh, 'BACK TO THE LAND.' ALWAYS WAS A FAD OF MINE, YOU KNOW!"

here at eleven, a very late hour for commencing, is given us the immortal "Screen Scene," capitably rendered by Mr. J. J. QUILL as *Sir Peter*, Mr. SCHOLFIELD as *Joseph*, Mr. TATHAM as *Charles*, Mr. P. M. HERBERT as *Joseph's* servant, and Mr. G. P. L. ORR, as a really admirable *Lady Teazle*.

On a page in the programme facing that containing the cast of "The Screen Scene" is a "copy of the first programme of the Club." What is it? SHAKESPEARE? SHERIDAN? VICTOR HUGO? MOLIÈRE? Alas! the names of the authors are not mentioned, but those of the three pieces are—it was "a triple bill"—"A Fast Train! High Pressure!! Express!!! The Burlesque Tragic Opera of *Bombastes Furioso*,—To conclude with (the laughable farce of) *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?*"

Rather a leap and bound from the somewhat rough-and-tumble performance of an old Adelphi farce, dating from over fifty years ago, to the immortally-perfect comedy of SHERIDAN, not for any age but for all time. But *Bombastes* is a classic, and even now this deponent is certain that, were it played by experienced actors possessing the true tragedy instinct for burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso*, without its musical numbers, of which the *raison d'être* has been entirely lost, if produced for a limited number of representations would achieve a remarkable success. This by the way. Then the entire entertainment was brought to an end by Mr. SCHOLFIELD's well emphasised delivery of a sparkling epilogue, specially written for the occasion by Professor Sir RICHARD JEBB, M.P., who, failing to appear in answer to the hearty appreciative plaudits of the audience, impressed upon us all by his

absence that now indeed was the witching hour of night, when not to be either within College walls or safe in lodgings might result, even on this special occasion, in private and personal visits having to be paid, by special request of tutors, to those in authority. So broke we up, and, as the hour of midnight boomed, all congratulated themselves on a triumphant finish to the Jubilee of the A. D. C., which with the last stroke of midnight entered upon the fifty-first year of its happy existence.

"Let Henry fret, and all the world repine."

1 Hen. VI. v. 2.

GOOD news from Wolverhampton. Mr. PUNCH is delighted to be able to announce Sir HENRY IRVING's triumphal progress through the state of Convalescence towards the domain of Perfect Health, when he shall "enjoy his own again." Everyone will acclaim the festival of his Restoration, for, once more to quote the ever-ready Bard, "Whom should we match with HENRY?"

IN a testimonial dated from one of His Majesty's ships we read, "Whilst cruising the other day, one of the blades of our propeller came off, and I had to go and solder a spare one on. It was rather a long and tiring job, and I sincerely believe if it hadn't been for ——— Cocoa I should never have got through." It looks as if our friend the Handy Man had been pulling somebody's leg.

THE DAILY BAWL.

A Paper written exclusively by Footballers for Footballers.

Unprejudiced observers will readily admit that the lack of attention given to sport is the great deficiency of the modern Press. It will hardly be believed a century hence that whilst the brewer, the Nonconformist, and the stockbroker each had his own particular paper, the footballer had no daily organ in the Press, and that the very news in which the British public was chiefly interested was cut down to a miserable half-dozen columns or at best a couple of pearly pages. The *Daily Bawl* will supply this long-felt want. It will deal with the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game. For such a paper there was only one possible editor, and the proprietors are proud to announce that he has consented to fill this responsible post.

In the politics of the game the *Daily Bawl* will strive to hold the balance level between all parties. On the great question of the hour—the maximum wage—we shall take up a Balfourian attitude: Free Trade in players coupled with Protection for clubs. No offensive spirit of partisanship will be allowed to creep into our columns. We shall treat the First League and the Southern League with absolute impartiality. The reader will ever find us, as Mr. ROSEA BIGNOW finely said, “facing South by North.”

Amongst the numerous features of interest we propose to introduce, our “Daily Bulletin” will perhaps prove most attractive. Our readers will find in it, arranged in due order, a full account of the health, physical occupation and mental occupation (if any) of every first-class football player during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Another novel feature will be “Football in the Police Courts.” The proprietors of the *Daily Bawl* feel that many instructive and amusing incidents of a footballer's life never secure the attention they deserve. Therefore all police-court cases in which spectators are charged with assaulting referees, players, or each other, or in which players are alleged to have attacked onlookers, opponents, or referees, will receive their due—a verbatim report. The bare summaries given at present in the Press give a most inadequate idea of these interesting cases.

Our Daily Financial Column will be conducted by an expert of great experience. On all such questions as the payment of players, the squaring of Cup-ties, and the amount of gate-money, his judgment will prove of immense value.

Our Daily Market List, containing the

transfer fee of every unsettled player, will be of the greatest assistance to all club secretaries.

Nor do we intend to neglect the growing army of lady football enthusiasts. Each day our Ladies' Column will contain a special interview with the wife of some famous football player. In our first number Mrs. MUGGINS, wife of the ever famous MUGGINS of the Tottenham Trampers, will be “At Home” to our interviewer. Every Saturday we shall present our lady readers with a pattern of a match blouse. A thoughtful article by “Claudia Clear-the-Goal,” of the *British Weekly*, on “Football as a Training for Sale Crushes,” will appear in an early issue.

As for the great League Games, it is our hope to give an account of every kick in every match. Important details, such as the pattern of the referee's knickers, the number of times the whistle was blown, the length of the interval in seconds, and the repartees of the crowd, will be carefully recorded.

Another feature will be a crisp Medical Column. Every Monday it will be illustrated by vivid photographs of the cuts, scratches, bruises and bites suffered by distinguished footballers in Saturday's matches. But the *Daily Bawl* will be far from a gloomy paper. Though its medical column will show the seamy side of a footballer's life, yet its page of “Dressing-Room Drivel” will show how the great men are able to forget their troubles and enjoy a jest even as the humblest onlooker might do.

To an early issue it is expected that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute a “Hymn to be sung by referees before going into action.” Mr. HALL CAUSE's great Serial Story, *The Snare of the Fowler*, will deal with the sad fate of a great centre forward whose methods of play were too strenuous, and will incidentally set the parable of the Good Samaritan in quite a new light. Under bright breezy headings, such as “Blackburn Blither,” “Pompey Piffle,” “Fulham Facetiae,” “Rot from Reading,” experienced correspondents in every centre will furnish chatty daily notes.

Still the proprietors of the *Daily Bawl* recognise that a paper should be something more than an organ for retailing news. A journal without a moral motive is sure to fail. In these days conscience and circulation go together. So, in no spirit of arrogance, may we say that if we can make six spectators assist at a football match where only one assisted before, if we can give the British workman the opportunity of thoughtfully criticising a great match every afternoon in the week, we shall have deserved well of the nation. Our ambition—perhaps a wild one—is to see Daily League Football. Does the cynical reader say this

is a fantastic dream? Let him remember that often the dreams of to-day are the realities of to-morrow.

A GREAT SPECIALIST.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH SIR OLIVER LODGE.

By Hilary Bellie.

A WONDERFUL, dome-shaped forehead shining with white light, wistful eyes of unfathomable lustre penetrating far beyond the “flaming walls of the world,” as poor old LACRÆTIUS hath it, a finely chiselled anti-Grecian nose, a wise yet tender mouth, and a strenuous chin draped with a full Gothic beard—the whole set firmly on a massive frame, and garbed neatly but austere in the conventional habiliments of civilisation. So much for the outer man of the Principal of Birmingham University, whose heroic attack on orthodox methods of teaching mathematics has led to the famous phrase, “The fruits of the battle of Waterloo were lost in the pages of COLENSO.”

But the inner man, the mighty mind, the *mens agitans molem*—how can any interviewer, no matter how susceptible to the emanations of genius, render even approximate justice to its sacred and self-sacrificing ebullitions? For just think for a moment of the tremendous surrender of opportunities involved in OLIVER LODGE's present attitude. Impelled alike by instinct and equipment to win undying laurels in the field of research, he is yet so permeated by the desire to promote the greatest efficiency of the greatest number that he has deliberately resolved to give up to the public what was meant for the laboratory!

As we were ushered into Sir OLIVER's sanctum at Birmingham yesterday, with a glad smile he swept aside his books and papers and expressed his readiness to devote an hour or two to the unfolding of his plan of campaign for the next few weeks.

“I suppose it must be the atmosphere of Birmingham,” he said half apologetically, “and its infection of energy, that enables me to get through so much work. Just look at my list of engagements for the next fortnight,” and he handed me a type-written document which ran as follows:—

March 8.—Presidential Address to the Sutton Coldfield Golf Club—“Christian Science as a cure for Foozling.”

March 9.—Lecture at West Bromwich Theosophical Society—“Rational Dress for Astral bodies.”

March 10.—Aston Villa Debating Society—“Wireless telegraphy in the Cricket Field.”

March 11.—Edgbaston Literary Society—“The true theory of Puns.”

March 13.—Bournville Mechanics' Institute (Mr. CADBURY in the chair)—“Chairvoyance as a means to commercial success in the Cocoa trade.”

March 14.—The Pioneer Club —“Telepathy at Bridge.”

March 15.—National Sporting Club —“On the Vortex theory as applied to clay pigeons.”

March 16.—Birmingham Town Hall —“Does Birmingham really want a Bishop?”

“I perceive your post of Principal is no sinecure,” I observed, as I handed back the formidable list.

“No, indeed,” responded the great scientist. “But you must not imagine that this is a complete list of my engagements. For instance, it takes no account of interviews, speeches, or the writing of a constant succession of articles for newspapers and magazines. At this moment I have no fewer than seven on hand, viz., ‘Tight-lacing in the Dolomites,’ ‘Prehistoric Cookery,’ ‘How to Reform the Royal Society,’ ‘The neglect of Association football at Rugby School,’ ‘On the place of the Turbine in Modern Orchestration,’ ‘Devotional Dancing,’ and ‘The Economics of the Three-Card Trick.’”

“It must be very hard,” I observed, “to concentrate your attention on the matters which concern the immediate interest of the Birmingham University?”

“Hard?” replied the Principal; “it is almost impossible. Take the case of Eton, for example. In consequence of some severe but perfectly justifiable criticism on the futility of Etonian methods of education, I have been assailed in the pages of the School Magazine. It would be treason to Birmingham for me to take this rebuke ‘lying down,’ and I have accordingly arranged to attend a meeting of ‘Pop’ next week, at which I propose to vindicate and substantiate my charges, and at the same time to deliver a lecture on the peremptory need for substituting instruction in Hypnotism for Latin Verse in the school curriculum.”

“I suppose you take some interest in the appointment of Dr. WARRE’s successor?” I asked.

“Of course I do,” heartily rejoined Sir OLIVER. “Holding that the present régime is only fruitful in futility, I am bound to strain every nerve to promote the appointment of a strenuous and enlightened head-master, and have accordingly sent in my application for the post. I admit that it will be difficult to combine the duties of my new post with my journalistic engagements, but in view of the dearth of suitable candidates and the crying need of restoring Eton’s prestige I had no alternative but to compete. It will not, I think, involve a change of residence, as my new system of psychic



OVERHEARD IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

Husband (art connoisseur). “WHAT A PERFECT ENAMEL!”

Wife. “YOU MEAN THE ONE IN THE BLACK HAT?”

telegraphy will enable me to conduct all the necessary business from Birmingham.”

As I looked at his splendidly bulbous brow, which seemed to expand visibly during this momentous recital, somehow or other the lines came into my head—

“And still the wonder grew
One single head could carry all he knew.”

Stifling my amazement I asked, “Is it true, Sir OLIVER, that your size in hats is No. 9?”

“Yes,” laughingly replied the great encyclopædist, “and the remarkable part of the thing is that when I came to Birmingham I used to wear a hat of exactly the same circumference as Mr. GLADSTONE, whereas now I require one two sizes larger.”

“I suppose the fact is that the brain

grows with exercise just like the biceps?” I hazarded.

“Precisely so,” replied the Principal. “But I fear that I must now conclude our interesting conversation, as I am expecting a representative of the *Church Times*, to whom I have promised to communicate my views on the Revival in Wales.”

I apologised for detaining the Principal so long from the discharge of his official duties, and took an affectionate leave. And yet there are people who say that the world only produces second-rate men nowadays!

More Commercial Candour.

“Don’t go Elsewhere to be Swindled,
COME TO ME.”



UNDER CORRECTION.

Fare. "HANS MANSIONS."

Cabby. "QUEEN HANNE'S MANSIONS, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, MISS?"

THE LITTLE THINGS.

Come, lend a hand and lift me, Tom, and prop me in my bed;
There's tags and rags of things I've done a-buzzing through
my head.

I've got the word to sail to-night; my port I do not know;
But I must clear the lumber off before it's time to go.

I ain't done much that's mighty good nor much that's very
bad;

I've had a knock-out blow or two, and bits of fun I've had.
I've done my turn of sailing and took it as it came,
And I'll be there—I always was—to answer to my name.

My head's a whirl of little things; the bigger things are
gone;

I mind the day I upped and fought my poor old brother Joun.
I see my mother darnin' socks and smiling kind to me;
And didn't father clout me once for spilling of my tea!

I see my little sister SAL—I think she's standing there,
A little bit of pinky bow a-shining in her hair.

I've not set eyes on SAL for years; but, Tom, before I sail
I'd like to say, "I'm sorry, SAL, I pulled your kitten's tail."

There's many other things I've done, but there, I hear the
bell;

I know that where the others went I've got to go as well.

It's eased my mind to talk like this, and, now the anchor's
weighed,

I'm off to face the wind and waves, and, Tom, I ain't afraid.
Tis.

"SIDE LINES."

(From Our Agony Columns.)

BOLD LADY.—How do you do your hair?

"She will have worshippers enow,
Who wears our CRIMERS on her brow."

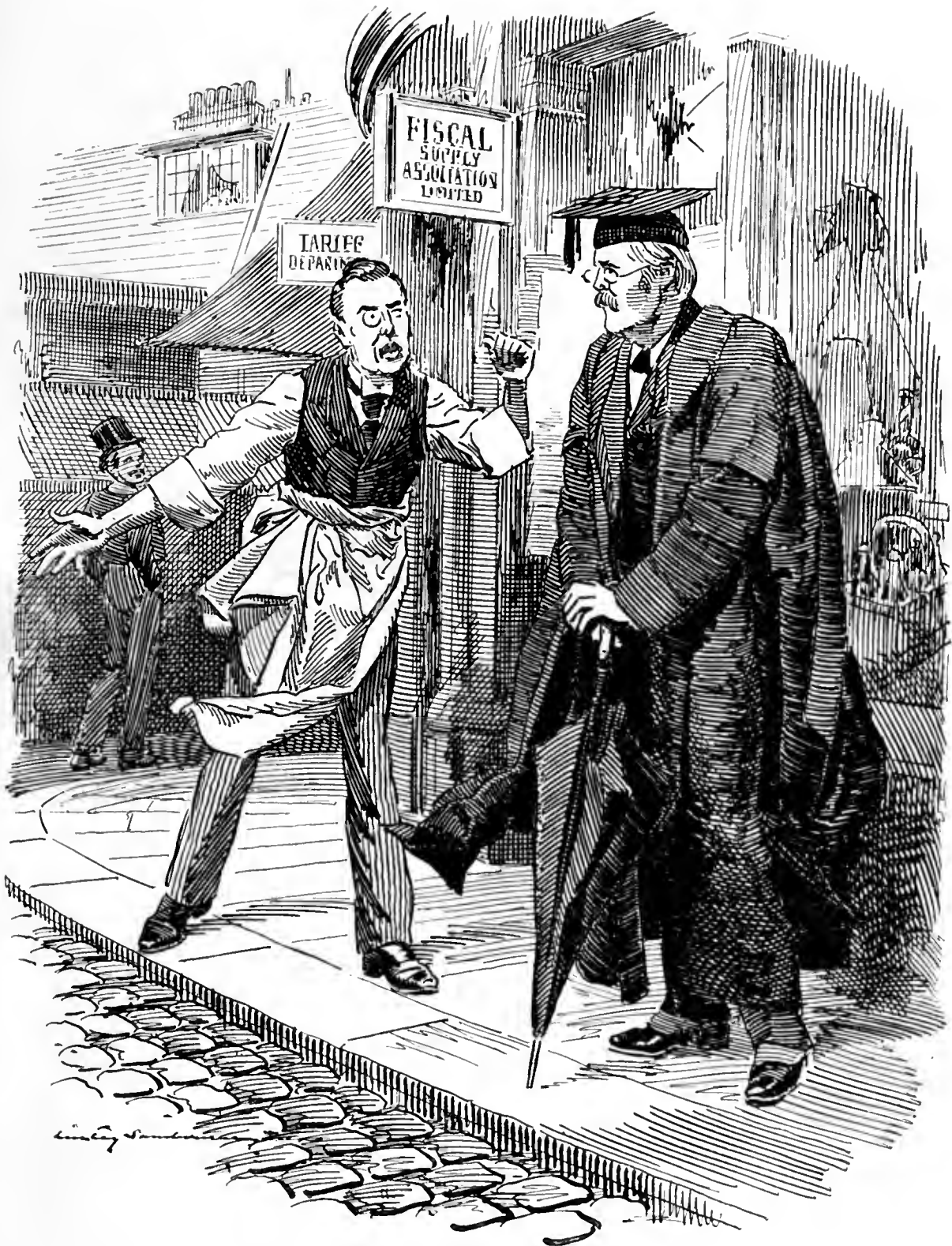
Have you bought those delightful revolving heels?—Noisy
Worshipper.

NOISY WORSHIPPER.—Could not see me at King's X?
You should have one of BOARS's compound opera-glasses,
purchasable on the *Times* system of monthly payments. No
deposit. So near and yet so far!—BOLD LADY.

BOLD LADY.—Taste our Pension Tea and die. The best
cure for melancholia and dyspepsia. Farewell till
Tuesday.—Noisy Worshipper.

NOISY WORSHIPPER.—Cannot walk, darling. Am dying.
Do not forget. (Buy *Bunkum's Unique Memory System*,
of all booksellers.)—BOLD LADY.

BOLD LADY.—"One kiss—and then oblivion." Buy our
blush eradiator, 1s. 1½d. net. Try it in your bath.
Of all chemists.—Noisy Worshipper.



PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT.

MANAGER OF THE TARIFF REFORM STORES (to HEAD MASTER, DR. ARTHUR B-L-F-R). "THAT BOY MASTER HUGH CECIL HAS BEEN BREAKING MY WINDOWS. HE OUGHT TO BE EXPELLED!"

DR. A. B. "WELL, BUT YOU SEE HE IS ONE OF OUR MOST TALENTED BOYS. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE HIM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.— Pretty to see how some fine natures retain to last the gold of ingenuousness. JOHN KENNAWAY, though not old as statesmen go, is not exactly a chicken. Much water has passed under Exeter Bridge since he went "On SHERMAN'S Track." The American General, as we know, managed to get away: but that was the fortune of war. KENNAWAY had the satisfaction of describing his personal experiences in a volume much thumbed by Jews converted under the auspices of the London Society of which he is the esteemed President.

In a useful life modestly lived Sir JOHN is unconsciously able to do quite a double kindness on such occasion as presented itself this afternoon. STEVENSON brings on by way of Amendment to the Address case of Macedonia and Armenia, trodden under the slipper of the Turk. We are all sorry for the subject races who, according to Earl PERCY, when not being burned or slaughtered by the Turks, avoid *ennui* by slaying or singeing each other. But we won't sit in our places throughout debate on the subject.

Thus it came to pass that STEVENSON'S fluency rippled over empty benches. SARK counted an average of 32 present throughout a speech of considerable



ACCURACY NO OBJECT.

Mr. Balfour. "Photographing my side of the House, eh? If you'll give me a few minutes I'll send for my friends and you shall take a nice group of us all together!"

Messrs. Lloyd-George and M'Kenna. "Oh! no, thank you; we prefer a very rapid exposure—a snap-shot will answer our purpose perfectly!"

length. On the Treasury Bench PERCY was sole Relique of a dispersed Ministry. Later, when the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs rose to reply with that weighty manner that awes the Chancelleries of Europe, PRINCE ARTHUR strolled in with obvious intent to keep a fatherly eye on his bantling.

Still, two Ministers on the Bench whilst a question affecting the peace of Europe is to the fore is a spectacle that would have waked up PAM even in his most somnolent days, would have been impossible, even in such recent times as Dizzy's. Example set in high places obediently followed on humbler levels. Above and below Gangway on both sides stretched arid wastes suggestive of recent raid of Bashi Bazouks on Armenian vilayet.

Happily of the 32 who came and went was Sir JOHN KENNAWAY; that at the lowest computation makes 33. In height and girth Sir JOHN is equivalent to the representation of two seats, say for King's Lynn. But what are even two amidst so few?

It was in the opening sentence of his speech that the man before whom

SHERMAN fled blushed like a girl and stammered like a young Middy when, ashore, his Admiral stops to speak to him. There was no harm done; certainly none meant. All that Sir JOHN said in his opening sentence was, "After the exhaustive argument we have just listened to—" Then, with guilty look round the empty House, finally resting on STEVENSON sitting opposite, naturally expectant of something nice to be said about him by the Member who was seconding his proposition, the burly Baronet stopped in state of embarrassment that unfortunately accentuated the painful situation.

Strictly speaking there was nothing the most sensitive might complain of in use of the word "exhaustive." If Sir JOHN had said "exhausting" it would, of course, have been different.

His honest intention was to be complimentary. He desired to suggest that, with his intimate knowledge of the case, his unhesitating flow of words, his level voice, his immobile attitude, the preceding speaker had really left nothing more to be said.

All the same, coming at the end of a



MACEDONIA AND ARMENIA.

"Unhesitating flow of words, level voice and immobile attitude."

(Mr. St-v-ns-n.)



"OYE, STANLEY, OYE?!"

The Captain. "What! show a clean pair o' heels, eh, my hearties?! Just you stop and bear a piece o' my mind!"

(Mr. T-may B-w-l-s, Lord St-a-l-y and a portion of Mr. A-l-w-n F-e-l-l-w-s.)

three-quarters-of-an-hour speech which emptied the House, the choice of the adjective was perhaps not happy. It was one of the things that our dear Dr. MAIRIER used to say "might have been put differently."

Business done.—Speeches about Macedonia, whose fortunes are still going down, and on Sugar, whose price ever goes up.

Some talk about our F. C. B.'s reminiscences of the Premier at Cambridge on Saturday night. Speaking of his membership of the A. D. C., F. C. B. recalled how PRINCE ARTHUR once dropped the curtain prematurely.

"Got over that tendency now," growls C.-B., thinking of deferred Dissolution.

Tuesday Night.—The quick response the House makes to able speaker, even in moments of profoundest depression, illustrated just now. Dear sugar may be, doubtless is, rankling in bosom of multitude of housewives; has played its part in by-elections; its influence will be felt in the coming pitched battle at the polls. But prolongation of debate into second day is more than House can stand. Recognises the hollowness of the affair.

Convention is in operation; must necessarily run its appointed period. Thing been debated over and over again through two long years. Members have taken sides in controversy; not to be moved by the lamentations of Mr. LOUGH, the coruscations of Mr. KEAULEY, or the demonstration of Brother GERALD that brown sugar at 3d. per pound is really cheaper than it was when, before the Brussels Convention got to work, the genial grocer smilingly accepted 2d., sometimes, by way of bonus, adding a stale bun.

Still the talk goes on by the lengthening hour; benches empty, atmosphere of weariness unutterable fills chamber darkening in the chill shadows of a February afternoon.

Boxer Law unexpectedly rises and lo! the tide of humanity turns and flows in till the benches, long empty, fill with interested crowd. Under Secretary for Board of Trade does not often speak; he leaves the privilege to his betters who sit in the Cabinet. When, as to-day, he breaks silence he proves himself one of the best debaters on Treasury Bench, exceeded perhaps only by PRINCE ARTHUR, and that in quite another fashion.

His position to-day paradoxical. An avowed Protectionist, he conclusively showed how good a thing it is to abolish bounties. Without assistance of notes limited even to half a sheet of paper, he delivered speech bristling with vigour, buttressed by facts. So quietly spoken, so clever, so persuasive, that it extorted the outspoken admiration of gentlemen opposite, who recognised (or thought they did) that the skilfully builded structure was founded on the sands of fallacy.

Business done. On Sugar Question Government majority runs up to 65.

Friday night. Session barely three weeks old, but the babe is already blasé. Began on wrong principle. After the stiff glass of absinthe mixed by Sir ANTHONY MACDONNELL, Parliamentary diners have no taste for the *vin ordinaire* of the prosaic course. AGLAND-HOOD, pinker and pinker in hue, manages to keep a sufficient number of men within hail for contingent divisions; but they won't remain in their places for debate on such matters as Supplementary Estimates.

Once through a dull week the sluggish

pond has been stirred, leaping for a moment into flash of life. Of course it was the foot of DOX JOSÉ that touched it; none but he is in this respect his own parallel. It came about in debate on Sugar Convention. That was a stroke of State, perhaps not designedly, certainly usefully, effective by way of presenting object lesson of effect of Fiscal Reform carried out by thoroughly capable hands. KEAULEY, who raised the question, cited figures to show how a great British industry has been brought to verge of ruin; 12,000 men turned adrift; 15,000 working short time; price of sugar doubled, and, bitterest of ironies, the production of sugar in the West Indies, for whose benefit the costly sacrifice was made, declining rather than advancing.

For the ex-Minister who carried the Convention in face of desperate opposition this a hard nut to crack. DOX JOSÉ faced situation with customary courage. Facts and figures cited were undeniable; but the Sugar Convention had nothing to do with them except that, by accident, they followed upon its operation. Was Sugar the only thing that, during the past twelve months, had gone up in price? "Look at cotton, and," he added, turning sharply towards C.-B., as if conveying hospitable, personal invitation, "take onions."

Whilst the nation has slumbered the price of onions has insidiously gone up.

Effect of this disclosure sprung upon House, for the moment crowded, was remarkable. Mr. KEAULEY bit his lips in indignation. The fair structure of argument he had built up was demolished at a blow. Mr. LOUGH sarcastically cried "Oh, oh," but in his heart of hearts he felt the game was up. The Sugar question, useful weapon in Opposition hands, had, so to speak, melted in the cup. As by the wand of the magician DOX JOSÉ had fastened public attention upon onions.

"And the worst of onions is," said C.-B. forlornly, "that they are the only thing which during the last nine years the Government have never meddled with nor muddled."

"That's his cleverness," said BRYCE. "Often heard of shunting inconvenient inquiry by drawing red herring across the path. First time the homely onion was ever put to similar use."

Business done.—Not much for Onion-ists.

The Malaria of Ambiguity.

Layman (to Curate). Were you preaching at your church last night?

Curate. No; why?

Layman. Oh, I didn't know whether you would be preaching or not—so I wouldn't risk going.



AT A FENCING "AT HOME."

Distinguished Foreigner (hero of a hundred duels). "It is delightful, MADAMOISELLE. YOU ENGLISH ARE A SPORTING NATION." Fair Member. "SO GLAD YOU ARE ENJOYING IT. BY THE WAY, MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS, HAVE THEY INTRODUCED FENCING INTO FRANCE YET?"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER III.

"On! Mums!" cried my cousin PHYLLIS, with that impulsive enthusiasm of hers which some people—not myself—say is all put on, "Do look at this *sweet* little monkey on the organ! *Isn't he deevie!*"

"Deevie" is, I believe, short for "divine" with certain sets. I wouldn't mind betting that PHYLLIS had never applied such a term to me before.

My aunt didn't seem impressed by my deeviness just then. She examined me through a pair of long-handled glasses, which always had the effect of making me feel rather a worm. On this occasion I dropped feebly on all fours.

"Since you ask me, PHYLLIS," said my aunt, "I think he's a frightful little object!" Which was my poor dear aunt all over—never could make the slightest allowances for me!

"I call him perfectly twee!" persisted PHYLLIS. (I don't know what "twee" stands for exactly—but something denoted complimentary.) "Only see how prettily he's scratching his ducky little ear." (This was a bad habit I had been trying all the afternoon to correct.) "He's quite too trotty for words. I wonder if those two nice men would part with him."

"My dear PHYLLIS!" exclaimed my aunt, stepping into the victoria. "Are you quite mad? Home, CHARLES."

"No, wait, CHARLES," said PHYLLIS, as he was about to touch his hat and mount the box by TEMBRIDGE's side. "Darling Mums, I'm quite serious—I am, *really*. And you know we've no pet ever since poor *Cookie* died." (*Cookie* was a white cockatoo, and I could understand from what I remembered of him that they would be glad of a little peace.) "I *must* just see if they will sell him."

Even as a child, PHYLLIS generally got her own way. Now she had come out, everybody—my aunt included—knocked under to her at once if she was at all keen on anything. It saved time.

PHYLLIS opened negotiations at once. Fortunately she had no difficulty in making herself understood, as the two sportsmen who ran my show happened to be British artisans of sorts who, being presumably thrown out of employment by foreign competition, had adopted this means of retaliation.

But as a crowd had already collected, a constable promptly appeared and, with a civility paid rather to my aunt's conveyance than my own, requested us to move on and not obstruct the traffic.

Aunt SELINA would have driven off and left me to my fate, but PHYLLIS wouldn't hear of it, so the disgusted TEMBRIDGE had to turn up a small and unfrequented street close by, followed by me and the piano-organ, and the crowd, which by this time was taking a deep interest in my future.

PHYLLIS is a most awfully charming girl, but a poor hand at monkey-buying—much too eager. Even those two utter outsiders spotted at once that she had set her heart on getting me, and piled it on accordingly. I'd no idea before how fond they were of me—it appeared I was the sunbeam of their cheerless homes, the darling of Joe's missus, the play-fellow of Bill's offspring.

"Really, PHYLLIS," said my downy aunt, "I think it would be too cruel to deprive the poor men of such a pet."

I *knew* the idiots would miff it! and, in my despair, I hit my tambourine a vicious bang.

"Yer see, lydy," explained BILL, "my kids and his missus 'd be on'y too thankful to 'ear as pore *Joeko* 'ad found a good 'ome where he'd be took proper care on. For, I tell yer strite, we can't feed 'im not like the likes of 'im had orter be fed, bein' so dellikit."

"My mate means a dellikit *feeder*," put in JOE hastily, "and, bein' outer work, we can't git him luxuries and relishes like we did in 'appier times."

It's my belief that precious pair of humbugs had never seen me till that morning, when they had probably hired me for

the day with the organ in Leather Lane or Saffron Hill. All this took time, and I could see that Aunt SELINA was getting a bit restive; even PHYLLIS seemed to find the publicity and notice she was attracting rather more than she had bargained for.

It isn't every day a London crowd has the excitement of seeing a sumptuously-attired young person in a victoria trying to buy a monkey at a fancy figure off an organ, so she was immensely popular. Several of her admirers urged my proprietors to "let the young lydy 'ave the monkey cheap as she'd took sech a fancy for it," though there were one or two soured Socialists who cried "Shame!" on the idle aristocracy which was trying to deprive two poor hard-working men of their only breadwinner.

As for me, I was powerless. I could only sit and look on from the top of my pedestal, like some classical Johnny in a melodrama being put up to auction as a Greek slave. Except that whenever I thought PHYLLIS was beginning to weaken, I tried to revive her enthusiasm by rattling the tambourine.

Perhaps that just turned the scale. Anyhow, she got me at last. What she actually paid for me I don't know—but I've no doubt it was a long way above the market value for a monkey, of whatever breed I belonged to. To be sure, I had talents and intelligence denied to any monkey—but then neither of the parties suspected that as yet.

There wasn't enough in the purse which PHYLLIS took out of her dainty wrist-bag to make up the purchase money. She was obliged to borrow from my aunt, and even from the blushing CHARLES, before my ransom was finally paid in full.

My aunt declined to have me on the little *strapontin* seat in front. As a matter of fact, I had been there before more than once—and a jolly uncomfortable perch it was, too. Still, I'm bound to say I don't altogether blame her just then.

So, when we drove off amidst loud cheers which I do not think were intended altogether in chaff, I was on the box, sitting bodkin between CHARLES and TEMBRIDGE, who were distinctly shirty at having to drive home through the Park with such a companion.

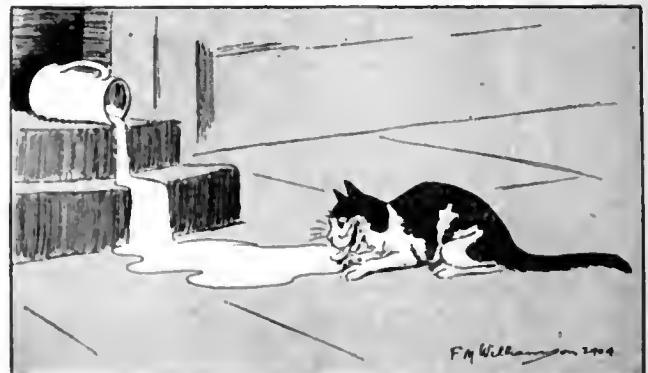
At least so I gathered from the subdued remarks they exchanged above my inoffensive head. Till then I had always thought TEMBRIDGE and CHARLES such respectable men!

Much I cared for their opinions! I had got a rise in the world already, and in a quarter I little expected. I wonder what they would have said if they had known who the quiet unassuming-looking monkey that was sharing the box-seat with them really was, or guessed that if I blinked my eyes it was merely because I was dazzled by the brilliancy of the future that seemed within my grasp.

Naturally they couldn't know all that—and perhaps it was just as well they didn't.

F. A.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.



Puss. "Ah, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk!"

CHARIVARIA.

PUNDIT RAMNARAYAN YOGSHASTRI, the well-known astrologer, palmist and clairvoyant, of Cawnpore, has predicted that from March 17 Russia will begin to achieve victory over the Japanese. The advisability of issuing the new Russian loan before that date has, we understand, been realised by the financiers concerned.

The strike epidemic in Russia has not yet died out, for, while matters have apparently been arranged at the Putiloff Works, a message has been received from General KUROPATKIN that the time has not yet arrived for him to strike.

The Baltic Fleet Commission has found that the Russians were guilty, but innocent.

The report certainly shows one thing: the danger of hasty conclusions. At the time of the outrage in the North Sea, people imagined that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY had shown a lack of military capacity and humanity.

The London County Council has decided to have no more motor fire-engines. The men have enough work to do in extinguishing the fires without extinguishing the engines.

The Registrar-General's statistical report which has just been published confirms the popular belief that marriages are not made, to any extent, on earth.

"Hairdressers," we read, "have decided that devotees of fashion must wear Grecian coiffures with the new style of hats." How this ukase affected the voting at Cambridge last week on the Greek question will probably never be known.

The protests raised at Oxford by persons over sixty against Dr. OSLER'S drastic proposals have had some effect. The doctor now announces that he will not insist on their being chloroformed.

The annual report of the Dogs' Home comments upon the fact that 23,190 dogs were taken to Battersea by the police for wearing no collars. The

modicum of dress which the law imposes is surely not unreasonable.

A gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to complain that in Brixton Prison there are thirty-two aliens. But for these, thirty-two of our own fine fellows might be there.

Mr. EVAN ROBERTS claims to have

cost £20,696 to heat, light, and ventilate the Houses of Parliament last year. This compares most unfavourably with other institutions such as Hengler's, or the Hackney Empire, or the Tooting Debating Society.

M. RODIN has been praising our fogs and our art. Our art certainly looks its best in our fogs.



BRIDGE BELOW STAIRS.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, JAMES, WHATEVER IS THE MEANING OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY HILARITY IN THE KITCHEN?"

"COOK'S JUST REVOKED FOR THE THIRD TIME, MARM!"

received a divine command to refrain from speech. Unfortunately, though Welsh, he is not a Member of Parliament.

It cannot justly be said that domestic affairs are being neglected by the House of Commons. CHAMBERLAIN on Sugar, and WYNDHAM on Toxist, were the two chief features of last week's Parliament.

According to a return just issued, it

Those people who hold that a classical education is a waste of time, forget the prizes. Last week the University of London advertised for a gentleman to fill a vacancy in the Examination Department, a graduate preferred, his whole time to be at the service of the University. The commencing salary, it is true, would be only £120 a year, but it would rise, by £7 10s. a year, to £150.

"Mr. GEORGE SCHILLING, the American athlete," we read, "has left Newcastle on his last tramp to Glasgow." At a time when one hears so much about tramps being work-shy, it is pleasant to come across an announcement like this.

A gentleman has written an interesting letter to the *Daily Mirror* on the subject of a proposed testimonial to Sir HENRY IRVING. "I would suggest," he says, "that we start a shilling fund for the purchase of the Lyceum. It has been done for a cricketer, why not for an actor?" Many people will be surprised to hear that a cricketer is the present proprietor of the Lyceum.

"King Edward in the Dock" was a newspaper heading which caused some unnecessary alarm last week. The paragraph merely recorded the fact that H.M.S. *King Edward VII.* had entered the new dock at Gibraltar.

The National Liberal Federation has passed a resolution in favour of the extension of parliamentary franchise to women. Yes, but it does not follow that the new electors would wish an old lady to be Premier.

"THE Japs are a most repulsive people," as KUROPATKIN remarked when they kept on driving him back.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE STORY.

The National Anti-Tea-Duty League is offering prizes for the best stories, verses, and articles in aid of the cause. But why not kill several birds with one stone? In the anticipation that other societies and leagues will fall into line with the N.A.T.D.L., Mr. Punch submits a suggestion for a great and lucrative romance.

THE WOOING OF WINIFRED.

In the pink drawing-room at Templeton Towers sat two people. As Lord ARCHIBALD watched the fair Lady WINIFRED gracefully pouring out the tea he thought that never before had she looked so pretty. It was a cheap tea that she was pouring out, for the duty recently placed upon that commodity put the fragrant Pekoe, in which they usually indulged, far beyond the slender means of her father the Earl. Nay, more, the whole country was compelled to buy these cheap teas (on which the grower makes so little profit), with the result that many a tea-planter was in a fair way to ruin. [First prize of £10 from the National Anti-Tea-Duty League.]

"Sugar?" she asked, with a smile.

"Please," said Lord ARCHIBALD.

"Oh dear," she said, with a pretty gesture of dismay, "I'm afraid there isn't any!"

"Pshaw, pshaw," said Lord ARCHIBALD. [Gold medal and £5 from the National Anti-Swearing League.]

"I'm so sorry," said WINIFRED. "That horrid Convention, you know," she added vaguely. [Testimonial on vellum and 5s. from the Free Trade Union.]

"My dear WINIFRED," he began expostulatingly, "you surely don't believe—" [£50 from Tariff Reform League.]

"Hush!" said the girl, as her little sister FLOESSIE opened the door and toddled in, "not before the child!" ["Why ever not? If Lord ARCHIBALD isn't going to quote from our 2976th pamphlet I withdraw the £50." Sec. T.R.L.]

Lord ARCHIBALD stopped, and gently stroked the hair of the little child. [Third prize of £1 from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.]

"WINNIE dear, won't you thing thome-thing?" lisped FLOESSIE.

"Please do," said ARCHIE, politely; and WINIFRED moved to the piano, and struck a few notes carelessly.

Lord ARCHIBALD thoughtfully closed the window. [Testimonial from the Society for the Prevention of Street Noises.]

Presently she began to sing. The beautiful words rang out clearly:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

[Winner of the £500 prize competition inaugurated by the Church of England Temperance Society. May be sung at concerts on payment of one shilling.]

As she sat there Lord ARCHIBALD was moved to admiration of her neat, lissom, yet withal natural figure—[1s. 6d. from Anti-Corset League]—at the bloom of health upon her cheek; and his admiration turned to wonder when he reflected that she did not, like himself, live exclusively on vegetable matter. No doubt she was the one exception which proved the wisdom of his dietary. [Free Meal from Mr. EUSTACE MILES.]

The song ended, and WINIFRED returned to her seat opposite him. Little FLOESSIE was playing with the kitten on the hearthrug, showing that sympathy which the very young always feel for the lower creatures. ["Afraid not quite suitable."—Hon. Sec. Our Dumb Friends' League.]—and to all intents and purposes they were alone.

"WINIFRED," he began, "I have something to say to you. You know what my past has been. You know how I wasted my patrimony in card-playing . . . in dances . . . in theatre-going . . . in drinking . . . (Several pages omitted) . . . How bitterly do I rue my folly now! [Net result: £1321 0s. 1½d. from various "anti" societies.] None the less do I dare now to ask you: Will you make my life happy? Will you

"ARCHIE!" she cried. . . .

An hour later he left the house, and with the tact and thoughtfulness typical of the nobleman, jumped into an omnibus without stopping the horses. [£2 and Certificate from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Peter's Mother* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTIE has set herself the task of devising and chronicling the story of conflict between the affections of a mother and the yearning of a still young widow for the love of man. Much is expected from the author of *Deborah of Tad's*. My Baronite finds it here amply forthcoming. Whilst the tale is interesting not universally the case of a modern novel—the pages are alive with human character. Sir Timothy Crecys, *Peter's* father, disappears early from the scene, but not till his personality is strongly implanted in the mind of the reader. He leaves behind a son who inherits his stubbornness of disposition and his pragmatical manner. Also, two sisters, delightfully sketched, who serve the parts of light comedy. They supply an admirable foil to *Peter's* mother, who in her character, her surroundings, and her method of facing them, faintly recalls the far-off figure of the now, alas! forgotten *Daughter of*

Heth. *Peter's Mother* will decidedly enhance the established reputation of its author. She has a pure, picturesque literary style, an excellent thing in woman, rare among such as write novels.

The Identity of June, by ALICE METHELY (JOHN LONG), is a well-contrived and clearly narrated story. It opens with a short, powerfully dramatic prologue, and the mystery, which is the outcome of it, is well sustained until the disclosure becomes inevitable. Whether every reader will be satisfied with the fate of the *seconda donna* is what an impartial critic would hesitate to assert, nor, perhaps, will the experienced novel-reader, to whom the ways of melodrama are familiar, be inclined to bestow unqualified praise on the not absolutely novel use made of certain lockets and chains where long-lost heiresses are concerned. But allowance being made for these property trinkets, and for the second-class villain, dismissed by the authoress as unmanageable, the reader humming to himself "My pretty Jane, oh never look so shy!" will be fairly interested in the chief heroine's adventures, and will be amused by the very natural humours of the various characters.

The House of Merrilees, by ARCHIBALD MARSHALL (ALSTON RIVERS), is a novel that the Assistant Reader can recommend cordially and with confidence to those who like a really good story, well constructed and excellently told. The secret (for there is a secret, and a very interesting one) is admirably kept up to the end, and the final discovery of the bodies of Sir Roderick Bertram and his wife, together with the jewels into which the Baronet, who was by no means wicked, had converted his great wealth, is an incident which, in its excitement, recalls the good days when novelists thought more of telling an interesting story than of posing a problem, and leaving it without an answer. Mr. MARSHALL, moreover, has a vein of quiet, pleasant humour which is very refreshing.



THE WAIL OF THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST.
—Spare my felines!

A HYGIENIC PARADISE.

THE HOTEL HERCULES, DOLCEMINORE.

IN view of the increased attention paid to health by all classes of the community, *Mr. Punch* is glad to be able to recommend to his readers the super-eminent attractions of the famous new health resort of Dolceminore, where the magnificent Hotel Hercules (Proprietor, M. EUGÈNE HACKENSCHMIDT) has recently been established under the most favourable auspices and in the most enchantingly beautiful environs.

Dolceminore, the newest and most perfect cure resort, is a charming spot situated in the centre of the Duchy of Savoy, not many kilometres from the historic town of Salsiccia di Polonia. To the south-east the hills rise up to the twin peaks of the Monte Zingaro, which gives an additional piquancy and verve to the scenery.

The town, which is situated in an open valley surrounded by foothills covered with luxuriant boot-trees, holds the record of salubrity in the annals of hygiene. Beri-beri is unknown in the district, and during a recent epidemic of influenza the genial priest, Padre MICCHI MURFI, was heard to observe "*Corpo di Bacco!* there are people dying who never died before."

The waters of Dolceminore are the richest in the world in xylobalsamum, zoedone, copra, verdigris, fresh-water eels, acetylene, strychnine, and other stimulating and exhilarating products. They are pumped up hourly by well-trained hydraulic rams to the Hotel Hercules, which enjoys the unique attraction of enabling its visitors to take their baths in their own rooms, each bedroom being provided with a handsome flat bath, richly enamelled, and measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter.

The treatment consists of hot, tepid and cold baths, ammoniated quinine baths, sand-bunker baths (for golfers), applications of hot mud, poached-egg baths, inhalations, embrocations and imprecations.

The results in all cases of chronic expansion of the tontine, berberis Darwinii, catalectic tetrameter, astigmatism of the lower mandible and acute ampeleptosis, may fairly be termed marvellous, so rapidly are they felt.

Patients arrive at the neighbouring station of Ciaringa Croce carried in the arms of stalwart *contadini*. Before they have finished their cure they have actually been known to run off without stopping to pay their bills!

The country surrounding Dolceminore bristles with features of extraordinary interest. Innumerable expeditions can be made in the neighbourhood, on foot, horse or motor, while the purity of the air renders it peculiarly suitable for



FEMINE AMENITIES.

Mabel (not in her first youth). "FIRST OF ALL HE HELD MY HAND AND TOLD MY FORTUNE; AND THEN, EVIE, HE GAZED INTO MY FACE EVER SO LONG, AND SAID HE COULD READ MY THOUGHTS! WASN'T THAT CLEVER OF HIM, DEAR?"

Evie. "OH, I SUPPOSE HE READ BETWEEN THE LINES, DARLING."

the evolutions of flying machines, parachutes, balloons and other aerial implements. A fine new golf course has been laid out in the neighbourhood of the Hotel, and its sporting character is sufficiently attested by the fact that it is one of the few links in which it is always possible and often necessary to use a niblick on every green. The record for amateurs is held by Prince BORIS of Bulgaria, whose score for the first nine holes was 224 not out.

The Hotel Hercules, which is built in the feudal style with machicolated transoms, choice rococo oubliettes, Armenian fire-escapes, &c., stands in its own grounds containing beehives, Alderney cows, donkey engine, pergola, Aunt Sally, holophote, and other amenities.

The building has been designed and planned in consonance with the most modern principles of English architecture and hygiene. The kitchens are on the top storey, immediately under the roof garden, to which they communicate a delightful and appetising aroma. Every bedroom is provided with (1) a gramophone; (2) a complete edition of the speeches of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, M.P. Insomnia and coma can thus be faced with equal impunity.

During the months of April to November the services of the famous

pifferari of Monte Zafferano have been exclusively retained to play at all meals.

To meet the wishes of anti-carnivorous clients a vegetarian restaurant has been added to the establishment, and special terms are arranged for beanfeasts.

TARIFF.

Breakfast (with tea, coffee, or coco for the hair)	from 1.50
Do. (on the roof garden) ...	from 3
Light Luncheon (cold meat, pickles, shortbread, rational cheese)	from 4
High Tea	from 6
Do. (in the Holophote)	7.50
Dinner (with Pifferari)	10
Do. (without Pifferari)	12.50

THERE is no foundation for the report that Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, on resigning his post as Vice-Chairman of the Tariff Reform Committee, has been raised to the Peerage as Viscount RIDLEY.

THE Cockney who said he valued Switzerland for its mountain hair has a supporter in a writer in the *Irish Independent*, who remarks: "There are many mountains in the country now bare and desolate whose brows, if whiskered with forests, would present a striking appearance."

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHERRY-STONE.

By the generous courtesy of the Editor of the *Balmoral Magazine* we are enabled, from his surplus stock and at sale prices, to produce a story containing hitherto unpublished details of the famous elopement of the Arch-Princess of Hoheneschwillbock, by the author of *Crowned Heads I have hob-nobbed with*.)

Few students of Court intrigue will have forgotten that episode of the sudden flight and private marriage of the present Arch-Queen of Hoheneschwillbock, which set all the Chancelleries of Europe agog in the early nineties. But the secret of the part played in this adventure by a simple cherry-stone has been confined to a select three or four in the immediate *entourage* of Her Serene Archness. My own notoriously close intimacy with the now Arch-Prince Consort of Hoheneschwillbock (*né* Hereditary Postmaster of Rituradania) was at once the cause of my admittance to this secret and a bar to my disclosure of it. *Noblesse oblige!* But the recent demise of the late Ruler, and the succession of his daughter to the Arch-sovereignty, release me from the obligation to withhold my privileged information from the readers of the *Balmoral Magazine*.

For a long time ere my brief story opens the late Arch-King of Hoheneschwillbock had looked with open disfavour on the attentions paid by the Hereditary Postmaster of the neighbouring Principality of Rituradania to his only child and heiress in tail-female. It is true that through his maternal grandmother (a Levantine Sultana) the royal blood of TIVERLANE coursed in his veins, rendering him technically eligible for the hand of the Arch-Princess. But he was poor and tainted with Liberal tendencies, and his presence as a guest at the Court of Hoheneschwillbock was only tolerated on the ground of his philatelic tastes, which were shared by the Arch-Monarch. Indeed, at the present momentous juncture he was only staying on to see the Old Year out on the excuse of securing a set of the fresh issue of stamps which was to appear on New Year's Day.

The heart of the Arch-Princess (an organ which often meets with but scant consideration in the highest Court circles) was divided between passion for her unacknowledged suitor, and a filial regard for her royal father's wishes, the latter feeling being accentuated by fear of the rigours of Court etiquette.

A prey to indecision, she determined to have recourse to *cheiromancy*, a *penchant* for which she had inherited from her mother, who had dabbled in the Black Arts. Accordingly, on the afternoon of New Year's Eve, heavily veiled and attended only by a tiring-woman in whose discretion she reposed a perfect confidence, she bent her steps by obscure side-streets to the secret consulting-room of a fortune-teller, whose professional services were strictly taboo at Court.

"It is impossible," said the magician, after closely examining the lobe of her right ear and the lines on the ball of her left thumb, "to dissociate your destiny from that of a man your inferior in station, with dark hair and an hereditary leaning toward the pursuit of letters. Your fate will turn upon the numerical contents of a cherry-pie. This year—next year—sometime—never." With these words, suspiciously indicative of a clear acquaintance with the facts, though somewhat enigmatic in the peroration for anyone that was not familiar (as was the Arch-Princess) with the language of augury, he took his fee and dismissed her.

As Mistress and maid—for the latter had assisted at this *séance*—threaded their way back to the Palace, the former enjoyed a certain sense of relief. She felt that the solution of a harassing dilemma had been taken out of her hands by a higher power, to whom she was content to leave the issue of events. Not so with the maid, whose fertile brain, fed on the rumours of Court scandal, was already devising a scheme for assisting Fate.

"If it does not come right the first time, your Archness might try a second helping," she said.

"*Nein, nein*, my GRETCHEN," replied the Princess; "having once committed myself to the control of Destiny, I will never tamper with its processes."

GRETCHEN, however, who was troubled by no such scruples, repaired at the first free moment to the sanctuary of the Chief Butler, a retired Sergeant-Major of the Uhlans of the Guard, of which the Arch-Princess was herself Colonel-in-Chief. The ex-warrior had long entertained an undisguised regard for the figure of his Colonel's maid; and, flattered by her confidences and by the hint that his own suit would not suffer by any services he might render to her mistress, he undertook so far to waive his dignity as himself to preside over the pie, and put exactly twenty-one cherries on the plate of the Arch-Princess.

Having secured this promise, GRETCHEN stole to the apartments of the Hereditary Postmaster and left on his dressing-table the following pregnant message: "*Prepare for the best. Elopement fixed for 10.30 p.m.*" Half-an-hour later the happy lover instructed his valet that his plans were changed; he would leave that evening. He further handed him a telegram in cipher, addressed to the priest of a little village just beyond the border, in Rituradania.

During the earlier courses of the Banquet, which was served at 5.30 p.m. according to the immemorial custom of the Hoheneschwillbock Court, the Arch-Princess, who had been robed by her maid in a confection which might pass at once for a dinner-gown and a going-away dress, wore an air of abstracted listlessness. In vain her neighbour, a diplomat from the Near East, attempted to dissipate her pallor with Oriental badinage. At length the sweets were served, and as the Arch-Princess began to devour the ruby berries she was vaguely aware of the Chief Butler's eye directed to her plate over her left shoulder. It showed a curiously anomalous trait in the character of one who had always anticipated the conclusion of a romance by reading the last chapter first that with such important personal issues at stake she yet had the *nonchalance* to defer the counting of the stones till she had disposed of their edible covering.

Suddenly she heard a suppressed oath. She had placed the last of the cherries (still uncounted) in her mouth—and *no stone was forthcoming!* Either she had inadvertently swallowed it, or it had never been there, or else—could it have been some devilry on the part of HANS, the head footman, long suspected of espionage, who conceivably had overheard all in the Arch-pantry, had then abstracted the stone, and by a feat of *legerdemain* "forced" the hollowed cherry upon his colleague as the pie was being served?

Each of these theories passed rapidly through the brain of the Chief Butler. But it was no time for the consideration of causes. The Arch-Princess was already beginning to count the stones, and action was imperative. To seize the unfinished plate of the diplomat from the Near East; to restore it under pressure of loud expostulations, having first withdrawn from it a single cherry-stone; to touch the Princess's plate, as if to remove it, with the words, "More pie, your Archness?" (an invitation permitted by the Hoheneschwillbock Protocol, but one which he well-knew that she would answer in the negative), and to slip the stone from under his thumb among the twenty others—all this was the work of a moment, taking even less time than I have spent in dictating the above passage to my typist.

"*Einen augenblick* (one instant)," said the Arch-Princess, and finished counting up to twenty-one. Then, as he again bent low over her to take the plate away, he saw a warm flush mantling her cheek and heard her murmur to herself, "This year! This year! And that means to-night, for to-morrow is New Year's Day!"

As the ladies retired, she passed close by the Hereditary



Bernard Partridge.

(With apologies to W. Holman Hunt.)

THE SCAPEGOAT.

(After Holman Hunt's Celebrated Picture.)





AFTER HER VISIT TO A DAIRY FARM.

"MAMMA, IS THERE MILK IN THIS COCOA-NUT?"

"YES, DEAR, I SUPPOSE SO."

"THEN, MUMMY DEAR, HOW DO YOU MILK IT?"

Postmaster and whispered, "You will fly with me to-night." To which he replied, *sotto voce*, "All shall be in readiness at 10 P.M., back door. Bring your jewels."

The flight of the two lovers an hour later in a pair-horse postchaise, and their marriage across the border at 11.30 on the same night, have long been matters of public knowledge. But the affair of the cherry-stone I am privileged to be the first to give to the world in the pages of the *Balmoral Magazine*.

As for GRETCHEN, she quickly followed the Arch-Princess, and was in turn followed by the Chief Butler. Both were welcomed into the *ménage* of the eloping couple, and themselves became man and wife; and under the new *régime* they have received, in consideration of their services, the respective posts of Burnt Almoner to the Arch-Prince Consort, and Mistress of the Spare-Bedchamber. In addition to this reward the ex-Chief Butler always wears a scarf-pin, mounted with a polished cherry-stone set in rubies, the gift of his grateful Master.

O. S.

DEATH BY INSTALMENTS.—A Northern paper says: "Mr. FOUNTAIN, a farmer residing at Topcliffe, near Thirsk, has a cow which has just given birth to a calf with two heads and necks. The latter subsequently died." We hope the heads will live long.

FROM A PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.—"At one point an Irish Member, who must have been studying Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S face, considerably warned Mr. LATTETON that he was 'putting his foot in it badly.'"

GREEK (RE-)VERSUS PREMIER.

[The Prime Minister visited Cambridge on Saturday to record his vote for the abolition of compulsory Greek in the Little-Go.—*Daily Paper*.]

It was a Doubty Premier,
To Cambridge he did go;
Where men of "Stynx" had made a match
'Twixt him and $\delta \eta \tau \acute{o}$.

A Little Goes a longish way
When driven straight and true;
And ARTHUR'S ball fa's on the green,
And makes the hole in two.

But in the rest of that great round,—
(A wondrous tale we tell)—
His ball was bunkered hard and fast
At every place it fell.

For fifteen hundred Parsons bold,
Hidden about the links,
Made living bunkers of themselves
To stem the tide of Stynx.

And so we bless the gallant band
That played for $\delta \eta \tau \acute{o}$;
For, though our Greek be little, we'll
Not let that Little Go.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.—"I possess a splendid singing bird, but no feathers will grow on it. Can anyone tell me of a remedy for this?"—B. C. in the *Evening News*.

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER IV.

As we bowled swiftly along past Hyde Park Corner, Albert Gate, and the Cavalry Barracks, my brain was working busily on the problem of how to carry out my idea of going on the Variety Stage and knocking spots out of the ignorant apes which were being palmed off on a credulous Public as "educated."

Now I really *was* educated, having been at a well-known Public School at *two* of them, for that matter! And if an ordinary haboon can earn the screw of a Cabinet Minister or a Judge by simply appearing on the stage for a few minutes, and giving a clumsy imitation of some outsider's notion of a man-about-town, what price Me?

Without being a positive PADEREWSKI, I could pick out several tunes by ear on the piano; I could play billiards, and bridge, too—I won't say well, but marvellously for a monkey!

The only rock ahead I saw was PHYLLIS. She mightn't like the notion of any monkey of hers performing nightly at the Palace or the Empire. She might consider it would deprive her of most of the advantage of my society. I decided not to spring the idea on her all at once, but accustom her to it by degrees.

First of all she would naturally notice a sort of distinction about me; she would realise that I possessed a tact and *savoir faire*, an ease of manner which no piano-organ can impart. Then, when she had learnt to respect me, I could reveal my accomplishments gradually, one by one, and she would have to admit that such talents as mine ought not to be wasted in obscurity—they belonged not to her, but to the whole World!

It was a bit of a bunker that, as yet, I could not talk intelligibly—but I was sure to hit upon some method of conveying my ideas before long—and then I could inform PHYLLIS that I had quite made up my mind to go on the stage.

She was too sensible to stand in my way—especially if I offered her a commission on my salary—say, ten per cent., which, even if I was making no more than two hundred a week, would be a welcome addition to her pocket-money.

Should I ever reveal to her the secret of my identity? It would be a temptation some day to let her know that the brilliant and wealthy monkey who was the darling of Society and the idol of the Public had once been her rather shiftless and unsatisfactory cousin REGINALD. Still, perhaps it was better she should never suspect the truth. It would put the family in a deuced awkward position. No, REGIE BALLMORE was better dead. I would use his dead self, as some poet-Johnny (MILTON, isn't it? or SHAKESPEARE?) puts it, "as a step-ladder to something higher."

By the time I had come to this decision, the carriage stopped at my aunt's house in Cadogan Gardens—and I shall never forget MACROW the butler's face as CHARLES handed me to him by the scruff of my neck.

"It is Miss PHYLLIS's monkey, MACROW," explained my aunt, with an anxiety to disown all responsibility for me that was not flattering. "And, PHYLLIS dearest, if you *insist* on having it in the drawing-room, hadn't you better—?"

I failed to catch the rest, but PHYLLIS replied, "Well, perhaps it *might* be as well. MACROW, will you take him to FRISWELL, please, and ask her to wash him for me and send him into the drawing-room?"

FRISWELL, I fancy, was not altogether chummy with MACROW just then; at all events she told him it was "no part of *her* work to bath a little beast of a monkey," and recommended him strongly to do it himself.

But he turned me over to the under scullery-maid instead—and even *she* was snuffy about it.

To be held under a tap in a sink, soused with cold water, and scrubbed with beastly yellow soap and a most infernal hard brush, is not exactly the kind of treatment I was accustomed to, even under my aunt's roof—but I showed no resentment. I thought I probably required it.

It was over at last, and in a condition of almost offensive cleanliness [I loathe the smell of yellow soap myself—so depressing!] I was carried upstairs and deposited outside the drawing-room door, which MACROW opened for me.

My little plaid tunic had been burnt, so I had absolutely nothing on but the leather belt. One can't get rid of one's prejudices all at once, and though I knew that even this costume wouldn't be considered at all *outré* in my present case, I did feel just a little bit shy about going in. After all, though, I was one of the family, and I resolved to saunter in unconcernedly, as a person who had the right to feel at home.

Whether Nature was too strong for me, or whether I got a gentle push from MACROW's boot, I can't say, but I'm afraid that, as a matter of fact, I stumbled in anyhow on all fours.

"You can't say he isn't clean *now*, Mums!" cried PHYLLIS. "Isn't he a perfect angel? I think I must have some new clothes made for him—he'll look frightfully sweet in them!"

I thought I should look all right if she would only let me go to my own tailor, who, though a trifle too given to press for immediate payment, *does* understand my figure—but how was I to give her his address? She said a lot more about me, till at last, not being used to such open admiration—especially from her—I began to feel a bit embarrassed; it was enough to turn most monkeys' heads. To cover my confusion, I wandered round the room, just as I should have done if I had remained my old self, looking at this and that, taking up an article here and there, fingering it, and putting it down again. Then I sat on the music-stool and struck a few careless chords on the piano. I had meant to play them as much as I could remember of the "Choristers' Waltz," but my fingers had all got so fumbly that I couldn't raise any tune in particular. But that would come back to me, with practice.

PHYLLIS was highly amused, at first, by my performance, but she did not appear to think it showed any marked musical ability. If she had, she would not have insisted on my leaving off so soon. Of course a hint from her was enough for me, and I got off the music-stool and retired to a sofa without, I hope, letting her see how deeply she had disappointed me. I took up the nearest Society journal and began to glance through it with a show of interest. Not that I really cared two straws how Lady Hoxon HYNDEGGE's small dance had gone off, or who were letting their houses for Ascot week, or going to have a houseboat at Henley—I seemed now to have got so far beyond all that! But I was determined to make PHYLLIS understand that I had intellectual tastes.

However, it was a deuced tricky paper to manage—especially as my feet would keep on trying to turn over the pages instead of leaving it to my hands. So I am not sure that PHYLLIS quite took in the fact that I was actually reading, and, whatever it was I did read, I can't remember a single line of it now.

But all of a sudden, as I sat there, MACROW appeared and announced: "Mr. BLUNDELL"—and sure enough, in walked old MONTY, irreproachably got up as usual! I was a bit staggered at first, for I wasn't aware he knew my aunt—I hadn't introduced him.

Then it struck me *why* he had come. He had heard of my decease and volunteered to break the sad news to my family. It was pretty decent of him, really—though I would rather it had been anybody else. Because, between ourselves, I wouldn't have trusted dear old MONTY to break the death of a blue-bottle without managing to freeze it somehow.

He couldn't see *me* behind the paper, and, as I couldn't be of much assistance to him, I lay doggo, being naturally curious to hear how he would prepare them for the shock, and how they—especially PHYLIS—would bear up under it. F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

RUSSIA, whose finances were declared the other day to be at their last ebb, has just paid £65,000 into the Dogger Bank.

A lady, upon hearing of the resignation of Mr. WYNDHAM, remarked that she was sorry, as she always admired his acting.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH thinks that the most favourable opportunity for an enemy to invade our shores would be a Saturday or Sunday preceding a Bank Holiday, when we should all be merry-making. But surely the danger is greater on Boxing Day, when the entire nation is groaning under the burden of its Christmas dinner?

MR. BALFOUR, however, has stated that an invasion of England is an impossibility. Still, to make assurance doubly sure, an Aliens Bill is to be passed.

Some surprise has been expressed that EARL CAWDORE, the Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, should have been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. It seems to be forgotten that the G.W.R. has for many years past successfully run steamboats between England and the Channel Isles.

In view of the appointment of EARL CAWDORE, the Chairman of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway is now said to look upon the War Office as his natural reversion.

The Rhinoceros dinner at New York, made possible by the generosity of PRINCE HENRY of Prussia, was not a great success. The idea was witty enough, but the indigestion which followed was no more acute than the result of dining off the average German beef.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE declares that MR. BALFOUR has no settled convictions except that he is the right man for the Premiership. Still, MR. LLOYD-GEORGE's party have not even decided this point for themselves in the event of a change of régime.

Meanwhile, a sanguine section of the front Opposition Bench has already prepared a scheme for the re-organisation of the Army—not, we understand, because the Army needs it, but because our glorious system of party govern-



FOREIGNERS ARE ALWAYS SO VERY POLITE.

Charming Hostess. "DO HAVE SOME OF MY CAKE. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE EVER TASTED MY OWN MAKE?"

Delightful Foreigner (wishing to be polite). "INDEED—INDEED I HAVE, AND I ASSURE YOU I DID NOT WISH TO EAT ANYTHING ELSE FOR DAYS AFTER!"

ment must be kept up. Linked battalions are the main principle of the scheme. The Liberals declare that they will have no difficulty in supplying the missing links.

By-the-by, a certain Government contractor, of Rye, is evidently convinced that a change of Government is approaching, for his trade catalogue contains the following announcement:—

"I have a great quantity of good second-hand GOVERNMENT VICES of all sizes, from 10s. to 25s. each."

The opening of a Nelson Widows' Relief Fund has led a usually ill-informed continental contemporary to assert that the hero of Trafalgar was a man who married both recklessly and profusely.

The *Saturday Review* points out that we have no statue of BACON in London.

We believe it is an open secret that, were it not that it would look too much like an advertisement, our public-spirited friend SIR THOMAS LIPTON would be willing to present one to the Metropolis.

"SIR HENRY IRVING," we read, "is making satisfactory progress." We wish that the same could be said of many other actors.

The Accrington lady who was recently rescued from premature burial has been appearing nightly on the variety stage at Rochdale. She was certainly more fortunate than the gentleman who, on rising to protest when his coffin was being nailed down, was rudely pushed back by the undertaker's men with the explanation, "Orders is horders."

From the *Twentieth Century Medical Dictionary*:—SAWBONES. A surgeon who uses X-rays.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LADY YORICK.

With apologies to the Interviewer of the "Daily Chronicle."

STRANGER than fiction, and much more interesting, is the fact that Lady Yorick is a Socialist. The lovely and fascinating representative of a great family, mistress of Yorick Castle and herself the owner of 23,000 acres, speaking of the Socialist programme to the representative of the *Daily Chronicle* in her London residence, Yorick House, which stands within the shadow of St. James's Palace if anything so piquantly romantic had been dealt with in a novel, would not those of us who are by way of being reviewers of books be justified in alluding to such a situation as outside the range of probabilities?

And yet the fact is as solid as St. Paul's—Lady Yorick is a Socialist. She told me so herself in two interviews which I was privileged to have with her—perhaps the most rapturous moments in an otherwise drab existence.

The first took place at her house just before dinner, to which I was not asked to stay, and the other in the early afternoon a day or two afterwards. Strange to say, when one calls on Lady Yorick in this way, she does not treat one as if she were addressing an audience. I had of course naturally expected that she would mount a platform and I should be given a seat below her; but I was wrong. Anything in the nature of rhetoric is impossible to Lady Yorick.

Everything is communicated in that quiet and conversational fashion which one expects from the well-bred man or woman. This seemed to me very strange. It is necessary to say so much, as in reporting what is said on economic or political subjects there may be a suggestion of "speechifying" wholly alien to the individuality of one of the best-mannered, as well as one of the most beautiful women of our own day.

On the occasion of my first visit I am shown into a room on the ground floor of Yorick House. An excellent portrait of King Edward catches the eye, and another of himself and the Prince of Wales autographed "GEORGE." I am shown up to the drawing-room on the first floor, where Lady Yorick, in a charming evening gown of pink *crêpe-de-chine*, comes forward to greet me—an embodiment of queenly dignity and youthful vivacity.

Lady Yorick, in that rich low penetrating aristocratic voice which real ladies use to journalists, at once confided to me her doubts as to whether a Socialist has any right to look queenly. It was also a little on her mind, she said,

whether pink *crêpe-de-chine* was quite the thing. Blue canvas was suggested, in accordance with a forecast in one of Mr. Wells's books; but my charming hostess was doubtful.

"After all," she said, with one of her delightfully well-bred laughs that sound so strange to a newspaper man, "after all why should Socialism interfere with our personal charms?"

"Why, indeed?" said I, making a note of the delicious phrase on my cuff, and tying a knot in my handkerchief to remind me that I had done so.

"About those 23,000 acres," I then remarked; "do I understand—"

"Oh, no," said Lady Yorick, "I don't think Socialism means anything drastic like that. And of course there is Lord Yorick to consider. Lord Yorick does not go so far as I do in his opinions; but he helps me in every way. I believe in being unique. I want to be known as the only really practical sincere earnest Socialist who owns 23,000 acres."

"How charmingly put! And what a simple and natural ambition!" I said.

"I am in favour of everything socialistic," Lady Yorick said, "except"—here I rose and took off my hat, which, being a Socialist too, I had retained—"except the abolition of the Monarchy. Everyone should have bread, unless there was not enough to go round, in which case I should recommend cake. Equal rights for all. One woman two votes, and everyone to have the chance of spending Christmas in Paris."

"Ah yes," I murmured, "Paris: I remember—"

"I am hoping that we may see a revival of Socialist sentiment amongst the young men of Oxford and Cambridge, and, indeed, in all the Universities throughout the world," Lady Yorick continued. "I was much cheered the other day by reading of the joke prepared for the Mayor of Cambridge by some of the young men. If they are so friendly as to jest with the Mayor, they are well on the road to Socialism."

"What would I do if I were a multi-millionaire? I would spend every penny of it on the Socialist movement. For one thing, I should like to see them in possession of a big hall, large enough to accommodate many thousands of people. How splendid that would be!"

I mentioned Olympia.

"Ah yes, Olympia. Think of Olympia full of thousands of people. That's Socialism!"

"In the second place, I would start a newspaper which should not be subject to the changing moods of cranks and faddists, but should be run on absolutely Socialistic lines. The mistake about papers to-day is that they pay. Mine should never pay. It should be free to all."

"But you would pay the staff?" I asked. "The interviewers?"

"Is not interviewing its own reward?" was the matchless reply.

How could I say no?

"You shall be our interviewer-in-chief," said this gracious lady.

"The remainder of the fortune," Lady Yorick continued, "I would spend in every way that would be likely to result in Labour men obtaining seats in Parliament. JOSEPH ARCH, for example, I would see that he had a motor-car to take him down to the House every night. I would build a great residential club for Labour members close to the House. There is nothing I would not do."

"I have quite given up what we describe as society," Lady Yorick continued, in a whisper that still thrills me, though I have written many articles since. "Society is divided into two parts—those who bore and those who are bored. I have always tried not to belong to the first section, and have decided not to belong to the second. On the other hand, although not a multi-millionaire, I am doing all I can in a quiet way to assist the Socialist cause. For instance, I have taken a flat in Victoria Street."

"Indeed!" I cried.

"Yes. Could you think of anything more energetically socialistic than that? If only everyone would take flats in Victoria Street the success of the great movement would be assured."

After my charming hostess had written her gracious name, "META YORICK," on my other cuff, as a memento of the day, the interview ended. As I passed out between the rows of footmen—all, I have no doubt, Socialists to the core—I began to realise that a strange thing had happened in the social life of England.

Might have been expressed differently.

THE Chairman of a political meeting in the North in the course of his speech said, "Our opponent is one of the cleverest and most unscrupulous politicians in this country, but, thank goodness, Gentlemen, our candidate is well able to beat him on his own ground." The candidate was present.

From the Nottingham Daily Express:

STRAYED, Thursday afternoon, from Sutton-in-Ashfield, Scotch Collie and Shepherd. Anyone returning same to Sutton Police Station will be rewarded; if not returned within three days will be prosecuted if found out.

Who will be prosecuted? And why? This is worse than the lady or the tiger.

HOW TO KEEP A SOVEREIGN BRIGHT.—An advertisement of a new metal polish adds, "Used in the Royal Baths."

FROM OUR ST. PETERSBURG
CORRESPONDENT.

OUR special Parliamentary Correspondent in St. Petersburg sends us a detailed report of the opening sitting of the first Zemskie Sobor.

The House was not at its full strength, many members for outlying constituencies being prevented from appearing owing to the general cessation of traffic on most of the State railways. A large number of Opposition deputies were also unavoidably detained in Siberia.

The Session was formally opened with prayers and misgivings, after which notice was given of the introduction of various Bills. Among others:

Father GAPON.—Bill to provide additional emergency exits from the Russian Empire.

H.I.H. the Grand Duke VLADIMIR.—Bill to provide for the acquisition of additional shooting ranges on the Nevski Prospect, Palace Square, &c.

Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY.—Bill for extending the close time for cod and other deep-sea fish, with especial reference to trawling.

The Commander H.I. Majesty's warship *Aurora*.—Bill to discourage marksmanship in the Russian Navy.

The Governor of Warsaw.—Bill for providing home employment for deserting Cossacks.

The most gracious speech from the Throne touched briefly on the general features of the situation. The deputies were congratulated on the fact that the Empire was at peace with most of the great Powers, and it was satisfactory to be able to relate that the Russian Government was still hopeful of being able to institute order and guarantee personal safety among the inhabitants of the Macedonian vilayets. Following on its custom of keeping a fleet in far Eastern waters the Government had despatched a naval squadron in that direction to replace other vessels which had become obsolete owing to the improvement in modern heavy artillery. However much the honourable House might be disposed to criticise the expenditure involved by this expedition, there was this consolation, that it was likely to yield them a rich and intimate store of information concerning the marine fauna, coastal currents, shoals, reefs, soundings and atmospheric peculiarities of the island of Madagascar such as the Imperial Institute of Science and Geography had never before possessed. (*Some cheers.*) It was further announced that, in order to emphasise the spirit of humility in which a religious ceremony should be approached, the Blessing of the Neva would not on future occasions be conducted from a raised pavilion. It



UNDER RESERVE.

He. "DARLING, WILL YOU SHARE MY LOT?"

She. "YES, CHARLIE, IF IT REALLY IS A LOT."

was even possible that, in deference to the expressed wish of many of the participants, a special trench would be dug for the purposes of the function. (*This announcement produced hearty satisfaction on the Ministerial benches.*)

At this stage of the proceedings the Leader of the Opposition moved the adjournment of the House, remarking that it was now three o'clock. The Premier refused to accept the motion, whereupon the Leader of the Opposition walked out, observing as he went, "It's timed to go off at a quarter past."

A few minutes later a Member of the Ministerial party drew the attention of his Leader to the fact that the Opposition benches were conspicuously empty. The Premier hastily accepted the motion for adjournment.

The House rose at a quarter past three with a terrific detonation. After searching among the ruins till a late hour the Premier, who had left by an early door, announced to a Press representative that he had been obliged to abandon the task of reconstructing his Ministry. Perfect order reigns at St. Petersburg.



'Arr'd. "I WILL SAY THIS FOR BILL, 'E DO LOOK THE GENTLEMAN!"

CABRIOLETS.

Oh, this is the lay of the hansom of London that stops up the by-way or crawls in the street;

And I pray that its fares may be fewer and fewer, its end may be swift, its extinction complete.

It's a lash for the horse when a fare's to be pounced on, a skim from a carriage, a shave from a cart;

And before you can murmur "Look out!" it has got you, and, lo, the two doors fly by magic apart;

But they never fly quite as they ought to, and so you must squirm and make circles and just wriggle in,

With a print of the tyre on the tail of your coat and a bruise on the tenderest part of your shin.

And you crumple your hat on the edge of the window, the horse going off with a jerk in his trot;

And you haven't said much (for there's no one to hear), but I'll wager long odds that you're thinking a lot.

Then your fingers impede the two doors as he shuts them, and, whizz! you go fast as a ship in a gale;

And you catch a sad glimpse of your face in the mirror and find yourself looking remarkably pale.

You feel, as you bump from the seat to the ceiling, you ought to be steel but you're fragile as delf,

While the cabman directs his abuse at a 'bus and the 'busman replies by abusing yourself.

Then, a van stopping short, you go bang on its tailboard; the boy in the van does his own little bit

By reflecting on you and your style and your features in words that are crude, though they strike him as wit;

And your cabman, the *fons et origo malorum*, gives casual hints on the cause of the crash, And, his horse being stuck and no progress permitted, adds joy to his leisure by using the lash.

Next out of this welter of vans and invective, this chaos of carmen and 'busmen and boys

You escape, holding on like grim death to the cushions, a pageant of cab-talk and whipcord and noise.

And you skate down the hills and you skid round the corners; you take every refuge as near as be blown,

And you scatter the men and you frighten the women, who pause in despair on the crown of the road.

Your cabman still aims at his horse, though it gallops; he misses his horse, but he catches your eye,

And you feel, as your fist dashes up through the trapdoor, that fun for the spider means death to the fly.

But at last comes the end: you collide with the kerbstone; your horse clatters down; there is nothing to grab,

So you land on your head, but before you have landed, you've time to give thanks that you're out of the cab.

'Tis.

ONE REASON IS GOOD UNTIL ANOTHER IS OFFERED.—"The lecture, which was admirably illustrated, was most interesting, owing to the fact that hundreds were unable to gain admission."
—*Jarrov Guardian*.

COINCIDENCE.—The first eye-catching advertisement of the new novel entitled *The Marriage of William Ashe* appeared on Ash Wednesday.



IN DISTRESS.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR B-L-F-R. "HOLD ON, LADS IF WE SHIP ANOTHER SEA WE'RE DONE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

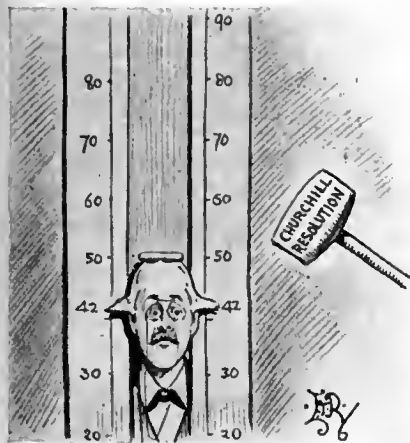
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—
“Regarded simply as a matter of tactics do you think it well done that a great political party, on the eve of coming into power, should allow itself to be led into the Division Lobby by SWIFT MACNEILL and DON'T KEIR HARDIE? Or is the matter mended when we consider that the demonstration was aimed at a man just appointed to a delicate and difficult mission involving the welfare of a great Dependency and the interests of the Empire?”

I never argue with the MEMBER FOR SARK, much less contradict him.

Ain bound to admit that his way of putting it has the sympathy of nine out of ten good Liberals. But what would you? SWIFT MACNEILL discerned in appointment of SELBORNE as successor to MILNER opportunity of obtaining flaming advertisement. This not one of your peddling little questions about the second postal delivery in Ballyshannon, or the devolution of a County Court House to purposes of Bridge and five o'clock tea. It touched an affair of State. All the submarine cables would speed to near continents and the uttermost ends of the earth account of how SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P. denounced the appointment of the High Commissioner of South Africa on the ground that, whilst Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, he was privy to the JAMESON Raid.

We know our SWIFT MACNEILL, and complain of these performances chiefly on account of loss of public time and lowering of the dignity and usefulness of Parliament. It is different abroad, even in the Colonies and the United States. At their point of perspective one British M.P. is as good as another—and better too.



“TRY YOUR STRENGTH!”

“Next, please!”



TO AVOID MISCONCEPTION!

These are portraits of the very latest thing in Liberal Leaders for the information of the public in South Africa, lest their minds should be unduly disturbed by the attack on Lord Selborne!

(Mr. Sw-ft M-c-N-ll and Mr. K-r H-r-d-u.)

That is SWIFT MACNEILL's advantage, and he is not slow to seize it. But what about the 150 British Members who trundled through the Lobbies in the wake of the redoubtable mover and seconder of what was designed as a slur on the newly-appointed High Commissioner? C-B. and the Captains of the Liberal Party who thronged the front Bench were careful to refrain from taking part in the Debate. They put up blameless SYDNEY BUXTON, on whom presently, like hawk on sparrow, swooped DON JOSÉ.

That done, and votes recorded in favour of the motion, the Front Bench was committed to SWIFT MACNEILL's leadership. Not a happy augury for the days near at hand when parties will change sides, and there will straightway begin, under even more dangerous circumstances, the familiar process of the tail wagging the head of that hapless dog, the honest Liberal Party.

What made the whole business more regrettable is fact that of all His Majesty's Ministers at the head of the great spending Department, SELBORNE is the one who has given the enemy least cause to blaspheme. Whilst for seven years the sister Service in Pall Mall has drawn upon its administration the lament of friends, the censure of

foes, the Navy, under SELBORNE's shrewd unbustling direction, has quietly gone its way, till to-day, when the First Lord hauls down his flag, it is acknowledged to be in condition of rare efficiency.

In such circumstances, on the initiative of a wild Irishman hungry for notoriety, the Liberal Party allow themselves to be led into the gaping trap.

“When it was written,” says SARK, “surely in vain is the net set in sight of any bird,” the commentator left out of consideration one of estimable brood.”

“And what was that?” I innocently asked.

“The goose,” said SARK grimly.

Business done.—SELBORNE leaves Admiralty for Cape Town. CAWDORE appointed his successor at Whitehall.

Hail to thee, Thane of CAWDORE, long time Chairman of the Great Western Railway. “O prosperous gentleman,” as *Macbeth* observed of a forbear. But at a leap to land as Cabinet Minister and First Lord of the Admiralty stood not within the prospect of belief. The prophetic greeting of the witches encountered on the blasted heath at back of Paddington Station fulfilled, the most captious critic acknowledges it well done. No one, save WALTER LONG, thought of CAWDORE as First Lord of the



IS NUBUS.

Mr. George Wyndham's present, but, Mr. Punch hopes, only temporary, address is (Clouds, Wiltshire).

Admiralty. When we come to think of it we admit PRINCE ARTHUR has got out of difficult situation by admirable stroke.

Wednesday, 11.50 P.M. House full from floor to topmost bench in Strangers' Gallery. Asquith winding up debate in vigorous fashion. Once, when he banged the brass-bound box in manner reminiscent of Mr. G. in days of old, Ministerialists broke forth in burst of uneasy laughter. PRINCE ARTHUR, who divided with the Front Opposition Bench the scanty forty minutes left by earlier speakers, was in his worst form. Twenty minutes was not sufficient space of time for elaboration of one of those intellectual feats wherein, dealing with the fiscal question, he has triumphantly sat down after talking an hour without committing himself to either side.

Tonight chief effort bent on impressing halting Ministerialists with conviction that in voting for LYTTELTON'S "previous question" amendment they were leaving fiscal matters absolutely untouched. It was, in effect, PRINCE ARTHUR uneasily laboured to show, just like voting Ay on the proposition that two and two make four. Incidentally carrying the amendment would mean shunting WISSTON CHURCHILL'S resolution which, if Members were freed from influence of Ministerial Whip, would certainly be carried. DON JOSÉ declared that "logically" he would be ready to vote for it. Presumably illogically he will vote for Ministers' heroic proposal, "That the question be not now put."

The speeches varied in point and force. As far as interest of the thronged assembly was concerned they were of secondary importance. What everyone asked was, "What will be the majority?" Some Ministerialists of little faith varied inquiry by asking, "Will there be a majority?" The more sanguine put it between 25 and 35. Preponderance of anticipation fixed it at 20. To everybody's amazement, to uncontrolled delight of His Majesty's Ministers, it turned out to be 42. Revulsion of feeling in Ministerial camp testified by round after round of cheers.

This the joy of midnight. Reflection cometh with the morning, and to men impartially reviewing the plots and counter-plots of the week, the secret meetings of sections, the bucking-up of weak brethren, the restraint of the too-audacious, it will bring sharply home the hollowness of the political situation, the unreality of Parliamentary performance.

Business done. In crowded House of 566 Members resolved by majority of 42 that WISSTON CHURCHILL'S inconvenient declaration "that the permanent unity of the British Empire will not be secured through a system of Preferential duties based upon the Protective taxation of food," be not put to the question. Or, as the light-hearted engine-driver remarked as he sat on the safety valve, "Mum's the word."

Friday night. The tragic fate of GEORGE WYNDHAM should be a warning to young Members on both sides at

present dwelling in obscurity but convinced that in their week-end suit-cases they carry the red box of a Cabinet Minister. If at the close of the Session of 1903 anyone had prophesied that before two years had sped the popular Chief Secretary would be hounded out of office by the Ulster landlords, he would have been haled forth and subjected to the discipline of a bucket of cold water, recommended by the faculty in early stages of madness. At that period WYNDHAM had given the Ulster men their full share of the million sterling divided between Irish landlord and tenant, the British tax-payer guaranteeing payment. Was there ever known such a heaven-born statesman?

To-day, after painful experience, he is no longer a Minister of the Crown. His public career is indefinitely interrupted. The bitterness of the cup is filled by reflection on lost opportunity. He did the right thing in resigning; but the action was taken a fortnight late. He had, in the meanwhile, suffered the indignity of publicly reading a censure, passed by a Cabinet alarmed for its own life, upon a colleague with whom he had worked in honest and honourable effort to serve the country committed to his charge. The moment to resign was when the graceless task was imposed upon him by colleagues anxious above all things to save their own skin.

Beyond that momentary failure of judgment, due, as will some day be disclosed, to personal loyalty to his Leader, GEORGE WYNDHAM has no reason to be otherwise than proud of his Ministerial career. The cloud that to-day lies low over him is murky, even sulphurous. It will soon lift, and in the restful shade of Opposition, to be followed in due, probably lengthy, course, by the return to power of his purged political Party, he will have fresh chance of showing of what fine metal he is forged.

Business done. — Private Members' night, which usually means none.

"Uneasy lies the Head."

From a Manchester hatter's shop window:

HATS FULL OF GOOD POINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Leicester Evening News*: "I have great difficulty in getting boots and shoes in some parts of Leicestershire without squeaking." Then why not squeak? Or solve the difficulty by writing for them?

An advertisement in the *Daily Press* begins:—

WANTED, Good Hand-sewn Men.

We wonder if hand-sewn is as hand-sewn does.



ANOTHER CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Short-sighted Farm Hand. "HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

PIPKIN ON PAN.

(After a visit to the Duke of York's Theatre.)

HAVING been unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, prevented from seeing Mr. BARRIE's exceptionally successful *Peter Pan*, now about to be withdrawn for a while, to re-appear at Christmas-time, *reculee pour mieux sauter*, if that is possible in this instance, I determined to witness its performance. Now, from several good judges, the majority consisting of ladies and girls, I had heard this piece extolled to the skies; likewise had read its unequivocal praises in the papers; while, on the other hand, by a male minority of capable critics, I had heard considerable wonder expressed that any author of Mr. BARRIE's repute could possibly have written so utterly nonsensical a piece, and that he should have described it as "a play." The opinions "for" were as seven to two "on the contrary." After my visit I have unhesitatingly joined the minority.

Admirably represented by the actors, stage-managed to perfection by Mr. DION BOURCAULT, with exceptionally picturesque scenery, *Peter Pan* enjoys rare advantages, and a signal success has been achieved. I do not remember to have seen on any stage, so comparatively small as this, a "set" more original in design, or more artistically effective, than the final tableau of *Peter Pan*, representing the "Tree-Tops"; nor one more skilfully contrived than "Our Home Underground," where the forest is shown above and the children's cave below, the latter being reached through the hollowed trunks of trees. Yet, with the exception of a considerable portion of the first scene—especially the flying away of the children after the manner of the Grigolati troupe—I could find little in the extravaganza either to amuse me, or that I could even acknowledge as new and original. The picking up of the shadow by *Peter Pan* is a most striking incident in *The Shadowless Man*, when the little gentleman in black detaches *Peter Schlemil's* shadow from the ground, rolls it up, and puts it in his pocket. The scene in the wood, where the children build the hut, is similar to that in *Snowdrop*, played years ago at the Royalty, where the elves did very much, if not exactly, the same thing. And I seem to remember similar "business" still more recently in some pantomime.

Mr. GERALD DE MAURIER, whose acting throughout is one of the chief mainstays of this nonsensical nursery extravaganza (I speak as one of the minority), when representing the Captain of the Pirates, recalls to my mind a certain burlesque at the Strand, where MAURIER represented the *Red Rover* on board precisely the same sort of ship as we see in *Peter Pan*; it also recalls another memorable deck scene, in the travesty of *L'Africaine* at the aforesaid theatre, with a strong cast of "character-actors" the like of whom it might not be so easy nowadays to get together. There is nothing new under the sun or behind the footlights, and even the Pirate Captain's fragmentary hornpipe is not by any means a novelty. The comic dog is frankly and avowedly merely a pantomime animal, capably represented by a clever pantomimist, Mr. ARTHUR LEPINE. There is some singing in *Peter Pan*, tunelessly given; and, in the accompanying orchestral music, old familiar airs have been introduced with much quaint humour by, as I suppose, Mr. JOHN CHOOK, the Musical Director. Also there is not a little fairly effective, and some eccentric, step-dancing, including the very ancient shadow-dance, gracefully performed by Miss NINA BOURCAULT, which is scarcely a novelty to a considerable number of playgoers.

On the night I witnessed *Peter Pan* there were, in a crowded house, very few children present, as far as I could see, but whether they enjoyed it or not, it was impossible for me to ascertain. I hope they did. Perhaps on many an afternoon, when the house, as I hear, has been always

examined with young people, the appeal by Miss NINA BOURCAULT as *Peter Pan* to the audience to show by their applause that they believe in fairies and wish *Peter Pan* to live on and visit them from time to time, has invariably elicited so immediate a response as to be quite overpowering by its touching unanimity. Such spontaneity did not strike me on this occasion. Miss NINA BOURCAULT seemed to force it from them; she seemed, to me, to be imploring a favourable verdict, with tears in her voice. Was it not as a pathetic "speech for the defence" to a hesitating jury?

The handsome, ogling squaw wishing *Peter Pan* to live with her seems to me an incident not in the very best taste; and the scene of the mothers coming to find their children returned from fairyland is a bit wearisome; while where the fun comes in of Mr. DE MAURIER taking up his residence in a dog-kennel, and giving an account of his riding in it on the top of a cab through the city, I totally fail to see.

Miss DOROTHEA BARRIE as the sweet mother, and the actresses representing the children, are worthy of all praise, especially that life-like little nuisance who is perpetually harping upon the subject of a white rat. But what a terrible set of priggish little people in real life!

After his exceptional successes with such clever eccentric entertainments as *The Admirable Crichton* and *Little Mary*, Mr. BARRIE is temporarily the pet of the critics, and it is a part of his great good luck, fairly deserved by his much daring, that he should have had his pieces perfectly acted by first-rate comedians.

Had Mr. BARRIE's *Peter Pan* been only for afternoons, and played at some hall like the Egyptian, or as a kind of old "Gallery-of-Illustration-entertainment" for children in holiday time, criticism would have been disarmed; but given as "a play in Three Acts"—well then—being in the minority—I heartily congratulate the fortunate management and the very clever and still more fortunate author of *Peter Pan*, and am his and theirs truly.

PAUL PIPKIN.

LENTEN PENANCES.

Dining with people who give the worst dinner in London.

More severe penance: dining with people who give you the worst dinner and the worst wine in London.

Severest penance: the same as the above, *plus* the worst cigars and the company of utter bores, male and female.

Attending at a musical *matinée* in a private house, and having to listen for two hours to infant prodigies on piano and violin.

Assisting as one of the audience at an amateur performance of *Still Waters Run Deep*, or any other well-known play that may be a favourite with amateurs.

Staying in a country house with a funny man or a practical humourist.

Passing a thoroughly hopelessly wet week-end with friends, at their country place five miles from everywhere, who, you discover, object to any sort of recreation on a Sunday, and won't even have the carriage out to drive to church.

Finding that the next house to yours has been taken by a musical family, the younger ones learning the piano, and the elder ones practising singing at all sorts of hours.

A Slip.

From the *Daily News*, March 3:—

THE REALMS OF GOLD.

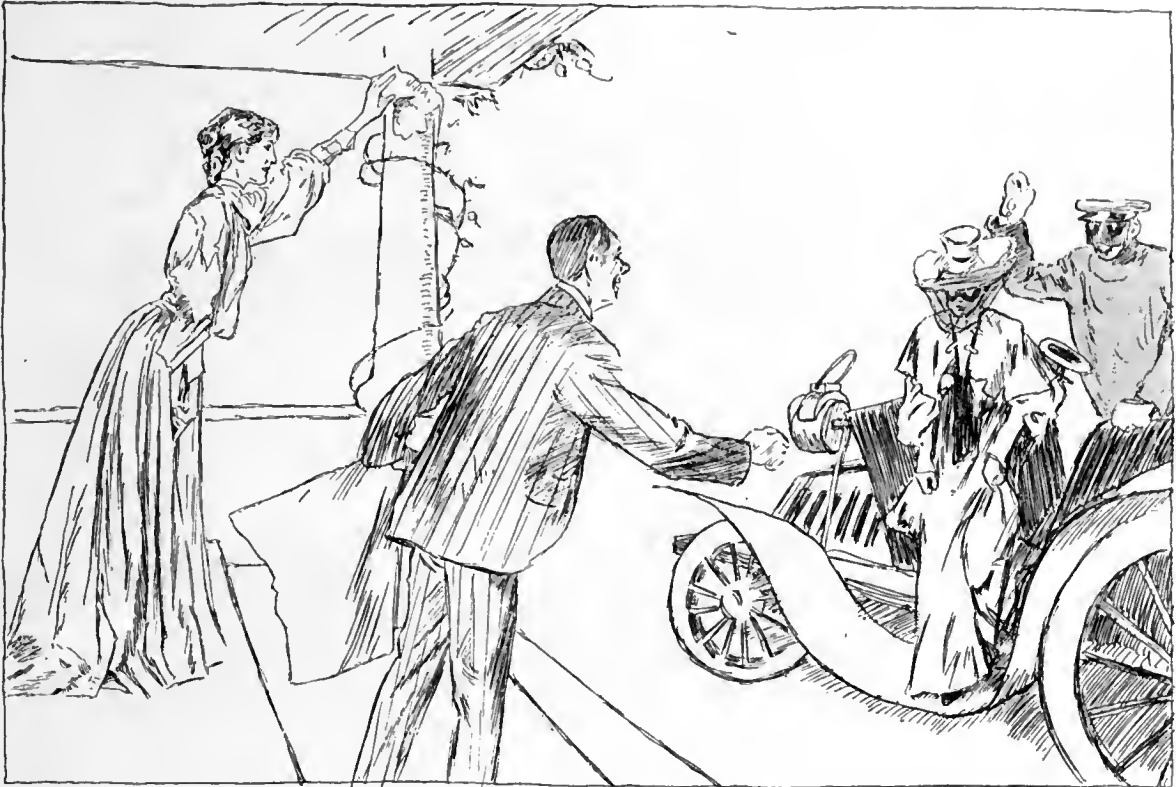
BEFORE THE REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS.

After this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should take heart again.

The New Dish.

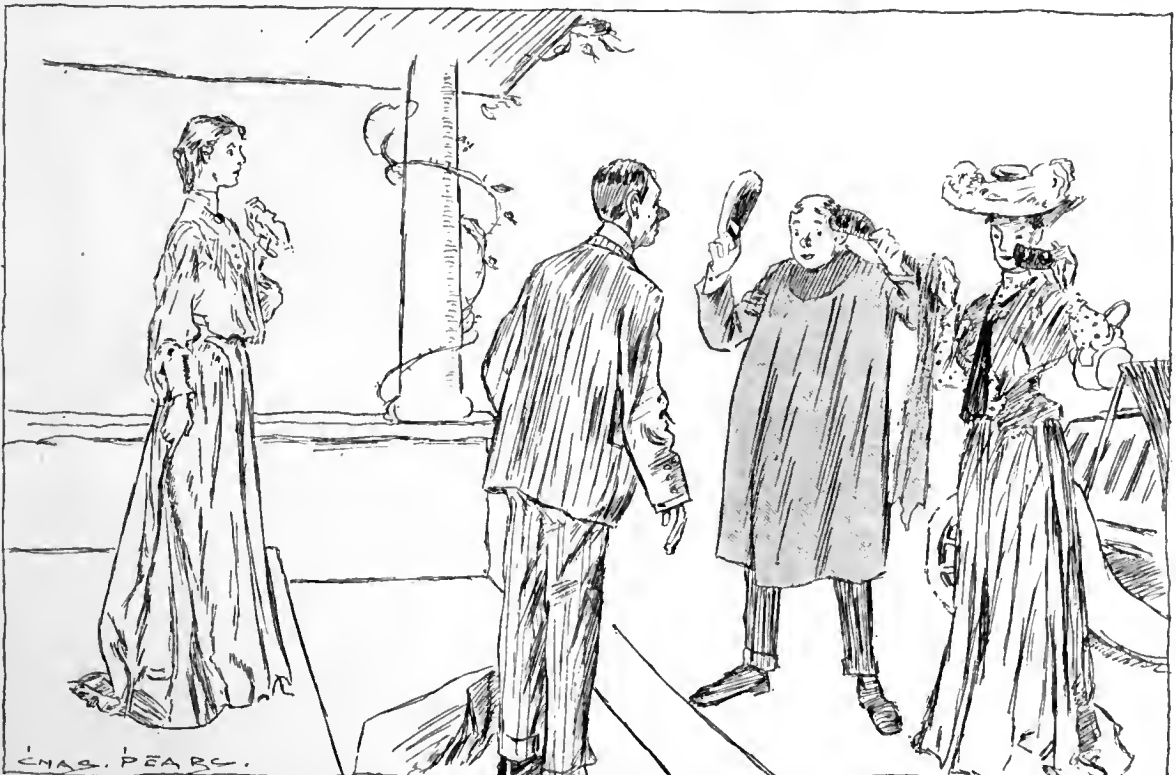
A ROAST COOK, in Hotel or Club preferred. Aged 23. Good refs.—*Daily Telegraph*.

EXPECTATION.



THE BROWNS WELCOMING THE ROBINSONS (AWFULLY JOLLY PEOPLE, DON'T YOU KNOW,) FROM WHOM THEY HAVE HAD A LETTER SAYING THAT THEY WILL ARRIVE EARLY IN THE DAY BY MOTOR.

REALISATION.



THE BROWNS, WHEN THE ARRIVALS HAVE REMOVED THEIR MOTOR GLASSES, ETC., DISCLOSING NOT THE ROBINSONS BUT THOSE AWFUL BORES, THE SMITHS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To their series describing and illustrating towns and countries Messrs. A. & C. Black have added *Edinburgh*. The text is the work of ROSAMUND MASSON, Mr. FILLIMORE contributing twenty-one full-page illustrations, each a dainty picture in colour. There are few towns in the United Kingdom that offer fuller opportunities for such work than Edinburgh, with its historic Palace, its crumbling Canongate, its encircling hills. Time was when Canongate housed two dukes, sixteen earls, two countesses, seven barons, thirteen baronets (not including my Baronite), four Commanders-in-Chief, and seven Lords of Session. Traces, in some cases the framework, of their stately houses remain. But to-day dukes are scarce in Canongate, and of the seven Lords of Session all in the churchyard lie, their successors electing to live elsewhere. Miss MASSON has prepared for her task by reading almost everything written about the famous city. Judicious quotations freely made add much to the value of a delightful book.

The Countess is the title of a book small in bulk, great in possibilities. It is by GEORGETTE AGNEW, and the publishers of this *Summer Idyll* bear the delightfully appropriate names of GAY AND BIRD. Idyllic indeed are the scenes where the action of this unfinished drama for 'tis no more takes place. The events of a prologue are narrated by both protagonists separately. The present hour alone is intended to arrest the attention of the reader, who, as he proceeds, will become deeply concerned in the unrevealed future. Yet with the present we must be satisfied, since it shows us how a very sweet woman did not throw herself away on an exceptionally gifted being, who is a decidedly "superior person," overburdened with conceit, and of a curiously uncertain temper. In these few pages are the materials for a powerfully original novel. A more attractive character than that of *Madame Lablanche* it would be difficult to imagine, and at the close of the episode of her first impulsive love, we are compelled to admit that she has had a lucky escape from becoming the wife of a man who, unable to restrain himself in a moment of amorous passion, can yet be so priggishly circumspect as to enter upon a laboured explanation, utterly unsatisfactory, of the reason for his brutally selfish conduct. He pleads as his excuse his being self-bound by an oath which is of no moral force whatever. This *Roland Vicien* has at hand a calm, sensible friend, *John Levant*, who boldly points out to the self-deceived egoist (whose good nature and love for children are not incompatible with egoism) how heartlessly he is behaving. Both these characters are very cleverly drawn, as is also that of the *monnaine* Mrs. Marsden. The dialogue throughout is natural, and never tedious. It remains a delightful fragment that excites our curiosity. *Ex pede Herculem*; it should be completed.

In *John Fletcher's Madonna* (CONSTABLE), MRS. COMYNS CARR has very cleverly worked out an original idea, contriving her picture in a perfect mosaic of picturesque detail. The Baron will not spoil the reader's pleasure by minute description, and will only hint that whereas, when a handsome Italian Count appears in the ordinary English romance, it is generally expected of him to "smile, and smile, and smile, and be a villain," here in this story will be found the rare exception. Nor is this the only strikingly original idea differentiating this novel from others. The characters of the hearty, honest, sporting Englishman and his most fascinating, childlike, Italian wife, are admirably drawn; finished, not merely sketched. The Baron, being greatly struck by the originality of the design, and bestowing the highest praise on its artistic development, is sorely tempted to tell his readers about the real villain, to indicate the man, and

to ask if the Baron's fellow students of novels ever came across so natural and so absolutely unsensational a *dénouement*? But his finger is on his lips—mum's the word. The descriptions of scenery are not in any way overdone. The dialogue, much of it necessarily in broken English as spoken by educated Italians, is cleverly written, with just the mistakes into which such persons would naturally fall. And there is a capital sketch of an old-fashioned English vicar, fond of exercise, a patron of healthy sport, concerning whom the Italian Marchese, on seeing him in his riding costume, innocently asks, "Will he also hunt the fox, the priest?" The Baron, warning all and sundry that this is not a book for the Skipper and his boy, strongly recommends it to those capable of enjoying a good novel when they get it.

Jeannie Jemima Jones, by "The Blunderland Cartoonist" (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.), may perhaps amuse those, if such there be, who are still unaware of the existence of *Alice in Wonderland*, illustrated by our inimitable TEXNIEL, as in the original notion of this classic will be found the germ of *Jeannie* and of not a few other nonsensically illustrated stories.

A Fox in the Family, by NOWELL CAY (DUNY, LONG & Co.). This story might well have been entitled *The Bad Shot, or a Faux Pas in the Family*. Lord Ilden bears a charmed life which he spends in the company of at least two delightful ladies, heroines both, and so, on every occasion of personal danger to him from pistol or dagger, he has at least a couple of guardian angels (with once a third added to their number, who warns his lordship from over a wall) always at hand to "keep watch for the life" of the doomed aristocrat. But threatened men live long, and this hint will suffice for those who take up this melodramatic novel, as did the Baron, *pour se distraire*. The opening chapters are well written and decidedly interesting; the early part of the story insidiously leads the reader on, and there's the artful art of it! So the Baron recommends it to not a few of his patients.

Twenty Years Ago (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a fairly amusing and, to some persons, interesting compilation of random reminiscences. The author himself, Mr. EDMUND DOWNEY, calls it "A Book of Anecdotes illustrating Literary Life in London" about 1885, i.e. some years before and after that date: as the burlesque couplet has it,

"It happened now some twenty years ago,
It may be more or less an hour or so."

but in this quotation it is "a hundred years ago," not "twenty." The lines just quoted occur in a speech which BUCKSTOCK used to give with rare unction in a burlesque on *The Corsican Brothers*. Mr. DOWNEY's stories and anecdotes are not all sparklers. There are among them some good tales; one anecdote in particular about spirit-rapping, thought-reading, and pin-finding, which is likely to interest most readers, whatever may be their individual opinions on such subjects. In this book are republished several clever caricature portraits of well-known professional people by the late ALFRED BRYAN, which appeared in a theatrical paper called *The Enterte*. The portrait of H. J. Byron, author of burlesques and plays, the good-humoured wit and insouciant actor (to whom CHARLES HAWTREY bears some resemblance) is especially good.



CHARIVARIA.

MARSHAL OYAMA ascribes his recent success to the virtues of the MIKADO. To what does General KUROPATKIN ascribe his defeat, we wonder?

Soon after the Mukden retreat the surviving Russians were singing songs round their camp-fires. They realise that every "fight brings them nearer home."

It seems a pity, by the way, that all the really plucky men who are in favour of continuing the War, should be in St. Petersburg, and not at the front.

Certain persons at St. Petersburg are now demanding that Russia shall declare war on China as a reprisal for alleged breaches of neutrality. They are anxious to meet a foe whom they would fight on something like equal terms. The ignorant Japanese did not even know that the Russian position on the Sha-ho was impregnable.

Admiral ROZHDISTVENSKY is again said to be returning. If he brings his fleet back intact he will have scored the one great Russian success of the War.

It is stated that the speed of ROZHDISTVENSKY'S fleet is only eight miles an hour, while that of Togo's is thirteen. This means, as an Irish correspondent points out, that the Japanese would meet the Russians long before the Russians were anywhere near the Japanese.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an article in the *Outlook*, insists that "we must always bear in mind that the Empire was won, and kept, and can only be maintained, by sacrifice." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S opponents

declare that they have always been willing to sacrifice him.

Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, it now transpires, has been ordered to take complete rest. In view of this fact, some surprise is expressed that he should have left the Cabinet, instead of being transferred to the War Office.

We English are really beginning to get a bit smarter. Last week a gentleman obtained a divorce less than twelve months after his marriage.

The City Police are being instructed in *Ju-jitsu*. As we have reason to believe that many of our leading criminals are also taking lessons in the Japanese method of self-defence, the public may expect shortly to be treated to a series of interesting acrobatic displays in the streets of London.

A licence was refused last week for the pavilion at the end of the North Pier at Scarborough, as it was recently wrecked by the sea. Tee-totalers have done so much for water that it seems only fair that water should at last do something for tee-totalers.

A skyscraper church is the latest American novelty. It will, of course, soon be advertised as "The shortest route to Heaven."

While looking at some lace in the window of a draper's shop, a Clapham lady was severely injured by an electric-light globe falling on her head. Husbands hope that this will be a lesson to ladies not to look in drapers' shop windows.

Some congregations would seem to have no luck. A Glasgow clergyman, when setting out for Scarborough, was robbed of his bag of sermons at St. Enoch's Station, but the police recovered the bag a few hours afterwards, and the sermons reached their owner just in time to be preached.

The main feature of last week was the amount of rain that fell. Summer has come early this year.



Toff. "I SAY, MY BOY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRIVE ME TO PICCADILLY?"

Boy. "I SHOULDN'T MIND, OLD SPORT, ONLY I DON'T FINK THE 'ARNESS WOULD FIT YER!"

Several Members of Parliament lost their heads last week in the guillotine debate.

The fact that that *enfant terrible* Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL should have backed a bill for the prevention of juvenile smoking is looked upon as an act of treachery by those who will be affected by the measure, should it be passed.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

"Oh, if it's hon'ou you want—"—*Pantomime rehearsal.*

IN the theatrical sense of the epithet *Mr. Hopkinson* is not "farced", though it might have been, seeing that its dramatic motive is the sudden accession to wealth of a common little third-class cockney counter-jumper, analogous to the case of *WARRIS's* absurd *Tittlebat Titmouse*, which was a mixture of farce and melodrama, and of *THACKERAY's* intentionally extravagant *Jeanne de la Pluche*.

Whatever *Mr. Carrox* may say to the contrary, his *Mr. Hopkinson* is a genuine comedy reflecting, without distortion, the manners and habits of a certain class of modern society, titled gamblers, superficially educated, of lax morality, with little conscience and less credit. Into such a set of nobility is introduced *Mr. Samuel Hopkinson*, a mere shopkeeper's clerk at the *Stores*, who has suddenly become possessed of some thirty or forty thousand pounds per annum. In this character *Mr. James Wellen* is delightful: his acting is without exaggeration, and he represents the mean, heartless little cad to the life. But all the characters are represented "to the life" on the stage of *Wyndham's Theatre* in this comedy.

Mr. Frederick Kilm's good-natured, easy-going, loose-living, middle-aged *Duke of Braceborough* is a most amusing picture, and *Miss Compton*, as the amiable and clever *Duchess*, his wife, who seems to know everything and to pardon everything, gives us a striking impersonation of a type that not a few will recognise. *Miss Compton* plays the part with great distinction of manner and a *raie bouhonic* that makes the *semi-grande dame du monde* a most lovable person.

Mr. Henry Kemble as the physically suffering *Earl of Addleton* is, in every sense of the word, immense. The character of this dyspeptic old nobleman—on his last legs, and both gouty—who, in his early years, has led the gay-dog life of a *Marquis of Steyne*, and who is now selfish, ill-tempered, and universally detested, could not have been placed in more artistically efficient hands.

The part of *Lord Ganthorpe*, an *insouciant*, astute man-about-town, with a *Don Juanesque* reputation, but who is not by any means so bad as he has been pleased to paint himself, is played to perfection by *Mr. Athol Stewart*, whose manly bearing at a critical moment goes far to redeem his Lordship's shaky reputation, giving hope of a brighter future than could possibly have been expected for him and his bride, *Lady Thyra Eggesby*, to whom he is married, offhand, by special licence. *Lady Thyra Eggesby*, the daughter of *Lord Addleton*, is represented as a girl who, though brought up in a bad school, has a heart capable of pure affection; she can exercise a strong will for her own good and for that of the man she devotedly loves, and shows us how quickly she is able to discard her chilling artificiality of manner, which she has assumed for her own protection until it is becoming a second nature, and to appear as a true loving woman. This very difficult study of character is perfectly rendered by *Miss Ellen O'Malley*.

The *Hon. Orlo Dursingham*, bear-leader to *Samuel Hopkinson*, finds an effectively quiet representative in *Mr. Graham Browne*, whose desire, expressed *sotto voce*, to kick his *protégé*, is one of the best given lines in the piece.

As the solid, courteous family solicitor, *Mr. Smethurst*, *Mr. Charles Allan* is excellent. His struggle to retain his hold on the tin box, and at the same time to keep up his dignity in the midst of the outrageous scrimmage (one of the most original—as it is one of the funniest situations in the comedy, sending the house into roars of uncontrollable laughter) is a thing to see and to remember.

Parbury, the Duke's butler, as represented by *Mr. Herbert Dwyer*, and *Blisset*, the Earl's valet, by *Mr. Henry Stephenson*, are both well rendered "bits of character" which go to

complete the whole. And, lastly, for the sly little jade in black, the quiet, demure, simple maiden, *Eliza Dibb* by name, who had been accustomed to walk out with her *Samuel*, and who has in her possession certain letters, containing ardent professions of love, and solemn promises of marriage, signed by the once impulsive and short-sighted *Samuel* aforesaid, and with which the clinging, affectionate little puss will not part for anything under five thousand pounds, and who gives the final jerk that upsets *Mr. Hopkinson's* apple-cart, could a better representative be found than delightful *Miss Annie Higgs*? To see her meekly smile while keeping her eyes downcast, and to hear her softly and shyly answering questions, and then when nobody, save the audience, is looking, quickly turning on her mean little deserter of a lover and making at him a sudden grimace expressive of the most profound contempt, is something that takes everyone by surprise and elicits a burst of merriment.

Granted that some of this is old material, yet it is cleverly worked up into the form of a genuine light "comedy of manners," on which *Mr. Carrox* is to be heartily congratulated. Decidedly it is *not* a farce. In its success, which is thoroughly deserved, all concerned share and share alike according to their individual responsibility. Nor must the stage management be passed over; it is a very neat piece of work. Another contributor to the success is *Mr. Julian Hicks*, whose scene, "The Winter Garden at the Duke's House, Mayfair," is most effective.

"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD."

"O to be in England!" &c.—*Robert Browning.*

WHEN bahn of Spring had turned the poet's head,
And he expressed a pious wish to share
The vernal joys of England (so he said,
Having a patriot's heart, but took good care
To live elsewhere),

I hope he meant it; I sincerely trust
That he was forced to let his feelings go
As poets do who sing because they must.
But did he? I should greatly like to know
If this was so.

Here was his chosen home, this land of flowers;
He knew her for the loveliest haunt of Spring;
He knew her vocal groves, her cypress bowers,
How they could teach our wisest thrush a thing,
Or two, to sing.

Here, well he knew it, with the breath of March,
Young Spring, the Florentine, already stirred,
Nor waited, under Italy's azure arch,
Until the swallow, that fastidious bird,
Had twice occurred.

Still, BROWNING's verse is his affair. For me,
Viewing, on San Miniato's heights reclined,
This city made for Nature's pageantry,
I own I bear my exile with a mind
Sweetly resigned.

Threading the dusky hills that ring her round,
Where like a central gem Firenze lies,
Green Arno westering goes through storied ground
To catch their colour from the burnished skies
When the day dies!

Ah well! 'Tis hard to be from home just now;
Yet, while these airs of evening, soft and faint,
Temper the keen nostalgia in my brow,
I must endure it like a local saint
Without complaint.

O. S.



IN THE TUMBRIL.

[Debate on Supply "Guillotined," Tuesday, March 21, 1905.]



WHY I AM BEAUTIFUL.

BY A KNIGHT'S TWELFTH COUSIN.

(With acknowledgments to various ladies' papers.)

MY DEAR MAUDE,—Ever so many thanks for your sweet little note. You begin by saying how you envy me my beauty of face and my *seelte* figure, and then beg me to give you some advice, as you are on the eve of "coming-out," and feel that you are not half so pretty as I. Candidly, dear, you are not. I will be perfectly frank with you, dear MAUDE. You are at present what we call *gauche*, your hair is coarse and has a "lumped" look, the prevailing hue of your face is a flushed purplish-red, you are freckled, and lastly you transgress the prevailing fashion in having two chins. There! now we know exactly how we stand! But do not despair, dear MAUDE. I, too, was once as you now are, but I transformed myself and I can transform you.

Now, attend carefully.

Every morning I rise at 6.30. By this means I am always able to be down in time for luncheon at 2.0. I at once remove my face-mask, sleeping-gloves, chin-strap, &c., &c., and then begin my simple little round of pleasant exercises.

First of all my chin must be prevented from having a partner! Standing on my toes and balancing myself by holding on to the chest of drawers I force my chin as far upwards and outwards as it will go, and in this position twist my head round and round with slow, stately movements for one hour by the clock. In order to lend a little extra interest to this exercise, I playfully pretend each time my head comes to the front that I am greeting one of my friends. Thus: "Good-morning, Duchess," I exclaim, gracefully inclining my neck, and "Good-evening, Lord DUMARESCUE," with a somewhat distant smile, and so on. It is with a pleasant feeling of swan-like fatigue (if I may so term it) that I next turn to the care of my complexion.

My face goes through twenty-four different processes, the more important of which I will describe. First it is steamed for one hour and a quarter. I hold it over a boiling kettle in which I have previously placed two lemons, a pinch of alum and a pomegranate. (N.B., dear, three volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* strapped on the back will prevent the shoulders from becoming rounded whilst in the stooping position necessitated by this exercise.)

Now I weigh out a pound and a half of cold cream, and for two hours rub this into my face with a delicate circular motion of the finger-tips until not a bit is left.* I omit seventeen processes

* Presumably of the cream.—Ed.



TEMPUS EDAX, HOMO EDACIOR.

"WHY, JIMMY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?"
 "B-B-B-O-O-H-O-O! B-B-'CAUSE IT'S SO LONG TILL MY NEXT BIRTHDAY!"

here, and pass to the twentieth. This is "tapping." For forty-five minutes I tap out various tunes all over my face with the backs of two dessert-spoons; this exercises the muscles and promotes the flow of blood. Then come the milk bath, the warm bran bath, the cold catnical bath, the astringent, electric, and "morning-dew" sprays; and there is my face with all the appearance of a delicately-tinted roseleaf. The whole thing is most refreshing.

Meanwhile, my maid has been brush-

ing my hair in the next room; she now brings it in beautifully glossed, and my *coiffure* is soon completed.

Such, dear MAUDE, is an all too brief account of the simple methods to which I owe my complexion.

Yours, with best wishes, GRACE.

Q. Why is the Baltic Fleet at anchor instead of being on its way to Japan?

A. Because the Admiral prefers to collect seaweed rather than shells.

G. B. S.

IN the course of an interview in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. SHAW said, "Of course I've written a play from *Cashel Byron's Profession*. I wrote it in Shakspearian blank verse, as I had to hurry over it and hadn't time to write it in the usual prose." Mr. SHAW is an exceptionally busy man, and must frequently have to hurry over his letters. We are enabled to give examples of his correspondence in times of stress.

I.—AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope to-morrow night,
Putting aside your other obligations,
You'll come and dine with me at half-past eight.
There is a very luscious butter pudding,
A stick of celery, a bean or two,
Lentils in oils, and peas in everything . . .
Oh who can cloy the edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast!
Oh who—erough! To-morrow—half-past eight.
Don't dress, or dress howe'er it pleases you;
Myself shall wear the hygienic flannel shirt.
(Excuse blank verse, I write to catch the post.)
Yours very faithfully, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

II.—TO HIS LAUNDRESS.

MADAM,—You will forgive me if I call
Your kind attention to my last week's washing:
Stiffened—and O the pity of it, Madam!—
Stiffened with that white mud that men call starch.
You say "A thing of custom"—'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time;
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a stand-up collar stiff with mud!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me, 'tis
A whited sepulchre, an armoured plate,
A thing devised by the enemy
To cramp our hearts and hide our natural graces.
Madam, I do not care about this starch,
In future do without it, and oblige
Yours very faithfully, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.
P.S.—In frantic haste to catch the post.

III.—TO JAMES J. CORBETT.

DEAR SIR,—I am most interested to hear
You hope to figure in a play of mine.
I have done the States some service and they know 't.
Enough of that. You seem to me to be
A person of superior attainment,
At any rate you know the way to box
(And that is more than HENRY IRVING does).
You take of course the part of *Cashel Byron*?
A splendid fighter—(don't forget the jab—
Left lead; and then the jab upon the point).
Talking of me and *Byron*, have you read
A play called *As You Like It*? Here and there
I think you'll find it fairly actable,
Particularly in the wrestling scene.
(Of course that's more for Mr. HACKENESCHMIDT,
A person of superior attainment
Who understands the Græco-Roman style.
Perhaps you might suggest the matter to him).
Well, well, I only wish I'd had the time
To write this letter in my usual prose;
Let me however just remind you—thus:
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood—

In short, take care to land upon the point.
Farewell, remember me to SULLIVAN,
JEFFRIES and others. Ever, G. B. S.

A POLITICAL ECONOMY.

[“From the now-expired C.O.D. controversy one reform might, at any rate, ensue. We mean the art of expressing public questions by three characteristic letters. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for instance, instead of saying, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I propose to address you this evening on The Outstretched Colonial Hand, is it or is it not a Fist?' would simply say, 'I propose to address you on C.O.D. or K.I.D.' or whatever letters were chosen to express the subject. We use letters merely as illustrations.”—*The Political Economist*.]

THE suggestion of our contemporary is an eminently practical one. The saving in printer's ink alone would be enormous. As for the gain in terseness and lucidity, we think we cannot do better than give a few specimens from prominent speakers, again using letters merely as illustrations.

Mr. Balfour:—"I am a firm believer in the absolute necessity of G.A.G., and it is well known that I consider F.O.G. a safe policy, and one eminently suited to the requirements of the present juncture. Other questions have of course claimed my attention, such as I.O.N. and T.E.E."

Mr. Chamberlain:—"I believe supremely in J.O.E., or, what amounts to the same thing, in E.G.O. At the same time I am not oblivious to the claims of K.I.N. Then of course there is the question of T.A.X."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson:—"The most serious question before the country is that of P.U.B. I shall continue to extend to P.U.B. a most strenuous opposition, although I shall endeavour to consider it along with the questions of P.U.N. and F.U.N."

The Duke of Devonshire:—"After a long experience I can only say that the questions of N.A.P. and N.O.D. are those which appeal to me most strongly."

THE NEW DUNCIAD.

Pope's concluding lines as re-written by an out-and-out Free Trader.

HE comes! he comes! the spectre-form behold
Of dread Protection, and of Ruin old.
Before him, Hope's fair palaces decay,
And all her darling schemes fade quite away.
Commerce in vain stirs up keen Enterprise.
Each Venture languishes, fades, droops, and dies.
As one by one, with influence less or more,
Great BALFOUR's once-staunch followers cross the floor:
As Ministers, despite the sickening wrench,
Rise one by one, and quit the Treasury Bench:
So at his boomed approach, and well-known might,
Trade after Trade goes out, and all is night.
See Commonsense to her old cavern fled,
And COMES's ghost rise shuddering from the Dead.
Prosperity, that knew no term nor bound,
Sinks, shivers, totters, crashes to the ground.
Science turns pale, bids Wisdom interfere,
And Wisdom calls on Prophet, Sage and Seer.
Cotton of Iron begs a timely aid,
And Iron calls on Jam and Marmalade.
See every Trade on other Trade now call.
In vain. They sink, reel, totter to their fall.

Commerce abates her ardour, damps her fires,
And unawares great Liberty expires.
Nor public Shame, nor private, shall be lacking:
Freedom shall be a jest, Justice sent packing.

Lo! thy great Empire, CHAMBERLAIN, is come.
Thou hast thy wish: the very 'Change is dumb.
Thy voice it was that crumbled into dust
The fabric of the State. Ye gods, be just.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Husband. "MY DEAR GWEN! HERE'S THIS DRESSMAKER'S ACCOUNT AGAIN! I THOUGHT I GAVE YOU THE MONEY FOR IT?"

Wife. "OH, THAT WENT TO PAY MY BRIDGE LOSSES. DEBTS OF HONOUR FIRST, YOU KNOW!"

KNOWLEDGE IN NUGGETS; OR, EDUCATION WHILE YOU EAT.

[It was not to be supposed that Messrs. HARMSWORTH'S recently announced Encyclopædia would pass unchallenged, and Mr. Punch has been favoured with a private forecast of the Prospectus for a rival compilation.]

IMPORTANT (for lovers of literature).

BE wise in time.

Knowledge is Power.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S Encyclopædia will contain the pith of the Brains of To-day.

It will be the cheapest and the most compendious Encyclopædia that has ever been encycloped.

To facilitate swift and convenient perusal, the Work will be supplied in Daily Parts, printed upon Illustrated Postcards and distributed every morning at subscribers' addresses.

The Pictures will be genuine Portraits of the Celebrities of All Time—from HOMER to HACKENSCHMIDT; from METHUSELAH to MACHNOW.

The Articles will be printed upon the face of each Card opposite the address.

You will read them at Breakfast.

The price will be 1d. per (weekly) packet of six.

There will be no Sunday Postcard.

To all subscribers in favour of Tariff Reform, the Postage will be free.

This Encyclopædia will be Up to Date. The cards dealing with B will not be commenced until A is nearing completion. It will be the work of Experts. Thus Mr. C. B. FRY has consented to write upon Imperialism, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING upon Sport, Miss MARIE CORELLI upon the Sublime in literature, and Mr. HAROLD BEGRIE (by special permission) upon the Higher Criticism. A special Postcard upon Metaphysics will be compiled by Sir OLIVER LODGE, whilst the Treatise on Parliamentary Procedure and Practice will come from the pen of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Handsomely bound albums for these Cards, containing a full-length portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN engaged in committing "The Islanders" to Memory, may be purchased upon the Instalment System. N.B. No Bookcase is needed.

A special feature of this work will be its lightness.

Every article will be, so to speak, predigested. Bulkiness has been the ruin of previous Encyclopædias.

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Longevity of the Subscribers; few are likely to last until Z.

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Book early to avoid the rush.

Ask for *Table Tit-Bits* and see that you get them.

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UNPRECEDENTED VALUE.

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GUARANTEED TO WEAR.

FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY.

THE REPRINT SYSTEM?—"It will be found that the *Evening News*, which can be purchased for a halfpenny, contains all that has hitherto been supplied by the old *Evening Standard* for one penny."—*Evening News* of March 13th.

FOR THE BRIXTON CHILDREN.

[A *matinée* will take place at the London Pavilion, by permission of the Management, on May 8, in aid of a special fund for an Endowment Fund to be placed in the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, in memory of the late DAX LENO. The cost of the *matinée* will be about £1000. The scheme is two-fold—to perpetuate the memory of Dax Leno, who was a Vice-President of the Hospital and always greatly interested himself in its welfare, and also to be a lasting benefit to the Hospital itself, for, from the fact of its being the only Children's Hospital in the neighbourhood—a poor and thickly-populated one—it is much in need of assistance.]

DEAR SIR, or (if it be fitter) MADAM,

Attend for a moment and hear me preach,
(And much I wish that my words might reach
To all the descendants of father ADAM;
No matter: I'll send 'em to *Mr. Punch*,
Who'll see that they reach a tidy bunch),
Now this is the sermon—attend, I pray;
I'll make it as short as a sermon may be,
And as plain as the face of a new-born baby:
There's a House that's somewhere out Brixton way;
And Brixton has many a busy street,
And in many an alley the place rejoices,
Alive with the patter of little feet,
And shrill with the prattle of little voices;
You can see the little ones any day,
As they toddle or tumble or dance or play,
JIMMIES and JACKIES and SUEs and SALLIES,
Frisking about in the streets and alleys;
Dark ones, fair ones, plump ones, spare ones,
None of them rich, but all of them rare ones;
And now and again there's a six-year mother
Who solemnly tows a two-year brother,
And rubs him down, when the boy gets dirty,
As well as if she were six-and-thirty.
Some children, I know, are a wee bit trimmer,
More brushed and combed, and a trifle primmer,
As they take their airing in Squares or Parks,
But the Brixton children are gay as larks;
In fact these little ones, just like ours,
Are as good as a garden all sunshine and flowers.

But, ah, sometimes when the shadows come,
The little voices are faint or dumb;
The bright little eyes grow dim and dreary,
And the feet that pattered are clogged and weary;
And fevered or maimed—but they don't complain—
The little ones suffer their lot of pain.
And toil-worn husband and anxious wife
Do what they can for their darling's life,
But the home is crowded, the comforts few,
And it's little, oh little, the pair can do;
And they wait in sorrow and watch in prayer
While the joy of the house lies fading there.
Oh, then comes a word all fraught with love
From the House that I wrote of just above:
It speaks to their hearts in accents mild—
"Send, oh, send us your little child!"
We have men, strong men, who can stay or mend him;
We have gentle women to soothe and tend him,
With a clean smooth pillow to prop his head,
He shall lie at ease in his little bed.
Heat shall not vex nor cold distress him;
Soft hands shall comfort and smiles caress him—
So send us the child to be healed for you,
For this is the work God bids us do."

Now my point—don't laugh, for it isn't funny—
Is, this is a House which ought to live;
But in order to live it must have money,
Which (there's the conclusion) you must give.

They want to save the memory there
Of one who was king of jest and mirth,
A spring of laughter beyond compare,
The jolliest, cheeriest soul on earth.
Here, in the heart of a teeming city,
They are trying to raise another shrine
To childhood, laughter and love and pity,
And they want your money, my friends, and mine.
So I say to you all, *Date corde pleno*
To the cot they are founding for dear DAX LENO.
And lo, our money shall suffer a change
Into something happy and rich and strange;
For the coin we give, or the cheque we sign,
Or the note we fold in an envelope,
Takes wings in a radiant flight benign,
An angel of mercy and life and hope.
Pain is soothed as the angel nears,
Sighs are checked, and the children's tears
Cease to flow when his light appears.
And when we are all of us very old,
And our sun sinks low and our days grow cold,
We can think of our gift and never rue it,
For the work was good and we helped to do it.

R. C. L.

[*Mr. Punch's readers are requested to send their subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. of the Brixton Committee, F. FOWLER-SMITH, Esq., Sandhurst Lodge, Gresham Road, Brixton, S.W.*]

THE RAILWAY DRAUGHT.

JUDGING from a police-court case of last week, when a member of the Stock Exchange was fined £4 5s. and costs for smashing open with his foot a railway-carriage window which three other occupants desired to remain closed, the matter is one which requires some little further ventilation. We have therefore ventured to draw up some by-laws for the guidance of railway companies and their clients.

1. Free-born Englishmen of uncertain temper shall travel in specially padded cells. If they wish to dangle their feet out of the windows they shall do so at their own risk.

2. Invalids shall be transported to their destination in carboys hermetically sealed. If they prefer a complete vacuum, they must bring their own private air-pump.

3. Parties who are known to be explosive shall not be conveyed at all, except in gunpowder wagons by goods trains, where all risk of ignition is avoided.

4. Ordinary passengers shall change ends at half-time between every station. They shall elect a referee and provide him with a whistle, abiding in every case by his decision. A free kick shall be awarded to every person who refuses.

5. Every carriage shall be labelled respectively, "Aërated," "Microbic," "Stale Tobacco," "Babies," "Pneumonia," "Hot-house Plants," "Give-and-take," "Stock Exchange," "Expletives," "Ladies," "Lydies," "Nature's Gentlemen," "Gents," and "Others."

6. The attendant of the new hyphenated "Pull-man" cars shall become proficient in the art of *Ju-jitsu*, in order to eject any obstreperous passenger and generally quell *émeutes*. All guards must become experts in window-glazing, shoe-mending, and first aid to the losers after oxygen arguments.

7. Hoodligans (well-dressed or otherwise) shall be provided with a Black Maria attached for their special benefit to any train they may elect to patronise.

8. Persons who breathe air shall travel exclusively on lines in England; the rest of humanity to confine themselves to railroad journeys on the Continent.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mrs. ANGOSTURA BOULGER, better known under her pseudonym of "Omega," has a new story of domestic interest appearing with Messrs. LAZENBY. It is entitled *Toxine*, after the heroine, a fascinating blonde, born in Patagonia of Irish extraction. Toxine has been carried off in early youth by the Tierra del Fuegians and married to a cannibal chieftain. Rescued by the captain of an exploring expedition she comes to London and starts a fashionable restaurant in Bond Street, from which circumstance many things arise.

In view of the approaching centenary of MARTIN TUPPER, Messrs. BOLSTER announce the issue of a definitive pocket-edition of his works in 75 volumes, with an introduction and notes by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN. The Laureate also contributes a sonnet beginning:—

TUPPER, whose limpid yet inspiring lay
Stirred sluggish Britons of an earlier age
Life's battle with redoubled zeal to wage—
TUPPER, we need thy clarion voice to-day!

À propos of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN an interesting fact has been communicated to us by a literary correspondent. Sir LEWIS MORRIS, it will be remembered, stated not long ago that the greater part of the *Epic of Hades* was composed on the Underground Railway. It now appears, on the authority of our correspondent, that the Laureate is never so happily inspired as when he is travelling in the Tupperry Tube.

Motion in some form or other, however, seems an indispensable stimulant to creative mental activity. Mr. SIDNEY LEE swings Indian clubs as he dictates his masterly monographs. Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY, the famous author of "*Nancy Lee*," "*The Midshipmite*," &c., recommends roller skating, and Lord AVEBURY advocates skipping for writers—not of course for readers.

An interesting series of autobiographies will shortly be published by Messrs. FAWN AND TUFTON, entitled *Little Purple Lives*. Each volume will tell, in simple language, the life story of a prominent member of the aristocracy who is still in his or her teens, the series being under the joint editorship of Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY and FLORIZEL VON REUTER.

Lord SHUTTLEWORTH has found time amidst his political duties to write a volume of humorous poems entitled *The Diversions of a Serious Life*. Persons who have been privileged to read the volume in manuscript are loud in praise of its ingenious versification and sparkling wit. Lord SHUTTLEWORTH, who has dedicated his volume to Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, holds decidedly unorthodox views in regard to rhyme, a fact which will, of course, render his work all the more interesting to the critics.



AN UNDERSTANDING CRITIC.

(Before Whistler's Picture of Miss Alexander at the New Gallery.)

The Daughter. "OH, THERE ARE SOME BUTTERFLIES IN THE CORNER! I WONDER WHY HE PUT THEM THERE?"

The Mother. "I DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE. I SUPPOSE THEY WERE IN THE ROOM AT THE TIME."

LADY DAY. MARCH 25.

If those grey eyes be windows of thy soul,

Let me look in and see

If there be room for me,

And no usurper hath my lodging stole.

"To let, to single gentlemen—a heart."

That face demurely bent

Is sweet advertisement

That nature furnished thee as well as art.

Let me thy tenant be, as is most fit;

Kisses in rent I'll pay.

And welcome quarter-day:

We shall not quarrel and I ne'er shall quit.

Unanimity.

THE *Kentish Independent* concludes its account of a Volunteer smoking concert with the words, "Colour-Sergeant BARTON proposed the toast of 'D Company,' which was enthusiastically drunk."—The whole Company?

No Deception.

FROM a Clerical Tailor's catalogue: "The Clerical Lounge Coat has grown considerably in favour with clergymen, and it is very popular for parish wear, cycling, &c. In this case the vest grows out under the jacket and denotes the cleric."



ARMS AND THE MAN.

SCENE. A Well-known School of Musketry.

Captain (to Sergeant-Instructor, explaining the theory and powers of the new short rifle to squad of officers). "YES, THAT'S ALL VEELY WELL SERGEANT, BUT I FIND IT DIFFICULT ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND MYSELF. HOW ON EARTH AM I TO EXPLAIN IT TO MY MEN? SOME OF THEM ARE ONLY HALF-WITTED."

Sergeant-Instructor "JUST EXPLAIN IT TO THEM THE SAME WAY AS I'M EXPLAINING IT TO YOU, SIR!"

COUNTY COUNCILS, PLEASE COPY.

[*"The most beautiful machine that can be produced is, in my opinion, the locomotive,"* SIR JAMES KIDSON, speaking at an Art Exhibition. — *Daily Paper.*]

TIME was when images of bronze and of marble, more or less in the likeness of men and women, were set up in public places for the admiration of the people. There was occasionally a mild curiosity about them, more often blank indifference, sometimes, indeed, jeering not wholly unjustifiable. The objects, however, which for the future will dominate our squares and public gardens appeal at once to the æsthetic sense, and need neither explanation nor apology.

The tender green of the six-coupled Great Northern goods engine which has just superseded Achilles at Hyde Park Corner harmonises perfectly with the foliage around it, and it is doubtful whether the swelling curves of its beautiful boiler are surpassed even by

the charming little bogie wheels of the Philadelphian locomotive which stands where once Shakspeare stood in Leicester Square.

The black but comely North-Western "flyer," which has taken the place of the Griffin at Temple Bar, causes no unwonted obstruction of the traffic, whilst its capacious "cab" being only about five feet above the level of the ground affords a convenient refuge for timid old ladies endeavouring to cross the street.

The tint of the Midland tank engine which has been erected in the centre of Piccadilly Circus is a delight to the eye, besides being a standing admonition to the young bloods of the neighbourhood that there is no further necessity to paint anything red; and when its lamps are lighted up at night, the effect, in spite of the absence of any steam, is quite Whistleresque.

We hope soon to see the old gold of the charming Brighton outside-cylin-

dered locomotive "Boadicea" on the Embankment—where formerly there was an older article of the same name—contrasted with the varying hues of other beautiful machines acquired from our leading railway companies.

TO SEÑOR MANUEL GARCIA.

(The 100th birthday of this famous scientist and teacher of singing was celebrated on Friday, March 17, on which occasion he received from the King the honorary Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order.)

Your motto ever has been—will be still Throughout your life, "*Vox et prater ea nil.*"

Long may you live, if wishes can avail.
Hail, Centenarian, Centenarian hale!

To LET.—Good Shooting. Dogger Bank, near Hull. Excellent reference last year's tenant. Terms MOST MODERATE.
—Apply Mrs. B.: care of LANSDOWNE & Co., Estate Agents, Whitehall, London.



POOR BEGGAR !

BEAR. "OH, I SAY, MA'AM, DON'T BE SO HARD — "

MADAME LA FRANCE. "SORRY,—BUT NOT ANOTHER PENNY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, March 13.—“As you say, TOBY, dear boy, the skies are looking a little grey. My lucky star seems to have set. Within the House and beyond it things go persistently wrong. The way bricks drop out of the Cabinet, necessitating reconstruction, is the latest development of a previously painful position. It would be all right if, when a fellow goes, whether driven out by the Ulster men or comfortably settled beyond the chances and changes of electoral fickleness, it were not necessary to fill up the post.

“Between you and me I don’t believe it is. Here’s Cousin SALISBURY, for example, whom I’ve just put at the Board of Trade instead of Brother GERALD. As far as influence on the Department or on affairs of State is concerned I might as well have inducted the principal door-keeper of the House of Lords. The Permanent Secretary and the staff could have carried on exactly as they will do when Cousin SALISBURY drops in of a morning and looks round in honourable effort to earn his salary, paid quarterly. But there are certain customs and traditions to be observed, so I pop in SALISBURY.

“Do I thereby escape criticism or mollify Opposition? By no means. SOARES moves adjournment of House in order to denounce appointment. Might have survived that; am in fact getting used to the process; but then HARRY MARKS gets up to defend me, which I submit is undeserved discipline. This at a sitting following upon a division in which my majority is run down to 21.”

“In this country,” I said, trying to comfort PRINCE ARTHUR, whom I have rarely seen so depressed, “21 is the legal majority.”

“Yes I know, but then you see I



DR. PURVIS, LL.D.

“With nods and becks and wreathed smiles.”



THE WANKLYN.

“I absolutely decline to regard Mr. Churchill as being on the earth. I ignore him utterly.”

(Daily Mirror interview with Mr. Wanklyn, M.P.)

commenced with a majority of 134. If we steadily keep on this track the majority will finally disappear.

“There again vulgar custom asserts itself. It is usual when Ministry is defeated in division lobby to resign or dissolve. I have publicly mentioned my philosophic doubts as to reasonableness or necessity of such desperate procedure. All very well for ROSEBERRY, defeated by narrow majority on snap division, to observe constitutional usage. As Leader of what is left of Tory Party I am above such considerations. I refused to budge when placed in minority last Session, shall do it again if occasion recurs. But as sure as you stand there protests will be entered by Opposition and there’ll be a row in the country.”

“Then why hang on? Why daily fash yourself, or, as a deceased poet has put it,

Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?”

“Yes, there is the delight of battle, the pleasure of seeing right hon. gentlemen opposite snacking their lips in anticipation of the toothsome bone I withhold from their clutch; above all”—here PRINCE ARTHUR’S voice touched more solemn note—“there is duty to my country.

“I confess that even this last impulse might fail but for one sustaining com-

fort. That, as you will guess, is consciousness of possessing the full confidence of Mr. PURVIS. Cousin HUGH may desert me; Captain TOMMY BOWLES may, on my behalf, make preparations for a maritime process known, I believe, as walking the plank; my Cabinet may periodically go to pieces as if it were a ship over-insured; but ROBERT PURVIS, LL.D., sometime barrister of the Inner Temple, stands by me through good report and evil report.

“As long as that sustenance is afforded me, so long do I remain at my post in spite of a vanishing majority, some misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word Retaliation, and a marked absence of enthusiasm at the appointment of Cousin SALISBURY to the Presidency of the Board of Trade.”

Thus is the wind tempered to the shorn Premier. Though all the world betrays him, one sword at least his rights shall guard, one faithful heart shall praise him.

When, to-night, attack delivered from opposite benches, Dr. PURVIS, LL.D., was discovered on his legs immediately behind the stricken figure of PRINCE ARTHUR, loud laughter rose from the lips of disappointed malignancy. Opposition broke into storm of ironical cheers what time Member for Peterborough stood with notes of speech in left hand, *pince-nez* dangling from right forefinger,



AN ACTU. CASE OF ANGIOPHOBIA.

Mr. Walter Long, with all his experience, will find the Maelonne l'terrier a tough customer to muzzle.

head interrogatorily set on one side, as you will see a robin, halting for moment in approach to enticing crumb, listen for note of possible danger.

There is something positively cherubic in the countenance of PUVIS; something instantly winning in his childlike smile that disarms political austerity. His little essay, which should have been written out in a copy book, was soon read, with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, at which the Opposition, restored to good humour, laughed back.

Thus was the way prepared for PRINCE ARTHUR, who trod it with lightened heart, and a step to which returned its former elasticity.

Business done.—Ministerial majority run down to 21.

Wednesday Night.—Old Members (not many of the date left now) listening to WINSTON CHURCHILL denouncing PRINCE ARTHUR's unconstitutional methods, recall analogous scene that passed a quarter of a century ago. Object of attack in 1880 *et seq.* was the placid STAFFORD NORTHGOTE; assuflant, GRANDOLPH, then making way to the front as Leader of the Fourth Party.

Much in common in style of father and son. The same direct hitting out from shoulder; the same lack of deference to age and authority; the same pained silence on the side where the assailed Minister sits; the same cheers and laughter in enemy's camp as cleverly-planned, skilfully-directed blow follows blow.

Difference is that WINSTON, having

lately crossed the House, faces his former leader, whereas GRANDOLPH, being in opposition with STAFFORD NORTHGOTE, regarded his victim sideways from the corner seat below the Gangway. At such times it was STAFFORD NORTHGOTE's wont to observe a curious habit of physically making as little of himself as possible. He thrust his hands up the cuff of either coat-sleeve, shrugged his shoulders, bent his head, and hoped the storm would pass over it. PRINCE ARTHUR lolls on the Treasury Bench looking straight before him, with studious air of indifference betrayed by countenance clouded with rare anger.

Business done. PRINCE ARTHUR proposes to apply guillotine process to Supplementary Estimates. This a new departure in gagging policy bitterly resented by Opposition. Argument is that accounts of financial year must be closed on the 31st. Time is short and speeches are long. Must therefore hurry up with guillotine. Accordingly, two whole sittings, amply sufficient for discussion of the votes, are absorbed in wrangling on question when or how they shall be approached and disposed of.

ALWYN FELLOWES, appointed to Board of Agriculture in place of WALTER LONG gone to Irish Office, makes first appearance at Table to answer question in new Ministerial capacity. Received with hearty cheering from both sides that testifies to well-deserved personal popularity. Pretty to see impulse to set a-going the familiar hymn:

For he's a jolly good FELLOWES.

Presence of Speaker checked irregularity. But one could see the words mutely formed on the lips, and through the Chamber buzzed murmured echo of familiar tune. "And so say all of us."

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Few regarding Lord Oxsow in Chair of Committees, ready, genial but resolute, master of amendments even when the Marquis of Bath has explained them, would guess how strange a life he has these many years led. He is, for example, the only man in either House who has twice moved the Address. First time at opening of Session 1880; second on return to power of the late MARKISS in 1886. In ordinary cases honour of selection for the service suffices for lifetime; desirable applicants are numerous. Yet twice Oxsow, duly uniformed, served the State in this capacity.

Heredity may possibly have something to do with unparalleled circumstance. The new Chairman of Committees in the Lords comes of race of Speakers. Three of his ancestors have in succession sat in the Chair of the House of Commons; seems therefore not unnatural that latest descendant should twice be called upon as speaker moving the Address.

At a later period, for full six weeks, Oxsow was concurrently Under Secretary for the Colonies and Under Secretary for India. This happened at time when HARDWICKE, appointed Under Secretary for India, was engaged in dissolving his partnership in Stock Exchange firm. When DON JOSÉ, Secretary of State for the Colonies, set forth for South Africa, Oxsow again doubled his part, being both Under Secretary for the Colonies and acting Secretary of State. In the great events of Public Life Oxsow is always plural. Which is singular.

Finally, nominated to Chair of Committees in the House of Lords, he, pending appointment of successor, continued to perform duties of President of Board of Agriculture. But line must be drawn somewhere, and during this interregnum, which lasted several weeks, he was not summoned to Cabinet Council, whither he had formerly been bidden.

Settled down now. But who shall say where and in what capacity the Ministerial Handy Man may next turn up?

Business done.—Discussing employment in Coal Mines.

The Comment of the Classics.

Byron on locomotion de luz.

"And all that mote to luxury invite."

Childe Harold, Canto I., stanza xi.

UNFORTUNATE contiguity of headlines in the Dublin *Evening Herald* last week:

EARLY RACING EDITION.

KUROPATKIN'S RETREAT.



Curious-looking Individual on Secret. "I'VE SEEN THE FOX! I'VE SEEN THE FOX!" HE'S GONE BACK INTO THE WOODS!"
Huntsman (with withering scorn). "MUST 'AVE SEEN YOU, I SUPPOSE!"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER V.

As it happened, my Aunt and PHYLLIS had met MONTY already, and evidently imagined he was merely making an ordinary afternoon call. MONTY sat down, and asked PHYLLIS "if she had been in the Park that afternoon"—which struck me as rather a circuitous route to the information that I'd been cut off in the flower of my youth by being pitched out of a cab in Pall Mall. But he went on talking Society drivel for some minutes before my Aunt inquired "if he had seen anything lately of her good-for-nothing nephew?"—meaning me.

This of course was MONTY's cue—and I poked my head out round the corner of my paper, and nodded hard at him, meaning, "Now's your time! Out with it! Don't keep 'em in suspense. Tell 'em the worst!" I suppose he hadn't noticed me before, and it rather upset him, for he dropped his eyeglass as if it had been red-hot. For the moment, I thought he must have recognised me, without remembering how improbable that was under the circumstances.

"Oddly enough," said MONTY, looking everywhere but at me, "I was expecting him to lunch with me at the Club to-day. But he—or—didn't turn up."

"He gets more erratic every day!" lamented my dear Aunt. "He ought to be dining here this evening, and I shall be seriously annoyed if he forgets that, as there will be nobody to take in poor Miss YELLOWLY."

So I was to have taken in Miss YELLOWLY! If I had wanted anything to reconcile me to what I had become, that would have about done it!

"I suppose he sent you some sort of excuse?" said PHYLLIS.

Again I tried to catch MONTY's eye and buck him up to tell his news and get it over—but it was no good.

"What? REGGIE! He's much too casual for that!" said MONTY. "Likely as not he overslept himself or somethin'."

Now this was too bad of MONTY—he knows perfectly well that I hardly ever sit down to breakfast later than half-past twelve! But I began to see now that he couldn't have heard of my accident after all.

"Disgraceful!" said my Aunt. "At his age, he ought to be ashamed of such lazy, idle habits."

"There's this to be said," put in MONTY. "Dear old REGGIE hasn't anything particular to do when he is up."

"Then he ought to have!" declared my Aunt—and MONTY agreed with her.

"I'm always tellin' him he doesn't take half enough exercise," he added.

He wouldn't have said that if he had seen me jumping about all the afternoon with that confounded tambourine! And MONTY, too; who takes all his exercise in a motor!

"I didn't mean exercise," said Aunt SELINA, "I meant work. Every young man ought to have some profession."

MONTY agreed once more, and said that, for his part, he found being at the Bar had made all the difference to him. What difference—except knowing that his name was painted up outside some door in Lincoln's Inn which he never by any chance darkened, I fancy Master MONTY wouldn't have found it easy to explain. But my Aunt said she was glad to think that I had one friend who set me a good example, and begged him to look after me as much as possible.

To which old MONTY, trying to look as like the infant SAMUEL in plaster as he could at such short notice, replied that she could rely on him to do his best to keep me out of any serious mischief.

The notion of old MONTY as my guardian angel was so rich that I couldn't resist grinning at him from behind the journal—and I saw him gasp. No doubt he thought that, for a monkey, I was a trifle over familiar, but he took no

further notice. And my Aunt went on slanging me; I had had every advantage, excellent opportunities of making my own way in the world, and I was so incorrigibly indolent that I had neglected them all—and so forth, all of which I had heard on several previous occasions.

Good old MONTY stuck up for me—after a fashion. He didn't think it was my fault exactly; I was a dear good chap—one of the best, in short. It was only that I was naturally too thick to learn anything thoroughly, and in fact, what he might call—if my Aunt would forgive the expression—"a born rotter." Aunt SELINA didn't object to the expression in the least—in fact, both she and PHYLLIS appeared to think it hit me off rather neatly. Then they asked if MONTY considered I was likely to do better in the Colonies, but MONTY thought (and it just shows how little he knows me) that roughing it was not precisely in my line of country.

By this time I was, as you may suppose, getting fairly sick of the subject. It wasn't pleasant to feel I was eaves-dropping, as it were, and I knew, too, that when they did hear that I was scratched for all my engagements, they would be no end sorry they had been so down on me. For myself, of course, I didn't mind a rap. The worse they made REGGIE BALLMORE out, the more satisfied I felt at being no longer connected with such a waster.

Still, it struck me it was quite time to switch MONTY on to some pleasanter topic, so I got quietly down from the sofa, and, stealing up behind his chair, I scratched him gently just above his coat-tail buttons.

He turned sharp round and saw me. I never saw anyone go quite so green before—but he said nothing.

"I'm afraid, Mr. BLUNDELL," said my Aunt, noticing how he was shifting about in his seat, "that you have chosen rather an uncomfortable chair?"

MONTY said, "Oh, not at all—most comfortable," and inquired if PHYLLIS "had done the Academy yet?" Which, as it didn't open for some days, was a silly-ass thing to say—even for MONTY—but I don't believe he knew precisely what he was saying just then.

"Are you quite sure the monkey isn't bothering you?" asked PHYLLIS; "I thought he was on the sofa."

"Oh, then—then you noticed it too?" poor old MONTY blurted out.

"Why, of course—it's mine," said PHYLLIS, "I only bought it this afternoon. I hope you've no antipathy to monkeys?"

"Oh, not a bit!" said MONTY, beginning to turn a wholesomer colour. "Can't say I ever kept one myself—but awfully fond of them, assure you I am."

On which PHYLLIS gave the history of my purchase.

"Wish you'd told me you were on the look-out for a monkey, Miss ADEANE," said that blundering ass MONTY, "because I could have got you one from a man who has some clinkers—real well-bred ones, don't you know—the sort they don't send out with organs!"

PHYLLIS bless her!—replied with a slight fall of temperature that she was "afraid she preferred to choose her pets for herself, and that I was the only monkey she had ever seen that she could imagine herself caring for in the least."

Which was one in the eye for old MONTY! I could afford to despise him now; my position in the household was already secure. Before she was much older, PHYLLIS would be proud that she alone had had the insight to detect my marvellous superiority! So, as I sat in one of the window-seats, cooling my tail among the marguerites that filled the flower-box, I allowed myself to dream of my coming glory—till Macrow came in with afternoon tea.

Here, I thought, was a good opportunity to show that I was perfectly familiar with the ordinary social amenities. I was in my Aunt's house—almost in the position of host, so to speak—and anyway I wasn't going to let MONTY attend to PHYLLIS's wants while I was there to look after her myself!

So I made a bee-line for the tea-table, and got hold of a plate of hot tea-cakes and another of cucumber sandwiches.

Perhaps I was too impetuous; my wrists were weaker than I had thought, and, as usual, I did not take my tail into consideration. The result was that I not only shot the cakes and cucumber sandwiches over my cousin's charming afternoon frock, but upset the cream-jug into Aunt SELINA's lap.

It was awkward, of course—but it might have happened to any fellow without necessarily putting him out of countenance; it was the kind of thing which a man of the world could pass off easily enough with a graceful apology or a witty remark, and perhaps make a friend for life into the bargain. Only, unfortunately, situated as I was, I could do nothing at all just then except gibber—and I realised that one of the undeniable drawbacks to monkey-existence is that one is so apt to get misunderstood over the merest trifles.

F. A.

THE GENTLE ART OF AMALGAMATION.

THE new crepuscular blend in newspapers, by which, in exchange for the old and familiar *Evening Standard* and *St. James's* we get a totally fresh paper, which calls itself both, but is really neither, is only the beginning of a vast series of partnerships, not alone in journalism, but in other walks of life.

Perhaps the most interesting of the imminent newspaper amalgamations is that of the *Spectator* and the *Sporting Times*, which have decided to join forces for weal or woe. It is intended to retain the best features of both papers, and experts are even now at work early and late to discover what these are. When the results are known, a member of the advertising staff of the *Times* will proceed to instruct the world concerning them in one of the new serial, or feuilleton, advertisements, which are rapidly becoming so alluring a feature of the daily press. It is not yet decided what the new paper will be called, opinions oscillating between the *Sporting Tater* and the *Pink Spec.* A compromise between the roseate blush which now irradiates Saturday with joy and the virgin and austere whiteness of the great Free Trade weekly will probably be

decided upon, and a piquant pale pink budget of fact and fancy, sobriety and spirits, didacticism and *double-entendre* may confidently be expected.

Flattering offers of amalgamation have been made to the *Times* by various enterprising journals, including the *Homerton Herald* and the *Tooting Bee Advertiser*, but the great threepenny intends to remain independent. The only concession it proposes to make to the new spirit is the addition of three more special Supplements each week;

been arranged that the department of machinery, engineering, and incident shall be exclusively entrusted to the talented authoress of *Willy Mash*, Mr. KIPLING confining his attention entirely to theology, psychology and "Society" topics.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING and Mrs. ELINOR GLYN have also signed the articles of a literary partnership likely to be fraught with the most exhilarating effect on the Nonconformist conscience, while recent advices from Rye confirm the rumour that Mr. HENRY JAMES has decided henceforth to join literary forces with ANNIE S. SWAN. The title of their forthcoming novel, we understand, is to be *The Silver Teacup*.

In the drama the principle of amalgamation has already been carried very far, Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER being always at hand to supply any deficiency; but a report is current that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is engaged with Mr. W. B. YEATS on a new version of the latter's comedy *The Pot of Broth*, which is to be known in future as *The Seething Pot of Broth*.

We hear also rumours of strange alliances between well-known statesmen, the most remarkable and incredible of which is that of the intended amalgamation, with an identity of interests, of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.



GROTESQUES.

Words wanted to express feelings.

WHEN YOU HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT AND JUST MISS THE ONLY TRAIN THAT WOULD GET YOU THERE IN TIME.

FROM the List of Regulations in the "Hotel Middle-Kingdom," Peking.

The persons lodging to hotel are prayed to give their name the day of their coming. To know its coming's day. To let to the persons wishing call on them to know their lodging.

The travellers will have to hotel, all goods necessary. They are prayed to take its drink and other consummations at the house.

One day's letting comprises a bath; if the traveller wish one or several otherbath he must pay more.

The bill of fare of every days comprises several dish well matched. If the traveller wish other dish or betters; he will pay likewise more.

The travellers are prayed to make its purchase out of the house; in order to introduce in the hotel any little mercantile, which would commit some indelicacy.

one on Tuesday devoted to the stage; another on Thursday dealing with women's fashions; and on Saturday a third entirely concerned with football.

We may add that negotiations are on foot for merging the *Quarterly Review* in *Home Chat*, but difficulties have arisen in regard to the format and title. It is hoped, however, that these will be successfully surmounted by the tact and urbanity of the gentleman who is acting as intermediary.

In future Mr. KIPLING will write all his books in collaboration with Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, but in order to add freshness to the new departure it has

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Writing forty years ago about *Tired Copperfield*, Edward Fitzgerald said, "It might almost be made perfect by a pair of scissors, say great ones, you know." After reading *William Bodham Donne* (METHUEN), to whom the letter was addressed, my Baronite laments that the axiom was not taken to heart by the grand daughter who compiles the book. It runs to 339 pages of smaller type than is commonly met with. If the old 32 had been cut out—better still, if the proportions had been limited to 250 pages—its state would have been the more gracious. With dutiful deference Mistress Jounsoy, coming upon my letter written by or to her justly revered grandfather, thinks it must be of public interest, and in it goes. Thus in one letter we have particulars of the mortal diseases of her grandmother, which read like quotations from illustrated advertisements of patent medicines in a halfpenny morning newspaper. J. M. KEMBLE proposes to build himself a house. Sympathetic Mr. DONNE makes a remark about bricks. Where to KEMBLE, in a letter a page long, bursts forth: "What size are they? the bricks]. How long do they take making? How long drying? Must the clay be ground in a mill? Must the straw be cut very short?" and so on. This lack of proportion is a sore blemish it would be well to remove in future editions. There is abundance of good material to make a portly and precious volume. DONNE himself was an excellent letter-writer, and was the cause of letter-writing in others like Edward Fitzgerald, Archbishop TRENCOT, and FANNY KEMBLE. Of Fitzgerald, DONNE writes under date December 16, 1836, "His life and conversation are the most perfectly philosophic of any I know. They approach in grand quiescence to some of the marvels of contentment in Pythagoras. He is Procrustes without his dirt." There are similar sketches of George Borrow and the Ettrick Shepherd, tempting for quotation. The reader must look them up for himself, assured that on the way he will be enchanted by the pleasant talk of cultured men.

DONNE, adds the Baron who enjoyed the privilege of his personal acquaintance, succeeded KEMBLE as Licensor of Plays, and did his work so efficiently, and so courteously, that the London theatrical managers presented him with a testimonial. Strangely enough, though in such close and constant communication with the leading actors of his time, he has very little to say about them, only cursorily mentioning that genius Benson (whose name, by the way, does not appear in the *Index*), and incidentally speaking of CHARLES KEAN and ALFRED WIGAN. Mr. DONNE, writing to FANNY KEMBLE, says:

"My opinion of the social quality of actors coincides very nearly with your own. I have rarely found them good company, except in the way of professional anecdotes, which soon pall on the taste."

This is one among not a few examples where the scissors could have been judiciously used. Having to report officially on the theatres as buildings, he writes in 1863, "*The heat, dirt, dust, smells, horrible. I never had such a job. We took in the dressing-rooms this year. Talk of Ireland and pigsties—they are Dutch cleanliness compared to some of the rooms. I have been sick and dizzy half a dozen times a day.*" The Baron hopes that, in this present year of grace, for such a description to be in accordance with truth would be quite impossible everywhere.

My Baronite records that there has just been added to the "Gallery of Twelve English Statesmen" (MACMILLAN), a study of Chatham, in which Mr. FREDERIC HAMMOND presents within small compass a masterly narrative of a great life. Not only in his public career but in his private connections the individuality of the Great Commoner stands forth

clear. A complex character it is. It is almost incredible that a statesman who created the Colonial Empire which looms so large in home politics to-day should grovel in the presence of an obstinate mule like GEORGE THE SECOND, and abuse himself before a homely donkey like GEORGE THE THIRD. This frailty seems inseparable from the position of an English Premier, however great. When Mr. GLADSTONE, going on a pleasure trip, unexpectedly found himself carried off to Copenhagen, he wrote to Queen Victoria a letter almost abject in apology—humbly explaining the accident accountable for a voyage accomplished without first having obtained the consent of his royal mistress.

All those novel-readers to whom a sensational title appeals must necessarily be attracted by that of WILLIAM LE QUEUX's latest romance, *The Valley of the Shadow* (METHUEN). And they will not be disappointed. The mystery is well started, and the secret cleverly preserved throughout. The sketch of King HUMBERT of Italy, the *Deus ex machina* of the story, is very interesting, as also are the scenes in which either His Majesty himself appears or his influence is felt. Recommended Baronically.

Now, quoth the Baron, I have just finished reading EYRE HUSSEY's novel, *Miss Badsworth, M.P.H.* (LONGMANS & Co.), and having stated the fact, I have no doubt you, my readers, may, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, "be impatient to know how the little Hussy deports herself," or rather, how EYRE HUSSEY deports himself when writing about a sporting young lady. The Baron with greatest pleasure replies at once, "Admirably." *Miss Badsworth* is indeed a most amiable person, but her niece, *Miss Lavinia Badsworth*, is one of the sweetest heroines whose acquaintance the impressionable Baron has ever had the opportunity of making. Gentle, sensible, lovable, a thorough sportswoman and first-rate horsewoman, without being in the least degree a "horsey" woman, free from all "side" and from every suspicion of slang, she is a creation of whom any author might well be proud; and if she be a portrait, then is Mr. EYRE HUSSEY to be greatly envied his knowledge of the original. Sporting novels of former days, always excepting those of Captain HAWLEY SMART, which, however, were more concerned with racing than with hunting, were not always the sort of books that you would feel justified in recommending as quite fit for a lady's perusal. But here is a perfectly pure, country-scented, fresh-air story, simple as it can be made, and, granting the eccentricity of one character, perfectly natural; yet so cleverly managed that you are interested in it from start to finish. The characters are ordinary types, strikingly individualised; the scenes are as cleverly invented as they are wittily described; runs with barriers and foxhounds are vividly narrated, and though the keynote of it all is light-heartedness, yet there are moments in the course of the tale when the reader, should he have mislaid his handkerchief, will regret his negligence, and will do the best he can, if in company, to dissemble his feelings, somehow or another contriving to wipe from his manly cheek the tell-tale sign of irreplaceable emotion. The Baron could quote from it more than one scene of quite excellent comedy, and congratulates himself on being able to recommend, without any sort of reservation, so delightful a story to all who do him the honour to accept, and act upon, his carefully-considered advice.



ETON CORRESPONDENCE.

A HOUSE-MASTER'S DIARY, 1910.

(If the Faddists have their Way.)

May 5.—The boys have returned. The annexe for valets will be taxed to its utmost capacity, but after all it is my own idea and a much better one than allowing servants to live in rooms or in low public-houses in the town. Valets will be valets.

May 8.—Everything is going swimmingly, a vulgar but expressive phrase. DICKENSON Major, who is head of my house, was quite nice about the three-course luncheon, only he suggested that there should always be sweets. He quite agreed with me that ten o'clock was early enough for breakfast. Very wise of him, as boys cannot really have too much sleep.

May 15.—Wife much distressed by an angry letter from Sir JOHN MILLDOM, complaining that his son, who is by no manner of means an athlete, has been given ebicken for dinner twice during the past week. Wrote myself to point out that it is a most difficult thing to provide a complete change of diet during the close season for game. (*Mem.* See the chef.)

May 22.—Have been annoyed by considerable rowdiness of some of the junior members of my house. The trouble arose from the absence of DICKENSON Major and a few of his friends. Had not their absence been absolutely imperative I think I should almost have refused them leave. However, they all motored to town yesterday, and I scarcely know when they will be back. DICKENSON assured me that his valet had shaved him carelessly on Sunday morning, while the crease in STEINHAUSEN's trousers was neither distinct nor regular. Something, of course, had to be done. They will return when they have found suitable servants, and then, perhaps, the house will be quieter. A house-master's life is full of anxiety.

June 13.—A third letter from Dr. HEXLEIGH complaining of his son's spelling. (*Mem.* I must pass these letters on to his tutor.)

July 16.—House much disorganised by magnificent successes in the field and on the river. DICKENSON Major and JONES are disinclined to breakfast before eleven, which throws back the hour for luncheon. HARRISON and LEE Minor will insist on getting up at eight o'clock, at their tutor's suggestion. I have written to their parents.

July 20.—As term draws to a close, and all of us—masters, boys, and valets—feel exhausted, I have introduced a system of tonics. "Tonics" may become historic. The hours at present are 10.30 (before breakfast), 3.30 and 8.30



THE BUMP OF LOCALITY.

Vicar's Daughter (meeting one of her class). "WELL, JANE, I HEAR YOU'VE JUST BEEN TO LONDON. YOUR FIRST VISIT, WASN'T IT?"

Jane. "YES, MISS."

Vicar's Daughter. "AND WHERE DID YOU STAY?"

Jane. "AT MY SISTER'S, MISS."

Vicar's Daughter. "AND WHAT PART OF LONDON IS THAT?"

Jane. "NEXT DOOR TO THE DOCTOR'S, MISS!"

(before dinner). DICKENSON Major was annoyed to-day because his tonic was taken out to him while batting against the M.C.C., but I do not see what else I could have done.

July 25.—How different things are from what they used to be. Letter from an old boy saying that since he had left he has discovered that prison fare is more nutritious than the food he was given when at school here. He added that prisoners—even the most culpable—are allowed to sleep longer than he was. To-day we have changed all that, and next term I shall have enlarged the annexe. Every boy will have his valet,

and every valet will have to speak at least two modern languages before he is qualified. We can then smile at Compulsory Greek. Other masters may disagree with me, but I can also afford to smile at them. Pioneers are never popular.

August 15.—Been reading *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. *Tempora mutantur et nos...*

A DUBLIN grocer advertises his butter thus:

Best Danish	1/2
Best Creamery	1/3
No Better	1/4

A CAMBRIDGE BEDMAKER.

THERE came to me the other day from Cambridge a memorial card, decently bordered with lines of silver and black, which brought the distressing information that ARABELLA HUGGINS (for by that name I shall call her) had died at the great age of 81. Her relations and those who mourned her departure were bidden by an appropriate text to resign themselves to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

Mrs. HUGGINS was not of those who clatter through the pages of history. No boast of heraldry or pomp of power was hers, and neither storied urn nor animated bust will mark the place where, after many years of faithful service, she now rests. Her lot in life was humble, but it had been eminently useful, for she belonged by birth, inheritance and a considerable training to the ancient guild (if I may so describe it) of bedmakers of Cambridge. For more years than I can number she had ministered to the wants of those youths who were appointed to dwell on one of the staircases of the Old, or Great, Court of Trinity College, the Court of which EDWARD THE THIRD (*Tertius Edwardus famâ super æthera notus*), HENRY THE EIGHTH and Queen ELIZABETH are the tutelary monarchs. Here are the Hall and the Chapel, and in the centre rises the beautiful fountain rich with delicate tracery. Amidst these scenes of venerable splendour Mrs. HUGGINS carried on her duties.

Of these she had, like all the more distinguished bedmakers, no mean conception. She paid a proper attention to the strictly lectifercient parts of her profession, but she by no means confined herself to them; for she could lay a cloth with neatness and set out a breakfast or a lunch table with unvarying success. She made the tea strong and of a good healthy brown tint, for she scorned the effeminacy of the less highly-coloured leaves; and for those masters whom she delighted to honour she was always willing to compose a dish of buttered eggs. She has even been known to bring a savoury beef-steak pudding, her own domestic manufacture, into College under her shawl, and to produce it steaming for the enjoyment of her undergraduates. All she asked on these occasions was that no scrap should be left in the bowl, and this easy tribute to her skill and benevolence was always duly paid. Then, when the table had been cleared and the room prepared for reading, she would seek and receive the small encouragement that was necessary to cause her to open the great storehouse of her experience, and bring forth from it treasures of gossip and anecdote matched only in the pages of DICKENS. When that was over she took her shawl from its peg, her basket from its mysterious hiding-place, and so proceeded homeward.

Mrs. HUGGINS always retained and displayed a high respect for those distinctions of rank on which our social order is founded. A bedmaker in the adjoining Neville's Court she considered, and often treated, as an equal; to a bedmaker of the New Court she extended a patronage which was not without pity; but no power on earth could have brought her to admit that a bedmaker whose sphere of work lay in the Master's Court was entitled to a precedence even of the humblest kind. She was once asked by an undergraduate to attend a prayer-meeting in the suburb of Barnwell, but she excused herself with the dignity that never deserted her. "How was I to know," she said afterwards, "that some of them people I met there mightn't come calling on me at my home next day?" It was an unanswerable assertion of self-respecting exclusiveness.

In the course of her career she had associated on terms of familiarity with many who possessed titles, and of these she always spoke with a becoming reverence. One mysterious peer, indeed, there seems to have been, who, as an undergraduate, married a bedmaker's daughter, "and took away the title from his sister, the Duchess, pore dear, and broke 'er 'eart,"

it being understood, of course, that the broken heart was that of her Grace. What happened to the lowly wife was not recorded.

Of all her masters, in their relation to Mrs. HUGGINS—they used to summon her by the affectionate and familiar abbreviation of "BILLA"—it may be said that, whether they were lords or commoners, they reached their full glory in her eyes only after they had left Cambridge. While they resided in College their names were generally classed by their bonnet-wearing guardian in an order of merit corresponding with some exactness to their hospitality and the recklessness of their behaviour. Those who gave dinner-parties were certain of her favour. If, in addition, they defied the College authorities, they basked in a perpetual sunshine of approval. On the other hand, she professed an impatience amounting almost to dislike of those who, ordering nothing from the kitchens, sustained nature on potted meats, or received consignments of eggs from the country to the detriment of the local grocers. Yet even these, on returning years afterwards to the scenes of their youth, would be told that things had sadly altered since their own great and memorable days; that hospitality, so profusely practised by them, was now a lost art; that deans and tutors were allowed to have matters their own way instead of having to fight, as they used to, for an uncertain supremacy; and that, in fact, Cambridge was not, and never could be again, what it had been. Once, when the mildest-mannered man that ever kept a chapel or refused to cut a lecture brought his wife to Cambridge she assured him, in the presence of the lady, that she still remembered, and would ever remember, the night on which, having dined with twenty others, "all in scarlet coats and most of 'em under the table," he had hurled imprecations at the junior dean from the middle of the grass-plot. Then, taking the wife aside, she loudly whispered some words of counsel in her ear, begging her as she valued her happiness and her life, "not to cross that man." The lady smiled; the husband beamed with an air of conscious devilry; Mrs. HUGGINS alone was perfectly serious.

Of KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH she always spoke with a loyalty both frank and venerating. She remembered him as an undergraduate, and was wont to declare that as he walked across the Court or came into a room there shone from the corner of his eye a look that suggested cheerfulness while it inspired confidence.

For London she had but a scant respect. The porters at its railway stations, she said, permitted a passenger who was bound for Cambridge to take a seat in a train destined to arrive at Kew; its lodgings were disgraced by the presence of what she called "live-stock"; while its streets lacked the sparkling streams which beautify those of Cambridge. On the other hand she appreciated very highly the courtesy of a Drury Lane audience which, she related, had risen at her entrance and saluted her with cheers, evidently knowing who she was and whence she came.

Of the instruments of science she had an ineradicable suspicion. Chancing to see a theodolite in Jesus Lane she waited half an-hour and then urged the surveyor to get his shooting done quickly, seeing that honest folks wanted to go to their work. On being told afterwards that he who looked through such an instrument saw people upside down she expressed a great horror, asserting that no mortal man should with her own consent behold her with her clothes flying over her head.

May she rest in peace. To those whose rooms she tidied and to whose wants in sickness or in health she attended with unflinching zeal she will always stand as the great exemplar of all that a bedmaker should be, for she was faithful, industrious, warm in friendship, comfortable and kindly in her ministrations, and of an honesty far beyond the reach of envious tongues. Those who follow after will do well to imitate her virtues.

R. C. L.



PATting HIM ON THE BACK.

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, while expressing his great appreciation of the Volunteer Force, proposes to reduce it by 35,359 men.]



"DEAR HEART."

Jimmy (who has several times asked his mother, who is busy, to get him something from upstairs). "MUMMY, DEAR, IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE DARK, I'LL GO UP WITH YOU!"

IMPERIALISM: ITS PRICE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I have just read in a worthy publication a critique of the views of Dr. EMIL REICH, an eminent Hungarian, who says that Imperialism degrades and unsexes women. I was appalled: he seemed to have behind him the authority of the Reichstag. The truth, as a local poet observes, is a stranger to fiction. My imaginings had been indeed astray. Incidents which I had regarded as nugatory assumed an imperial significance. I reflected upon ADOLPHIA my first-born, and was astounded. What I had thought mere perversity and narrowness of view (she is over eight years of age) became protracted into dim infinity. Her attempts to flirt with the gardener's son were justified. It was the price she had to pay for my Imperialism: it was a deliberate endeavour to flirt imperially. (I may say

that he is of colonial extraction—White-chapel, I believe.)

My second-born, ADOLPHULA, whose wallings I had unhesitatingly stigmatised as unearthly, was instantly absolved. She was the voice of Imperialism. Again, when I considered the love of gossip exhibited by my patient MARIA, I had to admit that she was a mere counter in the hands of Imperialism: her remarks were imperially unseasonable. JANE the housemaid, who is perpetually breaking *articles de vertu*, had to be acquitted of wilful negligence: it is the price she has to pay for my Imperialism. (I may say incidentally that I should have been relieved if she had also paid the price of the crockery.) Even the cook is no clog on the wheels of Imperialism. Twice have we found her intoxicated before an important dinner party. We were then foolishly annoyed. We did not understand the true signifi-

cance of her act. She was imperially intoxicated, and was making the noblest immolation of her ego to the fumes of Imperialism.

Sir, such a thought is inspiring: it gives furiously to think (a quotation from the same local poet). What a debt of gratitude do we owe to such an intellect! However angry we may feel, we cannot but recognise in all disasters the hand of Imperialism, and with bowed heads acquiesce in its manifold manifestations.

Yours, &c., SUBURBANUS.

FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF A NEW MARKED TESTAMENT.—"The advantage of such markings is undoubted,—to serve as finger-posts to those who are but little acquainted with their Bibles. Missionaries and Evangelists will find the book invaluable." Rather hard on the Missionaries and Evangelists.

"L'ART D'ÊTRE GRAND-PÈRE."

THOUGH it shall be conceded that two such skilful playwrights as Captain MARSHALL and Private PARKER could, between them, have concocted a far better original play than is *Everybody's Secret*, which, as is stated in the programme, is from PIERRE WOLFF's *Le Secret de Polichinelle*, yet it may be doubted if either, alone, or both together, could have given Mr. CYRIL MAUDE better dramatic "opportunities" than are offered in this play, which has already achieved a success that gives promise of a long run at the Haymarket.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON are an eminently respectable and fairly comfortably endowed *Darby and Joan*, going down the hill of life together, free from care and trouble, hand in hand. Suddenly each of them, apart from the other, discovers that they are grandfather and grandmother. In representing the preservation of this mutual mystification, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON are delightful: the burden of the task falling, naturally, on the shoulders of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. His finished impersonation of this character is bound to appeal direct to the heart of every audience. What matters the piece? Who cares whether it be quite reasonable, or whether it would not have been better had the English adapters kept it all French? Such questions, literary and dramatic, may interest the professional critic, but the public cares about none of these things, and only gauges drama, rightly enough too, by what it knows of human nature as exemplified in ordinary life. Why, bless you, *Sir Michael Parker, Bart.*, as represented by CYRIL MAUDE, and *Lady Parker* as played by Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON, do exactly what Mr. and Mrs. SMITH or Mr. and Mrs. JONES, or our friends the FOSBROOKS, would have done in similar, or in the same, circumstances.

CYRIL MAUDE gives us that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin when he devotes himself to the child of the dear son who has deeply offended him by marrying a shop girl. The shop girl herself, Miss JESSIE BATEMAN, is so evidently exactly the young lady with whom any straightforward honest young man would have fallen in love, that at sight of her—remembering *Hester* in TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste*—we forgive the impulsive young Guardsman everything, and only hope that somehow or other the old couple will be able to allow the young people something considerable over and above five hundred a year, which sum, in addition to his pay, has had to suffice *Lieutenant Richard Parkes* (CHARLES BRYANT) not only for his domestic expenses, including wife, child and servant, but also for keeping up appearances generally as an officer in the Guards.

Private PARKER may be pardoned for ignorance as to the pay of officers in the Guards, but Captain MARSHALL, his collaborateur, may be credited, as a military man, with knowing something about the matter, and, unless expenses have been considerably cut down, £500 a year, *plus* his pay, for a Lieutenant in the Guards and his family would be, as Mr. TRADDLES observed when running over his expenses, "rather a tight fit."

The charm of the piece, after Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's grandfather, is the impersonation of the little boy *Micky*, aged four years, by Miss I. HAWKINS. Among the *Peter Pan* children now on the stage, there is not one so perfectly natural as is this infant *Roscius*. His performance—beg pardon, I mean her performance—is so perfect that it is difficult to believe the little person is acting, that is "merely puttendin'," and still more difficult is it to realise that, after all, she is only repeating in words and action exactly what she has been taught. On the sterling result her stage-instructor, be it Mr. CYRIL MAUDE or who it may, is to be most heartily congratulated. Her artless rendering of little *Micky* is to her "mere child's-play."

The part of the brusque-mannered, hearty and honest

friend of the family, *Captain Pierrepont*, "late R.N.," is breezily rendered by Mr. EDWARD MAURICE; while Miss HELEN FARRERS does her best for the representative of the very up-to-date enthusiastic promoter of clubs for ladies, *Mrs. Mellor*. Miss DAGMAR WIEBE creates a character in the short scene where she appears as *Miss Wilmot Cooper* with her mother *Mrs. Wilmot Cooper*, pleasantly rendered by Miss ELIZABETH KIRBY. Miss AMELIA MASON's portrayal of the old servant, *Rebecca*, is thoroughly artistic.

Honours divided between Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, little Miss I. HAWKINS, and Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON; and in Second Act undoubtedly the largest share goes to the child, who is as far removed from what was known in the time of *Nicholas Nickleby* as "an infant phenomenon" as is the highly-finished acting of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE from the rough provincial staginess of Mr. Vincent Crummies.

Everybody's Secret will be in everybody's mouth, and no one will keep it to himself, or herself, for the next six months. Everybody is interested up to the very last moment, and not a soul stirs till the curtain descends on the final tableau representing the re-union of hearts and the end of all difficulties.

FROM "THE RUBAIYAT OF JOSEPH I-AM."

(With apologies to Omar, Fitzgerald, and Mr. J—— C——.)

The idols that I never loved for long
Have done my credit in the world much wrong;
Have advertised me as a demagogue,
With ever some new promise to the throng.

Indeed, indeed, allegiance oft before
I swore, and partly meant it when I swore,
But then came Opportunity, and she
My threadbare fealty to pieces tore.

My moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on, nor your entreaties nor your wit
Shall lure me on to do one thing it wrote,
Nor can the wise believe one word of it.

But though ambition play the infidel
And rob me of my robe of honour—well,
Twice I have wrecked my party, and to me
Has come advancement, to my friends a sell.

I sent my son through ARTHUR BALFOUR'S door;
I bid him haste, while in, to make his score.
And by and by my son returned to me
And said, "I am the Tory Chancellor."

His Budget computations, so men say,
Will show a surplus; (Malice answers, "Nay,
It is but drawing on the future for
To-morrow's income, scraped in yesterday.")

Oh, ARTHUR BALFOUR, weaving in your glee
A veil of words through which men may not see,
Some little talk awhile of thee and me
There was, but soon no more but me, me, ME.

And then, when ASQUITH and when SPENCER keep
The halls where you have stuck in mud so deep,
Alone I'll vanquish them, and rise alone
While you and they alike to darkness creep.

Yesterday this day's madness did prepare
To-morrow's silence, shuffling or despair;
Shrink, for you know not what I do nor why,
Shrink, for you know not when you go nor where.

From parish politics through GLADSTONE's gate
I rose, and on the throne of Empire sate,
And many a knot unravelled by the way,
But not the master knot of BALFOUR's fate.

For I who did with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road he was to wander in,
Did never dream that he could cling to place
Deserted, though I knew him thick of skin.

Alike to those who for to-day prepare,
And those who after some to-morrow stare,
ARTHUR from Downing Street in triumph cries,
"Your calculation's neither here nor there."

Into this agitation, why not knowing
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it like wind across the waste
I pass (and whither?) willy-nilly going.

Ah! VINCE, could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp our Party in the House entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!

We'd have no other than a moving row
Of dummy-politicians come and go
In due obedience to the order sent
From Highbury by the master of the show.

SAME OLD SANTLEY.

NEVER was our great and unrivalled Baritone in better voice than on Wednesday, March 22, when he sang at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and gave us, in the first part, the delightfully and exquisitely tunelessly dramatic "*Non piu andrai*," from MOZART's immortal *Nozze di Figaro*. Everyone could perfectly imagine Nareisetto standing by and listening attentively to the inspiring instructions. If 'tis music and dramatic action you want—ah!—where is one single song in a modern comic opera, or comedy opera, that can compare with this? and where is the singer who can give it as effectively as Count CARLOS SANTLEY? And his reception! Why, at the height of his great popularity, when the praise of SANTLEY was the one musical theme, it couldn't have been more enthusiastically hearty.

MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE was welcomed as the *remplacante* of Miss DALE, who, unfortunately, was unwell and unable to appear, and therefore she might have been apologised for by someone to whom aspirates are no hobject, as not DALE because hill.

MISS FLORENCE sang delightfully the quaint songs, "*If I had a Dolly*" (LÖHR), and "*Invitation to Arise*" (GRAHAM PEEL), as also BISHOP's ever-welcome "*Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark*," with flute obligato by Mr. ELI HUDSON. Excellent!

MR. PERCY GRAINGER was deservedly the recipient of long and loud encores for his forcible and sympathetic rendering of GRIEG's pianoforte *concerto*.

SANTLEY sang in the second part PAER's "*Agitato da Smania Funesta*" (*I Fuorusciti*), and of course it was as perfect as you could wish from a wild singer who declares that

"O'erwrought with fatal madness
My heart with fear now thrills,"

and so forth. But we should have been more than content had our SANTLEY given us only his "*Cherubino! alla vittoria!*" (in the Queen's Hall) "*Alla gloria militar!*" And with this MOZART-cum-SANTLEY still singing in our ears we may rest in peace till he again delights us with this comedy of music.



SHOW SUNDAY.

Our Artist. "HAVE YOU SEEN DASHER'S PICTURES?"

Lady. "No, I HAVEN'T. YOU SEE HE IS A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, SO I'M SURE TO SEE HIS AT THE ACADEMY SHOW. BUT I LIKE TO MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE STUDIOS, AND THERE I CAN GET A CHANCE OF SEEING PICTURES THAT ONE IS NOT LIKELY TO MEET WITH AGAIN!"

THE FREE-TECTIONIST.

[This curious production was found under a bench on the Government side of the House of Commons. The verses would appear to be susceptible of two interpretations, as will be seen if they are read first down each column and then across. We have no doubt that they represent the views of many Conservative Members.]

I HOLD as faith	What CECIL doth avow
All JOSEPH saith,	My conscience can't allow,
That Voter is misled	Who holdeth JOE supreme
Who holdeth him in dread	Quite merits my esteem.
When Free Trade stands	The moon shall turn to cheese
confessed	
This nation shall be blessed.	When JOE's brought to his knees.
And he is but an oaf	Who doth Protection prize
Who shuns the Little Loaf	Is staunch, true-blue and wise.

A DUCAL DIFFICULTY.—The Duke of FIFE (as it was represented by the *Westminster Gazette* in an interesting anecdote concerning the peerage the other day) "being a Duke of the United Kingdom, walks after Dukes of England and Scotland." If some of the English and Scotch Dukes go a trifle fast—and we have had such instances—the Duke of FIFE's position will be somewhat embarrassing. What steps will he be bound to take?

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH MUSIC.

REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION.

A CROWDED public Meeting was held on Friday last in the Albert Hall to discuss the future of English music. The chair was taken by Sir OLIVER LODGE, who was supported by Sir GILBERT PARKER, Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Dr. EMIL REICH, Mr. JOHN BURNS, FLORIZEL VON REUTER, the Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, the CHIEF RAMU, Señor MANUEL GARCIA, and others.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that the Meeting had been convened by a number of persons deeply interested in the future of English music, and sincerely anxious to take such steps as might be necessary to eliminate from it the taint of colourless common-placeness which Sir EDWARD ELGAR had recently described as the chief cause of its want of success.

Sir GILBERT PARKER, who followed, stated that in his opinion English music was too parochial. Composers must learn to think—and singers to sing—imperially. Sir EDWARD ELGAR had said that English music was white. It ought to be red, white and blue, if it was in any way to represent the true spirit of the Empire. Sir GILBERT PARKER concluded a spirited speech by singing a Canadian boat-song, tastefully accompanied by Sir OLIVER LODGE on a wireless grand pianoforte.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that he thought it was high time in the interests of scholarship and research to protest against the inordinate amount of time and attention devoted to the Cinderella of the arts. He had it on the authority of Sir EDWARD ELGAR that British music only began to be worthy of consideration about the year 1880, and was still tainted with a low type of commonplaceness which no amount of University education would eradicate. If that was so, why labour further in a fruitless field? What was the matter with the tongs and bones?

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY rose to protest against this misreading of Sir EDWARD ELGAR's meaning. The music of the music-halls, as he (Mr. ROBEY) had conclusively proved in his article in the current number of *Ideas*, was invariably refined and artistic. It was only when composed by University men that it became dull and vulgar. Take "*Blue Bell*," for example. (*Panic.*) Mr. ROBEY here sat down, after inviting the Meeting singly or collectively to chase him.

Mr. HERMANS FISCH, the director of the Palace Theatre orchestra, stated that since the stringed instruments in that theatre had been fitted with the new flexible tailpiece, the beauty of tone produced had become almost insufferably exquisite. It was a libel on the English

to describe them as an unmusical nation in view of the fact that the burglars who broke into the Brixton Theatre on Sunday week had included the big drum from the orchestra in their booty.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE gave it as his opinion that purity of musical taste amongst the English had been seriously impaired by the influx of pauper foreign immigrants, most of whom played no other instrument than the Jew's harp.

The CHIEF RAMU interposed to explain that the innuendo was based on a fallacy of nomenclature. The instrument in question was not the Jew's but the Jaw's harp, in proof of which derivation he referred Mr. WHITE to the new Oxford Dictionary.

Dr. FURNIVALL said that one of his earliest recollections was being taken to hear a performer who played tunes by rapping with his fist on his jaw. He agreed with Mr. SIDNEY LEE that the excessive elaborateness of modern music was a sign of decadence and deterioration. Even our popular tunes were absurdly complex, and he found it impossible to whistle "*Hiawatha*" with any approximation to accuracy. With the permission of the Meeting he would illustrate his difficulty. (*Permission declined.*)

The Chairman deprecated the obscurantist tone of the previous speakers. Music was an indispensable instrument of culture and civilisation. It was the most transcendental of the arts. For himself he did his highest thinking to slow music, and had decided to employ the method of cantillating or intoning to the psalter when delivering his lectures at Birmingham and elsewhere. For further details he referred his hearers to his forthcoming article in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*.

The Hon. CHARLES PARSONS remarked that the best way to promote British music was to secure for it the widest hearing. He had recently patented an improved gramophone which, on a calm, windless day, could be distinctly heard at a distance of three miles. (*Cheers.*) But the instrument was only in its infancy, and he was not without hopes that in a short time he would be able to make it heard across the Channel, and perhaps even in Leipzig, Munich, Berlin and Bayreuth. When that hour arrived it would be impossible for Germany to neglect or despise English music any longer. Music, like journalism, was simply a question of transport, and the country with the most powerful gramophone was bound to have the largest audience, and fall into the most hysterical transports.

FLORIZEL VON REUTER dissented strongly from the last speaker. Music was the youngest of the arts, and therefore it was only fitting that its greatest executants

should be of tender age. You could not dress up a gramophone in a velvet coat with a broad turn-down collar, nor had he ever heard of 400 ladies storming a platform and kissing a gramophone.

Mr. JOHN BURNS laid stress on the educative influence of street nomenclature. There was a Stradella Road at Herne Hill, and a Parsifal Road at Finchley. He appealed to Mr. SIDNEY LEE to rename the High Street at Stratford-on-Avon Corelli Parade.

The Chairman said that for his part he found much pleasure in the flute of Pan, or Pan-pipes. Since he had adopted this soothing instrument he had changed his name to JOHN OLIVER LODGE.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER asked what colour Scotch music would be called by Sir EDWARD ELGAR. His own predilections lay in the direction of the bagpipes. If no one present had any objection he would like to skirl a little now. ("*No! no!*") Very well.

The Meeting then broke up with expressions of good-will to everyone except the composer of "*Blue Bell*."

THE WOBBLER.

[“The late ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER of Morwenstow was of opinion that it was permissible to hold two contradictory opinions on the same subject, provided you let five minutes elapse between the one and the other.”—*Westminster Gazette.*]

SOME narrow folk there are who lack
Imagination quite;
They swear that black is always black—
And never can be white.
Far otherwise it is with me;
Indeed, I darkly wonder whether
The self-same colour may not be
Both black and white and grey together.

I hear Sir Oracle of Brum,
And all my doubts are laid;
Intent and eager I become
To champion Free Trade.
Five minutes pass—enough to give
My views the opposite direction:
I've heard C.-B., and now I live
For one great cause alone—Protection.

While thus I veer 'twixt “cons” and
“pros,”
Conflicting passions rise;
As idiots I know the “Noes,”
As fools I eye the “Ayes;”
And when division bells remind
That now my vote must be decided,
I very generally find
That, like the House, I am divided.

I seek the lobby on the right,
But ere I cross the floor,
Five fatal minutes wing their flight;
I pause beside the door;
Fresh aspects I begin to see,
The new conviction still grows stronger;
Another ego enters me;
I change, and I am “aye” no longer.



CRUEL.

Charming Lady. "I wonder how it is that women keep young-looking longer than men?"
Old Bachelor. "Bachelors getting scarce, I expect."

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN has been succeeded by General LINIEVICH. As an Anglo-German gentleman told us the other day, "Only a vich or a vizard can save the Russians."

By-the-by, there is nothing inherently improbable in the report that General KUROPATKIN has accepted a smaller command than he had before. It will be remembered that at first ALEXEIEFF was a full Admiral, but subsequently became a rear Admiral.

The Russian Finance Minister has written to the *Times* to say that, in spite of statements to the contrary, the huge gold reserve at St. Petersburg still exists. This is good news for the Japanese, who were getting nervous about their indemnity.

The *Novoe Vremya* publishes details of a great commissariat scandal. Thank Heaven, such things cannot happen in the British Army! We mean, of course, that the details cannot be published.

The Australians' reply to the charge

of shortage in their consignments of jam to South Africa—*Jam satis*.

France is feeling quite embarrassed at the amount of attention she is receiving from the KAISER. Not content with dining the other day at her Embassy in Berlin, he is now showing an active interest in her policy in Morocco.

"MULLAH submits," announced our newspaper placards last week. "LANS-
 DOWNE submits," announced the placards of the Somaliland newspapers, which, of course, are not so well-informed.

The Army Council, it is announced, is to have a flag, consisting of a Union Jack bearing a shield with three cannon and a cannon ball. We fear, however, that this attempted bluff as to having the guns will deceive nobody.

"Fashion gets more exacting every year," complained a lady the other day after a visit to the Whistler Exhibition.

According to *Nature* the total eclipse of the sun on August 30 next will take place at a time when the number of

spots on its face is about the maximum. It is only human that in such circumstances the sun should wear a veil.

The new Tower Bridge Police Court, which is to displace the old building at Southwark, is described as palatial. This handsome edifice became necessary, we understand, as the class of prisoner is steadily improving. The accommodation for solicitors is said to be admirable.

The article in the current number of the usually carefully edited *Pall Mall Magazine* on "The Liberal Leaders" has given some offence to those concerned, owing to the fact that an advertisement headed "Anæmia: its cause and cure," is inserted in the middle of the article.

Now that Mr. MARCONI is married, ladies are asking how long will they have to wait for what they have been hankering after for some time past, namely, a wireless crinoline.

The *Cingalee* is proving the kind of play that lawyers like—a piece with plenty of action in it.



BACK TO THE LAND.

Farmer's Wife (who has told the new lad from London to collect eggs). "WELL, JACK, HAVE YOU GOT MANY?"

Jack (who has reeled a sitting hen). "RAATHER! ONE OLD 'EN SHE'S BIN AND LAYED THIRTEEN, AND I DON'T THINK SHE'S FINISHED YET!"

LINES ON A PRIMROSE.

I sing the primrose, apt to stir
Emotion in the minor poet,
What time his pensive footsteps err
Through woods and places where
they grow it.

Oft in some dim, sequestered nook,
Which very few have cast their eye on,
It glows with yellowish tint, though not
So yellow as the dandelion.

Shy plant, with vernal grace endued
My solitary walk to cheer,
At sight of thee my eyes exude
Faint traces of the unbidden tear.

I note thee with a kind of awe;
A solemn joy my spirit fills;
I feel like Wordsworth, when he saw
The sheep—or were they daffodils?

Rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
(To quote a phrase intact from MILTON)
Thy brief effulgence typifies
What sand our highest hopes are
built on.

The promise of thy nascent bloom,
That seemed of springtime to assure us,
Is taken by untimely doom,
Blasted by Aquilo and Eurus.

If brooks with hidden truth be packed,
And edify, like printed works;

If in each stone—portentous fact—
A little sermon, ambushed, lurks;

Thou too art fraught with silent speech,
And mutely eloquent thy fate is;
Thine too, consumptive flower, to teach
A striking moral lesson—*gratis!*

PEACE TO ITS CINDERS!

A Scrap-heap Epitaph.

[An experimental trip of the new electric vestibule-trains was run on the Underground Railway last week, thus marking the fast-approaching end of the old-style Inner Circle traffic.]

HERE LIE

The Remains of the Steam-drawn
Rolling-Stock
(Late of the Underground)
which

Entered into Existence
on January 10, 1863
and

Received its Death-blow by Electrocutation
In the Early Morning Hours
of March 21, 1905
When

The Signal was given to Clear the Line
For the New Motor-Driven Train.
It Started

Its Subterranean Career
Amid a Chorus of Mid-Victorian Eulogies
As an Eighth Wonder of the World,
and,

Passing through
a Ricketty and Precarious Infancy,
Followed by

A Sulphurous and Sooty Adolescence,
and a Life of Grime,

It settled down
Into Dingy and Senile Decay,
Hastened on

By Chronic Attacks of Asphyxia,
A Growth of Tube-reulosis

And
Congestion of the Circulatory System.

It was
About as Third-class as they Make,
But

It served Its Generation According to
Its Lights

(Which, by the way, were None Too
Brilliant)

And
It certainly did not go the Pace.
Being No Longer
Tolerated in the Infernal Regions.
It is now Finally Shunted Upwards
UNREGRETTED by All,

And
Awaiting a Transformation.
Into Hen-Coops and Rabbit-Hutches,
Or, very possibly,
The Ingredients of a Bonfire.

A QUESTION for the next examination
of budding officers: "Which is the
heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound
of jam?"



FALLING OUT.

THE BARE. "GO IT, MY BOYS! I SHALL SOON BE OUT OF THE WOOD AT THIS RATE!"

[The electors have before them two schemes involving a change in our Fiscal policy. The first, as propounded by Mr. Balfour, is a colourless production known as Retaliation. With regard to these, we should say, frankly and honestly, that Retaliation is damned.]—"Notes for Electors," circulated by Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform League.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"AHA!! THE FISCAL QUEST-I-ON!"

Chorus of Passive Desisters. "SOFT!! THEY WOULD EXT-R-RAP US, LURE US TO DEST-R-RUCTION! LET US DISSEMBLE!"

(Mr. B-l-f-r, Mr. L-t-t-l-n, Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-r-l-n, and Mr. Br-dr-ck.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 20. — How long is it since DON JOSÉ came back from South Africa bringing his sheaves with him in the form of undertaking on behalf of the mine owners to guarantee a contribution of thirty millions to the expenses of the War in South Africa? A first instalment of ten millions fell due last year; but where is the hard cash? *Où sont les acigés d'antan?* They are as substantial as this promise has proved.

British credit earlier pledged to the tune of £100,000,000 for the benefit of Irish landlords and tenants was pawned to extent of £35,000,000 for the Transvaal. That's all right; irrevocably done. In mere matter of interest payable annually it saves Transvaal £350,000 a year. But in polite society we don't mention the Transvaal's promised contribution to the costs of a war swelled by purchase of horses no one could remount, rounds of ammunition no one could fire, tins of jam conveying to the ear promise of 16 ozs. to the pound,

breaking TOMMY ATKINS' heart with discovery that they contained only 12.

DON JOSÉ not here to-night to state his views on realised facts. In his place his successor at Colonial Office left to make best of hapless business. Experience following on other of similar character beginning to tell on ALFRED LYTTELTON. His shoulders bending under the burden; his laugh less spacious in its illuminating power, a circumstance not compensated for by increased space in the parting of his hair as it shades the crown of a noble head.

All very well to be at Colonial Office while khaki fever raged, and every vote given to Liberal candidates at the poll was a vote given to the Boers. LYTTELTON's lot is different. He comes in when the drums have ceased to beat, the trumpets to blare, and when the Auditor-General's report of fantastic War Office extravagance has begun to circulate. Gallantly tries to make the best of a bad wicket. Admits there is no chance of enforcing

redemption of the pledge about the ten millions. But we must hope on. Curious how in depression of moment Colonial Secretary, avoiding the familiar cricket-field, goes to the stables for similes.

"Don't," he said to McCRAE, not ostentatiously a horsey man, "hurry your horse over bad ground; wait till he gets on the grass; then he'll gallop."

So pleased with this way of putting it he lingered over the illustration. What was meant, he explained, was that next year the Premier mine would contribute at the rate of £400,000 per annum to Transvaal revenue. He could not believe, he said, a tear trickling down his manly cheek, that, thus placed in funds, the Transvaal would be so unmindful of the sacrifices made on her account by the Mother Country as to repudiate her undertakings.

What was made clear through long speech is that if Transvaal felt disposed towards repudiation there is nothing in the world to prevent her indulging in luxury. House realised amid consterna-



LE GOUVERNEMENT C'EST MOI.

Mr. Iqbal Malcolm congratulates Mr. Will Crooks—sole occupant of the Treasury Bench during Fiscal Debate.

tion that there is not in existence a document—not even a half sheet of note-paper—that would serve to enforce the claim. As the ex SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, now a Florentine Noble, remarked, the House of Commons had, under false pretences, been induced to guarantee a sum of £35,000,000. That was not exactly how ALFRED LYTTELTON put it. But it comes to the same thing in the end.

Business done. Disclosure made that, if the Transvaal pleases, she can snap her finger at British taxpayer in respect of contribution to war costs exacted by Don José. That bold buccaneer Hicks-Beach proposes we shall noble mine royalties and pay ourselves. This, coming from a mildly-spoken gentleman understood to fill the office of churchwarden in his country home, regarded as going a little far.

Tuesday. There was performed this afternoon one of those little acts of self-sacrifice which find no record in print nor acknowledgment from the public. In Committee of Supply on Vote for costs of criminal prosecution LORCH moved an amendment reducing it by £200. Action taken by way of censuring ATTORNEY-GENERAL for his action—rather his inaction in matter of WHITTAKER WRIGHT. Subject invited, almost compelled, speech of at least an hour's length.

To Mr. LORCH temptation seemed irresistible. A nice quiet afternoon; only three o'clock; Committee at his mercy. Yesterday BLAKE in similar circumstances talked for an hour, with CLANCY to follow for forty-five minutes.

As afternoon sitting is suspended at seven-thirty, and questions do not close till three, here was nearly half of the sitting appropriated by two Members. The honour of Islington demanded that Ireland should not thus triumph. Get LORCH's blood up and he might be safely backed to beat in length of speech any two Irish Members.

Now was his time; here his opportunity. But, loyalty to the Party, fidelity to Country (same thing), pointed to another pathway. Ministerialists, worn out with incessant watchfulness, still tarried on the way to Westminster. If division were taken forthwith, Government would be put in a minority.



"With Clancy to follow for forty-five minutes."

LORCH, rising to height of occasion, determined to sacrifice his speech. To all outward appearance it was done without a ripple of emotion. He moved his amendment and sat down. But who shall say what pangs rent his heart?

Pleasant to know that an hour later he found the reward that does not always come to the deserving. WHITTAKER WRIGHT disposed of, the BECK case came on, and Mr. LORCH plunging in worked off a speech of prodigious length. Here and there it was a little mixed. WHITTAKER WRIGHT's head popped in where BECK's body stood. But on the whole, considering the circumstances, it was a *tour de force*. Happily he was assisted by the circumstance that in either case, *re* WHITTAKER WRIGHT, or *re* BECK, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to be hanged.

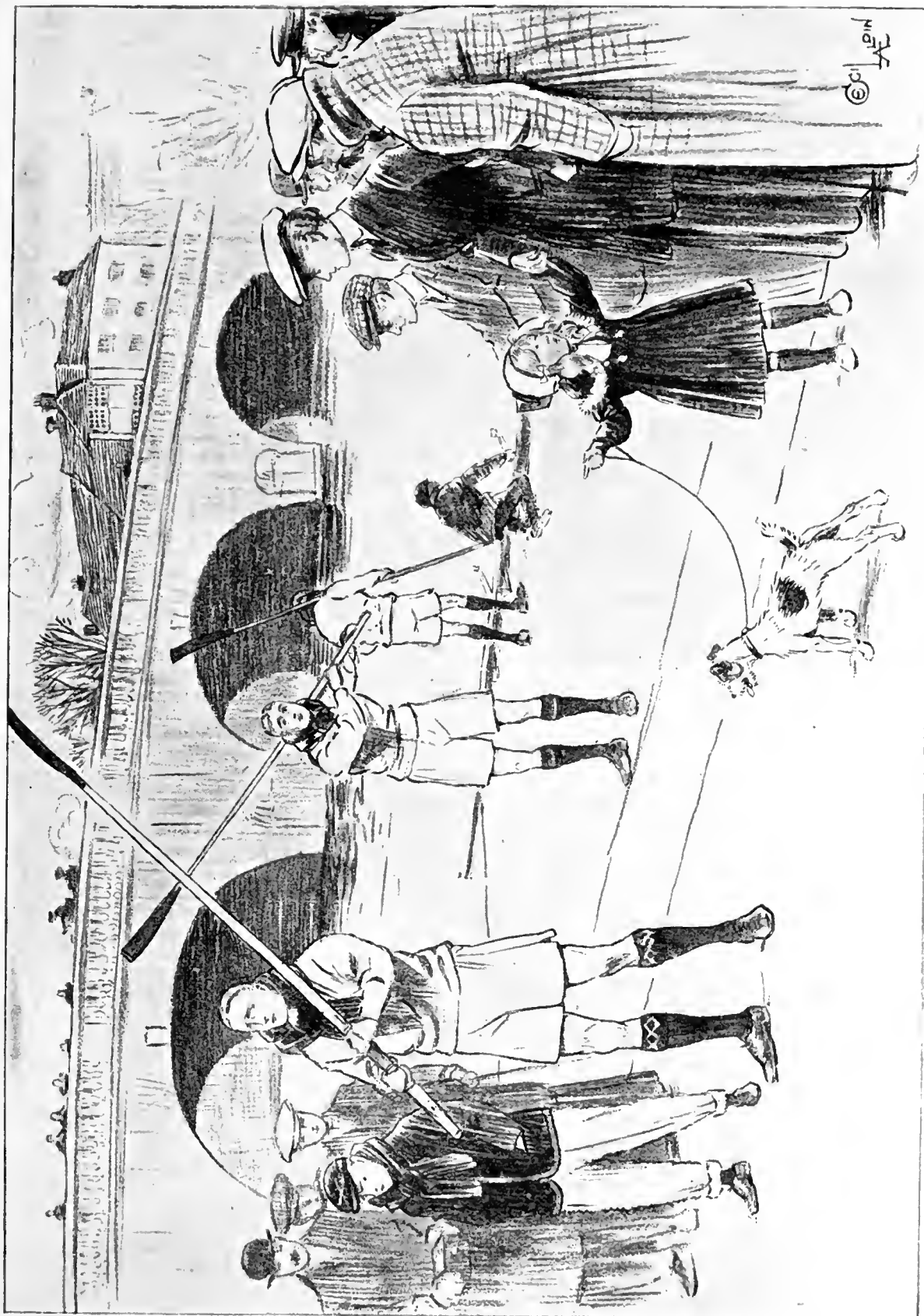
Dismal part of story is that the sacrifice was wasted. AGLAND-HOOD too old a bird to be netted in this fashion. If LORCH would not make a speech, thus giving opportunity for Ministerialists to muster, he knew a man that would. It was BANBURY, as usual, who took the cake. As soon as LORCH sat down he rose with casual air, and approached WHITTAKER WRIGHT case in a four-wheeler, as it were, engaged at hour rate.

Opposition, seeing their plans foiled, howled with rage. BANBURY, with pretty affectation of not hearing any remarks, articulate or otherwise, jogged along. Interrupted with enquiry as to where he was going, he didn't seem quite clear on point. "Banbury Cross," someone suggested. But that is not within the four-mile radius, and no cabby would accept a job at half-a-crown an hour. As discussion of matter served his purpose just as well as if he continued his speech, he sat down whilst CHAIRMAN and HENRY FOWLER talked it over.

C-B. played up to his hand with angry denunciation of what he described as the most gross bit of obstruction within his experience. If C-B. would only keep banging away for a few more minutes, Ministerialists dropping in by twos or threes would avert disaster. To make quite sure BOND was next put up, amid renewed howls from gentlemen opposite. Mr. BOND stared into space with air of serious abstraction. Every minute's howling was worth at least two votes. In intervals of the storm Mr. BOND said a word or two more or less remotely connected with ATTORNEY-GENERAL's conduct of the WHITTAKER WRIGHT case, and at a nod from the PINK 'UN resumed his seat.

The men had arrived; no further risk in a division; taken, it showed Ministerial majority of 64.

"Not the first time the Capitol has been saved by cackling," observed the MEMBER FOR SARK.



"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

Little Girl (in a loud whisper). "Oh, Auntie, what rude men!"

Business done.—Guillotine at work. Members walked seven times round the lobbies, and so passed all supplementary estimates.

Friday night. Undesignedly, not, therefore, less effectually, picturesque contrast provided just now on Treasury Bench. WALTER LONG completing his first week at the Irish Office. Sits by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, who these ten years past has borne the heat and burden of the day. Fresh from the fields overlooked by Board of Agriculture, the new CHIEF SECRETARY sits in radiant health and strength, as yet his withers unwrung. His learned colleague, with skin of parchment hue, lack-lustre eyes, a voice which, when uplifted, reveals a state of chronic irritation, droops by his side.

PLUTARCH records how, in the days of the Pharaohs, the giver of a banquet provided as one course a skeleton, handed round with the genial remark, "Look on this; eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die." To-day ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND fills the place, drives home the moral of the skeleton of the Egyptian feast. Naturally a light-hearted man, with keen sense of humour and a stock of choice stories, ATKINSON, after ten years' hard labour at the Irish Office, is transformed into this grey shadow of a man, hollow-eyed, leaden-hearted. So far reduced in weight that the slaves to whom is allotted the task of carrying him round at Viceregal banquets in Dublin Castle make light of the burden.

Fortune, kinder to the new CHIEF SECRETARY than she has shown herself to his predecessors as far back as the time of FORSTER, has allotted him only a brief space of time in the place of tribulation. He will be a freeman before the iron has time to enter deep into his soul. Meanwhile, as he sits next to his learned colleague, breathless after having reeled off nineteen answers to questions, he illustrates a situation interesting for some predestined gentleman on the Front Bench opposite.

Business done.—The "gagged" Irish Members have another sitting all to themselves.

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER VI.

I SHOULD say it would be about as much as Aunt SELINA's place is worth to speak severely to PHYLLIS, and, to do her justice, she is far too well-bred a woman to make any visitor feel uncomfortable by ragging her in his presence.

Still, anyone could have seen she was annoyed; and, while the cream was being spooned out of her lap into a slop-basin, she made remarks on the inconveniences of allowing monkeys to be about at afternoon tea which I, for one, considered most beastly offensive.

And even PHYLLIS could find no better excuse for me than that I was probably half starved, and the sight of cucumber sandwiches had proved too much for my manners. Which was too sickening—considering my sole object had been to nip in ahead of MONTY in handing the fool to her! And yet people talk rot about "feminine insight!"

But I kept my temper. I merely let them see that I was hurt by turning my tail on them all, and stalking off to a corner—not, I flatter myself, without a certain dignity. I had had nothing since breakfast, except, as I fancy I mentioned before, a bit of biscuit and a rotten banana—but, after my Aunt had called me "a greedy little pig," I scorned to touch a morsel. Not to mention that my doctor has often told me never on any account to touch cucumber.

Presently I had what I thought (and still think) a flash of real inspiration. If I couldn't *speak*, by Jove! I could *spell*! Rather rockily, perhaps—in fact it was my spelling that really spun me in more than one exam—but still, quite well enough to make myself understood by the meanest intelligence.

All I actually required was some sort of Alphabet. With

that, I could fix up a few simple sentences and lay them at PHYLLIS's feet. When she read, for instance, something like this: "Sorry. *My* mistake. Not *Pig*. Only *Polite*. Disguised, but thorough *Gentleman*. Please let me go on *Stage*," she would be astonished—but even more touched by my appeal. The problem was, how to get hold of an Alphabet.

Now, though few people give me credit for it, I *have* brains when I choose to exert them—and it didn't take me long to come across the identical thing for my purposes.

For, lying on a chair in the corner, I found a book in a thick leather binding—oldish, I imagined (I must tell you my Aunt rather fancies herself as a *Connoisseur*, and of course gets taken in with all manner of worthless old rubbish). But what fetched me was the *inside* of the book. On nearly every page there was a big fat capital letter, gilded and painted in a rather gaudy style, much after that of the texts I used to illuminate when I was a good little boy in a holland blouse. If I'd searched for a month I couldn't have got hold of anything more ripping!

So I went to work, and soon ferreted out an S, and an O, and then an R—but I couldn't discover another R, and the silly old Johnny who had painted the badly book didn't seem ever to have heard of a Y! However, SORI was correct enough for a monkey, and I tore those letters out—pretty neatly on the whole, for the paper was devilish tough—and then selected others I was likely to want, keeping as quiet as possible, so as to surprise PHYLLIS all the more later on.

But that interfering idiot of a MONTY spotted me before I was half ready!

"Mischievous little beggars monkeys are," he remarked, "always up to somethin' or other!"

"Some monkeys may be," said PHYLLIS; "not mine. It wasn't mischief just now—only hunger, poor darling!"

"Well, but I *say*," persisted MONTY, "he's busy tearin' up some paper now, with pictures in it, too!"

"Oh, I expect it's only *Punch*," said PHYLLIS, without looking round. "It doesn't matter, because we've *seen* that—at least we've looked at the pictures, you know."

MONTY said he never saw *Punch* himself—it didn't amuse him, somehow—still, he might be mistaken, but he'd a sort of idea that it hadn't gone in yet for giving coloured illustrations. That fetched them all up to see what I was about, and then my Aunt gave a kind of scream: "Good gracious, PHYLLIS!" she cried, "the miserable little wretch has got hold of that book of ours" (or she may have said "Hours,"—I don't know) "which Professor PERGAMENT kindly lent me to look at. And he's tearing it all to pieces!"

All PHYLLIS said to me was, "Oh, Monkey—Monkey!" But even as I still frantically tried to deal her out an S and an O and an R, this gentle reproof cut me to the quick.

"What *shall* I say to the poor dear Professor?" wailed my Aunt. "A valuable MS. like that! And when he was hoping the British Museum might buy it, too!"

"Afraid they won't give him much for it *now*," said MONTY, inspecting the fragments through his glass. "Monkey's taken a lot off the value already!"

"Mums, *darling*!" put in PHYLLIS. "It was only his *play*! And really, it was a good deal *your* fault, you know! You shouldn't leave such things about! The poor monkey couldn't possibly know what he was doing!"

"It's high time he was taught," said my Aunt grimly. On which MONTY volunteered the opinion that "a good licking would be a lesson to me."

"I won't have him whipped!" declared PHYLLIS. "He knows already that he's done wrong. Only *look* at him!" [I daresay I *did* look pretty abject—for I really was rather annoyed with myself.] "And I'll pay for it, out of my allowance!"

"As I believe the Professor gave some hundreds of pounds

for it at Sotheby's, PHYLLIS," retorted Aunt SELINA, "it may be some little time before you are able to make up the amount."

Of course I shouldn't allow her to do anything of the sort, I would take the entire responsibility on myself! After all, what would a few hundreds matter to me, as soon as I got that engagement at the Palace or the Hippodrome?

"Fact of the matter is, Miss ADEANE," said dear MONTY, "you'll never feel safe with a little beast like that about. I should advise you to get rid of it. If you're really keen on having a monkey, I can get you one with no nonsense about it—as quiet and well-behaved as any poodle. Only got to say the word, don't you know."

"I thought I told you before," said PHYLLIS, looking all the jollier in a bait, "that the word is 'No,' Mr. BLUNDELL. Do you quite understand? No—no—no! And if you persist in pressing any more monkeys on me which I don't want, I shall be really vexed!"

But old MONTY wouldn't take a hint, he seemed bent on crabbing my chances if he could—and we'd always been such pals, too!

"What I mean to say is," he went on, "if you must keep a monkey, why not a healthy one? I don't set up for a judge of 'em myself, but even I can see the little beggar is about as rickety as he can be."

"He isn't!" said PHYLLIS, indignantly. "And if he is, he can be cured. And he shall, too!"

"I should have said he was too far gone myself," said MONTY. "Besides, I fancy he's got something worse the matter, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you," said PHYLLIS. "What else do you think he's got?"

"Oh, I may be wrong," said MONTY. "Hope so, I'm sure. But those pink patches under the skin, eh? Look to me like—well—like the beginning of—er—mange, don't you know."

"Oh, Mr. BLUNDELL! Not really?" cried PHYLLIS.

But I could see that her ideal of me had received its first serious shock.

"I could have told you better if he'd been a fox-terrier," said MONTY. "Still, if I were you, I'd have in a vet. Nasty thing, mange!"

"Horrible!" said PHYLLIS, with a shudder. "But no. I won't believe it's anything so unpleasant!"

"I always abstain, on principle, my dear, as you know," observed my Aunt, "from saying anything so banal as 'I told you so.' Otherwise I should be tempted to ask what else you could possibly expect from a piano-organ!"

The suddenness of the accusation had completely floored me. It was so beastly unjust, too! What on earth did an unmitigated ass like MONTY know about mange? I admit that I may have been a trifle flushed in places. What

monkey *wouldn't* be, I'd like to know, after being scrubbed with such an infernal hard brush as I had been!

Still, I was determined to keep myself under control—to meet this terrible charge with the calm consciousness of innocence.

A hero in a melodrama, when accused by the villain of something he hasn't done, only has to stand in the limelight, with his right hand raised to the ceiling, and shout: "I call upon the Eternal Justice to decide between that Man and Me!" (or some such remark). And that brings the curtain down.

But I had no speech and no limelight. There wasn't even a curtain that would come down. I can assure you that just then I jolly well wished there *had* been one, if it would only have put an end to my trying situation.

F. A.

TO WALTER LONG.

DEAR Mr. LONG, when hydro-phobia

Was in this land endemic,
Keeping all modes of treatment quite at bay,

Both surgical and chemic,
You came, and with your muzzle

Did solve the dreadful puzzle.

If, of the rabies Hibernian
You prove yourself the queller,

Your health, in bumpers of Falernian

Drawn from the inmost cellar,

With customary song,
We'll drink, dear Mr. LONG.

JUST as he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat, so must he who writes for Irishmen be Irish too. The *Daily Mail* wrote on March 20:—

"Irishmen from every quarter of London marched westwards yesterday in units or battalions to attend the first great Gaelic service held in the Westminster Cathedral to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick."

But are there no Irishmen in London west of the Cathedral, or north of it, or south of it?

"Daily Mail" Arithmetic.

A RECORD "SLUMP."

RARE METAL FALLS 75,000 PER CENT. IN VALUE.

THE New York *Nation* this week, discussing the Anglo-Russian Arbitration, remarks that war has been thus averted, and a solution reached "without a single woman being made a widow." But can a single woman be made a widow?

THE *Scarborough Post* says that "the villages of Bainton and Middleton, in East Yorkshire, have ladies' cricket clubs. The last-named organisation has just held a ball." This is a good beginning. The first duty of a cricketer is to hold the ball.



WHO CAN DIVINE WHAT HIDDEN MUSIC LIES
IN THE FRAIL REED, TILL WINDS AWAKE ITS SIGHS?

Lord Lytton.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In a preface Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD hints that her latest work, *The Marriage of William Ashe* (SMITH, ELDER), resurges as "ghosts of men and women well known to an earlier England." It is not difficult to guess that in *William Ashe* is presented a sketch founded on the character and fortunes of Lord MELBORNE, and that, without the life of his wife, Lady CECILIA LANE, *Lady Kitty Ashe* would not have been. That, however, does not much matter. Mrs. Ward, sustained by the example of Melike, may pick up her good things where she finds them, so that she presents them in the masterful fashion of this novel. *William Ashe*, as son, husband and statesman, is an interesting study, finely dealt with. But to the reader, as to the company she frequented in town and country, at home or abroad, *Lady Kitty* is every thing. The skill of the novelist is shown in the opportunity of contrast presented by the two characters. In the husband we have the imperturbable Britisher of almost supernatural forbearance. At hand, dominating his life, meddling with, finally ruining, his high career, is the elfin wife, unaccountable even to herself for a series of performances that would wear out the patience of an archangel. *Lady Kitty* is not an endearing creature. It is probable that the average reader, like my Baronite, will occasionally be impatient with her husband's almost indomitable loving kindness. But the diverse characters, drawn with delicate though firm touch, command interest. The story of the husband and wife makes its way through vistas of political and social life, brilliant in their colouring. Incidentally we have a sketch of the historic fancy-dress ball at Devonshire House in Jubilee days. By way of contrast there are delightful word pictures of Venice by day and night. Alike in construction, character drawing and literary style, Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest work stands forth high above the ordinary level, successfully competing with other masterpieces by the same hand.

Of *The Confessions of an Ambitious Mother* (HEINEMANN) the Baron is unable to make either head or tale. At first he thought it was going to be a story after the style of the "Dear Diary," but this forecast he soon found was doomed to disappointment. The Baron thinks that it may be intended to illustrate, in a shadowy sort of way, the story of a good woman gone wrong, and of what might have been a good family gone wrong after her; but the Baron cannot conscientiously affirm that this interpretation is the true one. The attentive and curious reader, quick at skipping over confidential paragraphs and perpetual allusions to literary and dramatic authors, will probably find himself interested, by fits and starts, in the queer doings of some of the characters; and, if so, he will have to exercise considerable ingenuity in "trying back," picking up the scent, and then following the right line of country. *The Ambitious Mother* seems to have been intended for a second-class woman and a first-class liar. Now to interest the reader in such a study of character requires that the heroine should be equal in her way to *Becky Sharp*, and that a novelist equal to THACKERAY should give us the story of her life. The authorship is anonymous; the Baron has not the slightest curiosity to penetrate the veil of anonymity.

In *The Vicissitudes of Evangeline* (Duckworth), ELISON GLYS gives us further confessions of the young person. But the naïveté which was found so piquant in *The Visits of Elizabeth* no longer conceals its affectation of ingenuousness. *Evangeline* (no relation to her of the "forest primeval") frankly announces her intention of becoming an "adventuress"; but she is spared the disillusionment which might have been so salutary for her and so entertaining for the reader. At the first step she is diverted from her heroic

resolve by the intervention of a Duke's heir out of a fashion-plate. He has a beautiful "shape," and is called *Varasour*—a name to flutter the servants' hall, and very superior to its English equivalent, the humble Hodge. They sit together on a seat in the Park and kiss behind a fog; and the Duke, a very fastidious type, is obliged to yield to her superb dignity and declares that she will make "a magnificent Duchess." The book, says my Nautical Retainer, suggests an adaptation from a continental novelette, with the more explicit improprieties purged, and little left of the original except its vulgarity.

As for the old device of a diary, this is always useful if excuse is needed for a slipshod style (the author speaks of "that lovely feeling of being alive, and not minding much what happens, you feel so splendid, like I get on fine days"); but surely there are limits to the permissible uses of antiquity, and she should not have attempted, at this late hour, to convey an air of reality by the suggestion that *Evangeline's* journal was never designed for publication; as when she says that there is "no use pretending when one is writing one's own thoughts for one's own self to read when one is old." However, the book is too light for heavy criticism; and, after all, it is far above the average level of the *Family Herald*. With its lurid sidelights on the aristocracy, and its little tags of French—*not* always strictly accurate—it should have a *succès* fou below stairs.

The Baron has no hesitation in recommending *Mademoiselle Nellie*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG), to all readers whose time *pour se distraire* with novel-reading is necessarily limited. The book entitled *Nellie* consists of two separate and quite distinct stories, although, as there is no dividing page between the finish of the first and the commencement of the second, and as the title of the second, *The Fate of Two*, seems to suggest the continuation of the story of *Nellie* after her marriage, it is as well to warn the interested and sanguine that *The Fate of Two* has nothing whatever to do with *Mademoiselle Nellie*. The misunderstandings which make the tragi-comedy of *Nellie's* life are natural in the circumstances, and will appear, to the interested spectator carefully considering the circumstances, as quite natural. On two separate occasions there are just those complications that the right word said by the right person to the other right person at the right moment, would clear up in less than five minutes. The dialogue throughout is sharp and to the point; the badly pronounced incorrect French is capitally rendered. The slight incidental sketches of French *curios* may be superficially correct, but they must be taken as exceptional, and not by any means as types of a miserably under-paid, liberal-minded, devoted order. The second story, *The Fate of Two*, will inevitably recall to the experienced in melodrama the plot of *Pauline*; while the action in a grimly sensational scene reminds us of the strong situation in *La Dame de St. Tropez*. The story is none the worse for this; and it is, except just at the somewhat hurried *dénouement*, excellently told. How one who is so perfect in French as LUCAS CLEEVE must have been riled by the printer's "*Il n'a pas de chance*," and by the title of the well-known Regent Street restaurant being given as "*The Café Royale*." It is indeed considerable on the part of LUCAS CLEEVE to supply occasionally a full and free translation of a French sentence for the enlightenment of such of her English readers who may not have had the good fortune to visit Boulogne.





WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Friend from Town (after consulting point-to-point card). "CALL HIM RUGBY, DO YOU, JACK? WELL, I SHOULD CALL HIM CLAPHAM JUNCTION—HE'S ALL LINES AND POINTS!"

MARIHUMA.

[A recent discovery in Mexico. It is held to possess all the charms of tobacco, and at the same time to be not only innocuous, but actually to stimulate both digestion and appetite.]

FLOWER of the West, with the soft, sweet, name,
 Marihuma,
 Follow, oh, follow thy new-won fame,
 Marihuma;
 Follow it out from the thankless West
 (Nasty uncivilised part at best).
 Come! We would know thee, know thee and test,
 Marihuma.

Here is one I have loved full well,
 Marihuma,
 Sister of thine, with a sister-spell,
 Marihuma,
 Mild as the sap of the Balsam-Tree,
 Sweet as the odours of Engedi,
 Rose of a thornless Briar, she,
 Marihuma.

Ah, but she worketh this evil thing,
 Marihuma,
 Save we be chary of worshipping,
 Marihuma:
 Surely she sendeth a poisoned dart,
 Scraping the coats of the—tender part,—
 Giving us Staggers, and Smoker's Heart,
 Marihuma.

Thou, 'tis said, hast a purer charm,
 Marihuma,
 Milder and sweeter, and free from harm,
 Marihuma;
 Thine we may honour from morn till night,
 Worship, and win of the grateful rite
 Aid to digestion and appetite,
 Marihuma!

What is the truth of the tale one hears,
 Marihuma?
 Art thou the thing we have sought for years,
 Marihuma?
 Come, for thy presence alone can show
 (Man had discovered it years ago,
 Anywhere else than in Mexico),
 Marihuma.

Come, then, come to a kinder land,
 Marihuma;
 Thou shalt be met by a big brass band,
 Marihuma;
 Come to the trumpet, come to the drum,
 Come to the toot of the flute: ah, come,
 Come to the Pipe of your own DUM-DUM,
 Marihuma!

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR MR. G-ERGE EDW-RD-S AS A MEMENTO OF HIS LOST CAUSE.—"The Only Darling!"—*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II., Sc. 1.

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

When from distant parts returning,
 Dazed with foreign modes of talk,
 And the heart within him yearning
 Toward his home's *façade* of chalk—
 When at length his eye has lit on
 Dover's mole that mocks the tide,
 What is it that stirs the Briton
 With a throb of native pride,

Counteracting other spasms in the pit of his inside?

Does he muse—"I come from places
 Pitifully far behind
 I'm in all the arts and graces,
 Love of culture, breadth of mind?
 Paris, Seville, Munich, Naples—
 Can their gifts with ours compare?
 What have they to match with M-r-t-s,
 Or the Halls of Leicester Square,

Or the *cercle* of Carlton dinners where Ideas are in the air?"

No, he grants we may be duller
 Than the centres I have named,
 Deaf to music, blind to colour,
 Bare of art and unashamed;
Jeux d'esprit—we may have missed 'em,
 And our play of wit be slow,
 Yet he finds no second system
 Whose affairs so smoothly flow

Undisturbed by those who reckon they are there to run
 the show.

Other lands that view their Senates
 As the fount of social law
 May on their paternal tenets
 Hang with unaffected awe;—
 We regard our 'Chambers' chatter
 As of negligible weight,
 Like the wind of schoolboy battle
 In a boarding-house debate,

Full of noise but calculated not to compromise the State.

Here they fight, by fiscal faction
 Torn in two or even more,
 Ever seeking new distraction
 In the strokes they dealt before;
 While the nation, doing nicely,
 Goes the way it always went,
 Carrying on its work precisely
 As it would in the event

Of an *apoptosis* overtaking Parliament.

That is why the honing trotter,
 Pendent o'er the steamer's side,
 Feels his British heart grow hotter
 With a sense of native pride;
 Out of lands whose rulers lead 'em
 By a tutelary string
 He has come where ample Freedom
 Soars at large with lusty wing.

And the voice of politicians is a very little thing. O. S.

BROWN POTAGE DU BARRI.

RATHER a mess of potage this Savoyry dish. Yet here were the right ingredients to hand; only the clever *Cordon Bleu* was wanting. It is splendidly served up, but all the garnishing in the world can't atone for indifferent cooking. Let us drop metaphor and come to business.

What sort of play the French original of *Du Barri*, by JEAN RICHERIS, might have been it would be difficult to gather from CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN'S adaptation as produced at the Savoy Theatre. The one thing certain about this Savoy piece is that all the "curtains" are dramatically contrived, so that, however dull in dialogue and wearying by its inaction, the Prologue, or any one of the three Acts, may be, a dramatic situation can be depended upon suddenly to electrify the audience into a burst of enthusiasm which brings down "the drop" to genuine applause. The curtain has to be raised more than once to allow of the grateful actors and actresses bowing their acknowledgments, while among them MR. GILBERT HARE, the Hare apparent as *King Louis the Fifteenth*, sad of countenance and weary in manner, modestly deprecates any extra praise he may seem to have deserved by his generally clever stage-management.

The number of persons employed suggests the idea that such a piece as this would have had a far greater chance at Drury Lane or His Majesty's. The *mise-en-scène* could not have been by any means a simple task, even though MR. GILBERT HARE were aided by Stage-Manager MR. ROGER ALWYN and Assistant Ditto MR. CHARLES MAYNARD.

The music, composed and directed by MR. HERBERT SMITH, is of no little assistance to the conventional melodramatic action of the play; while the graceful and sparkling ballet merits the praise bestowed upon it by the benignant but critical Monarch in whose honour it has been arranged by that worthy *maitre de danse* SIEUR JEAN D'AUBAN.

MESSRS. HICKS, HANN and HARKER, the three *Aspirants* for scenic Honours, have excelled themselves,—each in his own department of art; HICKS in the Prologue and Epilogue, HANN in "the Pavilion" (not Brighton, but Versailles) and in "The *Du Barri*'s Bedroom" (Act II.), a gorgeous apartment, where HANN makes the bed and keeps everything in most apple-pie order; while HARKER has "The Park at Louveciennes" to himself, and produces a most effective scene.

All the tableaux are so striking that, produced alone as pictures without words, every single one of them (perhaps excepting the finish of Act I.) would tell its own story at a glance, and be received with as hearty applause as now greets them.

There is some good artistic work done in the course of the play, as, for instance, the *Madame Labille* of Miss ELSIE CHESTER, on whose by-play and that of the girls under her direction, in the shop-scene of the Prologue, depends the success of the poor, stage-managed love-making situation between Prince Rohan (MR. HOLMES GORE) and Janet Vaubernier (MRS. BROWN-POTTER). MR. WILLIAM DEVEREUX gives tone to the character of the King's confidential valet *Lebel*, as do the two HERBERTS, VYVYAN and HEWETSON, to the important parts of *Bernard* and *Morin*.

As the imperturbable scoundrel *Jean du Barri*, the villain of the piece, MR. WILLIAM ARINGTON is as good as bad can be (this is meant complimentarilywise); though if the author had made him ever so much worse, MR. ARINGTON would have been ever so much better.

Had the dialogue been up to the situations, had the piece been strongly cast, and had MRS. BROWN-POTTER never seen or heard of SARAH BERNHARDT, but had been coached in the part by an autocratic experienced master of all stage-craft, including "making-up," and had the piece been in a general way recast, it is highly probable that a very great success would have been obtained. Now, "*c'est magnifique*," and therefore is not unlikely to prove exceptionally attractive.

The Revival of Welsh.

"THE Carnarvon Town Council asked for the support of the Council of that town in its application for the location of the proposed Welsh National Museum at Carnarvon Castle. It was decided *meisrbrgeb ggefre gsfikfyffpjffi*. It was resolved to support Carnarvon."—*North Wales Chronicle*.



ON TOUR.

(Tangier, March 31.)

KAISER WILHELM (as the Moor of Potsdam) sings:—

“‘UNTER DEN LINDEN’—ALWAYS AT HOME,
‘UNDER THE LIME-LIGHT’ WHEREVER I ROAM!”





HOW ANIMAL PICTURES ARE PAINTED. "POSING THE MODEL."

Spokesman (to artist, whose patience is becoming exhausted after waiting a good half-hour for the correct position). "WE 'LL SOON 'AVE 'IM ALL RIGHT NOW, ZUR!"

VICARIOUS CITIZENSHIP.

[Some "Active Assistors" have recently foiled a desire for cheap martyrdom by anonymously paying the Educational rate of the Passive Resisters at Hayward's Heath.]

YE Active Assistors of Hayward's own Heath,
Who merit a leaf out of History's wreath,
Let the Humorous Muse
Flit around with the news
How you ransom the crank by the skin of his teeth!

More pow'r to your elbows and purse-strings, say I!
Straight down to your village I'm longing to fly,
Where I'd live on the cheap
And contentedly sleep,
While my conscience allows me on *you* to rely!

Or say, could you send a detachment to stay
Near here where I'm living (out Hammersmith way)?
With your pockets well lined,
I can readily find
Some local arrears that I'm loth to defray.

Our Councillor Graballs have visions immense
Of Utopias squeezed out of rate-payers' pence,
Until *my* soul recoils
From providing their spoils—
So come to my rescue! I claim your defence!

I've pious objections to pay £ s. d.
For loading each loafer with luxuries free;
But if *you* will shell out,
Unabashed I will shout,
"Qui facit per alium facit per se!"

ON A RECENT VERDICT.

"THREE thousand" for a *Cingal-ee*
Made EDW-ED-S use a double "d."
"Though G-LL and BR-KF-LD were so funny,"
Says GEORGE, "it wasn't worth the money;
And," as he adds with great good sense,
"They got their laughs at my expense,
The sum, from my experienced view,
Like every piece that is brand-new,
Wants cutting down. If I am wrong
Let Judges say. They will, ere long."

"MARSHAL OYAMA" (says the *Times*) "is comfortably quartered in five Chinese houses, and is in excellent health." Assuming that the words "drawn and" were inadvertently omitted before the word "quartered," we can only express our amazed admiration at the recuperative powers of these Japanese. It would look, by the way, as if there were not quite enough sections of the gallant Marshal to go round.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVISER.

(A surprise gift will be given to every reader whose letter is dealt with in this page.)

(With Apologies to "Smith's Weekly.")

"HARMONY," of Ipswich, writes to tell me that about a month ago in a fit of abstraction he bought a banjo. He took it to his lodgings, but the landlady absolutely refused to allow him to play it within her domicile.

He thinks that if he did once have lessons he would become quite a good player, but he does not want to leave his lodging, as he is comfortably settled there. He wants me to help him out of his difficulty by giving him advice on the subject.

The question is, "HARMONY," do you prefer your lodging to your banjo, or your banjo to your lodging? It was hardly worth while to write to me about it, although of course it affords me another opportunity of showing my urbanity and readiness. Also it entitles you to the surprise gift—although that is no great shakes.

"A CLAPHAM JUNCTION READER" asks me to tell him the name of a better paper for the home circle than *Brown's Weekly*. My dear Sir, you have achieved the hitherto impossible: you have stumped me.

I have before me a very pathetic letter from a boy of sixteen years. He signs himself "Physic," and resides in Hull.

He tells me that on the slightest occasion his mother goes to the cupboard and brings forth a bottle, and makes him take a dose of obnoxious medicine. Being usually a very healthy boy, he not unnaturally dislikes the custom, and he wants to know if he should refuse to be dosed in this indiscriminate manner.

You say you are a very healthy boy, "Physic"; but do you know this? Does not mother know best? There is an old and tender song which states that a boy's best friend is his mother. I believe in that song. I believe, "Physic," with all my heart that your mother is right. At the same time it is only fair to say that a really clever boy would retain the medicine in his mouth until his mother had gone, and then expel it.

"SPORT" writes to tell me about the audacity of the vagabonds and tramps who exist in the northern part of London.

He was wandering along a deserted road near Barnet, wearing a brown bowler hat. There also was a person of the tramp species some distance in front of him, wearing a dilapidated old black bowler hat.

Just as the tramp was turning a corner a tremendous gust of wind blew

off my reader's hat and carried it along the road and round the corner. "SPORT" immediately pursued his headgear.

When he turned the corner it was nowhere to be seen, but he noticed that the tramp, instead of wearing a ragged black hat, was flaunting himself with a nice new brown head covering. Of course "SPORT" recognised that it was his hat that the tramp was wearing, and he taxed him with stealing it. The tramp denied that such was the case, and brought up a whole string of arguments to prove that the hat did belong to him. As he could not disprove the tramp's assertion, and as the vagrant was the bigger man, "SPORT" was forced to wend his way homeward minus his headgear.

There are several courses open to you, "SPORT." One is to join the No-hat Brigade. Another is to wear a hat-guard. A third is to wear an elastic under the chin. A fourth is to learn the Japanese art of self-defence, by which, according to the circular, a little man can become the superior of the giant. A fifth way, "SPORT," is to write your name inside your hat. Had you done this, you could gently but firmly have convinced the tramp that the hat was yours and not his—that is, if he could read. If he could not read, I lose all interest in the case, since *Brown's Weekly* exists in vain for him.

One little thing about your letter perplexes me. Why, considering that you did not have a go at the tramp, do you call yourself "Sport?"

"POFFLEKINS" has the misfortune to be related to a person who is continually making awful puns. He tells me that he does not mind people who make smart puns, but this relation of his brings forth the same old pun over and over again, and "POFFLEKINS" thinks that he must have repeated his particular puns at least three hundred times this year.

In the olden times, "POFFLEKINS," such things as thumbscrews and other implements of torture were used upon criminals and the like. I have no doubt that if your relation had lived in those days and made such awful puns he would have been dragged to the deepest dungeon, there to make the acquaintance of such tortures as I have mentioned.

Earlier still, "POFFLEKINS," before language was invented, there can have been no puns at all; which must have been very pleasant.

But you do not, "POFFLEKINS," want my speculations on the morning of the world; you want some of the practical counsel for which I am famous. Very well then, "POFFLEKINS," what I advise is that the next time your friend makes a pun you severely welt him with a

bound volume of *Brown's Weekly*. (Yearly volumes, "POFFLEKINS," in three-quarter morocco, half-backed with kid, can be obtained from the office, price 15s. 9d. post free.)

Lord BATEMAN telegraphs to know if I can tell him on what day Easter Monday will fall this year. I can, my Lord. It falls on April 22. I am enabled thus rapidly and accurately to give you this recondite information through having on my desk one of the *Brown's Weekly* Special Calendars.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now denied that General LIXEVITCH's army is to be increased. It is realised that as much success can be scored against the Japanese with a few troops as with many.

Moreover Peace is declared to be now almost assured. The CZAREVITCH has at last persuaded his father that, even if the Russian troops were to go on being beaten for ten years more, Russian prestige would not be improved.

"I think that a Liberal Government would not find it difficult to establish cordial relations with Russia," declared Lord REAY last week at the National Liberal Club. Lord REAY has voiced the fears of a large number of his countrymen.

Considerable pain has been caused to Mr. Justice DARLING by reason of the fact that a certain newspaper in reporting one of his Lordship's jokes last week, did not indicate that it was received with laughter. As a matter of fact his Lordship's jokes are always laughed at, even if it be only by the Usher.

A man who once played *Hamlet* is now selling boot-laces in the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne. We suppose it is optimistic to hope that this will ever become a fashion.

The newspaper trade is threatened with a severe blow. A gentleman has written to the Press to complain of meat and other eatables being wrapped up in newspapers, and suggesting that the practice shall be made illegal.

A new fourpenny Magazine is giving back that sum to all purchasers. A rival, we hear, is shortly to appear which will, in addition, give compensation to such purchasers as shall furnish adequate proofs of having read it.

One of our most prominent habitual drunkards was overhead asking in a

book-shop, the other day, for "The Book of Topiary," recently published by Mr. JOHN LANE.

An ointment has been invented which claims to prevent mosquitos and other insects from biting human beings, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is expected to take the matter up.

It is so difficult to know what present to give to a friend who has recently suffered a bereavement that we have nothing but praise for the enterprising American firm which has just produced a pack of playing-cards for Bridge with mourning borders.

A correspondent writes to ask us which is the best handbook to "Pit." He has an idea that Lord ROSEBERY once wrote a book on the subject.

By the by, the latest cure for a headache is said to be not to play "Pit."

Captain FRASER should be satisfied. The Jury has declared his play to be worth 120,000 Tanners.

The Scottish Women's Liberal Federation has passed a resolution declaring that "the time has come when each of the four parts of the United Kingdom should manage its own affairs." "Manage its own affairs" is certainly a nicer expression than "mind its own business."

A German Professor maintains that deep yawning, practised as a regular exercise, is the surest road to perfect health. This explains, but does not excuse, the desire of many persons to get into Parliament.

The *Entente* progresses. "Come to my Brest," is France's latest invitation to us.

And Gallic gaiety is becoming distinctly Anglicised. The French now take the KAISER's pleasures sadly.

FROM the *Cape Mercury*:—

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.—Riotous Conduct.—LIZZIE MFENOWE pleaded guilty to creating a disturbance in Bridge Street by eating her mother; and was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

We consider that the punishment was not excessive. If one must do this kind of thing, it should certainly be done in private.

MANLY PRIEST seeks CURACY. Views Sentire cum Ecclesia; common-sensed by lay thought; preaches live sermons; reading, intoning, natural; world graduate; visits sympathetically. £150.—*Church Times*.

It seems a lot for the money.



"UNGRATEFUL TRUTH."

"SHE HAS TAKEN VERY GREAT CARE OF HERSELF, YOU KNOW."

"YES. BUT HER AGE IS TELLING ON HER AT LAST."

"WHAT INGRATITUDE!"

DISILLUSIONED!

I do not claim Apollo's grace,
And yet the fact must be confessed,
I oft have thought that I possessed
A not unpleasing cast of face.

I do not think that I am vain,
And yet I could not but opine
That others, side by side with mine,
Were really singularly plain.

Now all is changed. A fearsome gloom
Has fallen on me like a cloud.
Dread, spectral, gaunt, and beetle-
browed
I see myself, till crack of Doom!

Oh, is this awful visage mine?
This countenance, distorted, weird,

Wherein all form has disappeared,
And vanished every classic line?

Would I had shunned the banquet-hall,
Nor sat, with calm, seraphic look,
Whilst some abandoned miscreant took
A flash-light photo of us all!

Oh, gladly would I murder him
Who fixed his weapon with such guile
That all lopsidedly I smile
Down in the lens's lowest rim!

FROM the *Daily News*:—

WHY BE A CLERK when you can secure
berths as violinists on yachts, £8 to £12
a month? Knowledge of instrument not
essential.

Audiences on yachts are easily pleased.

THE KAISER'S CLOTHES RESERVE.

IMMENSE TREASURES.

VISIT OF ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

THE slighting reference made by a writer in the *Times* to the KAISER'S wardrobe, and Count von BÜLOW'S telegram to Printing House Square, will no doubt be familiar to many of our readers, but in view of the satisfactory developments of what threatened to provoke a severe recrudescence of Teutonic Anglophobia it may be as well if we briefly summarise the earlier stages of an incident which may now happily be regarded as closed.

In the course of a series of articles on the cost of living in Germany, Mr. JEROME FOX, the great sartorial publicist, alluded to the alleged immense accumulation of magnificent and costly habiliments at Potsdam, and observed, "In spite of all official statements, we unhesitatingly assert that the number of uniforms, fancy and Court costumes, undress and Harris-tweed suits possessed by the KAISER is grossly exaggerated. If his wardrobe were to be examined at this moment, we believe it would be found to contain not more than 300 complete suits—in other words, that he is no better equipped than Queen ELIZABETH was 300 years ago." Two days after the appearance of this statement a telegram was received from Count von BÜLOW challenging the Editor of the *Times* to despatch a representative to Potsdam, where he would be given every opportunity to examine and enumerate the contents of the Imperial wardrobe. The Editor of the *Times*, it will be remembered, declined to accede to this request on the ground that such a mission was not consonant with the discharge of his editorial functions, and this refusal created a very bad impression in the German capital. The insinuation that the KAISER was inadequately equipped with suitable habiliments—so it was pointed out by the semi-official Berlin press—was an insult of the most outrageous description, but it was aggravated by comparing a monarch of his splendid talents and achievements with so obscure and futile (*nichtswürdig*) a ruler as Queen ELIZABETH. But the ill-feeling thus engendered was not confined to the columns of the Press. The *Times* correspondent in Berlin was assaulted in a restaurant by a German officer, who struck him over the head with a *Blutcurat*; diplomatic relations between the two countries grew painfully strained; the withdrawal of the German Ambassador from London seemed imminent; and a powerful squadron of battleships was mobilised at Kiel. The stormcloud dispersed as rapidly as it had gathered, thanks to an

act of patriotic enterprise on the part of a contemporary, which we are now in a position for the first time to disclose.

It appears that the editor of the *Brummel's Gazette*, on learning of the decision of the *Times* not to avail themselves of Count von BÜLOW'S offer, at once telegraphed to the Imperial Chancellor: "Our Mr. RAMMITS starting for Potsdam. Can he see KAISER'S wardrobe?"

The sequel is best described in the vivid narrative of Mr. RAMMITS himself, who was met on his arrival at Berlin by a squadron of Pomeranian Grenadiers and escorted to Potsdam amid the cheers of the infuriated populace.

"When I arrived at the Palace," writes Mr. RAMMITS, "I was courteously received by Count von BÜLOW, who was wearing a rather full-skirted frock-coat, a double-breasted white waistcoat, Moorish bloomers, and a very *chic* fez. After a sumptuous cold collation in the Imperial breakfast parlour, the Chancellor summoned the Chief Keeper of the Wardrobe, a stalwart Westphalian named von SCHINKENBEIN, and my tour of inspection began. We first entered the

HAT-ROOM,

a fine apartment with a parquet floor and richly whitewashed walls, where I enumerated the following articles of headgear: 70 cocked hats, 39 tall silk hats, 14 white beaver hats, 90 bowler hats, 26 Panama hats, 365 helmets, 52 deerstalkers, one gross of motor caps, 13 Cardinal's hats, one diver's head-piece, 113 mortar-boards, 12 lilac sun-bonnets, 10 kalpaks and 19 sandjaks. Having checked the figures of the chartered accountant who accompanied me, I willingly acceded to the request of the Keeper of the Wardrobe to partake of some light refreshment, consisting of smoked tongue and Johannisberg, and then entered the

IMPERIAL BOOTSTORE.

"This is a truly magnificent room, measuring 60×20 feet, and fitted with every appliance for the maintenance of footgear in perfect repair. One large cupboard was devoted entirely to spats, of which I counted 313 brace, arranged in four sections to suit the four seasons of the year. The number of puttees and gaiters entirely passed my powers of computation, but I readily accept Herr von SCHINKENBEIN'S estimate that they run into four figures. The boots, shoes, pumps, &c., worked out as follows: 100 pairs of topboots, 30 pairs of waders, 75 pairs of porpoise-hide shooting-boots, 69 pairs of Blücher boots, 120 pairs of ordinary wide-welted walking boots, 98 pairs of brown boots, 100 pairs of Oxford shoes, 50 pairs of dancing pumps,

10 pairs of Afghan sandals, 40 pairs of Turkish slippers, 39 pairs of tennis shoes, 35 pairs of football boots, 22 pairs of white buckskin cricket boots, 15 pairs of pattens, 20 pairs of clogs, 18 pairs of snow-shoes, 17 pairs of *ski*. As for boot-trees, I can only say that they amounted to a regular forest, while the supply of blacking, cream, dubbin, &c., was on the same liberal scale. Fortified with two or three glasses of excellent Kümmel I then proceeded to the

CENTRAL SUIT COURT.

"This magnificent hall is divided into two sections, one for official and ceremonial uniforms, the other for ordinary or undress garments. Taking the former first I was shown 50 Admiral's uniforms, 60 Field-Marshal's, 150 Colonel's, 20 Cardinal's, 10 Archimandrite's, and a beautiful and unique suit of coster's Sunday clothes with pearls complete. The department of miscellaneous mufti, however, interested me most. Here I saw several hundred Norfolk jackets, double-breasted reefers, pleated and yoked boleros, clerical vests for preaching in the North Sea, golf capes, cycling knickers, &c. At this stage," continues our Mr. RAMMITS, "exhausted as I was with the labours of computation, which had now gone on for several hours, I readily acquiesced in the proposal of my courteous cicerone that we should defer further investigations until we had partaken of a light supper. The meal, consisting of lobster mayonnaise, *pâté de fois gras*, and champagne, was served in the Hygienic Underclothing Crypt, access to which is provided by a lift opening on the Great Coat corridor. The atmosphere of the Crypt being rather sultry, and the champagne excellent, I am free to confess that I was neither in the mood nor in the condition to carry out the remainder of my exploration with the same rigorous attention to details. I have, however, a vivid recollection of a regiment of trouser-stretchers—a photograph of which I enclose—over one of which I stumbled with painful results to my shin, countless covets of collars, galaxies of ties, and myriads of aquascuta. Suffice it to say that long before my labours were finished I was absolutely convinced that Mr. JEROME FOX'S imputation could not be substantiated, and that Queen ELIZABETH'S sartorial equipment was hopelessly surpassed and outclassed by the superb accumulations of the Potsdam wardrobe. Nothing more remains to be said except to express the hope that my brother journalists will give the widest possible currency to this narrative, and to voice my satisfaction that it has been reserved to me to assist in allaying the friction which bade fair to estrange two great and friendly Powers."

PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

WHEN you're lying at your stake-boat you can watch the other crew,

Who return the pretty compliment by taking stock of you ;
And you see the Umpire talking with a most determined face,
And you wish he'd finish quickly and make haste to start the race.

Then your scarves and caps and sweaters you deliberately doff ;

And the pistol gives a crack,

And you heave your body back —

And before you know you've started you have realised you're off.

Oh, it's joy to send her leaping, and it's ecstasy to feel
That your back is solid iron and your muscles springy steel ;
That your heart can pump for ever, that your wind can never go,

Though a stormy league divides you from the place to which you row ;

With the other crew alongside, hard at work and going strong ;

While you hear the steady roar

Of the masses on the shore,

And it's "hands away, and swing it out, and keep the finish long."

Now the Captain shouts, "Come on, boys," and the coxswain,
"Five, you're late" ;

And you're through the Bridge at Hammersmith and on to Chiswick Eyot.

Have you gained, or are you failing? How the dickens can you tell?

You can see the back in front of you and see it swinging well.
But at length, when you've been spurting (and it seems to last a year),

With a rattle and a splash,

And a clatter and a dash,

You're ahead! and, lo, the other lot are lagging in the rear.

Oh, the whistle-shrieks of steamers, and the megaphones of men,

And the blur of every feeling as you pick her up with ten!

And your legs are fairly aching, but you plant your feet and drive

When you're leaving Barnes behind you at a stroke of thirty-five.

And the pace gets fast and faster—was there ever such a pace?
Far too furiously fast

To allow a man to last ;

And—by Jove! the "Ship" at Mortlake! and you know you've won the race.

R. C. L.

AN ELIGIBLE PROPERTY.

June.

SIR,—We beg to thank you for your favour to hand this morning, and note that you are seeking a medium-sized house with some shooting, at an easy distance from town. We are glad to know that a very charming property which we are instructed to dispose of fills all these requirements.

Vide Manor, Fenstead, is near a station, under an hour from London, yet delightfully rural, and is in every way suited for a gentleman's residence. It is a compact and attractive house, and although the acreage, consisting of well-grown plantations, is limited, yet extensive shooting can be easily obtained over almost adjoining land. We feel sure that, on viewing this property, you will be greatly pleased with it.

We have the honour to be, Sir, &c.



SO LIKE A BROTHER.

Brother. "MABEL'S DOING HER HAIR AN AWFULLY RIPPIN' WAY NOW. IT MAKES HER SEEM QUITE PRETTY. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT."

November.

GENTLEMEN,—We are obliged for your inquiry as to sites for outer suburban shop property, and have pleasure in sending you the enclosed particulars of 18 acres of land at Fenstead, with extensive frontages on well-made roads, in a rapidly growing locality. The house at present on the ground has been unoccupied for some years, but, at the price which we are prepared to accept for the property as a whole, it will pay you well to pull down, and utilise the materials for foundations, &c. We shall be glad to hear from you when you have inspected the site.

Yours obediently, &c.

January.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry, we quite understand that it is your intention to erect a tallow factory and brick-yard, and we think that a suitable location may be found at Fenstead, on land which we are offering, close to the railway. A siding giving direct access to it could no doubt be readily arranged with the company. The whole 18 acres is on clay of excellent brick-making quality, and, except for bushy scrub in places, the entire surface is immediately available for operations. There is a building on the land, formerly used as a private dwelling-house and in fair order, which we are advised could be used for the tallow factory offices, and also affording a couple of capital show-rooms for bricks and tiles.

Yours truly, &c.



Schoolmistress desirous to find out Christian names of children's fathers, so that she may address correspondence in proper form. "Now, ALICE, WHAT DOES MAMMA CALL PAPA?"

Alice. "PLEASE, 'M, SHE CALLS HIM DUCKIE."

Schoolmistress laughed. "TOM, WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER CALL YOUR FATHER?"

Tom, solemnly. "MOTHER NEVER SPEAKS OF FATHER!"

THE SCIENCE OF GOLF.

[A certain make of field-glasses is advertised just now as "suitable for golf-players, enabling them before striking to select a favourable spot for the descent of their ball." There can be little doubt that this brilliant hint will be further developed, with some such results as those outlined in the following anticipation.]

As I told JONES when he met me at the club-house, it was a year or more since I had last played, so the chances were that I should be a bit below form. Besides, I was told that the standard of play had been so raised—

"Raised? I should just think it has!" said JONES. "Why, a year ago they played mere skittles—not what you could properly call golf. Got your

clubs? Come along then. Queer old-fashioned things they are, too! And you're never going out without your theodolite?"

"Well," I said with considerable surprise, "the fact is, I haven't got one. What do you use it for?"

"Taking levels, of course. And—bless me, you've no inflator, or glasses—not even a wind-gauge! Shall I borrow some for you? Oh, just as you like, but you won't be able to put up much of a game without them."

"Does your caddie take all those things?" I asked, pointing to the curious assortment of machinery which JONES had put together.

"My caddies do," he corrected. "No

one takes less than three nowadays. Good; there's only one couple on the first tee, so we shall get away in half an hour or so."

"I should hope so!" I remarked. "Do you mean that it will be half an hour before those men have played two shots?"

"There or thereabouts. SIMKINS is a fast player—wonderful head for algebra that man has—so it may be a shade less. Come and watch him; then you'll see what golf is!"

And indeed I watched him with much interest. First he surveyed the country with great care through a field-glass. Then he squinted along a theodolite at a distant pole. Next he used a strange instrument which was, JONES told me, a wind-gauge, and tapped thoughtfully at a pocket-barometer. After that he produced paper and pencil, and was immersed apparently in difficult sums. Finally, he summoned one of his caddies, who carried a metal cylinder. A golf-ball was connected to this by a piece of india-rubber tubing, and a slight hissing noise was heard.

"Putting in the hydrogen," explained JONES. "Everything depends upon getting the right amount. New idea? Not very; even a year ago you must have seen pneumatic golf-balls filled with compressed air? Well, this is only an obvious improvement. There, he's going to drive now."

And this he did, using a club unlike anything I had seen before. Then he surveyed the putting-green—about half a mile away—through his glasses, and remarked that it was a fairish shot, the ball being within three inches of the hole. His companion, who went through the same lengthy preliminaries, was less fortunate. In a tone of considerable disgust he announced that he had over-driven the hole by four hundred yards.

"Too much hydrogen," murmured JONES, "or else he got his formula muddled. Well, we can start now. Shall I lead the way?"

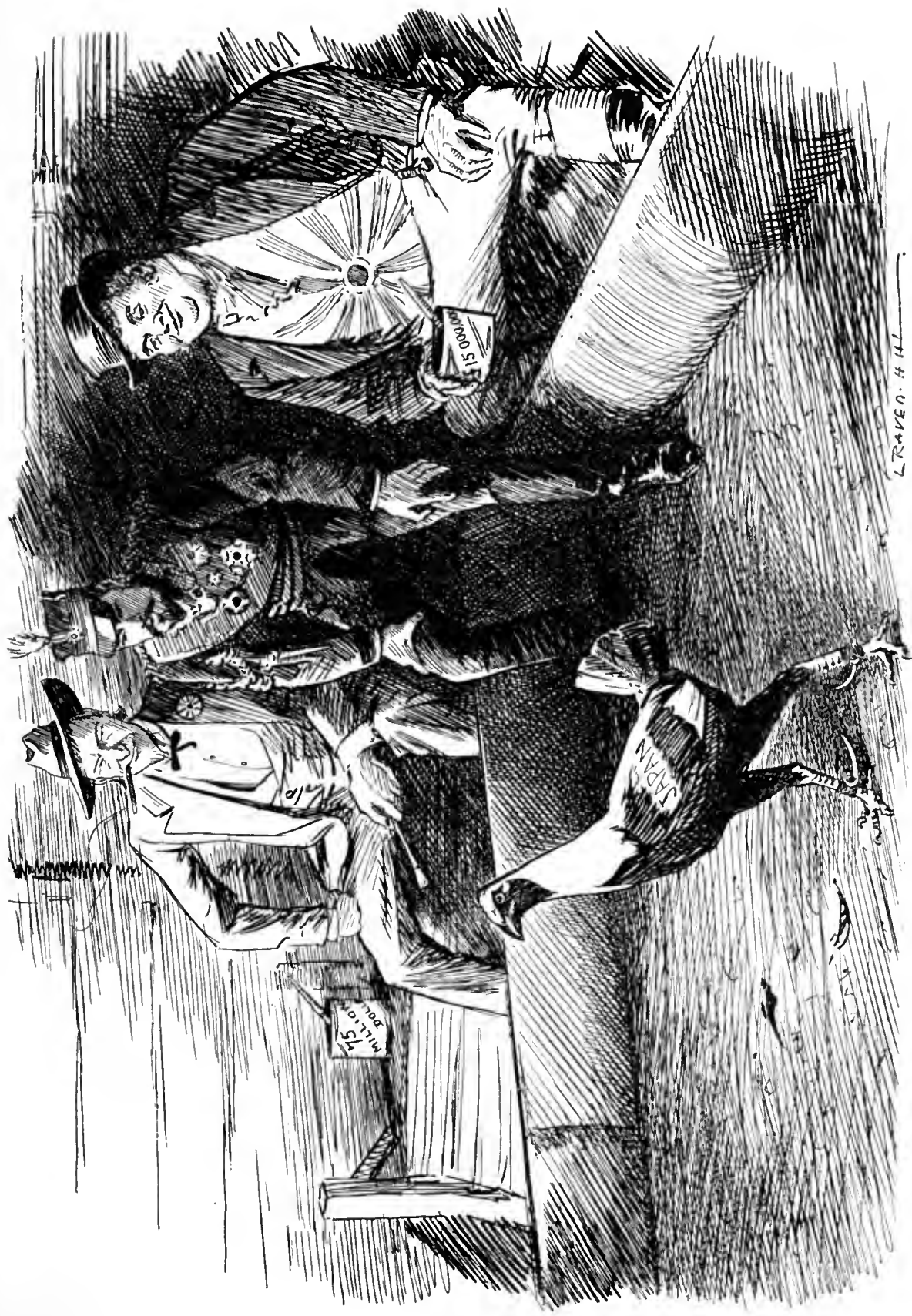
I begged him to do so. He in turn surveyed the country, consulted instruments, did elaborate sums, inflated his ball.

"Now," he said, at length settling into his stance, "now I'll show you."

And then he missed the ball clean.

... Of course he ought not to have used such language, and yet it was a sort of relief to find *something* about the game which was entirely unchanged!

THE London correspondent of the *Irish News* begins his account of the career of Mr. WILLIAM ABRAHAM, M.P. ("MADON") as follows:—"Commencing life as a mere boy at the age of ten, Mr. ABRAHAM—" Another case of "intelligent anticipation."



GILDING HIS SPURS.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 27.

—Wasn't it Lord MELBOURNE who, presiding over a Cabinet Meeting at which alternative proposals were discussed, protested he did not care which way the decision went, but insisted that, if the matter were dealt with in both Houses of Parliament, an identical story should be told?

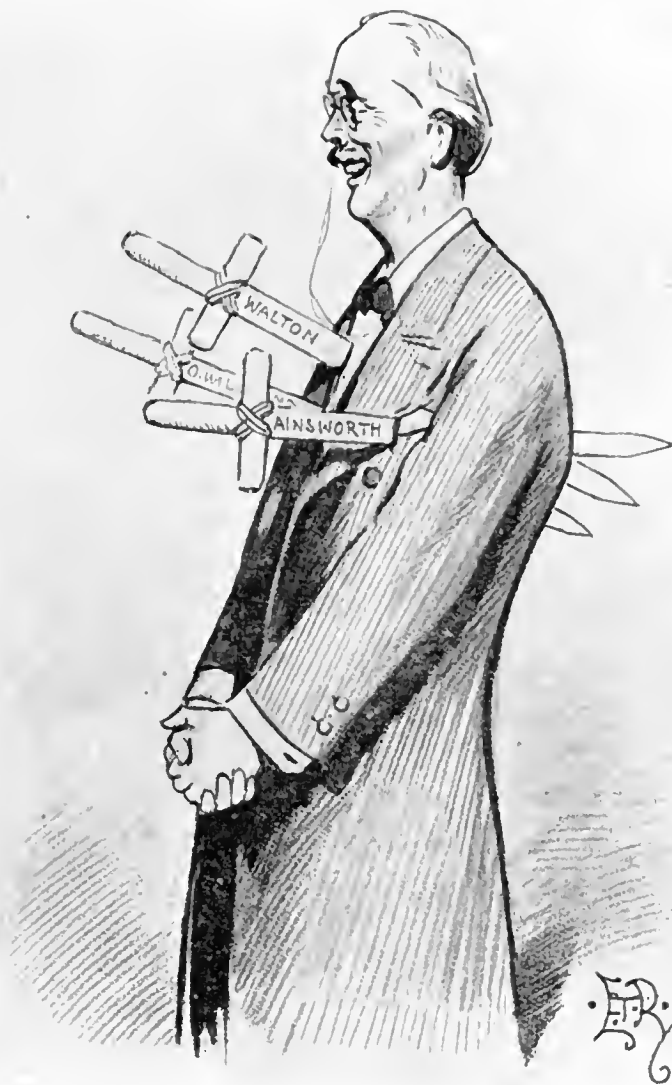
The lesson forgotten at the War Office just now; consequence is that deeper gloom than ever broods over the conflict round the Colonial jam-pots, Australia's offering (at a price) to the bleeding Mother country. First report indicated sort of rehearsal of preferential dealing as between the Colony and the Kingdom. Infused by the missionary spirit of which we hear much when House of Commons is not gathered on private Members' nights to discuss it, enterprising colonists wedged 14 ozs. of jam into a tin and, scorning fractions, called it a pound weight, charging accordingly.

The game well enough with the War Office as customers. Straightway blown upon when the Department, changing its attitude, proposed to sell surplus stock. Rude purchasers, insensible to the lofty sentiment of drawing closer the bonds of consanguinity, insisted on 16 ozs. of jam to each several pound.

Last week War Minister, cross-examined on the point, did not deny statement of Auditor-General. Opposition, thirsting for somebody's blood, insisted on knowing names of the patriotic contractors. To-night, BROMLEY-DAVENTPORT, spokesman for War Office, amazes House by calmly announcing that it was all right. Every penn'orth of jam paid for by the British taxpayer was supplied by his Australasian brother. It is true that the bulk was packed in what the Financial Secretary of the War Office, smacking his lips, alluded to as "nominals." These were tins, in some cases holding 14 ozs., in others 28, labelled one-pound and two-pound weight. That only the colonists' fun; the weight was scrupulously made up to full avoirdupois proportions. As far as the House could make out this was done by plastering an extra spoonful or two on the lid of the "nominal." Anyhow there was the jam in full quantity.

BROMLEY-DAVENTPORT positively beamed with delight as he repeated the word "Nominal." For sheer blessedness Mesopotamia not in it with the new Consolation.

There was one aspect of the transaction which the Financial Secretary modestly refrained from enlarging upon. Jam, like other rations,—the War Secretary, by the way, always pronounces the word as if it were spelled



"THAT SILLY OPPOSITION AGAIN, I EXPECT!"

The Prime Minister. "Two or three daggers sticking through me? Really?—Oh, yes! Quite so, quite so! Now you mention it I can see them distinctly! Curious I shouldn't have noticed them, but you see I never read the newspapers. Don't know that they matter much!—What do you think?"

rayshons—is served out to messes in proportionate weight—so many pound tins per company. War-worn TOMMY ATKINS, beholding a pound can of raspberry and red currant jam, innocent of the mystery of nominals, of course reckoned it to be the full pound weight of 16 ozs. with which he was familiar in his island home. The consequence is that, assuming the jam was invoiced to the War Office with due allowance for short weight, the country would make two ounces per tin out of TOMMY, who would be none the wiser and therefore none the worse.

Thus Peace bath her victories, happily less renowned than War.

House listened to explanation in dumb amazement. There had, BROMLEY-

DAVENTPORT frankly admitted, been a blunder. Even the most wisely directed, most carefully guarded Administration could not have its eyes, ears and hands everywhere. "The local military authorities had," he said in saddened tone, as one hopeless of reaching perfection in a sublunary sphere, "under a misapprehension, treated the tins as containing full pounds of jam." That is to say, having had the tins delivered to them as of pound weight, knowing nothing of nominals, they had offered them for sale as such.

Here again all would have been well, only for the pesky traders who bought the surplus stock, and have by this time, if the precedent established in matter of hay and straw is followed, resold it to

War Office at full price. With *Shylock's* persistency they insisted on their pound of jam or on reduction of price accordingly.

"The pound of jam which I demand of him is dearly bought, its mine, and I will have it."

Or, failing full weight, the sellers must knock a ducat off the price.

BROMLEY-DAVENPORT hurried over this part of the business, reiterating assurance that it was all right.

An hour later representative of War Office in other House questioned on matter. Did DOSOROUGHMORE drag in nominals? Not he; doesn't seem to have heard of the device. The discrepancy was, according to him, entirely due to excessive drying power of the South African climate.

"I have satisfied myself on that point," said DOSOROUGHMORE emphatically, trying to look as like as possible to a can of gooseberry jam which, on leaving Melbourne, dragged down the scale at 16 ozs., and after six months' exposure to the sun that bakes Cape Town weighed only 14.

This statement of the Under Secretary of War excellent; so was that of the Financial Secretary. On reflection Lords and Commons meet on common ground of doubt as to which is the better. But, after all, there is something in Lord MELBOURNE's fancy about desirability of Ministers in a fix saying the same thing by way of explanation or extenuation.

Business done.—Second reading of Appropriation Bill closed in Commons.

Tuesday night.—In a letter written more than a hundred years ago, CHARLES LAMB reports how JOSEPH COTTE, epic poet, insisted on reading to him his latest tragedy. One passage hugely delighted LAMB. Some king is told that his enemy has engaged twelve archers to come over in a boat from an enemy's country and waylay him. Whereupon his Majesty pathetically exclaims:

"Twelve, dost thou say? Where be those dozen villains?"

Looking round House to-night, "this surpassing speech," as LAMB calls it, recurs to the mind. Sitting set apart for debate on Question that has riven a great political party, closed up ranks of Opposition, engrossed attention of the Empire at home and beyond the seas, provided battle-ground for pending General Election. Opposition benches crowded; strangers' galleries thronged to topmost rail. But Treasury Bench an empty waste; whilst on benches above and below the Gangway sit just twelve men, peradventure come over in a boat to waylay JOSEPH WALTON, who moved resolution condemning PRINCE ARTHUR's policy of Fiscal Retaliation.

As ARNOLD-FORSTER said at morning sitting, when advocating policy of maul-

ing the Militia and routing the Volunteers, quality is preferable to quantity. Quality galore we had to-night in ROWLAND HUNT, whom LUDLOW, still lamenting its old love JACOB MORRIS, delighteth to honour. In anticipation of sitting, HUNT saw his opportunity, and seized it by the hair. PRINCE ARTHUR has formally announced intention of abdicating whenever Opposition insist on talking about Fiscal Reform. "Shan't play," he says, and, angrily sucking forefinger, quits the place. Moreover gives leave to his followers to step away from school, which they do with promptitude.

Now is HUNT's time. In ordinary way has difficulty in catching SPEAKER's eye; with no competition success assured. What House and country want, for their



AN AUTHORITY ON "NOMINALS."

Mr. Bromley-Davenport explains the mysteries of vanishing mules and disappearing jam.

own good, is exhibition of Tory Protectionist intelligence in concentrated form; a sort of tabloid, to be taken before or after meals. A great occasion, possibly never to be recaptured. HUNT, studiously prepared for it, rose to fullest height. No careless impromptus for him. His gems of thought, dug in mine of profoundest depth, carefully polished in solitude of study. It was from sheafs of note-paper—not half-sheets, look you, but whole-hoggers—he read the sentences that for half an hour convulsed the House with laughter.

Possession of true dramatic instinct was shown in his selection of a seat. DON JOSÉ, still tarrying on the health-giving Leas of Folkestone, won't be better till Thursday, when the two Fiscal debates set down for this week will be over and done with. Member for Ludlow takes right hon. gentleman's corner seat, and as he proceeds with his speech makes no attempt to disguise conviction that in the regretted absence

of the Missionary the Acolyte is not a bad substitute.

Speech delightfully free from Parliamentary conventionalities. Throughout HUNT addressed hon. gentlemen opposite with forbidden directness.

"Did it ever strike you," he said, with one eye half closed, thoughtfully regarding the boisterous throng, "why the American farmers are tumbling over the Canadian frontier? Oh, I quite understand you don't like that," he waggishly added in response to roar of laughter. "You call us whole-hoggers or little-piggers. Why, you are the tinea-winea-wee-little-piggie-wigs-of-all. Now then, we have the largest market in the world, and why don't we use the weapons behind it? You gentlemen opposite are so thick-headed that you can't see it. The fuck is," the orator continued, turning confidentially towards HOWARD VINCENT, seated solitary above the Gangway, beginning to regret he had founded a Party, "they'll say anything—practically anything. Don't the jam manufacturers want sugar cheap and free importation of foreign aliens?"

"No, no," cried a mischievous Member of the Opposition.

"Beg your pardon," said HUNT, glancing across sharply, "I looked it up the other day. Now then, Mr. SPEAKER, do you remember last Session? Either the Liberal Party have gone stark staring mad or they want to know how cheaply they can get their wittles and drink."

"Sit down," hoarsely whispered an anguished fellow Unionist.

Mr. HUNT turned and regarded him more in sorrow than in anger.

"Order! Order!" cried the delighted Liberals. "Go on!" and Mr. HUNT went on for another ten minutes.

Thus did the Free-Traders get a Rowland for their Oliver.

"A speech indicating the low-water-mark of argumentative humiliation to which Tariff Reform has been reduced," was ASQUITH's way of describing the sublimation of Protection articulate.

But that is obviously party prejudice.

Business done.—Resolution denouncing policy of Fiscal Retaliation carried *nemine contradicente*.

It sounds as if we were back in those days when good old CANUTE was King. A Hull paper states that Mr. LUKE WHITE, M.P., has given notice in the House of Commons that he will at an early date call attention to the encroachment of the sea on various parts of the British coast, and move a resolution.

More Feline Amenities.

A LADY offers kind home to a nice cat or kitten (not black) or female who will catch mice.



A WAY THEY HAVE WITH THE "CUT 'EM DOWNS."

He. "HULLOA! WHAT BECAME OF YOU IN THE LAST RUN?"

She. "Oh, I GOT LEFT BEHIND AT FIRST. SOME DOTTHERSOME HOUNDS GOT IN MY WAY, AND I FIND THIS STUPID HORSE WON'T JUMP HOUNDS!"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER VII.

I had put up with a good deal. I had heard MONTY discuss the *Reagan Bullmoose* that was, and give him away with a pound of tea, so to speak, and I hadn't turned a hair. The coming *Variety Star*, "the Unparalleled Phenomenon of Simian Intelligence" (as they would probably announce me in the advertisements), was infinitely above such paltry detractors.

But now, not content with running me down as the man I had ceased to be, he had done his best to disenchanted PHYLLIS with me in my *present* shape; he had made the one insinuation which no sensitive monkey with the spirit of a sick caterpillar could take lying down—he had charged me with showing symptoms of incipient—I can hardly bring myself to mention the beastly word, but I must—*mange*!

Yet, sorely as I was provoked, I still struggled to be calm. I recollected that I was a Gentleman first, a Monkey afterwards. I would not condescend to a vulgar brawl with MONTY in the presence of my Aunt and PHYLLIS.

I simply looked him straight in the face, my chest heaving with indignation, my eyes flashing (naturally I couldn't see them doing it, but I've no doubt whatever that they *did* flash), and my teeth chattering with righteous wrath.

And MONTY was unable to meet my eyes.

"I say, Miss ADEANE," he stammered, "I—I don't quite like the look of this monkey. Seems to me he's turnin' nasty. D'you think he's quite safe, loose like this?"

"He was as quiet as possible only a minute or two ago," faltered PHYLLIS.

"He was busy tearing up the Professor's missal *then*," said my Aunt. "But of course, PHYLLIS, if *you* consider he should be given every facility for further mischief, I have nothing to say."

"Perhaps," PHYLLIS admitted reluctantly, "it *might* be better to—to keep him on a chain in future."

"He'd soon slip *that*," said MONTY; "monkeys are so artful. If I might suggest, Miss ADEANE, I should put him in a cage. Then, don't you see—supposing he's really got the ma—"

"Yes—yes," said PHYLLIS petulantly. "But you see, Mr. BLUNDELL, we haven't *got* a cage!"

"But, my dear," put in my Aunt, "we *have*. He could have poor *Cockie's*—the very thing! I'll ring for Macrow and tell him to find it and bring it here." Which she did, promptly.

Of course I saw at once that this would about biff me. What earthly chance should I have to exhibit all my accomplishments then? Why, the Admirable Crichton himself couldn't have gained any reputation worth mentioning inside a Cockatoo's cage! I decided to "off" it while I could—but MONTY was too smart for me. "Shut the windows, quick!" he yelled—and they were shut before I could decide which one to make for!

"Perhaps I'd better catch hold of him," that officious ass next suggested. "Or he might bolt through your Butler's legs, don't you know, the minute the door is opened."

"Oh, *do* be careful, dear Mr. BLUNDELL," my Aunt entreated; "he might bite you!"

"I'm not afraid of him," declared MONTY, wishing to show off before PHYLLIS. "Still, I'll try coaxing, first. Poor little Chappie, then," he began, snapping his foolish thumb and finger at me, "come along, good little mannie!"

I came along. I shinned up MONTY's fawn-coloured waistcoat with a suddenness that took his wind; I smacked his flabby cheeks; I wrung his nose; I boxed his ears; I hung on behind and helped myself to his hair by the handful—

I'm afraid I even *bit* him! But, after all, what's the good of being a monkey unless you act up to it?

For quite a couple of minutes I gave old MONTY beans. And I don't think he could have cut a *very* heroic figure in PHYLLIS's eyes as he hopped about the room, howling, "Take the little devil off me, somebody, do!" If she'd had just a shade more sense of humour she would have roared—but, so far as I was able to notice, she was more alarmed than amused just then.

At this stage of the proceedings, MACROW turned up with the bally parrot-cage. I tried to dodge past him—but he shut the door just in time. So I made a spring for the mantelpiece. Aunt SELINA rather goes in for old china, and there were cups and plates and things up each side of the overmantel on brackets, which made a ripping ladder. I discovered I was a nailer at climbing, and the crockery came in useful to keep MONTY and MACROW in check for a while.

They tell you monkeys *can't* shy—I only know *I* could. I doubled up MACROW with a bit of Old Staffordshire, which caught him just under his silver watch-chain, and I landed MONTY in the jaw with a well-delivered lustre milkpot, and again with an Urbino plate on the shin—all three really pretty shots! Even if PHYLLIS and my Aunt had come within range (which they took jolly good care not to do), I shouldn't have hurt either of them—not even my Aunt. I was not making war on women!

However, my ammunition ran short at last, and, when MACROW slipped out and returned with a long-handled broom, I saw I couldn't hold the position against such overwhelming odds, and should have to quit. So I made a flying leap for a *console-table* between the windows, where I found a fresh supply of projectiles—chiefly Dresden ware, if I remember right—till I was forced to retreat up the curtains and along the pole, MACROW jobbing at me with the beastly broom, and MONTY buzzing books after me—any one of which would have done my business if they hadn't gone through the windows instead.

Then I took a daring dive off the pole, on to my Aunt's back—I was sorry, but she shouldn't have got in the way—and leapfrogged over her head on to the piano, which I defended as long as I could with the flower-vases and photograph-frames.

Take it altogether, it was one of the very finest rags I ever had in my life, and under happier circumstances I should have thoroughly enjoyed it. But the top of the piano was too exposed to the enemy's fire, so I retired into entrenchments underneath, where they could only dislodge me by a frontal attack.

It made me realise once more that my Volunteer training had not been entirely thrown away! MACROW advanced in force with the drawing-room tongs, while MONTY directed operations from a distance. I knew MACROW, of course, and if only I'd had half a sovereign in my pocket, I believe I could have squared him, even then,—but I hadn't so much as a pocket! A similar reason prevented me from hoisting a white handkerchief and proposing an honourable surrender. And I had fallen into the common military mistake of leaving my rear insufficiently protected. The consequence was that, with no warning whatever, a waste-paper basket was clapped down on me from behind by hands which I recognised only too well through the wicker-work—PHYLLIS has rather jolly hands. I don't say it wasn't plucky of her, for she couldn't *know* that nothing would ever induce me to bite *her* fingers. Still, it was not the act of a sportswoman. And that *she* should turn against me was a knock-out blow! After that there was nothing for it but to let myself be ignominiously hustled into *Cockie's* confounded cage. How I wished I could recover my speech, for even a moment—and then somehow, all at once, back it came with a rush! "You're making a great mistake!" I managed to articulate,

quite distinctly. "Telephone Manager Empire come immediately. Important business proposal!"

I daresay they were slightly astonished—but I can't say. Because just then my head began to swim, everything got dark—I suppose I must have gone off.

When I opened my eyes, a strange man—evidently the Empire Manager—was bending over me. "I want engagement," I said eagerly. "Cleverest Monkey in Universe. Tremendous draw. Will take a hundred a week to start with!"

"Coming round at last," he said to a young lady, who, I now saw, was not PHYLLIS, being in a nurse's uniform. "But still wandering."

I found I was lying in bed in the Accident Ward of St. George's Hospital, and the stranger was not a Variety Manager—merely the house-surgeon. Also I was no longer a monkey—which was beastly disappointing at first.

It seemed that that cab accident had given me severe concussion of the brain, but I had not lost my life—only my *consciousness* for several hours. And, as it is obvious that anything, even when lost, is bound to be *somewhere* or other all the time, my consciousness must have got mislaid for a while inside the monkey.

I have been moved to my own rooms, and am told I shall be as right as rain in another day or two. I am well enough already to dictate my adventures to the trained nurse who looks after me—and most awfully kind and attentive and all that she is, too, though she *will* go off into fits of the giggles for no reason that I can see!

Old MONTY has called once or twice—but, to tell you the truth, after what has passed between us, I haven't felt quite up to seeing him yet. As soon as I am fit enough and can raise the funds, I mean to go quite away and lead an entirely new life. Where, I haven't decided yet. Canada, most likely—or Monte Carlo.

I am not sure whether I shall have the courage to call and say good-bye to PHYLLIS and Aunt SELINA before I start. That drawing-room in Cadogan Gardens would be rather too full of painful reminiscences—if you know what I mean.

And, for another thing, I own I shirk hearing what became of the monkey.

Now I look back on it, it seems curious that, with all my accomplishments and knowledge of the world and so on, I should only have managed to land that monkey in a worse hat than I found him in.

But I've always had the most rotten luck—*wherever* I've been—and so I suppose the poor little beggar got let in for some of it!

F. A.

THE END.

FASHIONS FOR FIGHTERS.

[The War Office has issued an illustrated volume of Dress Regulations. In connection with this a fashion paper is about to be started, from which we are able to give an extract.]

For many weeks our readers have been anxiously anticipating our Spring Double Number of Fashions, and now at last we are able to gratify them. We are sure that from the Senior Member of Council to the youngest recruit the verdict will be the same—"Just what we wanted!"

Owing to the generosity of the Government we are enabled to present our readers with no fewer than three excellent paper patterns. The first is for a sweet little tunic, to be

made up in the rich deep shade of scarlet which has retained its place in our affections for so long.

Then next there is a sensible blue serge overall, which will appeal to our more practical readers. Severe simplicity is the distinguishing note of this delightful little garment, which should be absolutely devoid of trimming.

Then, lastly, we give the pattern of a charming mess jacket, with its *chic* little buttons. After long consultation with the authorities it was decided to keep the old sleeve pattern, but our readers need not be afraid that they will look in the slightest degree dowdy in consequence—the effect will be *tout irresistible*.

But now that we can look forward to some days of sunshine, we naturally turn our thoughts to the all-important subject of *chapeaux*. And here we hasten to reassure our readers. The fashions for hats this season are all decidedly smart. A few days ago we could not help noticing a young officer who was wearing a simple helmet-shaped *chapeau* of rich daffodil colour, surmounted by waving plumes in contrasted shades of red and white. The whole effect was delightfully spring-like. (Our readers will find an illustration of this charming idea on the next page.) The best shops are also showing some exceedingly tasteful hats in dead white, than which nothing can be more restful to the eye.

Readers north of the Tweed must take special note of the fashionable sunray pleating effects which will be exclusively worn in all tartan materials. Gathers in this connection are absolutely prohibited.

In conclusion we must add that our readers will find many valuable suggestions for the little et ceteras of dress—belts, sashes, puttees, pugarees, &c.—which add a distinguishing note to the costume of the mess-room beauty.

Our Heathen Press.

"Thanks for your verses on 'The Power of Hope.' Suitable only for a Christian paper. Good, however."—*Oldham Standard*.

"However" is good.



WISDOM—THE FRUIT OF EXPERIENCE.

Young Hopeful (confidentially). "I SAY, ARE YOU GOING TO TRY ONE OF FATHER'S CIGARS?"

Visitor. "YES. WHY?"

Young Hopeful. "TAKE MY ADVICE. DON'T!"

THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT.

In reply to an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "Fiction at 1s a Word," an anonymous author, who does not write fiction but who claims to be one of the most successful men of letters of the present day, explains that, though "sought by publishers, envied by aspirants, with every book he writes eagerly bespoken a year or two before it is begun, he rarely receives as much as a halfpenny a word, and often has to be content with a farthing." Thus, in spite of the fact that he is "acknowledged throughout England and America and in a large portion of Continental Europe, as the first living authority on a group of interesting subjects," and that his books are "intensely interesting."

Mrs talk of the prices that authors are paid
Indeed I have heard
Of a dollar a word—

And fabulous fortunes are said to be made
By people who follow this lucrative trade.

But this pretty picture has got its reverse:
Take people, e.g.,
Like Milton—or me—

The better one's masterly talents, the worse
The prospect of filling one's beggarly purse.

My modesty keeps me from breathing my name;
But you'll take it I shine
In my own special line.

And enjoy such a portion of popular fame
As no other writer now living can claim.

My books have an interest which is intense
(At least I think so,
And I ought to know),

And it must be apparent to all men of sense
That the wisdom and wit they display is immense.

I'm master of humour and pathos and jest;
My pen is well-known
For a charm all its own,

And when I read anyone else I'm impressed
With the fact that I'm always so easily best.

The publishers seek me from far and from near,
And eagerly vie
With each other to buy;

And perhaps it will hardly surprise you to hear
That the world holds its breath till my volumes appear.

And what is the guerdon of talents so rare?
Do I welcome a host
Of cheques at each post?

Do the guineas flow in, as would only be fair,
Till I'm able to write myself down millionaire?

Nay, few are my takings, and scanty my board.
Mediocrity may
Make its thousands a day;

But genius like mine cannot gather a hoard—
'Tis ever its own and its only reward.

Blobs in the 'Scutcheon.

If the Race on Saturday had not proved that at least one of the Boats was good enough to win, one would hesitate to quote certain disparaging observations passed on their practice by the Specialist of the *Sheffield Independent*:

"There will, of course, be a race, but it cannot be marked by much scientific display on either side. The feather play has been so much floundering, and the number of 'Jack's eggs' gives the practice a very amateurish appearance indeed."

THE German nation (says the KAISER) is the Salt of the Earth. Dare one ask who is the Pepper?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Essays by Robert, Marquis of Salisbury (JOHN MURRAY) is treasure dug out of ancient mines of the *Quarterly*, to which, forty-five years ago, the late Premier was a regular and valued contributor. They are divided into two handy volumes, one dealing with questions of foreign politics; the other biographical in plan. It is a severe test of durability of personal influence to have unearthed in the twentieth century articles written midway in the nineteenth on Foreign Policy, Poland, and the Slesvig-Holstein question. Lord SALISBURY comes well through the ordeal. But my Baronite fancies the biographical essays will prove the more attractive to the public. One deals with Lord CASTLEREAGH, whose public character is boldly rehabilitated; the other with PITT, with respect to whom, taking STAMFORD's Life as a text, the still youthful man-of-letters contributed to the *Quarterly* two elaborate papers. It is significant that the career of this great Minister, whose foreign policy marked an epoch in the history of England, should have specially attracted the study and engaged the biographical effort of two Foreign Ministers of a later century who, in succession, became Prime Minister. Lord SALISBURY, preceding Lord ROSEBURY in the field, was not less appreciative of the genius and capacity of the man who, whilst not knowing how to set a squadron in the field, fought and worsted NAPOLEON. The other week Lord HUGH CHURCHILL pleased the House of Commons by setting forth elaborate paradox, declaring that "there are no such things as nationalities." In his essay on PITT, Lord HUGH's father in an elaborate passage argues this same proposition. This is not the only point on which the brilliant Member for Greenwich resembles the Lord ROBERT CHURCHILL of half a century ago, whose portrait by RICHMOND adds interest to his resurrected work.

Of *Lovers in London*, by A. A. MUSE (ALSTON RIVERS), the Assistant Reader reports that it is a little book, light and handy, and priced at the comfortable figure of one shilling. It has, however, other and greater advantages which should commend it even to the most jaded reader. It sparkles with humour, not of a frosty but of a sunny kind, on every page. As a study in happy irrelevancy nothing could well be neater. The little story develops very simply, but with a charm that makes it most attractive. The A. R. guesses, partly from the buoyancy of Mr. MUSE's spirits, that he is young, and extends a hearty welcome to this new and promising recruit to the little army of humourists.

Readers are warned not to repair to *The Personal Story of the Upper House* (FISHER UNWIN) in search of tit-bits of modern date. Mr. KOSMO WILKINSON has, rather, essayed to write a weighty history of the origin and career of the House of Lords. Recent events and modern personages are treated

to be more precise, are alluded to in a concluding chapter. This is a departure from ordinary usage that fills a gap. Beginning with the position of the Barons in the reign of King JOHN, Mr. WILKINSON summarises history up to the appearance on the scene of the late Lord SALISBURY. My Baronite does not find it exactly lively, wherein it resembles the majority of the sittings of the House at the present day.

THE BARON



DE B-W.

MOTTO FOR ANTI-HARRIER SPORTSMAN.—*Fox et Præterea Nil.*

CHARIVARIA.

ATTEMPTS are being made to refute the statement that the reason why the KAISER delayed his landing at Tangier was that the Salt of the Sea had been disagreeing with the Salt of the Earth.

The ramming of the *Prince George* by the *Friedrich Karl* at Gibraltar is now understood to have been intended by the KAISER as a set-off to the proposed junction between the French and British fleets.

The destroyer *Spiteful* ran down and sank the ketch *Preciosa* on Wednesday. It is not known what the *Preciosa* had done to annoy her.

Over four thousand men, women, and children of the revolted Hereros tribe have been captured and placed in Concentration Camps by the Germans. It will be remembered how much the Germans admired such camps in the Beer War.

"Cantab." writes to us to point out that, while much has been made of the fact that Oxford beat Cambridge last week, few have noticed that Cambridge beat the Press boat.

All, we feel sure, will sympathise with the Prince of WALES in a cruel blow which has just fallen on him. The Hastings Corporation has decided that it cannot afford to invite His Royal Highness to open the new Waterworks in the summer.

It is again rumoured that kilts are to be abolished in the Army. This, we suppose, is part and parcel of the movement recently initiated against petticoat influence.

A library is to be formed for the use of Members of Parliament. It is felt that the debates will be robbed of much of their terror if the non-speakers have entertaining books to read. Indeed, it will be a nice question later on whether complete silence shall not be enjoined, as in most reading-rooms. Out of small beginnings great reforms often spring.

"Women are the mothers of our children," declared a Member in the course of the debate on Women Councillors. "And nowadays seldom that," was the comment of an Irish gentleman.

To judge by the following notice in R. ABEL AND SONS' window at the Oval, the Cricket Seasoning has begun:—"Cricketers should select their Bats early, and be kept in oil by us to be seasoned."



IMPOSSIBLE!

He (relating a thrilling experience). "IF I HADN'T SKIPPED TO ONE SIDE, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN RUN OVER! I ASSURE YOU I HAD A VERY NARROW ESCAPE!"

According to an article in the *Daily Telegraph* on former representations of *Hamlet*, JACK MATTHEWS, who introduced his faithful hound to bay at the moon from the battlements of Elsinore, and to throttle the King in the last Act, was proud of the distinction of being the only *Dog Hamlet*. Yet surely the play has seldom been acted without the assistance of a great Dane.

In a discussion which is raging in the columns of the *Express* on the question "Why is Married Life Dull?" a wife, in denying the impeachment, declares that she rushes to the door the moment

her husband rings, kisses his nose, and takes his boots off. This last strikes us as a very necessary precaution. Most self-respecting men would kick against being kissed on the nose.

Another paradox! Six shillings is to be charged for Miss MARIE CORELLI'S *Free Opinions*.

A purse containing £3 12s. 7d. was stolen last week in the Belfast Police Court, when two magistrates, twenty-five policemen, and six solicitors were present, and it is difficult to know whom to suspect.

A PAST MISTRESS OF THE CEREMONIES.

[The author takes the poetic licence of presenting the Lateral Party in the House under the guise of a female figure.]

Nor mine to sing the lady's "stately grace,"

Because she has no stately grace to sing;

Nor yet the "bright soul beaming in her face,"

Her face, in fact, containing no such thing;

I look about for some redeeming trait

In what was once a quite attractive creature,

And cannot find, of all her old display,

One solitary charm of style or feature.

Time was, her manners had a genial hue;

Of courtly wit she nursed an ample wealth;

And now observe the best that she can do:

"Go down," she screams, "to Brighton for your health!"

My sense of humour may be something flat,

My tastes be Tory, bigoted and narrow,

But such a feat of persiflage as that

Leaves me a little chilly in the marrow.

Time was, to dull obscurity resigned,

She'd not permit herself to bark or bite

(Accomplishments in which the baser kind—

Dogs, principally—take a coarse delight);

Modest in triumph, toward the destined prize

She'd move with dignity, not dash to pluck it,

Nor mock the rival fair with raucous cries:—

"Yah! you're no earthly use; why can't you chuck it?"

She bore adversity with patient hide,

Looking to mend what errors lay within;

When Fortune turned, she showed the losing side

Such grace as they can well afford who win;

"Prigs' doctrine," was it? Then I'm prig enough

To hold that little else is worth the heeding

Unless you prove yourself of decent stuff

In these the elementary tests of breeding.

All that is changed! Her charm of long ago,

Her pleasant courtesies, are out of date;

Her wit, the once florid, falls below

The licensed badinage of Billingsgate;

For there no fishwife, though her lungs were large

And her vocabulary broad and shady,

Would count it *comme il faut* to bring a charge

Of *fishiness* against another lady.

Well, Heaven be praised! she soon must have her hour

Of useful discipline, and learn, no doubt,

By tough experience how a taste of power

Is apt to find a party's weakness out;

Pride's purge will act upon her better sense;

I hope to see her cured by that upheaval—

Return in opposition, two years hence,

With manners less deplorably primeval.

O. S.

A NEW PERIL.—Fresh legal snares await us at every turn. "At the Swansea Police Court" (says the *Cambria Daily Leader*) "Wm. PUDICOMBE was summoned for not having a bull over twelve months old under proper control." This might have happened to almost anyone; so few of us have ever possessed a bull over twelve months old, whether under control or not. Readers of *Punch* are warned to provide themselves immediately with this *sine quo non*.

FROM A BERLIN PAPER.—"As usual when the Imperial Family visits the theatre, the corridors and auditorium were sprayed with lilac-blossom scent." Is this for fear that some of "the salt of the earth" might have lost its savour?

THE SELFISHNESS OF MAN.

["The colossal selfishness of man often staggers me; but I am still more staggered by woman's often apparently contented endurance of it."—*Society Paper*.]

MARY laid down her fashion print and looked across at me.

"There!" she said, "I hope you're ashamed of yourself."

"I am," I told her. "The fair journalist has discovered the ghastly truth at last. Our selfishness is simply incredible."

MARY seemed disappointed that I acknowledged it so readily.

"Oh, but—" she began.

"We can't help it," I explained. "It has always been so. Why, look at ADAM as a start. There was EVE with a nice apple to eat, and ADAM must come bothering round for a bite. Selfish beast!"

"Well," said MARY, hesitatingly. "I think," she said, "that we'll leave out ADAM. It's Englishmen of the present day that are meant."

"Quite so! Their selfishness is indeed disgusting. Oh, I can give you scores of examples."

"Give me some, then."

"Well, there's the case of BROWN. He has a magnificent place in Herefordshire, and a palace in Park Lane. His wife before he married her was a governess in Brixton. Yet, though he must know that all her family ties are in Brixton, the miserable man forces her to live in Park Lane simply because he prefers it himself—because it suits his own convenience. How the poor patient woman can endure it contentedly I don't know. And, mark you, this is not an isolated case. That sort of thing, if you will believe me, is going on all over the country. It is positively loathsome."

"I don't think—" began MARY.

"Then there's JONES. He slaves morning, noon and night to give his wife a good dress allowance. And why? Merely for his own selfish ends. Because, forsooth, he likes to see a well-dressed woman about the house. The intolerable cad!"

"Oh!" said MARY.

"Yes," I said, "how you women can endure the selfish way in which man insists on paying for everything I cannot understand."

"I don't think the writer was referring to that altogether," MARY said, doubtfully.

"Perhaps not. I think she must have been thinking of people like SMITH. Ah! he was a selfish brute, if ever there was one."

"SMITH?"

"Didn't you ever hear of him? He was a young chap, just married, earning a pretty decent salary. He rode and shot extremely well, and when the war broke out he thought he ought to volunteer. Just imagine! He never thought of his wife at all. Like all men, he only considered his own convenience, and it occurred to him that he might have rather a sporting time in South Africa. So he went. Ugh! The selfish hound! Shall I go on and tell you the results of his disgraceful conduct?"

"Please," said MARY, gently.

"Well, the careless ruffian got the V.C. He led some desperate charge and got wounded a dozen times over. There, again, you see, he thought only of himself, though incidentally his wife shared the honour and glory. But supposing he had got killed! And, anyhow, think of the doubts and fears which she had to endure all those months. How you brave women stand it . . . And SMITH is only one out of so many. Think of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers, sailors, firemen, and policemen who are always ready to risk their lives, and never stop to consider their families. Does the sailor ever say to himself: 'I might get drowned, and then where would my wife be? Hadn't I better become a postman before it's too late?' No. His diabolical selfishness—"

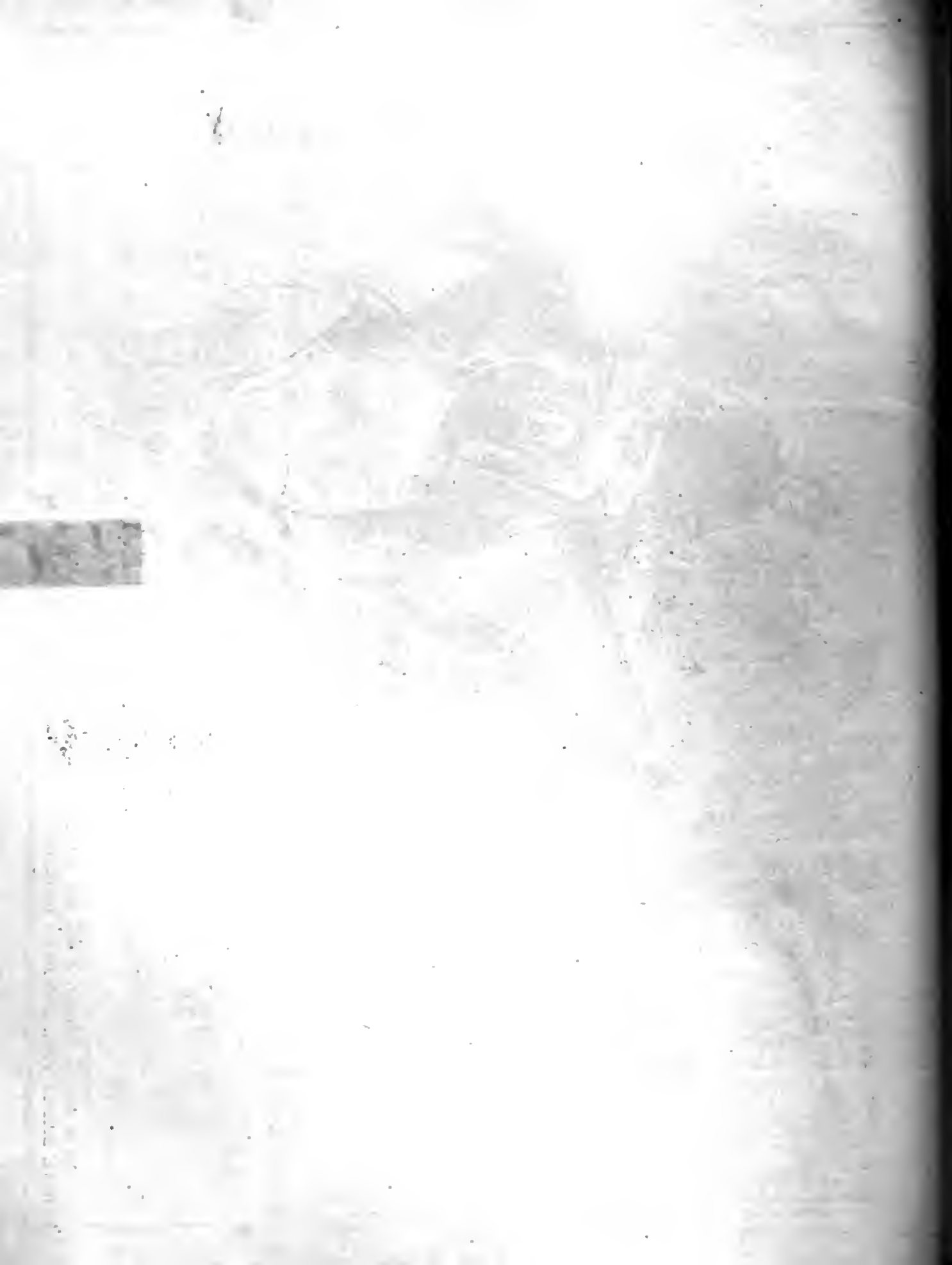
MARY threw her ladies' paper across the room.



MIXED FEELINGS.

BUDGET STAKES. RESULT—SURPLUS 1; TRADE DEPRESSION 0.

JOE (to AUSTEN). "WELL, DONE, MY BOY! CAN'T HELP BEING PLEASED THAT YOU'VE PULLED IT OFF, THOUGH IT WOULD HAVE SUITED YOUR OLD DAD'S BOOK BETTER IF THE OTHER HORSE HAD WON."





THE NEXT BEST THING.

"HAVE YOU EVER DREAMT YOU WERE IN HEAVEN, BOBBY?"

"No. BUT I ONCE DREAMT I WAS IN A JAM TART!"

LITERARY CLOTHING.

[“Dress demands brains; more, I boldly assert, it demands education. A course of literature, taken very seriously, will prove of more value afterwards than most women would believe.”—*Society Paper*.]

WHEN first my dearest DELIA faltered “Yes,”
And put a period to my years of pleading,
I thought to temper down her taste in dress
By raising in her soul a taste for reading.

As one who deems his plan holds naught amiss,
I entered lightly on the undertaking;
Result: for her, delirious dreams of bliss,
For me, a rude pecuniary waking.

I bought her books, she read them, and displayed
Forthwith the spirit literature rouses
By a kaleidoscopic masquerade
Of skirts and coats and picture hats and blouses.

Each tome brought some new thrill; her tender heart
Was in its beat a thousand times arrested;
And every single time she dressed the part
The author's most insistent mood suggested.

Green serge reflected SWINBURNE's sea-tossed lines;
Asbestos, *Lucifer's* Corellian sorrow;
JOHN STUART MILL brought Liberty designs
Embroidered with Lent lilies (due to BORROW).

ELIA gave lamb's wool; BACON, porpoise hide;
Beauchamp's Career, some guinea WORTH confection;
The Light that Failed meant black, and this was dyed,
And made anew for *TOLSTOI's Resurrection*.

Thoughts of the day of reckoning left me pale,
But yet I lacked the firmness to disparage,
Till *Double Harness* brought a bridal veil,
And sackcloth came from *William Ashe's Marriage!*

That roused me. Bills for dress and bills for books
Having attained dimensions past defining,
I stated plainly that my cloudy looks
Were unsupported by a golden lining.

'Twas useless. Funds are low; my credit's dead,
Or nearly; now, with imminence appalling
The sword of fate hangs quivering overhead,
And one thing only can prevent its falling.

The world would haply look askance, or smile,
But my financial prospects might grow wider
If DELIA would, by favour of CARLYLE,
Study Professor TEUFFELSDRÖCKH's *Die Kleider*.

TRAFFIC IN WHITE RELATIONS. — “London marked plates required, complete set. Exchange grandfather, or cash.”—*Exchange and Mart*.

ON CERTAIN DISMAL JEMMIES.

EVERY now and then—probably lest we might be tempted to take too cheerful a view of things in general—a Superior Person steps forward to announce that some particular institution, which few people were aware was even indisposed, is not only dead, but already in an advanced stage of decay.

The author of such discoveries is apt to be either very young or distinctly elderly—a middle-aged specimen being rare; the subject of his *post-mortem* will vary according to circumstances.

It may be our Art, or our Drama; our Chivalry, or our Commerce; our Romance, our Morals, or merely our Manners. It is all the same to him—provided that he can convince himself (as he generally can) that decomposition has already set in.

Perhaps however the favourite subject for his morbid pathology is British Humour. Its deplorable condition occasions him the deepest concern; he has sought anxiously for the faintest sign of vitality in its emaciated form—but he can find none. It is an unmistakable corpse, and the melancholy duty devolves on him as Chief Mourner to invite all friends of the Remains to attend the obsequies, and hear him pronounce what a journalist with the blessings of a classical training has so happily termed the "*Are et Atque*" by the grave-side.

He usually issues the invitation, with the text of his funeral discourse, through some leading periodical, and achieves a sombre distinction in consequence. And, should the Season only happen to be as dead as the deceased he is lamenting, his article may elicit quite a spirited, if irrelevant, correspondence from writers most of whom prefer, with some reason, to remain pseudonymous.

Not only is the Good Old British Humour for which the Superior Person is so inconsolable dead, but it has left no successor. Our Dismal Jemmy has tried to come across a single living British Humourist who can satisfy him that he has a legitimate claim to the title. He has tried in vain. The rightful heir—if he exists at all—persists in lying *perdu*, disregarding all promises that, if he will only communicate with the advertiser, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.

Of course there are a few misguided persons who, believing or representing themselves to be at least distant connections of the Departed, still go on attempting to amuse the public. But they cannot take in the Superior Person—he knows them for the impostors they are. He includes them all under one crushing category—"Funny Men." Not that he would allow that they are even *funny*. If they *were*, he might forgive the offence on condition of course that they did not repeat it.

But not only is there no Humour left—but no Fun, no Wit, no Satire, no Epigram—not even a Joke that, with all his tolerance, he can bring himself to recognise as such. No, Dismal Jemmy tells these incompetent and crestfallen jesters that, with all their efforts, they only succeed in depressing him. So he never reads a single line of any of them: he tells them this, rather with sorrow than with anger—he has a deep sense of the pity of it.

Still, he sorrows not so much on their account, or his own. As a Philosopher, he can worry along very well without such a mere luxury as laughter. It is the common folk who have his chief sympathy—the poor people who would all be so gay and lighthearted, if only some genius would arise and give them something to grin at. But no genius ever does—and the world has to go on in grey monotony, yearning with longings unspeakable for a really good giggle, and doomed to yearn on in ever-lessening hope.

Dismal Jemmy does not conceal his impression that the Golden Age of Genuine Fun will not return just yet—

probably not in his lifetime. From his Pisgah height, he cannot make out even the faintest indications of any Promised Land flowing with real Wit and Humour, and he has but faint hope of ever reaching it himself. But he knows it must lie somewhere in the distance, and the knowledge renders all condensed and chemically prepared substitutes for its natural products all the less likely to agree with him.

Yet some of us manufacturers of these poor makeshifts would gladly endeavour to tickle his palate, if he would only show us how, only indicate some famous brand as a standard which we might strive to approach. The difficulty is to find out the particular kind of Humour that Dismal Jemmy really *does* enjoy. We know it cannot be that of either DICKENS or THACKERAY, because he has long ago condemned the one as a farcical Caricaturist, and the other as a Sentimentalist in the guise of a Cynic. No, it would be of no use trying to model ourselves on either of *them*. Then, how about SMOLLETT—or FIELDING? Isn't it just possible that their humour may strike him as a little wanting in refinement? Or should we—as indeed some of us do—revert to the methods of a still earlier Humourist, the immortal Mr. JOSEPH MILLER? But there again, we cannot be *absolutely* certain that the works of even that master have produced anything approaching a fissure in the sides of Dismal Jemmy.

The truth is that he does not exactly know what sort of Humour he *does* want—all he knows is that he hasn't got it. He is convinced that Humour is decayed, but if he were pressed he couldn't (or at all events he *doesn't*) point to a period at which he could conscientiously pronounce it anything less than over-ripe. The Humour he is really craving for—whether he is aware of the fact or not—is something entirely ideal, essentially different from all that has previously existed—a joke that none has seen on sea or land, a jape of such supernatural brilliance, such irresistible originality, as to extort even from a Dismal Jemmy the reward of a wan smile.

Those of us who have not yet discovered that the late LEWIS CARROLL was merely an over-rated writer of tedious nonsense are tempted to apply our beloved Alice's remark to the Gnat in the Looking-Glass railway carriage: "If you're so anxious to have a joke made, why don't you make one yourself?"

But Dismal Jemmy, besides considering such a retort as but a poor attempt at humour, would be struck by its utter unreasonableness as addressed to himself. Why expect *him* to make jokes? Is he a professional Humourist that he should do this thing? He is far better employed, high up on his watch-tower, scanning the horizon, like Sister Anne, for some sign of a rescuer from the *Bluebeard Dulness*, and, like that young lady, perceiving nothing as yet but a cloud of dust or a flock of foolish sheep.

However, though he has no word of comfort for us, we may have some consolation for *him*. He may not believe it—but, if those overdue Humourists ever *were* to put in an appearance, Dismal Jemmy would not be nearly so delighted as he imagines. Probably he would not allow them to deliver him at all; he would only call them "the Newest Humourists," and tell them to go away.

But if he had to admit them, would he be any the happier? Would they not deprive him of that priceless possession—his grievance against the age he lives in—to say nothing of the soothing sense of his own superiority?

And there is another possibility, so awful that there seems a certain impiety in the very suggestion.

But suppose—of course it is highly improbable, but only suppose—that, whenever the Future Humourist really does arrive, he should make the first genuine joke at the expense of Dismal Jemmy!

Then perhaps even the present lamentable condition of things might come to be regarded as, after all, the true Golden Age—for Dismal Jemmies.

F. A.

DEVOLUTION.

[The heroes of serial stories at present running in the *Strand* and *Pall Mall* Magazines are, respectively, a bushranger and a burglar. The Hero of Romance comments upon his fallen estate.]

WHEN COLERIDGE sang *Christabel*,
And BYRON wrote *Childe Harold*,
A finely-wrought romantic spell
My infant limbs apparelled;
I fed on pap of parlous hap,
In bulky volumes written,
Gleaning a lot from WALTER SCOTT,
And later on from LYTTON.

I learned the laws of fence and fan,
Of pointed toes and phrases;
I laid my villain, like a man,
His length among the daisies;
With faultless prose and Grecian nose,
Whate'er they bade me touch on,
I always won, and bore an un-
impeachable escutcheon.

And now!—'tis gone, the godlike speech,
The braided robe 's in tatters,
The ancient bloom is off the peach,
And nothing really matters;
I shall not wave much more the glaive,
Nor stride on Scottish heather,
I'm getting nigh the end of my
Aristocratic tether.

For oh! the knack of derring-do
Has suffered strange contortions,
When—strolling down the Strand or
through
Pall Mall, in monthly portions—
I've sunk (who erst would lightly worst
A squadron of bushrangers)
To cracking cribs myself for dibs,
And robbing helpless strangers.

And what's the end? Why, plain enough;
Although the prospect harrows,
They'll dress me in a suit of buff,
With regulation arrows;
For since I fight no more for Right
(And as for scruples—choke 'em),
The novelist who's short of grist
Will paint me picking oakum.

I've taken up the villain's cue
And steeped myself in felonies
By letting out my honour to
A Magazine's miscellanies;
But ye who read (ere Faune was dead,
And glory fell to zero)
The deeds sublime that graced my prime,
Bemoan a fallen Hero!

IN Helensburgh, feeling runs high on the subject of the top-dressing of footpaths. House-proprietors are allowed to choose their own material, and the result is a patch-work of colours. The *Helensburgh News*, very sensibly submitting under protest to the finality of the Town Council's decision, sums up the matter in the following memorable words: "JOSEPH'S coat and the Helens-



A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

"MY FATHER CAN DO A LOT BETTER 'N YOU CAN."

"IS HE A PAINTER?"

"YES, AND A PLUMBER TOO!"

burgh footpaths have clasped hands, and there is nothing for it now but to receive the mutual embrace with soundness of mind."

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

(Dedicated with respect but without permission to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

THE troot that loup in Tweed sae cool,
The saumon in the Spey,
The very puddocks in the pool—
Nae watter-rates pay they.

The swallow bigs his kirk-spire nest,
Flits oot an' in a' day—

He pays nae teind; forbye he's blest,
Exempt from Schedule A.

Tod-lourie scoors among the hills,
Kills maukins ilka day;
His rocky den wi' pheesants fill'd —
Nae game-tax does he pay.

The laverock liltin' i' the lift,
The lintie in the glen,
Their melody is God's ain gift —
Nae copyricht they ken.

It's juist when ye come down to man
The law at aince less lax is—
Whate'er your sex, your kirk, your
clan,
Ye aye munn pay your taxes.

LEGAL SYNONYM FOR ROWING SHORTS.—
Brief bags.

THE "NOT UNIMPOSSIBLE SHE."

(A purely sporting suggestion.)

We've been attracted by this "broader view"—
 Or had it thrust upon us—from historic
 Dreams of Utopian thinkers to the new
 Vermillion motor-car of Lady W—x,
 And found one prospect more than others fair.
 We mean the communistic propaganda
 Calling on churchly Corydons to share
 The voting-booth with PHYLIS and AMANDA.

For, though a feminine electorate
 Might shirk so grave an issue as Protection,
 And waste their well-known talents for debate
 On minor themes like Anti-vivisection;
 And though a lady might have lore enough
 In cotton goods, yet, when we had enfranchised her,
 Devote undue attention to the stuff
 And spurn the spirit of the "school of Manchester":—

(Or we can fancy Mr. TOMKINS' vote
 Thus veering in a conference of women:
 "My dear, he wears a simply monstrous coat,
 I don't think we can possibly put him in."
 Or (Mr. SUMMIS' oration duly made)
 Haply some fair constituent would answer,
 "You may be sound on Temperance and Trade,
 But oh! you're an abominable dancer!")—

Still—if our Government aspires to do
 A deed of note before the Dissolution,
 And someone could be found to carry through
 So cardinal a change of Constitution,
 It might not help us much to gain the goal,
 Whatever goal it is, for which we're fighting,
 But anyhow it would produce a poll
 More open, and immensely more exciting!

PIMPERNEL LEAVES.

ON Monday, April 3, at the New Theatre, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, a Romantic Comedy, which owes its great popularity to the finished acting of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY (Miss JULIA NEILSON) and their well-chosen company, reached its hundredth representation. The crowded house rose to the occasion; overwhelming applause kept the curtain rising and falling with the mercurial velocity of a weather-gauge, or shares in the Kaffir market. The happy principals bowed and smiled, and smiled and bowed, again and again, as they gracefully returned thanks, in dumb-show, for the appreciative patronage of their "friends in front."

There were also occasional cries for the author, which would have been more decided had the audience been able to master the correct pronunciation of the unfamiliar name of "ORCZY-BARSTOW." Simple "BARSTOW" could have been confidently shouted: but "ORCZY" was a twister. Of course there were demands for "Speech, speech," with which, if either Mr. FRED TERRY, or Miss JULIA NEILSON, complied, it must have been after the *Pimpernel* had closed its brilliant petals. For this specimen of *Anagallis arvensis* belongs to "a series of flowers that close each at a certain hour," and the closing time for this particular one is regularly eleven at night. Soon, however, as far as London is concerned, it is to be closed for a long time, and will be transplanted to the fresh air of the Provinces, where it will flourish prodigiously and be brought back to town when there is a place vacant for its reception. Pity that it should have to be disturbed, since this *Pimpernel*, or "Shepherd's Weather-glass," as it is popularly termed, has reached the mark of "set fair."

Except as *Nell Gwyn*, Miss JULIA NEILSON has rarely appeared.

to greater advantage than in this play as the *Comtesse de Tournai*, nor in any previous piece has she made better use of the opportunities afforded her. Given the natural light-heartedness that has been clouded by one incident of the lady's life, and a better interpretation of the character than Miss JULIA NEILSON's it would not be very easy to imagine; while to find a more beautiful representative of the winsome *Comtesse de Tournai* would be impossible. Fortunate the author who can command the services of such a heroine: his play may be as unsatisfactory a piece of work as is *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, but with so splendid a personality as that of JULIA NEILSON, and backed by the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, what might have been, in other hands, a failure, is, in theirs, a great success.

As *Sir Percy Blakeney*, the *Scarlet Pimpernel* himself, Mr. FRED TERRY is admirable. He has to play at playing a part; to pretend he is merely an inane fop and court jester, while he is the head-centre of a determined band, the wily but honest leader of a set of noble conspirators, pledged to risk their own lives in the service of such French aristocrats as they may be able to aid in escaping from the bloodthirsty *sansculottes* under the Reign of Terror in France. His assumed gaiety, his frolicsome nonsense, his sudden change to intense seriousness of purpose, the conflict between suspicion of his wife and his true love for her, are all finely shown. One word of praise to the author for the admirable finish of the Second Act, a surprise well led up to, which brings down the curtain to enthusiastic and well-deserved applause.

And to the success of the piece Mr. HORACE HODGES as *Chauvelin*, the French envoy, contributes in a marked degree. In form, and occasionally in feature, Mr. HODGES recalls, to some of us with memories, "little ROBSON" as *Desmarests* in *Plot and Passion*. It may be doubted whether a higher compliment could be paid to him.

Mr. RUDGE HARDING gives a very flattering portraiture of the *Prince of Wales*, "afterwards *George the Fourth*." Could THACKERAY's "royal inventor of a shoe-buckle," that master of PITT and FOX, "to whom nothing was of much consequence save the button of a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge," honour with his ghostly presence this performance, no doubt his shady Royal Highness would be highly gratified by Mr. HARDING's impersonation.

Where there are so many concerned, for it is a very full cast, and all from greatest to least give essential support to the piece, it is difficult to particularise, but among the ladies must be mentioned the *Suzanne de Tournai* of Miss MARY MACKENZIE, who, having to look pretty and act prettily, does both naturally enough, and having to assume a French accent and to give evidence of her imperfect acquaintance with English by her foreign pronunciation does this so well that she might be indeed a *jeune demoiselle* fresh from a convent school, "simple comme bonjour."

Mr. WALTER EDWIN gives us a dignified rendering of the French *émigrée Comtesse de Tournai*; two very small but important "characters" as part of the picture—*Sally Jellyband* and *Mère Brogard*—are artistically made up and played by Miss KATHLEEN DOYLE and Miss MARION STERLING.

Mr. ERNEST E. INESON is very good as Mr. *Hempstead*, the old countryman, who is perpetually attempting quotations from Scripture and only once succeeds in finishing his sentence.

Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK is careful and earnest as one of the chief conspirators, and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY is as noble a gentleman as one would wish to see as the representative of the manly *Lord Anthony Dehurst*.

All good, and, as we suppose, all off to the Provinces, where good luck go with them. *Pimpernel* leaves, the flower is *en route*.

Next week we hope to have something to say concerning



WELL MEANT.

Hostess (to Distinguished Foreigner). "I DO HOPE YOU WON'T FIND IT DULL HERE."

Distinguished Foreigner (politely). "Ah, no, I WILL NOT FIND IT DULL. ARE NOT YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND AMUSEMENT ENOUGH?"

two notable events in the theatrical world, the successful *Hamlet* of H. B. IRVING at the Adelphi, and the welcome re-appearance of ELLEN TERRY at the Duke of York's Theatre.

ANOTHER QUEER CALLING.

(For Women.)

["A law has just been passed in Wisconsin providing that every 'wilful' bachelor shall be taxed. . . . The only unmarried males to escape the tax are those who can satisfactorily prove that they have done their best to get married, and failed."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

BIDDY O'BRIDE was a poor old maid,
Hawker of apples and nuts by trade,
Wrinkled, crinkled, far from young,
Short in the temper and long in the tongue.
All steered clear of the sharp old shrew,
And poorer and poorer still she grew,
Till she scarce had victuals from day to day,
Nor a fill of twist for her old black clay.

One night she heard in the "Shamrock Inn"
Of the last thing in taxes from Wisconsin:
Wilful bachelors who declined
To marry a girl must all be fined;
The only way to escape scot-free
Was to show a certificate: "I, A. B.,
Have offered to marry a maid, C. D.,
Who has this day rejected me."
"Bedad," thought BIDDY, "'tis me will win
A beautiful living in Wisconsin!

If a man can show he has bin an' axed
Ould BIDDY O'BRIDE, he can go untaxed."
So she bade the Emerald Isle adieu
To seek fresh woods and pastures new,
And a month scarce passed ere her name was made
In the offer-of-marriage-refusing trade.

BIDDY O'BRIDE is poor no more;
Crowds of suitors seek her door—
Fair men, dark men, short men, long men,
Fat men, thin men, weak men, strong men,
Men of the highest social rank,
With cosy balances at the bank—
"In short, in the matter of suitors," says BIDDY,
"I beat Penelope, the fair grass widdy."
At times her feelings are sorely wrung:
When wooers are specially nice and young,
Fain would she deal a cruel blow
By whispering "Yes," instead of "No."
But faster and faster the fees flow in
From the bachelor clients of Wisconsin,
And somehow dollars possess the art
Of healing the wounds in a human heart—
So she sits in her office, resigned and more,
Declining proposals from ten to four.

THE Aston Villa directors have decided that, on the occasion of the final, the players' wives shall be taken to the Crystal Palace. There is practical wisdom in this arrangement. Their opponents' halves may be good, but they will be no match for the Villa's better halves.



IN SEARCH OF A "CERTAINTY."

Cautious Gambler. "FOUR TO ONE BE BLOWED! I WANT A CHAUNCE OF GETTIN' A BIT FOR MY MONEY."

Bookmaker. "TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT. YOU OUGHT TO JOIN A BURIAL SOCIETY. SURE TO GET SOMETHIN' OUT O' THAT!"

STATESMAN'S ELEVEN MINDS.

ASTONISHING CASE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.

THE romantic and amazing case of the girl possessing ten separate and distinct personalities reported by Dr. ALBERT WILSON to the Psychical Research Society, and duly set forth in the Proceedings of that body, has naturally attracted the keen attention of medical and psychological experts. It might have been

supposed that such an astonishing series of contradictory psychological experiences were unique and unprecedented. Such, however, is not the case, a trusted political correspondent having communicated to us, under pledge of secrecy, details of a case even more astounding in its kaleidoscopic alternations of personality.

The patient in question whom for obvious reasons we will call Mr. B.—about two years ago, being then a man of middle age and highly educated, had

an attack of preferential fiscalitis. The malady remained in abeyance for some time, but after some months Mr. B. had a serious relapse, since which time there commenced to appear in rapid succession the eleven personalities, the last one, which occurred just two years after the first, taking the form of absolute indifference to public opinion. He understood nothing, and at times apparently could not even hear what was said to him by his subordinates.

The personalities manifested themselves as follows:—

(1) May, 1903.—Acute interest in Colonial products and a loathing for jam and pickles. Kept on saying at intervals, "Good old Joe."

(2) About a month later.—A simple child, unable to read the newspapers, but with a passion for golf and motor-cars.

(3) July, 1903.—Fiscal health deteriorated. He could now both read and write, and composed two mutually contradictory documents, one for private and the other for public circulation.

(4) August, 1903.—He became increasingly subject to illusions, and took to playing whist, but always with the same partner. To all his other friends he presented the appearance of a deaf mute.

(5) September 18, 1903.—Another momentous new departure. He called black white, and Preference people Free Traders. He spelt backwards, but wrote forwards. He believed he was three days old, refused to recognise his oldest friends, stood on his head and attempted to walk up walls.

(6) October, 1903.—A sweet child, but totally ignorant of facts and figures.

(7) October, 1904.—Insisted on going to Edinburgh, where he delivered an eloquent speech, which was interpreted in diametrically opposite senses by different sets of critics. This is the personality that is now being satisfactorily developed.

(8) December, 1904.—Complete loss of memory. Patient declared that he had been born yesterday, though as a matter of fact he was not born yesterday. He called his driver "Joe," and his putter "JESSE."

(9) March, 1905.—Transition came gradually. Professed complete ignorance of what had taken place the day before. Refused to discuss burning questions on the ground that the burned child dreads the fire.

(10) April 1st, 1905.—Took to playing golf with Scotch fishermen.

(11) April 6.—The stage of blind indifference. Said he had never heard of such a place as Brighton, and asked, "Who is Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD?"



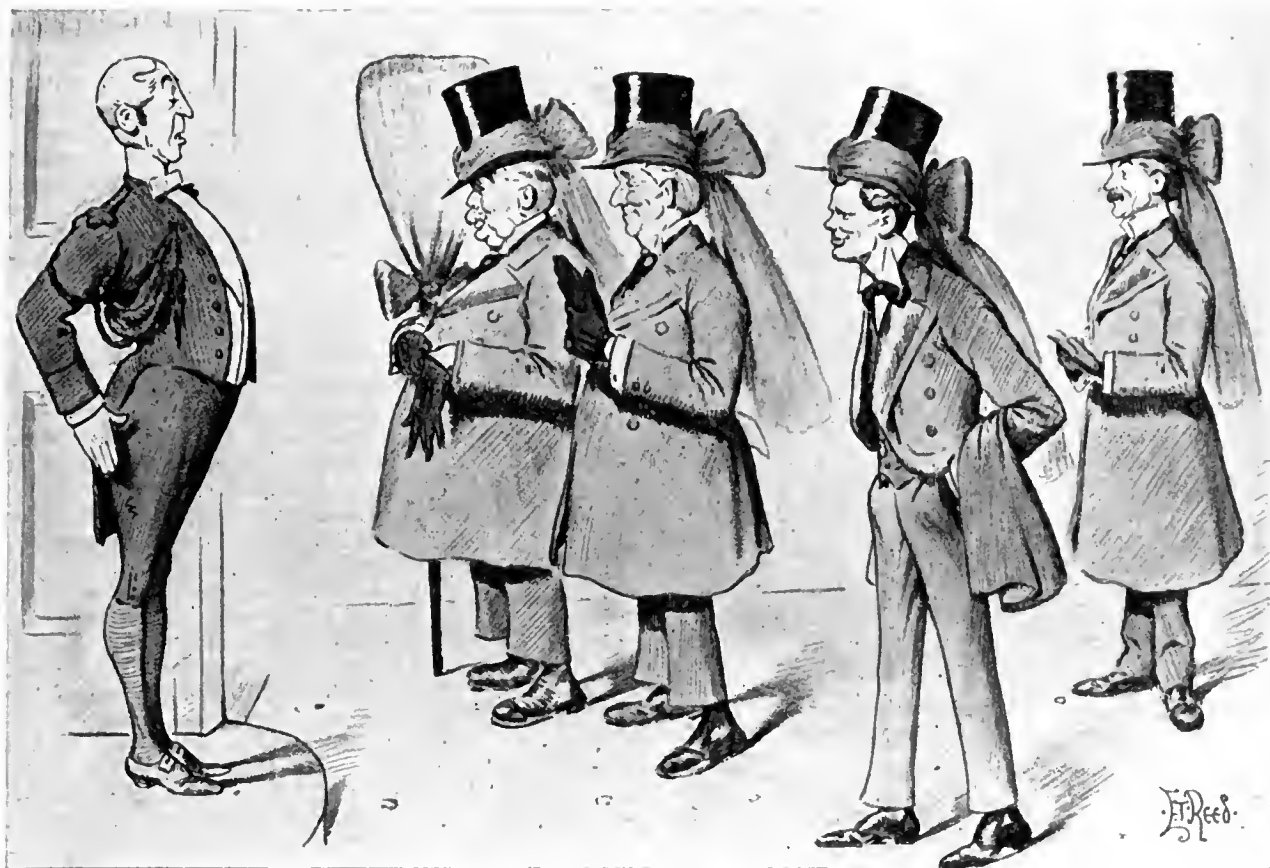
THE MATCH-MAKER MALGRÉ ELLE.

Mlle. La France (*aside*). "IF SHE'S GOING TO GLARE AT US LIKE THAT, IT ALMOST LOOKS AS IF WE MIGHT HAVE TO BE REGULARLY ENGAGED."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"MOURNERS" OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Government Footman. "IT ISN'T NO USE YOUR 'ANGING ABOUT! THE HOBSEQUES IS N'OFF!"

("Was there ever a death-bed scene so long drawn out, so unilluminated by a single ray either of dignity or repentance or hope, as of the present Government? They had most of them long since ordered their mourning, and were beguiling the weary hours of waiting for the inevitable by composing epitaphs.")—*Mr. Asquith at Wolverhampton.*

House of Commons, Monday, April 3.—In Lobby this afternoon came upon Field-Marshal Earl ROBERTS of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford, commonly called BOBS, looking as slick and young as ever. Miracle due to brave heart and sunny nature. Old soldiers who marched with BOBS in Kandahar would scarcely recognise him in the dapper-looking gentleman in glossy hat, snug overcoat, and drab spats, carrying in sword-hand a tightly rolled silk umbrella. Might even have taken the renowned warrior as being "something in the City."

Like all great men, BOBS is never above learning his business. When BRODRICK was at the War Office he often regretted he had not earlier had the advantage of collaboration with the ex-lieutenant of the Second Surrey Militia. If he had, he modestly thinks he might have more cleverly managed the field force that captured Kabul, or made a better job

of it at Fategarh. To-day Army Estimates on; ARNOLD-FORSTER expected to offer a few remarks on state of Army and the very latest scheme of Army Reform. BOBS hurried across on chance of picking up some useful hints, garnering some stray sheaf of knowledge about the art of war.

Pretty to see how his countenance fell when he learned that War Minister had made an end of speaking, and that opportunity was lost. Cheered him with reminder that he might read it all in the papers to-morrow morning. BOBS shook his head; of course he would read every word, making notes for guidance in the future. But the printed report could not supply those adjuncts dear to the anxious pupil—the flashing eye, the strident voice clanging command; the unconscious military air; the intimate acquaintance with military matters, from the setting of a squadron in the field to the proper storage and

distribution of what the gallant War Minister still calls "rayshons."

Whilst the veteran soldier thus lamented lost opportunity, others, enjoying it, slighted the boon. WINSTON CHURCHILL is the sort of young fellow who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. Certainly "didn't mince words in criticising administration of the War Office. BRODRICK, sitting at end of Bench, had a real good half-hour listening to the Member for Oldham. Time was when, being himself at the War Office, these darts would have been aimed at him. Now he might loiter at leisure, safe from the cloud of arrows that fell around and upon the body of his successor. Sweet are the uses of this kind of adversity. Only a man who has himself been at the War Office and introduced one or two systems of reform can thoroughly appreciate the situation when someone else, in his old place, is under fire.



"As a Volunteer I am one of the 'half manufactured articles' the Prime Minister spoke of!"
(Hon. Bobby Spencer.)

It was like old times; the only change being the personal target. Now, as then, whilst experts on both sides rose and denounced War Minister's proposals, there was not one so poor as to do him the reverence of supporting him.

"Happily," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "by prevision of Providence, it comes to pass in this twentieth century that in succession the post of Army Reformer has been held by a middle-aged young civilian, sustained by consciousness that he knows more about the Army than any who have served in it. It was said of old time that JOHNNIE RUSSELL was ready at an hour's notice to take command of the Channel Fleet. That was a jibe; here is a fact. We have two men, such as by chance PRINCE ARTHUR might meet in walking down Parliament Street, taken from civil life and put at the head of the British Army, with its colossal responsibilities and its expenditure of £30,000,000 a year. Straightway, almost before they are familiar with the bearings of the office furniture, they set to work to remodel the Army System, one creating six Army Corps literally out of his head, the other snubbing the Militia, threatening the Volunteers with annihilation. If they would only be quiet for a month or two, trying to learn something of a new and intricate business into which a perplexed PREMIER had inducted them, it might be excusable.

But right off, before the ink dries on the paper bearing their commission, to begin pulling the premises down with



"Redolent of the attar and musk of the Albany."
(Hon. Claude Lowther.)

promise to rebuild them in quite another way, is to mere man a marvel."

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates.

Tuesday night.—This Session will live in history by reason of invention and adoption of new Parliamentary game. According to ancient habit, when two Parties were engaged in combat, one flung down a card, t'other tried to trump it. New game is a sort of Parliamentary Patience. You have neither partner nor opponent; you deal out the whole pack to yourself and then lay out the cards one by one till 12 o'clock strikes, whereupon game automatically closes, you go home and, if wise, to bed.

Fresh game to-night. JOSEPH LEISE led off with resolution raising question of Fiscal Reform; PRINCE ARTHUR, in accordance with avowed habit, took a night off, advising his men to imitate his example. This they did cheerily. Consequence, the now familiar scene of Opposition benches crowded; Treasury Bench empty; a waste of green-leathered seats behind; below Gangway a few Free-Feeders.

A fortnight ago the game had the charm of novelty. That worn off, it begins to fall a little flat. Wound up as usual with submission of Resolution from the Chair; a strident cry of "Ay!" from the Opposition benches; silence in the deserted Ministerial fold, and another Resolution, this time aimed at Don José's Colonial Conference, added to the Journals with notification that it was "carried *nemine contradicente*."

At eleven o'clock episode developed illustrating many-sidedness of House. CROOKS, in Sunday clothes of British working man, shouted for twenty minutes denunciation of Protectionist tendency, illustrating his points with what is kindly called homely wit. When he sat down up gat from other side CLAUDE LOWTHER, radiant in dinner dress, redolent of the attar and musk of the Albany. In dulcet voice he proposed to ask Mr. CROOKS a couple of questions.

Was he a paid agent of a Trade Union whose fundamental basis is Protection? Was he opposed to the free importation of foreign labour?

These rather "nasty ones" followed on tub-thumping speech much applauded by gentlemen below Gangway opposite, who keep friendly eye on the working man's vote. Rarely has retort courteous even at Faber's Point in the late war CLAUDE was courteous—been more swiftly effective.

CROOKS said he was prepared to defend his position in these respects, but this not the place or the time.

"Very well," CLAUDE lisped, readjusting his latest and most magnificent waistcoat, "I will await with interest the hon. Member's opportunity."



W. L. G. 1905

Engineer, "THERE'S CERTAINLY A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE."

Simple Simon (with gleeful satisfaction), "HE-HE! I KNOWS WHERE 'T BE TOO!"

Car Owner (intensely interested), "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOY?"

Simple Simon, "HE-HE! WHY I'VE GOT 'UN! ALL THE FOLKS SAY AS 'OW I'VE GOT A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE!"



OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.
(Mr. Henniker Heaton)

Business done.—Another *mem. con.* Free Trade Resolution added to Journal of House.

Friday night.—HENNIKER HEATON'S campaign has proved more successful than another we wot of. Much water sped under Westminster Bridge since he first flaunted the flag of Ocean Penny Postage. It was scouted by successive Postmasters; couldn't be done at the price; would swamp Post Office revenue. To-day, with one exception, England is united to her far-flung Colonies by adhesive penny stamp.

Exception is Rhodesia, a distinction that would make Cecil Rhodes sit up if he were still with us. Why Rhodesia should be left out no man knoweth. Probably gentleman who catalogued list of Colonies could not remember at the moment whether Rhodesia was spelled with "h" or not. However it be, there you are; penny postage to Uganda, twopence-halfpenny to Rhodesia; both on the same continent.

This, though the biggest, by no means the complement of H. H.'s public services in the matter of postal reform. In small matters they are innumerable. Now he will have time to concentrate his efforts upon the great mystery of P and M. If, alluding to the time of day, you telegraph "P.M.," the letters go for a halfpenny. Reverse them, addressing, for example, Toby, "M.P.," bang goes a penny. On what principle this distinction is created and enforced is an older mystery, kindred with that which broods over Rhodesia and its twopenny-halfpenny stamp.

Something ought to be done for HENNIKER HEATON. Of course it wouldn't do to have his head engraved on a new ocean penny stamp; but in the next reconstruction of the Ministry he might

be sent to the War Office. Even after Brighton, Canterbury seems a safe seat.

As WYNDHAM CHAMBERLAIN said on Monday, we've had four different Army schemes in four years. A fifth fully due.

Business done.—Discussing Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.

MORE DAILY DAYS.

[MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P., contributes to *Ideas* an article on "My Daily Day." From it we learn that this strenuous day begins at six in the morning, and even at that early hour on one typical day he is called upon to give advice and assistance to one of his constituents, "a wheezy baker." His visitors are a varied crowd ranging from "a distracted peeress on some useful social quest" to a "red-faced teragant with a swivel-eyed boy of the industrial school type." Then comes the afternoon meeting of the London County Council, and later many hours at the House of Commons. A long day, indeed! "But," says Mr. BURNS, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., contributes to *Notions* an article with the same title, which shows that Mr. BURNS is not the only hard-worked Labour Member. Mr. CROOKS says that his callers begin before it is light. While yet the morn is grey, he says, an asthmatic butcher is knocking at his door for information as to the application of a protective tariff to prime joints, while it is no uncommon occurrence for a Countess of impulsive character to motor down to Woolwich before breakfast to ask Mr. CROOKS to settle some little problem of social politics which troubled her in the night. Then there is the morning's post, two hundred letters at least, all of which Mr. CROOKS answers with his own hand, for he strongly objects to amanuenses, and then breakfast. Every day after breakfast Mr. CROOKS makes a house-to-house visit throughout his constituency, believing that only thus can a Member of Parliament properly keep in touch with his supporters, and often he finds himself involved in serious discussions lasting for some hours. None the less he is back to lunch at one. After this comes the House.

Not a bad day, is it? "But," adds Mr. CROOKS, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

MR. WANKLYN, M.P., sends us the following account of a normal day of his own, which he takes to be more strenuous than Mr. BURNS'S.

"I rise," he says, "at five, and make myself a cup of Vi-Horso, the best pick-me-up on which to begin. Then I have a cold shower bath, and run twice round the home paddock, or, if I am in town, Dean's Yard; after this I eat a raw

beefsteak powdered on the Salisbury method, and am ready for my Secretary, who arrives at six. For two hours I dictate to him replies to the morning's post. 'Not in yet?' you say. No, that is true; but I answer the letters all the same. I know what they are going to say, and when the post comes in all one has to do is to fill in the names, for which blanks have carefully been left.

"Next I have breakfast, and then for two hours I am buried in the *Times*. After the *Times* is finished I dictate to my Secretary replies to those letters which could not be answered in advance—each post usually bringing a few such—and play a round at golf. It is now time for lunch. After lunch, exhausted nature demands some respect, and I rest for a while, being, however, punctilious to be read to sleep by an improving book such as *The Marriage of William Ashe*, or a foolish one, like *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*. I drink on awaking a cup of China tea, and am at once ready again for the fray. I begin by seeing my bailiff, or, if in town, my butler. I take a run down to the Crystal Palace. I glance at the evening papers. And then comes the House. Life, as someone—I forget who—truly remarked, is not all beer and skittles.

"And yet," added Mr. WANKLYN, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, being interviewed as to his daily habits, revealed a state of energy beside which Mr. BURNS merely smoulders and smokes.

"I do not sleep at all," said the great commoner. "Sleep is for boys and Free Traders; I work. All night I communicate by telephone with the Colonial Premiers. Our night, as perhaps you know, is their day. What a lesson that should teach us! While we snore they toil."

Here the interviewer remarked that, on the other hand, while we toil they snore. "Never mind about that," said the illustrious demagogue; "it is absurd to labour a point."

He then resumed: "I spend the time from six until eight in the conservatories, tending my favourite flowers. At eight I breakfast—simply and swiftly. I take coffee without sugar. Not that I do not like sugar, but I cannot afford it. Owing to some cause or other which I cannot fathom, it has become very dear. Then I deal with my correspondence, which takes two hours, and is not then finished. All this while I have been steadily taking no exercise. Then I receive deputations of manufacturers and disguised Members of Parliament, who want to know how the cat is going to jump,

but dare not come to me openly. After lunch I read DICKENS and the *Dictionary of Quotations*, and I am then ready for the House. Thus passes one's life.

"But," added Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Sir GILBERT PARKER, writing from Chatsworth, proves that he too must be reckoned amongst those who shun delights and live laborious days. He says:—"I breakfast late (Mr. BALFOUR always breakfasts late), and spend the morning dictating despatches—subsequently forwarded by cable—to Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Dr. JAMESON, and Mr. SEDDON, adumbrating the policy which in my opinion they will do well to follow. This generally occupies the whole of the morning, after which I partake of a light luncheon with assorted Cabinet Ministers. In the afternoon I address, on an average, five drawing-room meetings and one demonstration, and write a few chapters of my next novel, a political romance entitled *The Ladder of Empire*. I then see my elocutionist, and before dining indulge in half an hour's mountaineering practice on the roofs of Carlton House Terrace with a rope and ice-axe of my own invention. When the House is not sitting my evening is generally spent in the refined and stimulating atmosphere of *le beau monde*. It is, in faith, an exacting life, but," continues Sir GILBERT, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, Bart., sends us the following succinct account of his daily round:—"I rise at 3 A.M., and edit 75 papers before 7. Then I motor to Windsor *via* Mentmore for breakfast. From 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. I make up my mind on the Fiscal question, and meet my brothers at the usual family dinner party from 8 to 9, retiring to bed at 9.30, quite worn out with the multifarious labours of the day. It is a dog's life, but," as Sir ALFRED adds in happy phrase, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

The Poet Laureate telephones from Swinford Old Manor: "You ask me how I spend my day? Nothing could be simpler. I rise before the lark, and having seen that 'blithe spirit' go up,

I usually dig in VERONICA's garden till breakfast. If, however, the weather is inclement, I retire into LAURA's winter quarters for shelter until the gong sounds. From 10 till 12 I submit to the divine afflatus. From 12 till 1 I dictate the results. Luncheon, a light meal, washed down by choice Malvoisie, is usually taken in an arbour known as the Pavilion of Parnassus, and is followed by an hour's meditation to the accompaniment of pan-pipes or the pianola. From 4 to 5 I dictate narrative poetry. After an interval for afternoon tea, lyric poetry occupies me till 7. After dinner, conversation, which, as GIBBON says,



ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.

FOUR A.M.

"METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY, 'SLEEP NO MORE!' . . . TO ALL THE HOUSE."—*Macbeth*.

enriches the intellect. Before retiring to rest I gaze in solitude upon the stars, for, as GIBBON says, solitude is the true school of genius. It may not be the life that commends itself to mundane minds, but," concludes Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, in an eloquent peroration, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

AN 'ERO OF OUR 'OME.

[Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is reported to be occupying himself with a vindication of the character of NERO. We do not know what line of defence the poet is taking, but we would suggest that he might regard the maligned Emperor as the prototype of the modern Fireman.]

A NERO's nerve the Fireman shows,
Down from his helmet to his hose,
For when our Rome is in a blaze
He calmly wets his pipe and plays.

THE OFFENSIVE.

In consequence of the frequent recurrence of this obscure term in news from the seat of war, Mr. *Punch* has thought it his duty to consult a military expert with a view to its elucidation. He accordingly approached one of those natural strategists who to a memory of Easter manœuvres, voluntarily undertaken, unite an experience on the Stock Exchange enabling them to speak with authority upon Bear tactics. His inquiries were answered in the most obliging manner, and he is now in a position to place the following facts before the public:—

Amid the rigours of a Manchurian climate almost any movement may be considered "offensive" which involves the quitting of winter quarters. Even a civilian can appreciate this, if he has ever been conscious that his next movement must be to get up and break the ice in his bath.

It is customary to speak of the offensive as being "taken" when none of the other objects of attack can be.

On the other hand the offensive is "assumed" when the advance which it connotes is invisible to the naked eye. The latter use is the more proper in telegrams to an autocrat, as delicately suggesting that the resulting success had better be "assumed" too.

This reference to lack of results does not mean that no movement ever succeeds. On the contrary a retrograde movement nearly always succeeds the assumption of the offensive. Nor does it mean that nothing follows; for the Japanese invariably do.

The correct use of the term is traced by some to a passage in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, where chess is described as "a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loses the mate." Thus, in the game of war, a movement which results in the too sudden introduction of the enemy amongst one's camp-followers has received this technical name.

Mr. *Punch's* informant could not speak so authoritatively in naval matters, inasmuch as, pending the reintroduction of the river steamboat service, he was conscious that his nautical knowledge was rusty. He believed, however, that "offensive" was an expression applied to the random discharge of guns, especially following upon an "assumption" not justified by facts.

THE RUSSIAN GOLD RESERVE.—Is this to be regarded as Hoard de Combat?

A LOVE CHARM.

O LOVE-STRIKEN lady, beware if you can
Of attempting to capture the heart of a man
With a flash of bright eyes or a ravishing dimple;
Such arts are delusion, but here is a plan
Alluringly simple.

Let your hair blow at hockey all over your head,
Let your face be as beet root (he dotes on it red).
Dash swiftly and eagerly into the tussle;
For your charm's in the main, after all has been said,
A matter of muscle.

And as for your costume you can't be far wrong,
If your skirt is cut short and your boots are made long
(And shin-guards are excellent aids to attraction);
Let the whole of your garments be scanty and strong,
Adapted for action.

For the harder you strive to exhibit your might
With frenzied resolve in the midst of the fight,
The more your opponents surround you and shove you,
The louder you yell, the more fiercely you smite,
The more will he love you!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To his monumental task in the editing of the *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* (METHUEN) Mr. E. V. LUCAS has added Volumes VI. and VII., containing the letters. They have through more than half a century been among the most precious possessions of mankind. Never before has the gift been presented in so complete and therefore so attractive a form. Mr. LUCAS has the good fortune to add to already abundant material much correspondence that has not hitherto seen the light. Amongst these are letters to members of the Worsworn family; a batch written to Moxon, "a young lad with a Yorkshire head and a heart that would do honour to a more southern county," at the time in the service of LONGMAN, who was subsequently to make for himself a name as publisher; others addressed to friends and acquaintances whose descendants have treasured them in the privacy of their libraries. LAMB's letters are literature of the highest quality. Mr. LUCAS adds considerably to their value by a series of luminous notes attached to each as postscript. Editors of kindred works reserve their notes for appendices. Mr. LUCAS in this respect sets a fashion whose convenience is so obvious that it is likely to spread. If my Baronite owned a desert island, or could borrow one from a friend, these two portly volumes should be his chosen companions among books.

Writing of ALFRED WIGAN's father, Mr. COKE says: "His later years were passed at Sevenoaks, where he kept an establishment for imbeciles or weak-minded youths. I often stayed with him." My Baronite recognises one of the things that might have been said differently. There is nothing either weak-minded or weak-handed in the author of *Tracks of a Rolling Stone* (SMITH, ELDER). There are few men who have lived through a more widely varied life than has HENRY JOURN COKE. Sixty-four years ago, being then in his twelfth year, he joined, as cadet, H.M.S. *Blonde*, a 46-gun frigate, bound for China, where he first smelt powder. Coming home on leave a year later, he travelled by coach from Naples to Calais, there being at the time not a single railway on the continent. His family position gave him throughout a long life wide opportunities of coming into contact with notable people. He remembers CHEEVEY, whose *Memoirs* all the world was lately reading. He fraternised in a country house with our JOHN LEECH. He was familiar with HARRY FOKER in the flesh, of which there seems to have been a considerable quantity. Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of

PENDENNIS's acquaintance. "ARCEDECKNE (pronounced 'Arch-deacon') was about 5 feet 3 inches tall, round as a cask, with a small, singularly round face and head, closely cropped hair, and large soft eyes. In a word, like a seal." Mr. COKE was present at the SAYERS-HEENAN fight. He breakfasted with ROGERS, fought an election in old Protection days, spent a week-end at Compiègne in the heyday of the Empire, and stayed in the same house with Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR's father and mother when they were on their honeymoon. Incidentally he visited the West Indies, crossed the Rockies, and rode on horseback through Spain on the track of *Don Quixote*. These are rare advantages. Mr. COKE makes the best of them in a vivid narrative that recalls the colour of his sometime friend, Captain MARRYAT.

Duke's Son, by COSMO HAMILTON (HEINEMANN). This is a narrative of the risks run by a couple of card-sharppers, man and wife, belonging to and moving in the very smartest set of society, where vice, recognised frankly, pays tribute to virtue by assuming its outward semblance. In this novel "There is none that doeth good, no not one." Is this indeed a true picture of modern society, or is it simply to be taken as a modern romance founded on certain revelations made in a *cause célèbre*, and to be considered as the exception to the general rule of *Virtus et Honor* in the best of whatever is included as representative of English society? Did *SHERIDAN'S School for Scandal* reflect the manners and the morals of his day? Did *THACKERAY* satirise a class, or did he pillory only notable examples, when he gave us those strong scenes in the lives of *Becky Sharp*, the *Marquis of Steyne*, and *Randall Crauley*? Well, here in *Duke's Son* you have in *Lord Francis Delamere* a superior *Randall*, with just his uneducated faults in orthography, and a girl who might have been a *Becky*, but for her original simplicity of character and her single-hearted devotion to her husband whose one redeeming point is his fidelity to her when she has become his wife. The Baron will not continue these prefatory remarks — all he will say is that, for his part, he finds this book is not for boys and girls, though it may be read with chuckling pleasure by such old boys and old girls as might be able to startle not a few of us with their own reminiscences. COSMO HAMILTON knows how to tell a plain unvarnished tale with dramatic force, and epigrammatic dialogue. He does not stop, as *THACKERAY* did in the case of *Becky* and of *Barry Lyndon*, to moralise satirically. He leaves little to the imagination. It is a remarkable work, and having once taken it up its reader's attention will be held until the very end. In the *bonâ-fide* attachment between "*Baby Sheen*," *Sir Edward Sheen, Bart.*, and *Billy Honour* the good-hearted comedy-opera artiste, there is that touch of nature that enlists our sympathies for the irregular couple, and makes us rejoice at the apparently cruel touch of the hand of fate which unites them in wedlock and then separates them for ever. The Baron commends the book for its literary skill; but can he recommend it to everyone?—That is a question he is unable to decide.



FOR THE MAP OF LONDON.—Now that Mr. H. B. IRVING has made his successful *début* as *Hamlet*, if it be true that Messrs. BEERDOOM TREE and MARTIN HARVEY are also to appear simultaneously at different theatres as the *Prince of Denmark*, then London may be, theatrically, considered as the Little Village divided into three hamlets.



INVERSE RATIO.

Small Boy (suddenly). "WHAT ARE HORSES MADE OF, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "OH—FLESH AND BLOOD, OF COURSE."

Small Boy. "I THOUGHT THEY WERE MADE OF CATS'-MEAT."

CHARIVARIA.

"ROZHDESTVENSKY has cleared for action by throwing overboard all unnecessary woodwork," reports a cable. It looks as if his officers had lost their heads once more!

Togo is said to be in hiding. We guess that ROZHDESTVENSKY will shortly get that hiding.

The Third Baltic Squadron has an interest all its own for the student of naval evolution. From the various items composing it, it is possible to trace the gradual rise of the modern battleship from its earliest beginnings.

Another snub for the KAISER! Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who was in Sicily at the date of the Royal visit, left without granting His Majesty an audience.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER explained that, if the surplus had been £200,000 more, it would have been possible to take a penny off the Income-tax. A correspondent now writes to ask whether it is too late to open a Mansion House Fund to raise that amount.

A handy little case containing everything necessary for rendering first aid in case of accidents is the latest motor-car accessory, and there will now be really no excuse for travelling slowly.

At Bristol a man has been sent to gaol for six months for frauds on solicitors. The punishment is none too severe. Innocent and helpless persons must be protected.

Almost ready. In the "Highways and Byways" Series. *Walks in the Tube*—by the Manager of the Central London Railway.

The *Express* publishes an article showing how much better convicts are treated in American than in English prisons, and alien criminals at present in this country are indignant.

A proposal is on foot that, now that the Mad Mullah has come to terms with us, we should in future call him merely the Mullah.

"The Volunteer shooting 'season at Bisley begins to-day," announced a contemporary last week. We all know that

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER thinks there are too many Volunteers, but to dispose of them in this way seems inhumane.

Three Englishmen and one Frenchman attempted to cross the Channel in balloons last week, but only the Frenchman succeeded. We congratulate the Frenchman on his British pluck and perseverance.

A circular snuff-box, said to have been made from the mulberry tree which SHAKESPEARE planted in his garden at Stratford-on-Avon, has made its appearance, and a new and full life of the Bard is now to be written.

It is reported from the Riviera that sharks are infesting the territorial waters in that neighbourhood. Can their presence have anything to do with the announcement that Mr. JOHN TRUNDLEY of Peckham is travelling on the Continent?

A Learned Ass.

LADY has nice-looking donkey, suitable governess to take out children, good goer, warranted sound.—*Exchange and Mart.*

THE COMING OF THE PIGMIES.

"Colonel HARRISON has arrived at Khartum with six pygmies from the Stanley Forest (Congo Free State). At home they wear hardly any clothing, but the Sirdar and several officers paid them a visit and helped them to make good this defect. The pygmies, who come of their own free will, are to reach London in the middle of May, and will probably elect to take up a permanent residence in England."

Fortu from the forest primeval that shadows the sultry Equator,

Causing a palpable gloom, scarce to be cut with a knife;
Where, in the matter of founts that are sunny and sand that is golden,

Features recalled in the hymn, Afric is not at her best;—
Lo! to the gate of Khartum (as I learn from the *Mail's* correspondent)

Led by the hand of the suave HANSON, hunter of game,
Numbering six, all told, four men and a couple of women
(One of the latter, I hear, quite a presentable shape),
Bulgy of nose and of lip, sallow-checked, and of limited stature
Ranging from 3 ft. 8 up to a yard and a half,
Clad in the garments that Nature provides for a tropical trousseau

(Add but an apron or so just for the look of the thing)—
Pygmies! ye come from the wild to the purlieus of civilisation,
Into the well-tilled lands late of the MAMM, deceased,
Where ye are seen by the Sirdar, who robes you in decent apparel,

Sending his aides to select stuff from the drapery stores—
Lest ye should openly wound the fastidious taste of the Tommy,

Be an offence to the Sphinx, or to the Dam an affront,—
Stuff to suffice till ye land and a loftier sense of decorum,
Stern as our rigorous clime, calls for additional clothes.

What is the cause of your coming? O why were ye fetched
from the forest?

Why were ye booked to explore Town in the middle of May?
Lured from the homely delight of assaults on caravan bearers
(Lately ye killed, I am told, seventeen such at a scoop)?
What can we give to compare with the chase of the cursive okapi?

Will it console you to play croquet on Hurlingham lawns?
You who have daily conversed with the colobus genus of monkey,

How can you fail to be bored here with Society's best?
True, ye have chosen a land where the immigrant ever is welcome,

One that is famed for her arms open to all but her own;
One where the Liberal Party will stand on the wharf to await you,

Yes, you have heard by report who are the Alien's friends,
Relative giants in size and in intellect absolute Titans
(Yet to their generous hearts anything dumpy appeals)—
So you have seen them in fancy, the practical masters of England,

Pending the summons to power which they regard as a cert.

Pigmies! your innocence haunts me!—I too have a touch of
the savage—

Therefore I offer you free two little words of advice:

First—If you wish to remain as a permanent fixture among us,
Pluck the acceptable hour, now ere the season is full,

Pluck it, for no one can tell when the Tory may wake from
his coma,

Come to his senses and so carry an Aliens Bill;

Second—You mustn't mistake for a mark of political giants'
Heads that are swelled to about twice their habitual bulk.

O. S.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATIONS AT MUGSBY.

(Respectfully dedicated to two London evening journals.)

From the "*Mugsby Evening News*" of April 3.—"Nowadays the greatest organs of public opinion recognise that frankness on the subject of their circulation is the due of both reader and advertiser. Unlike certain decaying journals, the *Mugsby News* has nothing to hide. Its books are open to public inspection, but lest some can scarcely spare time for the gigantic task of checking our office records we publish for the benefit of the world the exact figures of our circulation for the week ending April 1. A distinguished firm of Chartered Accountants certify that for this week the *Mugsby News* had an average circulation of 32 copies per day (not including the copy kept by the Editor for his private perusal). On the night of April 1 a novel scheme impressed the inhabitants of Mugsby with the all-pervading influence of our widely-circulated organ. Our issue on that night was printed on blue sugar-paper (obtained from the emporium of Alderman PICKLES, to whose advertisement of unique bargains in sardines and tinned pears we invite our readers' attention). Half an hour after the publication of the *Evening News* we venture to say that Mugsby was painted blue. Derby night or election time were nothing to it. As our Editor walked down the High Street to make his weekly survey of Mugsby industry he was gratified if not surprised to see the deep blue tint of the True-Blue paper in every hostelry, from the "Spotted Dog" at one extremity of the High Street to the "Bull and Anchor" at the other. From the well-known restaurant of Mr. THURTS the gilded youth of Mugsby sallied. Each of them bore in his hand a slight reflection of fried fish wrapped in blue paper. A distinguished citizen was so absorbed in our blue pages that he unconsciously walked into the town pump. A lady on her way to the establishment of Mr. BOFFINS carried a large parcel wrapped in blue paper. In fact all Mugsby was of the hue of the empyrean. It would have gladdened the heart of a RECKITT."

From the "*Mugsby Star*," April 4.—"We do not care to boast of our circulation, but when a rival paper makes an impudent claim to be the leading journal of Mugsby, we cannot, we will not, keep silence. The *Mugsby News* claims that its circulation for the week ending April 1 averaged 32 copies daily. Why was this week chosen? Because it was a week of stirring events, when newspaper circulations leapt to their greatest height. Monday was the day of the Annual Pig Show; on Tuesday ex-Alderman JARVIS was summoned for being drunk on licensed premises; on Wednesday the Mayor's parlourmaid fell down the area steps; on Thursday the Mugsby Vampires played the Grimstone Rovers at Mugsby and gloriously defeated them; on Friday P.C. SIMKINS checked an incipient dog-fight in the market-place; and on Saturday there was a free distribution of the *Mugsby News*. We repeat the words—free distribution. With his own hands the Editor of the *Mugsby News* left a copy of his blue journal at every licensed house in Mugsby. Then we have proof that two paupers on their day-out from the workhouse were hired to parade the High Street reading the blue paper. It is for our Board of Guardians to prevent such cruelty to our poverty-stricken citizens in the future. By such base methods was the town painted blue and this fraudulent circulation certificate secured."

"The *Mugsby Star* has no reason to procure blue paper (the cost of which is to be taken out in free advertisements for a certain grocer) to advertise its merits. Its certified circulation for the Year ending April 1 is 33 copies daily."



THE MUNICIPAL ROAD TO RUIN.

NERVOUS RATEPAYER. "I SAY! ISN'T THIS RATHER AN EXCESSIVE RATE? AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW, IT'S MY CAR!"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY





A MATTER OF HABIT.

Lady (engaging new cook). "ONE THING MORE. I ALWAYS LIKE MY SERVANTS TO DRESS QUIETLY."

Applicant. "OH, THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE ABOUT THAT, MA'AM. I'VE GOT A QUIET TASTE MYSELF."

THE FROZEN SOUL.

["MME. CATULLE MENDÉS relates how the author of *Scarron*, after a year's meditation, wrote for fourteen hours a day till the masterpiece was done. Then he read it to her. 'He read it in the glow of creation, the triumphant joy of a task achieved. It was night. Everybody was asleep in the house. All was silent in the garden and on the high road. I heard only the sonorous voice, reciting the verse, felt only the palpitant of souls out of the historic past, troubled and torn, bitter or brutal, in their new kingdom of art. Ah! what incomparable hours!'"—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Ah, for that rare and priceless pearl,
A sympathetic soul!
A sweet appreciative girl
To play a wifely rôle!
To listen through the livelong day,
To watch my mobile features play,
And tireless hear with bated breath
My new-born tale of life and death.

But, MARY mine, when I propose
To read my last MS.
You take at once to darning hose
Or cutting out a dress.
If I insist, your freezing frown
Chills my poetic ardour down,
And at the parts where you should weep,
O MARY mine, you fall asleep.

Instead of sitting there, with grief
Incarnate in your look,
Why, MARY, not extract a leaf
From Madame MENDÉS' book?
Why not, in wonder rapt, rejoice
Hearing the music of my voice,
And in my noble rage still find
The magic of a master mind?

Had I a soul with mine to glow,
A heart with mine to thrill,
What *Hamlets* and *Macbeths* would flow
From my inspired quill!
Whenever flint and steel unite
The spark is born—a flash of light:
Were you in sooth my proper mate,
How would my pages coruscate!

Then publishers, who now look shy
When I presume to call,
In eager rivalry would buy
Whatever I might scrawl;
Great crowds would gather in a cue
When any work of mine was due,
Till with the millionaires' would rank
My princely balance at the bank.

Ah, why not teach your heart to swell,
Your eye with fire to glance?
Why make me sigh and think how well
They manage things in France?

Yet after all, amid my pains
One crumb of comfort still remains:
If now and then my Musclet snores,
The fault is far less mine than yours.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE.

Q. From what passage in *Hamlet* may it be inferred that the *Prince of Denmark* was addicted to borrowing clothes from his personal friends?

A. From his reply to the *Queen's* un-called-for remark—and certainly ill-timed as being made in public before the Court—as to the "nighted colour" of his costume, where he says,—

"'Tis not a loan my inky cloak, good mother,"
Act I, Scene 2, 76. This reading, it must be candidly admitted, is *not* found in the first Quarto, which was "a small Quarto, barbarously cropped," but may be found in the Imperial Pinto of 1605.

EXTRACT from report of a case dealing with a fatal motor-car smash: "The jury found that the motorists were not to blame, as they did all they could in the matter."

PLAYING THE GAME;

Or, The Art of Conversation.

SCENE I.—At the Dinner-table.

SITUATION—MR. PLUMLEY DUFF, a middle-aged bachelor with a well-earned reputation for social tact and fluency combined with extreme polish, has been sent in to dinner with MISS IMOGEN PUREFOY, an obvious ingénue. Her youthful charm, however, has induced him to overlook any intellectual inferiority, and, even on the stairs, he has so far unburdened us to impart some highly valuable information concerning the state of the weather for the last few days, besides confiding the intelligence that the Parliamentary Session is responsible for many more people being in Town than usual. MISS PUREFOY has received these utterances with a reverential assent which only confirms him in an impression originally favourable.

MISS PUREFOY (after declining fish—to Mr. P. D.) Aren't those salted almonds over there? Could you reach them for me? . . . Thanks so much! I absolutely adore salted almonds! (She selects three.) I can't think what people did at dinner-parties before salted almonds were invented. Can you?

MR. PLUMLEY DUFF (conscientiously applying his mind to the problem while adopting a tone of playful levity). You are inviting me to embark upon a—er—field of highly interesting speculation. But, on the whole, I should be inclined to hazard the opinion that in—er—that benighted period people probably—er—did without them.

MISS P. (humbly). I suppose it was a silly question. I ought to have known that when there weren't any salted almonds people simply had to do without, poor dears! Still, do you know, I can't help thinking dinner-parties must have been more cheerful, somehow, in—well, in Queen ANNE'S time, for instance.

MR. D. (with a kindly but superior smile). If we may draw any inference from contemporary records, such as the works of SWIFT, the table-talk of those days was neither remarkably brilliant, nor—er—particularly edifying.

MISS P. Oh, but I meant because of the costumes. Everybody was so picturesquely dressed then, even the men, weren't they? Wouldn't you love to wear nice coloured velvet and satin with ruffles and things, instead of just plain black and white, as you do now?

MR. D. Now, my dear young lady, our sex is content to serve as useful foils to the magnificence of yours. But, by way of compensation, if our—er—habiliments are, as is doubtless the case, less becoming, they have at least the merit of being considerably more—er—economical.

MISS P. (regarding him with the innocent brown eyes of a squirrel). I never thought of that. It's quite a new idea to me! Did men's clothes cost so very much more in those times?

MR. D. Let me give you a few facts. OLIVER GOLDSMITH—with whose immortal *Vicar of Wakefield* you are possibly familiar? (MISS PUREFOY murmurs an intelligent, but vague, assent)—is known to have paid as much as fifteen guineas—which at that time was probably equivalent to at least double the present value of the money—for a simple suit of "Tyrian bloom" coloured satin. Now, I don't suppose I pay—

(He discourses here at some length on the precise sum per annum his evening clothes cost him, while MISS PUREFOY listens with rapt attention.)

MISS P. Really! How interesting! And I suppose there were all sorts of other expensive things they had to wear, besides?

MR. D. (pleased with her intelligence). Why, if you merely take such indispensable items as a silver-hilted sword, a lace

cravat, a snuff-box, shoes-buckles, and so forth, they would represent a serious outlay. Not to speak of Wigs, which frequently cost as much as thirty or forty guineas.

MISS P. (as she absently pushes one of her salted almonds over the edge of the brocade "table-centre"). Not really? How glad you must be that you can keep your money to spend on more sensible things! Motor-cars, perhaps? For I'm sure you go in for motoring?

MR. D. (glattered, but a little disconcerted by this abrupt change of subject, as he was about to give her an instructive catalogue of the various wigs that characterised the eighteenth century). I confess I do not. Quite apart from all questions of a pecuniary nature, I should decline to give any countenance to a form of conveyance which, in my opinion, will soon render the horse as extinct an animal as the—er—dodo.

MISS P. Ah, the poor horse! But perhaps he won't mind being extinct so very much! I mean, I've often thought it rather unfair that he should be chosen to draw us about, and not some other animal.

MR. D. (delighted by her ingenuousness). Nature has her injustices, I am afraid. Possibly her excuse in this case would be that no other quadruped is so well adapted for the—er—particular purpose. But you are mistaken in assuming that the horse alone has been so employed.

MISS P. Why, of course! How idiotic of me! I was forgetting the Donkey!

MR. D. Also the Dog, the Bullock, the Reindeer, and—for heavy artillery, if for no other vehicle—the Indian Elephant.

MISS P. (with sparkling eyes). You make me feel so ignorant! Though of course I might have remembered them. But I can't think of any other animal that is used in that way. And I don't believe that even you can, either!

MR. D. (in quiet triumph). I think I can. Unless I am greatly misinformed, Zebras have been successfully trained to go in harness.

MISS P. Zebras! Isn't it wonderful! (She deposits a second almond by the side of the first.) Is there anything you don't know, MR. DUFF?

MR. D. I daresay I could tell you a few further facts about Zebras which may be new to you.

MISS P. They're quite certain to be. You see, I've never learnt any facts. I've been so shockingly educated. Like all women!

MR. D. (bowing with the courtly grace that he has found effective on former occasions). No woman can be badly educated when she has learnt to render herself an agreeable companion to Man.

MISS P. (pouting). Ah, I see what it is! You despise women. (As MR. DUFF protests gallantly) Oh, yes, you do! You don't believe they can do anything as well as men can. You would prevent them even trying to—if you only could!

MR. D. I would prefer to put it in this form. While I allow that your—er—charming sex is capable of attaining a certain proficiency—I will go even further, and say, *excellence* in the Arts, I frankly own that I have far too high an admiration for Woman to endure to see her misuse herself by stepping into the arena to engage with Man in the sterner conflicts of what I may describe as the serious Business of Life.

MISS P. But don't women make rather good clerks?

MR. D. I will grant you that the superior suppleness of the feminine hand—with a glance at MISS PUREFOY'S, which is idly fingering a third almond—may give a woman some small advantage in manipulating purely mechanical instruments like—well—Typewriters—but Great Heavens! is such slavery as that a fitting career for—(He enlarges on this theme with real eloquence, until he is brought up short by the discovery that her mind is elsewhere, and that she is frivolously attracting the notice of somebody whom he cannot see across the table to three salted almonds, which she has amused herself

by placing side by side). I fear I have failed to retain your entire attention!

Miss P. How can you think so! Why, I've been most awfully interested! You don't know how much you have helped me! You've said exactly what I wished you to say! But you must tell me the rest another time. Because, do you know, your other neighbour has been trying to get a word from you for ever so long—so I'm afraid I must be unselfish and give you up to her.

[She turns to the man on her right, who monopolises her during the remaining courses.

Mr. D. (later, seizing his chance just before their hostess gives the signal). I observe, Miss PUREFOY, that, notwithstanding your—er—professed adoration for salted almonds, you are leaving the few you took absolutely untouched.

Miss P. You are too frightfully observant, Mr. DUFF! I see I had better confess at once that I didn't take them to eat—only to play with.

Mr. D. (to himself, as the ladies rise). Rather an attractive child—but immature at present. A mind that merely requires forming, though.

SCENE II.—In the Drawing-room.

SITUATION—The men have come upstairs; Mr. PLUMLEY DUFF, who was hoping for a further opportunity of sounding the depths of Miss PUREFOY's engaging ignorance, finds himself intercepted by his hostess, and presented to another young lady—a Miss PEGGY BLOUNT.

Mr. Duff (with heroic affability). The—er—gaeties of the Season are beginning early this year. I daresay you are already up to your eyes, Miss—er—BLOUNT, in what one may perhaps be permitted to term the Social Whirlpool—dances, dinners, and so forth—h'm?

Miss Blount. Oh, I don't know. Not many dances, so far. Another dinner-party though, only next week—(with a little grimace)—worse luck! Don't tell anybody—but I simply loathe dinners!

Mr. D. At your age, my dear young lady, one has not yet commenced to dine. But I infer from your tone that you have not been entirely fortunate in your partner this evening. Or am I mistaken?

Miss B. Well, he might have been worse. I wish he had been. Then I should have had a chance of winning.

Mr. D. A chance of—? Pardon me, but I don't quite understand.

Miss B. How could you, when you don't know! But I'll tell you, if you'll promise faithfully not to give me away. (Mr. DUFF promises.) Well, a girl-friend and I have invented a game for getting through dull dinner-parties without being bored. We each try to get the man who takes us in to mention certain



PROGRESS.

(Overheard in Kensington. TIME, 9 A.M.)

Fair Club Member (lately married, to friend). "BYE, BYE! CAN'T STOP! MUST RUSH OFF, OR I SHALL BE SCRATCHED FOR THE BILLIARD HANDICAP!"

things, and the one who does it first wins. Now do you see?

Mr. D. (amused). Perfectly. And I must congratulate you on a most ingenious device for avoiding boredom.

Miss B. Isn't it? But this evening Miss PUREFOY (my friend's name, you know) won in a perfect canter. By two salted almonds!

Mr. D. By two—?

Miss B. We use them to score with, you know. That is, when there are any. There generally are—but bread pills will do instead. And, as soon as each of the three things is mentioned, one of us puts an almond where it can catch the other's eye.

Mr. D. And is it allowable to ask what those three things were, on this particular occasion?

Miss B. Let me see. The first was

"Wigs," the second "Zebras," and—what was the third? Oh, I know, "Typewriters." And just imagine! Miss PUREFOY managed to make her partner mention all three before dinner was half over. It's a record!

Mr. D. (acidly). Miss PUREFOY must be a young lady of quite exceptional ability.

Miss B. She did awfully well at Newnham in the History Tripos. Still, I expect whoever took her in this evening must have been—well, rather a duffer. I couldn't see who it was, because of the flowers between us. I wonder if you noticed, and could point him out to me?

Mr. D. (stiffly). I'm afraid it is not in my power to oblige you.

[He takes his leave as soon as he can, without making any further attempts to stimulate the intelligence of Miss IMOGEN PUREFOY. F. A.]

MIXED BAGS.

[NEW YORK, April 12.—"A telegram from Frederick (Oklahoma) says that President ROOSEVELT killed a six-foot rattlesnake with a short riding-whip. The snake made four vicious strikes before being killed. The President also caught a live wolf." *Laifun.*]

LATEST advices from Hayling Island state that the Premier, during his recent visit to these popular links, had a rather narrow escape of being bitten by what appeared to be a poisonous snake. It appears that Mr. BALFOUR, after playing thirteen strokes in a bunker, disturbed the reptile, which was lying concealed under a large stone, and suddenly attacked Mr. BALFOUR's caddie, a boy named ALFONSO BUSBY. With extraordinary presence of mind the Premier struck the snake several smart blows with his niblick, and finally despatched it with his Schenectady putter. The caddie, who was in a state of collapse, was assisted to the club-house by Mr. BALFOUR and his partner, and after a stiff jorum of sloe gin professed his readiness to continue the round. The extraordinary part of the episode was that on examining the mangled remains of the reptile it turned out after all to be only a sloe worm. This, however, did not complete the lethal activity of the Premier during the day, for in the afternoon he drove a low ball off the thirteenth tee with such violence that it killed a frog in some marshy ground in the neighbourhood of mid on.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, while recently out hawking in a governess cart, was attacked by a mad bull of the most exacerbated character. Mr. AUSTIN was entirely unarmed save for a thin roll of MS., but with perfect presence of mind he began to recite "Jameson's Ride" in his strong unfaltering baritone. He had barely reached the third stanza when the bull uttered a piercing bellow and dropped down dead. On the way home, it should be mentioned, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN quite inadvertently drove over a valuable guinea-pig, the property of a retired artificial-eye-maker, thus bringing up the cost of his day's sport to £105 6s. 8d.

While fishing at Lelant in Cornwall during a recent week-end visit to that salubrious health resort, Mr. SIDNEY LEE caught thirteen conger-eels in three hours with the aid of an explosive harpoon. The largest conger-eel measured 7 feet 3 inches from the tip of the tail to the tip of the nose, and 8 feet 4 inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. On the same day, going out across country with a rook-rifle, Mr. SIDNEY LEE shot thirteen blackbirds, two bantams, a piebald field-mouse, and a ring-tailed stevedore.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON, who is indefatigable in the quest of local colour,

has lately taken to cub-shooting in April with remarkably sensational results. The other day, after shooting two fine rocketers, he was attacked by a very savage bagman, but floored him with a well-aimed shot with his boomerang, without which Mr. PEMBERTON never travels in the Provinces. On his way home, it should be added, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON caught a live tortoiseshell cat, and brought down a fine peahen with his pen-shooter, a splendid weapon presented him by the Emperor MENELEK.

A MODERN LUCIFER.

["The emanations of N-Rays from the human body may be classified as follows: Deep blue, deep thought. Orange, ambition. Pale green, individuality. Grey, anxiety and depression. Deep red, passion."]

Mrs. Northesk Wilson.

"You'll never shine among your fellow-men."

My master oft would say, with gloomy brow.

It troubled me, for I believed him then—
I would that he could see his pupil now,
And notice how I sometimes fairly blaze
With brilliant pyrotechnical displays.

When moistened towels my throbbing
brain assuage,

When I for long have toiled, in drear
futility,

To write, O *Punch*, for thine historic page
A poem of considerable ability,
I find each finger gleam with rays whose
hue

Rivals the firmament in purest blue.

When Pegasus to lofty heights would rise,
Seeking the outermost ethereal space,
Vague luminosities from out mine eyes

And each projecting point upon my face
Do emanate in orange-coloured spires,
With glimmerings kindred to St. Elmo's
fires.

And when I write, with swift and facile
pen,

All in mine own inimitable style,
Haloes of palest green surround me then,
Flashing from each particular hair the
while.

In fact, I splutter forth N-Rays *ad lib.*,
Like some gigantic animated squib.

'Tis done, and I have sent my verse away.
The world once more assumes its normal
state,

Save that I glimmer fitfully and grey,
The Editor's acceptance while I wait.
But, if he send rejection note instead,—
By Jove! I bet I'll make the landscape
red!

Ars longa, vita brevis.

To STAMMERERS.—Those who stammer or are interested in the subject should read a Book by one who cured himself after suffering over 35 years.—*Advt. in Standard.*

OUR DENTAL DEFICIT.

Mrs. JOHN LANE has been complaining in the *Fortnightly* that the English have not the habit of going to the dentist, and that, in this respect, we have much to learn from America. We commend her remarks to the British tooth-doctor and to the fortunate possessors of native teeth, and suggest that means should promptly be taken to increase the attractiveness of dentistry, active and passive—especially the latter.

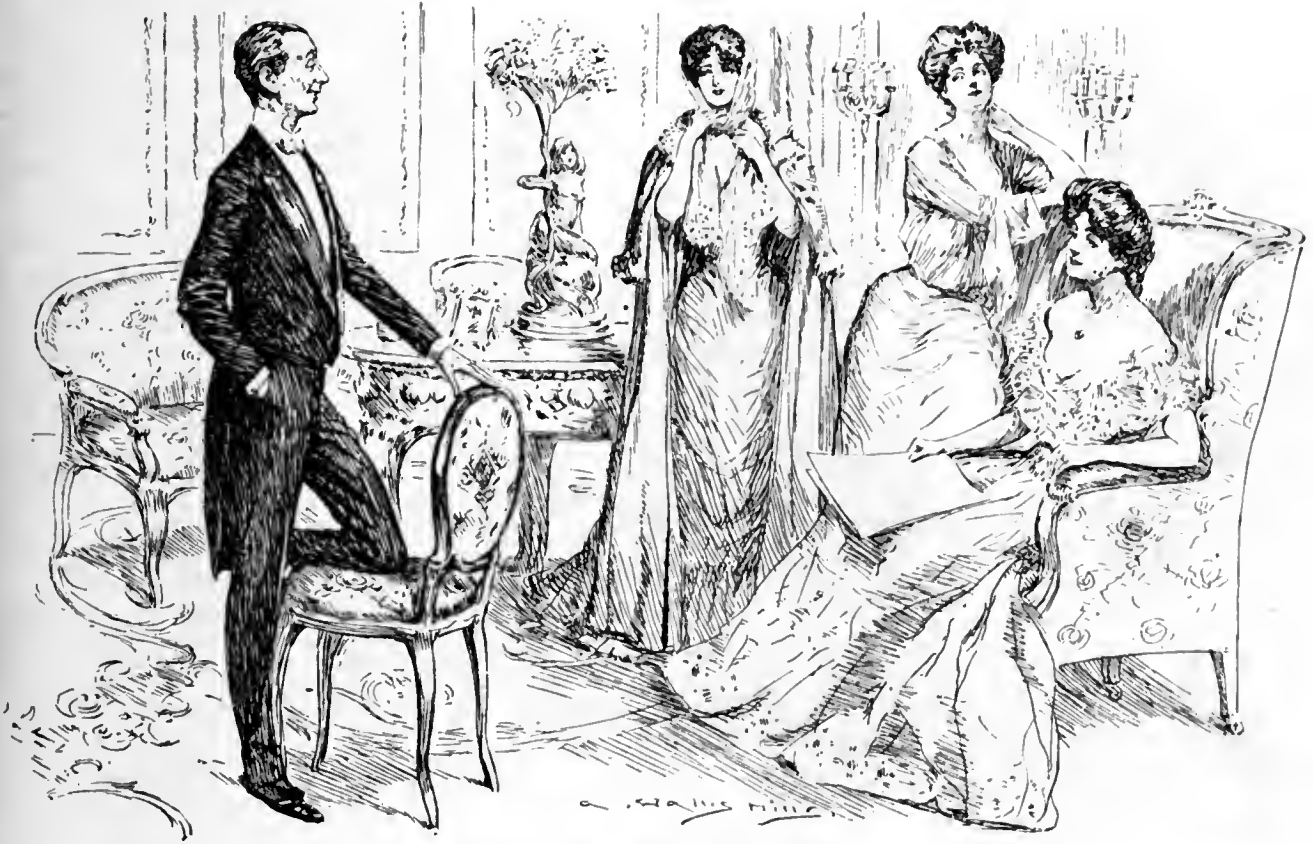
Children, for instance, should be trained from their earliest years to regard the dentist as a species of "funny man," and a visit to his sanctum as a substitute for a *matinée* at the pantomime, his jokes and by-play with the instruments being equally exorcising. A Certificated Dental Clown, armed with a forceps (which need not necessarily be red-hot), would be provocative of roars of laughter on the part of the audience of little ones.

Much also might be done to enhance the gaiety and sociability of the dentist's waiting-room. The back numbers of ladies' papers, which are the chief sources of mental distraction there to be found, would seem to lack a little in the matter of exhilaration, even when not more than a year old. Here there would be an opportunity for humorous electrophones, laid on, say, from Mr. Justice DAHLING's Court when trying a *Cingalee* case, or from Mr. FLOWDEN's Variety Entertainment. SHAKESPEARE's dictum about the inability of the philosopher to endure toothache patiently would be speedily falsified. Philosophy might perhaps have an occasional difficulty in listening to the receiving end of the instrument, but, on the whole, such an installation would tend to mirthfulness and add to the drawing powers of the L.D.S.

"Progressive Tooth Parties" might easily become a popular form of entertainment. Persons would score according to the number and soundness of their teeth, and any player who could exhibit a complete set of thirty-two would take a prize with a "flush" or "corner," or some such appropriate term. You would hold a "jaw" instead of a "hand," and anybody revoking would go straight to the qualified dealer's chair and discard three teeth as a penalty there and then. We have here the nucleus of an entirely new and original pastime, which is surely calculated to remove the stigma just laid on the British nation.

A Poacher's Paradise.

ABOUT AN HOUR FROM TOWN.—Charming Bijon Residence . . grounds adjoin a large pheasant preserve; owner going abroad.—*Advt. in Standard.*



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Mabel. "Now, MR. SPORTY, SUPPOSING YOU WERE PARIS, WHICH OF US THREE WOULD YOU GIVE THE APPLE TO?"

Mr. S. (thinking he sees a brilliant way out of a difficulty). "WELL—YOU SEE—THERE'S SUCH A SAMENESS ABOUT YOU ALL!"

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN MUSIC.

THE recent decision of nineteen leading musical publishers to cease publishing music, as a practical protest against the system of piracy now rampant in our midst, has been fraught with momentous results. A spirit of protest is in the air, and in almost every department of the musical world abrupt and uncompromising resolutions are being taken.

During KUBELIK's recent successful *tournee* in Spain, a Spanish journalist, in an otherwise eulogistic notice, introduced a disparaging reference to the famous *virtuoso's* illustrious twin offspring. He observed, "KUBELIK is undoubtedly a very marvellous performer, but we should like to hear a little less of his twins and a little more of his fiddle." Deeply wounded by this outrageous observation, the great violinist published a statement to the fact that unless the offending journalist committed *hara-kiri* within a fortnight, he (KUBELIK) would have his hair cut in three months. The consternation that has been caused by this decision can better be imagined than described, especially when it is added that the journalist has refused to

terminate his miserable existence, and, now six weeks after the offence, is still pursuing his usual avocations on the banks of the Guadalquivir.

We understand that the continued popularity of the pianola and the gramophone has led to a general strike on the part of the German bands in this metropolis. At a largely attended meeting held in Notting Dale on Thursday last, it was unanimously resolved by upwards of 400 Teutonic wind-instrumentalists that, in view of the deplorable state of affairs created by the introduction of mechanical appliances, and the absence of any legislative restrictions calculated to abate the nuisance, the German bandsmen of London would for the present and until further notice cease entirely from any public performances in the streets. It was further determined to send a copy of the resolution to the German Ambassador, in the hope that diplomatic pressure might be brought to bear on the Liberal leaders so as to secure a pledge of Protection for foreign street music as against the home-grown counter-attraction.

It is reported that FLORIZEL VON REUTER,

the wonderful boy composer, conductor and violinist, exasperated by the competition of rival prodigies, has formally announced that if a single fresh wonder-child ventures to make his *début* during the forthcoming summer season, he (FLORIZEL VON REUTER) will retire from public life until he is old enough to wear toppers.

Meanwhile, the suggestion has been made, and is widely supported in the best non-musical circles, that, as a protest against piracy, no music whatever should be played for twelve calendar months. Only thus, it is urged, can people be made to understand how monstrous are the enormities of the pirates.

In this connection we might remark that, a rumour having gained currency that literary copyright is also in a queer and questionable state, a number of authors have pledged themselves not to produce any new novels for a fortnight. Among those who refuse absolutely to sign this drastic agreement are Mr. LE QUEUX, Mr. RICHARD MARSH, "LUCAS CLEEVE," ANNIE S. SWAN, Mrs. L. T. MEADE and Mr. HENRY JAMES.



SMALL PROFIT, QUICK RETURN.

BROTHER B-I-F-U. "WHAT, BROTHER, BACK TO THE FOLD SO SOON?"

MISSIONER J-S-M. "WELL, DO YOU KNOW IT HAS BEEN BORNE IN UPON ME THAT OUR SUCCESS WILL BE MORE COMPLETE THE LONGER IT IS DELAYED!"

[Ironical cheers from the Cassowaries.]

[In his speech of April 12, which has been interpreted as "a tactical withdrawal to Mr. BALFOUR'S base," Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said, "I hope the great Liberal Unionist Organisation will not be cast down by any opposition or temporary check, but that they will pursue this great policy to a success which will be the more complete the longer it is delayed."]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



EASTER AFFINITIES; OR, IMPROBABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

[Our Artist hears, on authority which he has every reason to doubt, that Mr. Wanklyn and Mr. Winston Churchill propose to spend the holidays together in Paris studying the subterranean "oubliettes" recently devised for President Loubet and the French Ministry by Bonapartist conspirators, with a view to similar constructions at Westminster. Lord Hugh Cecil, says the same authority, goes to Highbury for the Easter Recess as the guest of Mr. Chamberlain, while Mr. John Redmond and Lord Rosebery, who are quite inseparable of late, pay a round of visits together in Nationalist circles in Ireland.]

House of Commons, Monday, April 10.

—Time was, within memory of many seated here this afternoon, when Budget Night was the central attraction of the Session. Every Bench was filled; side galleries were peopled; a throng of late-comers were content to stand through succeeding hours at the Bar. There were giants in those days. DIZZY, GLADSTONE, LOWE, JOKIM and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD filled in turn office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. To-day, by strange concatenation of circumstance, SON AUSTEN finds himself thrust to the front with mission to bend the bow of Ulysses.

Achieved his task admirably. ARSOLD-FORSTER, taking a day off, marvelled how a Minister could speak for hour and a half and so rarely employ first person singular. As the MEMBER FOR SARK says, there was compensatory action. If CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER did not supply many i's to dot, he crossed off twopence from his Tea.

In current circumstances this a bold thing to do. Surplus seemed in amount specially designed to permit of reduction of Income Tax by what Mr. Mantalini was accustomed to allude to as a "demnition copper." Income-tax payer, ISSACHAR among bondsmen to the Exchequer—"a strong ass couching down

between two burdens," Direct and Indirect Taxation—was last year definitively, unreservedly, promised this relief. In time of what LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of peace," AUSTEN had clapped on a penny to an already insufferable burden.

"But only for a year," he airily explained. "Very first time I find a penny in my pocket, will give it you back with thanks."

Here was the penny and a comfortable sum to carry over after its repayment. With Dissolution imminent worth while mollifying that multitudinous elector, the Income-tax payer. If ever there was certainty on eve of Budget it prevailed this morning.

SON AUSTEN, however, withstood temptation. Waving the banner of sound finance, he insisted that first thing to do is to pay off your debts. So he set aside a million in augmentation of Sinking Fund designed for wiping off National Debt. Residue not sufficing to meet amount involved in remission of penny on Income Tax, he knocked off 2d. a pound from tax on Tea.

Everything comes to the man who waits. To the Income-tax payer, long waiting for remission of his burden, there comes rebuff. CHARLES LAMB used to say that if he *was* habitually late in

turning up at his desk at the India Office he made up for it by going away early. Thus the Income-tax payer, the first citizen on whom a Chancellor of Exchequer in need of funds preys, is, when pressure slackens, the last to be relieved.

That a matter of policy. Its adoption just now not lacking in heroism. As to the speech and its delivery, both excellent. Conscious of the shadows of the giants of other days looming in the historic Chamber, SON AUSTEN wisely refrained from suggesting comparison with their larger manner. He made no effort to rise to height of eloquence such as Mr. G. was wont to revel in when expounding his Budget; nor did he beautify his speech by quotation from the classics as was BOB LOWE's wont. He had a scheme to expound, a message to deliver. That was his appointed work; he accomplished it with a modesty and lucidity that disarmed captious criticism.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Tuesday night.—First allotted day for debate on Budget, a little affair involving expenditure of £142,000,000. Might be supposed benches would be crowded by representatives of the people who find the money. As matter of fact, debate carried on, with contribution of speech

from CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in presence of less than a quorum.

Counterattraction prevailing in Committee Room upstairs. Two-pence in the pound off tea; a million set aside to pay off old scores incurred on account of short-weighted jam, guns that wouldn't fire, and horses no man cared to remount; disappointment of Income-tax payer at non-fulfilment of pledge solemnly given a year ago—these things nought by comparison with the heroic self-devotion of WILLIAM ARSOL, Knight.

Pity the story must needs be told in prose. Poignant sorrow that the pen which recorded in deathless verse the early matrimonial processes of Young *Lochinvar* has been laid down. The bald facts are that the wedding day of the sexagenarian knight coincided with an hour of peril for the Government. Amendment moved to the Address threatening its existence; the price of every vote above rubies. A prosaic person would either have put off his wedding or snapped his fingers at the Ministerial Whip. The man who thung a bridge across the Firth of Forth and tamed the turbulent Tay with girdle of iron rose high above conventionalities.

The peculiar, apparently insuperable, difficulty lay in the fact that the wedding bells were appointed to ring in far-off Ayr, nearly a ten hours' journey by rail. But the thing could be done, and the brisk bridegroom decided it should be. Train leaves Ayr at 1.5 p.m.; due at Euston 10.45; division not expected much before midnight.

No momentary enthusiasm should induce omission of acknowledgment of the advantages the resources of civilisation provide in these interesting cases. Young *Lochinvar* was, for different reasons, hurried into preparations to get away with the lady he was resolved to make Mrs. L. Through all the wide border his steed was the best; but its pace could not compare with that of the Scotch express, with accompanying luxuries of reserved compartment, luncheon hamper, tea basket, generously spread dinner table, and the brougham awaiting arrival at Euston Station.

Nevertheless, the Ayrshire knight's achievement a notable one. The train was punctual; the brougham attendant; the blushing bride compliant with the call of duty, trumpet-toned from the lips of Empire. Arriving breathless in the Lobby, he was in time to vote in the division, "and," as PRYTS wrote on many pages of diary recording less heroic deeds day by day, "so home to supper."

This afternoon something like two hundred Members assembled in Committee Room upstairs to present the bridegroom with token of their admiration. PRINCE ARTHUR presided, making

a speech that moved some of the younger unmarried men to tears. Then, as at Austerlitz and Wagram NARODON with his own hand pinned the cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of a gallant comrade, PRINCE ARTHUR, preserving his gravity to the last, handed to the indomitable bridegroom a silver mug on which was inscribed record of his derring-do.

ACLAND-HOOP hears that, since the movement was set on foot which culminated in to-day's proceedings, quite a number of marriages have been arranged by Members of the Party, varying in age from 25 to 70.

Business done. Tea Resolutions in Budget scheme carried.

Friday night.—During a week daily devoted to discussion of Budget scheme



A PAST MASTER IN BUDGETS.

Jokin in the Peers' Gallery.

(Viscount G-sch-u.)

Members have been conscious of a great gap on Front Opposition Bench. It is the first time these twenty years that on Budget Night, and at subsequent stages of the Bill, the stately figure of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has not stood at the Table, cheers and laughter following on his sharp criticism. Sometimes it has fallen to his lot to frame and introduce the Budget; notably one that, as he used humorously, with undercurrent of bitterness, to complain, enabled DOX JOSÉ and his colleagues to carry on the war in the Transvaal, with its accompanying colossal extravagances in the Equipment and Stores Departments.

Only last year the SQUIRE was at his post, failing in strength, broken in voice, bravely conscious of the coming end. On Budget night JOKIN, enthroned in seat in Peers' Gallery associated through many years with the pleasant

presence of the Sovereign who was then Prince of WALES, listened with satisfaction to SON AUSTEN making his second effort, recognising in it a vast stride since the first essay. RITCHIE, making his reappearance on the Parliamentary scene after a bereavement in which he had the sympathy of the whole House, shrank to a back bench. On a corner seat behind Treasury Bench another veteran ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, hight ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (so called from angelic sweetness of temper), listened approvingly.

But on Budget nights or other nights the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's place knows him no more.

Business done.—Land Values Assessment Bill.

THE TWO VOICES.

I SAID unto Myself: "'Tis ten
And after, and the sons of men
Have long been going to and fro.
Get up and toil. You ought, you know."

But thus Myself did make reply:
"You know you're just as glad as I
That we're still comfy here in bed.
You get such notions in your head!"

But I replied: "O hapless one,
Where are your childhood's morals gone?
The man that does not early rise
Grows neither rich, nor well, nor wise!"

But he: "Much stock I never took
In maxims from the copy-book:
Howe'er sublime and true they be
They're quite devoid of charm for me."

And I undaunted: "Is the day
A thing for slaves to snore away?
Think how upon some upland lawn
The smiling rosy-fingered dawn——"

But he: "The day begins at ten,
And even later now and then:
The sun can work itself, and dew
's a thing I've never taken to."

And I: "Incorrigibly bad!"
And he: "Precisely! Aren't you glad!"
And then, the daily battle o'er,
We slumbered noonwards as of yore!

GALLOPING CONSUMPTION. — That the habit of water-drinking, like other good things, may be carried to excess, is shown by a case to which notice has been called by the Directors of the Sutton District Water Company. These gentlemen have recently issued a circular, in which they complain of "a Consumer," who had been "found to be taking water through his Hose and Sprinkler continuously night and day for some time during last summer at the rate of no less than 600 gallons per hour, to the serious inconvenience and detriment of his neighbours."



THE LATEST HUNTING CASUALTY.

SCENE—The last Meet of the Season. Local Photographer engaged for the occasion.

AWFUL RESULT OF A WELL-MEANING BUT MISGUIDED PERSON, BEHIND THE PHOTOGRAPHER, HOLLOING "TALLY-HO!" JUST AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

A BEGGAR FOR "BART'S."



RARELY does it happen, and then only on a very exceptional occasion when urgency is pleaded on behalf of some charitable object whose merit is undeniable, and its imminent need unquestionable, that Mr. *Punch* stands in the market place, cap in hand, an importunate beggar. In this guise Mr. *Punch* now addresses one and all, adding his voice to swell and strengthen the appeal, now being widely and powerfully made, for immediate

assistance to be given to the ancient Hospital known as St. Bartholomew's, or more familiarly, "Bart's."

Not only is this appeal addressed primarily, as is fitting it should be, to the Citizens of London, but it is made to all, whoever or wherever they may be, whose purses, whether quite full or only fairly well-filled, are readily open to every honest appeal for alms, especially when the gift is to benefit those indicated to us by Providence as fit objects of our active compassion. Many, out of their wealth or moderate means, will gladly seize this opportunity for benefiting themselves, as they will benefit others, by their unstinting charity, and not a few, whose means are scarcely adequate to supply their own wants, may earn the reward that follows upon any self-sacrifice, however slight it may be, that adds a mite to the general fund of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, the sum absolutely required for the erection of the new buildings which will insure the effective continuance and full development of the inestimable services the Hospital of St. Bartholomew has hitherto rendered to the sick poor who resort to it for relief.

The Hospital, which has had eleven Kings for its Nursing Fathers, is under the highest patronage, the Prince of WALES being its present President, in succession to his Royal father who, after holding the office for thirty-four years, is now, as Patron, evincing the warmest interest in its welfare, a fact that will go far to amend the grievous wrong done by that rapacious monarch HENRY THE EIGHTH, who seized upon its revenues, and held them for ten years, when, on certain conditions, the Hospital came into its own again, and the City of London restored it to something approaching its former good estate.

Let all give; let Colonial donors join with their brethren at home, for all are interested. St. Bartholomew's is a national institution, not merely a local charity. There has been no extravagance, no mismanagement, and the Mansion House Committee of Inquiry has placed upon record their opinion "that the administration of the Hospital has been conducted by the Governors in a wise and enlightened spirit, with a due regard to economy, and in the best interests of the patients."

For more than a century and a half no appeal for public aid has been made by St. Bartholomew's. So now that it is made, says Mr. *Punch*, let it be responded to with such thoroughgoing generosity as may prevent "Bart's" asking for another penny for the next two or three hundred years to come.

[Donations should be sent to the Right Hon. Lord LUDLOW, Treasurer, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C. Cheques should be crossed the "Bank of England."]

First Workman (on Budget night). What's off, Mate?

Second Workman. Tea.

F. W. Ho! Thought it would have been off the Death.

S. W. Well, anyhow, it won't worry me and you.

A DRAMA OF DRUGS.

(A hopeful anticipation in view of the lamentable decline of Tragedy.)

BEHOLD a slump! Our artless problem plays
And melodramas have become monotonous;
And yet the Tragic Muse her chance delays,
Melpomene appears to have forgotten us.

But why? The pushful temper of the time
Knows of a remedy for every fracture;
One that would save this really quite sublime
Department of poetic manufacture.

Our Posters tell by many a painted lure
How nobly Art to useful aims is rising;
Our Daily Press proclaims that Literature
Lives as a medium for Advertising.

Then why not Tragedy? The serious Stage
Is little suited to an idle mummer;
Let Actors learn the Spirit of the Age,
And lend their talents to the rôle of "drummer."

The medicine-quack shall draw his crowded house
Duly promoting Drama and Digestion,
And prove the pathos of perverted nous:—
"To buy—but what to buy? that is the question."

And lo! the future hero. Not for him
Your ancient war of Human Will with *Ate*;
A cosmic "Force," a transcendental "Vain,"
Will furnish motives more supremely weighty.

The plot will thicken when his soul rejects
A Cereal Breakfast with untimely loathing;
The grim *dénouement* come when he neglects
A purchase of Hygienic Underclothing.

He shall not move in murder or divorce,
But passions equally intense, though quiet:
His struggles of repentance and remorse
Will follow on a misdirected diet.

He'll read the moral, "Do as ye are bid;
Man must obey: another time perhaps you'll
Sever the Printed Notice from the Lid,
And not forget the Caution on the Capsule."

Till finally,—when fools alone deny
That Life depends on patent foods and potions—
The Tragedy of Trade shall "purify"
By means of Fear and Pity our emotions."

THE MOST YOUTHFUL HAMLET AND THE ARTFUL OPHELIA.

"To be or not to be" is the anxious question for a new *Hamlet*. What of the old tradition shall he retain and what discard? Thoughtful and intelligent student of his art, H. B. IRVING has decided well and wisely, in my humble opinion, both as to the amount of ancient tradition he has retained, and as to the novel aspect in which he wishes to represent this much-discussed and—to many—still strangely puzzling character.

Hamlet is a young man fresh from the University of Wittenberg, where he may have taken his degree, or, being a Royalty, may have had it conferred upon him; and presumably, by academical computation, he may be, by a year or so, the senior of his *aqualis* *Horatio* (surname unknown), who is older than *Hamlet* by some four years and is still at College, having delayed to take his degree; or perhaps he may be holding a scholarship. So far this is according to

an Oxford and Cambridge measure; just as in our time his MAJESTY, when Prince of WALES, was an undergraduate, and had with him an *Horatio* or two, somewhat older than himself. But at Wittenberg, as at Heidelberg and similar foreign universities, an undergraduate frequently has his semi-military duties to perform, for which he must absent himself from College for certain definite periods, and, desirous of an extension of leave, he may be able, as at an English University, to obtain an "exeat" from his tutor. Such an academical ticket-of-leave as I am supposing would precisely satisfy the "truant disposition" of *Horatio*, and account for his presence at Elsinore.

Now *Horatio* speaks of his Prince, his College chum, as "young *Hamlet*." Nothing more natural in an elder, who has arrived at being a "scholar" of his College, when ordinarily mentioning the youthful sprig of royalty who had been confided to his care, and to whom he, being to a certain extent his responsible guardian, had become sincerely attached.

By the way, that he should be a "scholar" would render his obtaining an "exeat" in term time all the more feasible, and if he be a Bachelor he is free to do as he likes, needing no "exeat." Of course it may be the long vacation, and *Hamlet*, who has been down some time and who has had more serious matters to occupy his mind, may have forgotten the fact. I do not suppose that SHAKESPEARE troubled himself much about such details. But some of us like to explain SHAKESPEARE to himself.

Be this academical theory as it may, *Horatio* turns up accidentally at Elsinore, and *Hamlet* heartily welcomes his greatest friend, who is probably some years his senior. What age then does this give *Hamlet*? and what *Horatio*? *Hamlet* is eighteen or nineteen, *Horatio* is twenty-two, *Ophelia* just on seventeen—sweet but sly; while the vain and weak *Queen*, who married when she was about nineteen, is a very well-preserved woman of thirty-nine, of considerable personal attraction, specially for the elderly, unprincipled and uxorious uncle, *Claudius*.

Now here you have just the cast of *Hamlet* as it is now given at the Adelphi. Miss CHESTER represents the very sort of *Queen* indicated above, a good-looking, fond, foolish, and somewhat fishy matron.

The *Ophelia* of Miss LILY BRAYTON is a thoroughly natural representation of the clever young lady-in-waiting, who will not—she feels certain—have to wait long before a morganatic marriage between herself and the youthful Prince becomes inevitable. When this apparent certainty, for which she has lived and loved, is blown to fragments by the act of her lover in killing her father, her life is a blank; she realises the inner meaning of *Hamlet's* previous hint as to her seeking retirement in a nunnery, and, in a second, her health is shattered, her brain is turned, she becomes a *Madge Wildfire*, and an irresponsible suicide; though, after her death, the fact of her irresponsibility, strange to say, has evidently not been made clear to ecclesiastical authority. Her untimely end impels *Hamlet* to confess his deep passion for the unfortunate *Ophelia* to his confidential friend *Horatio*.

H. B. IRVING's *Hamlet* is the very young Prince who would have devoted his whole life to *Ophelia* had not his "noble mind," first unhinged by his suspicions as to the tragic circumstances of his father's death, been completely "o'er-

thrown" by the supernatural confirmation of his doubts revealed by the "honest" *Ghost*.

In this performance at the Adelphi, the contrast between the real and sham lunacy is brought out into bold relief: *Hamlet* pretends to be mad; *Ophelia* is genuinely mad. *Hamlet* has one fixed idea; *Ophelia's* ideas are a kaleidoscopic muddle. And there is another strong contrast, between *Hamlet* as a young inexperienced conspirator, and the *King*, his uncle, as an old hand at Machiavellian plots.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ as the wily, sensual *Claudius*, a thorough *faux bonhomme*, is in every way the very opposite of *Hamlet*. If indeed one could realise *Hamlet* as SHAKESPEARE himself describes him, by the mouth of his mother, the *Queen*, as "fat and scant of breath," then, had he survived the killing of his loved *Ophelia's* father and brother, and of his own uncle, and the spectacle of his mother dying of poison, he himself might have developed into a *Claudius* with improved methods, in which case Messieurs *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* would have had a bad time of it.

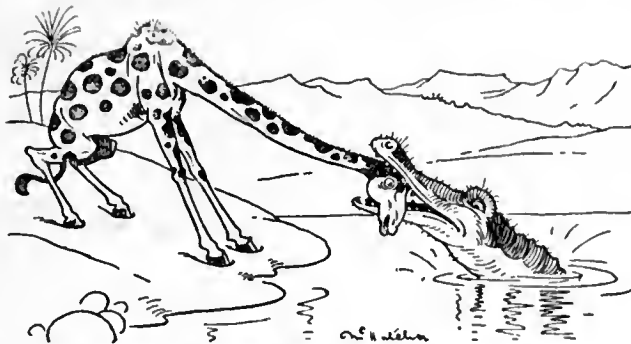
Mr. H. B. IRVING shows us *Hamlet* as the inexperienced youth, who, feeling he has a mission to set things right, lacks the means to the end. Sometimes he boyishly chuckles all these bothers aside, and, when one of his seriously intended practical jokes—such as is "the play"—succeeds beyond his most sanguine expectations, his waving of arms, his delight, his shouting and almost capering, are such exuberant expressions of triumph as might be evinced by a public-school boy at Lord's after his own side had won a match. With this conception of juvenility H. B. IRVING's *Hamlet* is consistent throughout; and indeed this theory seems to afford the only rational explanation of the character's extravagances. He is a very youthful student of the elements of philosophy; he crudely reproduces what he has rapidly read; he has

yielded to a strong passion for the captivating *Ophelia*, which passion she has encouraged; and it would have developed into true love but for her shallow duplicity (she is as sly and as stupid as her father in this respect), which *Hamlet* detects and with boyish brutality resents. *Ophelia's* madness, as depicted by Miss LILY BRAYTON, tells the whole story of the Prince's *amour*. But that, in the earlier scenes when she is sane, this *Ophelia* lacks the note of tenderness, even of artfully simulated tenderness, it would have been throughout a striking performance.

Mr. LYALL SWETE is not "the tedious old fool" at Court, nor is he the wise parent at home that *Polonius* ought to be. The consequence is that the contrast between his obsequious courtliness and his admirable advice to his son *Laertes*, is not as marked as it should be. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The stage-management, if generally good, in several important scenes might have been very much better.

"WHAUR'S YOUR WULLIE?" &c.—We are glad to know that the question of the authorship has been settled, once for all, by the *St. John's Wood Advertiser*. "*Hamlet*," it says, "by Mr. Oscar Asché, is the event of the week." It further goes on to say, very graciously, that *St. John's Wood* "has an interest in this play," derived from Mr. ASCHÉ's residence in the neighbourhood. Happy *Wood* that boasts so stout an Ash!



THE SUNDAY-CLOSING MOVEMENT IN THE JUNGLE.

The Crocodile. "WHAT! TRYING TO GET A DRINK ON SUNDAY, EH? I'LL HAVE TO PULL YOU IN."

WHEN MACCALLUM SLEEPS!

"Sleep is to a man what winding up is to a clock."—Schopenhauer.

I HAVE heard the lion roaring, I have heard a drowning yell,
But to hear MACCALLUM snoring is a sound a' by itself;
As it comes from depths unfathomed at the evening's gentle
close,

For MACCALLUM's nasal organ diapasons from his toes;
And like infant peals of thunder with a rumbling choked
and vile,

Is the great MACCALLUM's slumber *Champion Snorer of Ayryle*.

I have heard the rock-bound coast-line booming back the
angry sea,

And a can of shaken chuckies,* they are music matched
with thee,

As thy lusty leathery larynx grinds a pandemonic noise
Till each bone within thy framework holds a trembling
equipoise,

I have watched thy heart, MACCALLUM, and have watched it
with a smile,

Like a plumber for a burst pipe *Champion Snorer of Ayryle*.

In the sound of wild Kilbrannan, where the whales and
pellocks play,

There is always storm at midnight, though there may be
calm all day;

Where the storm comes from we know not, any more than
where it goes,

But there's deep suspicion pointing to the great MACCALLUM's
nose;

For from caverns in his bosom to his loft and peristyle
Gusty breezes start in tumult *Champion Snorer of Ayryle*.

Years ago the mighty CALLUM "at the herring" made a pile,
And he built a solid dwelling, in the best masonic style;
But it soon became a ruin, CALLUM razed it with a snore;
Now his soporific murmurs are conducted on its floor.

He erupts like any crater; he will make Kintyre an isle;
He's a rock disintegrator *Champion Snorer of Ayryle!!*

* Pebbles.

POST-OFFICE TRIUMPHS.

From the latest batch of examples of the inspired sagacity
of the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand in elucidating cryptic
addresses we select a few of the more tremendous feats.

A letter was recently posted at Edinburgh addressed to

Mr. BROAD RICK of Hindustan, England's Capital.

Will it be believed that after several weeks of zealous enter-
prise the Post Office officials were able to deliver it safe and
sound to the Secretary for India? BROAD RICK meant BROAD-
RICK; Hindustan was a clue to the particular Broadrick who
was meant, and England's Capital, after some study, was
revealed as London.

At a telegraph office in Eastcheap the other day a poor
Portuguese handed in a message which ran thus: "Is are S."
For hours and hours the entire staff battled with these words
rather than send them off. At last they were rewarded.
The foreigner meant, "It's all right." The telegram was
then sent, but, unfortunately, was too late to serve its purpose.
None the less the shrewdness of the Post Office was abundantly
illustrated.

A little while ago a letter bearing the Russian stamp
reached London addressed to

Nine feet eight, The Circus, London.

There was a puzzle worth thinking about. But nothing is
too hard for St. Martin's-le-Grand. The sleuth hounds set to
work, and in a fortnight or so the missive was placed satis-
factorily in the hands of the Russian Giant at the Hippodrome,
whose height is nine feet eight inches to the tick.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IS *Coventry Patmore*, latest addition to HOLDER AND STOUTON'S "Literary Lives," Mr. EDMUND GOSSE presents an interesting study of one man and much poetry. He has at his finger ends the work of all the masters of verse, and his allusiveness makes charming reading. Probably there are few, if any, who, in these days when Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is Poet Laureate, read PATMORE. Mr. GOSSE, loyal friend, admiring chronicler, admits as much. Under shelter of this confession my Baronite ventures to confess that he never succeeded in the attempt to read *The Angel in the House* all through. Terrible to tell, this, the most popular and most ambitious of the poet's work, occasionally reminded him of Mr. TURRET at his best. The reminiscence comes back in reading the passages quoted in this volume. It reached, we are told, a sale of a quarter of a million copies. In that competition Mr. TURRET won by a long neck. There is nothing more comforting in a wide range of amiable households than conviction of really understanding and enjoying reflections and observations printed in the same form as the outpouring of SHELLEY, KEATS, or WORDSWORTH. M. JORDAIN'S shrill delight at discovering he had all his life been talking prose is poor compared with the pleased consciousness that suffuses the being of Mr. and Mrs. ALLCHICKEN when, on quiet Sabbath afternoons they, soothingly stirred in somnolence, find they are enjoying poetry. That COVENTRY PATMORE, in spite of *The Angel in the House*, had the soul and touch of the poet is testified by two charming odes, quotation of which enriches the volume. One is "The Toys," the other "The Azalea." Like PATMORE'S better known work they are domestic in their topic but exquisite in workmanship. Several portraits of a pragmatical personality, taken at different periods of a quarrelsome career, add interest to the book.

The Baron will not in the least discount the absorbing interest that every reader will take in the strange story by Mr. HARRIS BURLAND, entitled *Dr. Silex* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), when he expresses his well-founded opinion that those who love such adventures as are described in the works of JULES VERNE, ROBERT STEVENSON, VICTOR HUGO, RIDER HAGGARD, and ANTHONY HOPE, will revel in this strikingly original and powerfully-written romance. The author has given free reins to his imagination, his uncurbed Pegasus gallops straight ahead, clearing all obstacles; and his rider's difficulty must have been to determine the exact point where the fiery steed should be brought to a halt. From the first moment of the reader's being brought under the mysterious influence of the gentle yet awe-inspiring heroine, he becomes her bond-slave, the zealous partisan of her cause whatever it may be, and ready to do or die that "She who must be obeyed" may be placed upon the throne of her ancestors. In spite of his enthusiasm the Baron ventures to deprecate the *dénoûment*, as he, being the heroine's devoted follower, would not have allowed this sweet lady's fair fame to have been ever so lightly touched by the faintest breath of calumny, and still less would he have permitted her to own its truth. This is a pity; but 'tis too late to alter it, too late to deny the lady's solemn asseveration. To do this effectively would require another volume. It may be that the Baron is too sentimental. Let those who, following his advice, read this book, judge for themselves, and, be their decision what it may, they will thank him for this recommendation of *Dr. Silex*.



SPRING-CLEANING HINTS.

(With acknowledgments to the "World and his Wife.")

HOW TO MAKE OLD PICTURES LOOK NEW.

MANY houses have pictures darkened with age which only need a little drastic treatment to make them as fresh and bright as new oleographs. The surface should first be soaked in a strong solution of hydrochloric acid and then rubbed with an old nail-brush. Any paint that should chance to be removed can easily be supplied by a local artist for a few pence. We heard of a Sir Joshua Reynolds which was treated like this the other day in its owner's absence, and on his return was mistaken by him for a Christmas supplement.

TO REVIVE KID.

Give the kid a stiff brandy-and-soda.

A PRETTY USE FOR OLD BOOTS.

It is a mistake to throw away old boots as useless, or to waste them on newly married couples. A most charming effect can be obtained by planting a fern in the heel and hanging the boot from the ceiling in the window. Any kind of fern will do.

TO REMOVE STAINS ON THE CEILING.

The best thing to do is to re-white-wash the whole surface, which is done by lying on one's back on the top of the bookshelves and dabbing away steadily. But if the stain still shows through it is best to spill water systematically on the floor of the room above until you have stained the ceiling uniformly, leaving it a russet brown. After all, why should ceilings be white?

TO MEDDEN LOBSTER.

Take a saucepan of boiling water and plunge the lobster in. It will emerge quite red and lovable.

TO RENOVATE BLACK LACE.

Wash in beer, beat between the folds of a linen cloth, and, when nearly dry, iron with a cool (not cold) iron. It is not advisable to drink the beer unless you are very thirsty. Good housewives find a way of getting it back into the kitchen cask.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM THE FINGERS.

Fill your mouth with spirits of salt and then suck the fingers thoroughly.

TO REMOVE STAINED PATCHES FROM THE WALL PAPER.

This cannot be done. The only things to do are (a) re-paper entirely, or (b) re-arrange the furniture to hide the places.

TO REVIVE OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Soak the feathers in the best Austra-

**EJUSDEM GENERIS.**

Farmer's Daughter (to Easter Holiday cyclist, who has just finished drinking a glass of skimmed milk). "WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE?"

Johnnie. "ER—NO, THANKS—ER—I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO DEPRIVE YOU OF IT."

Farmer's Daughter. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT. WE GIVE IT ALL TO THE CALVES."

lian wine (Emu brand), and then bury them up to the hilt in the sand. If the feathers still remain unconscious apply a hot-water bottle.

TO EXTRICATE MOTH FROM FUR.

Stimulate the moths by smelling-salts, and when they begin to show signs of activity remove the furs into a dark room lit by several strong wax candles. The moths will immediately quit the furs and rush into the flames of the candles.

TO REMOVE MARMALADE FROM VELVET.

Immerse in a lather of white soap in hot water, and, after rinsing and dabbling firmly for five minutes, apply benzoline with a nutmeg-grater. If the marmalade then refuses to go, send for the police.

HOW TO LIGHT A FIRE WITH CELLULOID COLLARS.

Heat the collar over a gas jet until it begins to crack, then apply a fusee and

thrust the collar between the bars of the grate.

Commercial Candour once more.

From an Advertisement in the *Daily Mail*:

The 3/- TWEEDS which we are selling at

PER $1\frac{3}{4}$ YARD

Will only last this week.

THE risk that one runs of being identified by inscriptions on one's clothing is once more proved in the case of a supposed thief of the name of HANSON, who seems to have left an article of dress behind him while in the act of making off with a sporting dog. A Yorkshire paper publishes the following reference to this episode:—

LOST, Black RETRIEVER; detainer prosecuted; name on collar—"Hanson;" reward.

PLACANDA EST CHICAGO.

Mr. HENRY JAMES, who is on a visit to his native country, and has been revising his estimate of the inhabitants, is reported to have expressed the opinion that the American girl lacks elusiveness. It is said that Chicago Society particularly resents this remark, and is preparing a warm reception for its gifted author.]

O HENRY JAMES, this is a shock!
One has to pay for being fair,
But you have dealt a nastier knock
Than we have ever had to bear!
Critics, who like an easy prey,
Have been from time to time abusive,
But none, till now, was known to say
The Gussow girl is not elusive.
We therefore wish to have a few
Plain, but emphatic, words with you.

Envy of our unrivalled race
May prompt the alien's vulgar sneer:—
"It is her fortune, not her face,
That captivates the British Peer;"
But here is one of Western birth,
Though stamped with various foreign stigmas,
Who doubts that we, of all the earth,
Present the most profound enigmas!
We take the view that this is not
Becoming in a patriot.

Nurtured within the Eagle's nest,
From babyhood you must have heard
How many features we possessed
Common to that elusive bird;
Brought up beneath the Stars and Stripes
(Another strangely subtle symbol),
You knew by heart the type of types,
How fine its nerve, its brain how nimble;
(No true American is blind
To our agility of mind).

Yet you, whose art has nobly earned
The right of being misconstrued,
Allege that we have never learned
That primal law: *Thou shalt elude!*
Master of riddles most obscure,
Expert in periphrastic fiction,
Whose devious characters abjure
A too pellucid style of diction—
Could it escape you, HENRY JAMES,
That we can play those little games?

Perhaps your brain was overwrought
With analysing woman's lore
Over in London, where you caught
That British brogue we so deplore;
Well, anyway, when you appear,
We have a word to say in season,
And, speaking for the hemisphere,
Will see that you recant your treason,
And own that what you said in haste
Betrayed a lamentable taste.

We shall not hug you, cheek to cheek
(Our way with heroes as a rule),
But make you sit, demure and meek,
Upon the penitential stool;
And all Chicago's pure *élite*
(No other set is so exclusive)
Will ask you from the judgment seat,
Are we, or are we not, elusive?
And you, before that awful bar,
Will say, *You are! Of course you are!*

O. S.

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

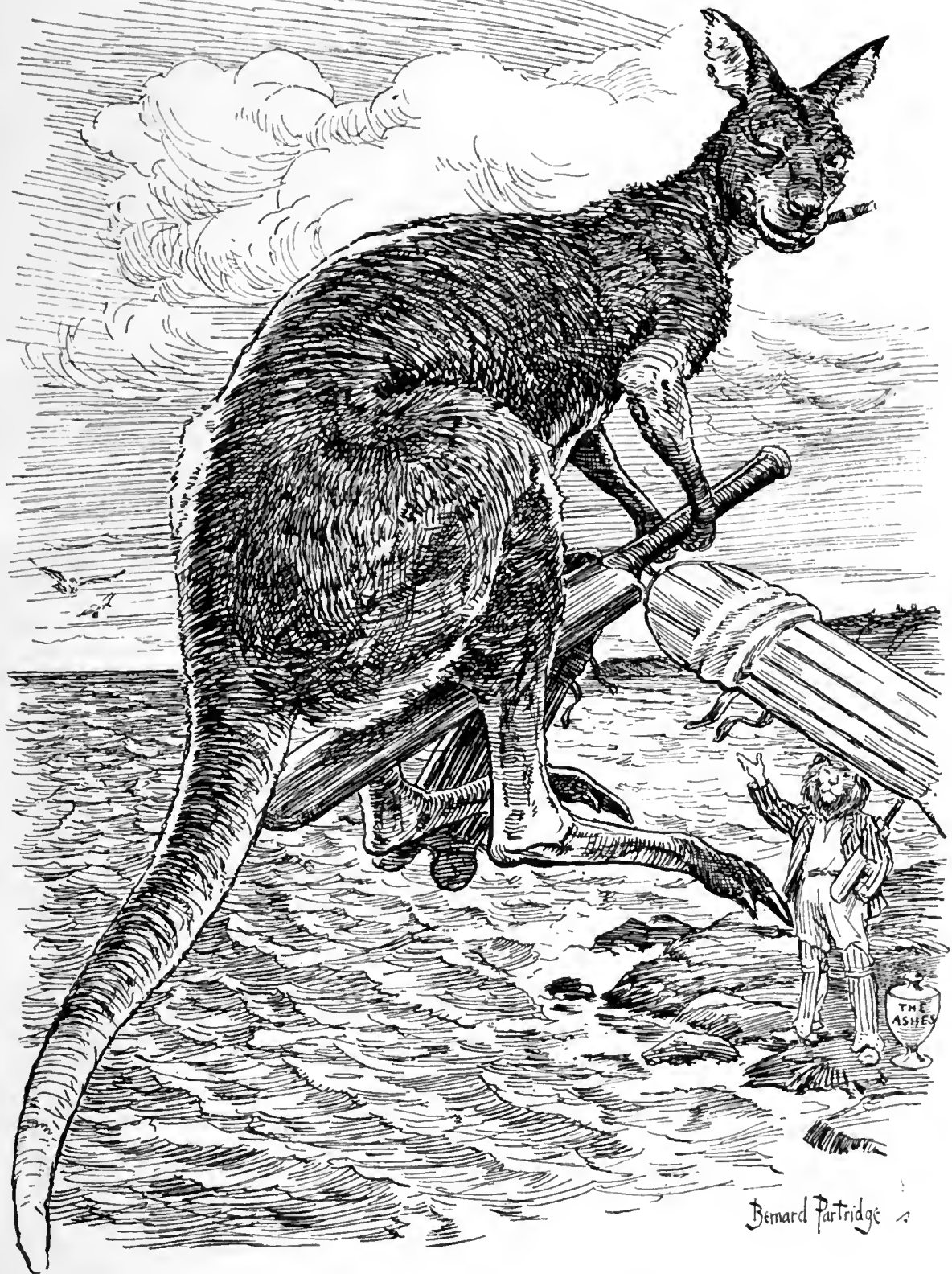
LOCALITY—any of the rather numerous provincial towns in which, owing to last year's drought, the water-supply is inadequate. SCENE—The Town Hall. OCCASION—a rate-payers' meeting, called to consider the merits of a new water-supply scheme. Two or three members of the Town Council are seated by the Chairman, and stare impassively at the rather hostile audience. At the back of the hall is a knot of gentlemen who have apparently been compelled by the scarcity of water to make use of other liquids. When Mr. Punch's Casual Observer enters, the meeting has been already in progress for an hour or so, and Mr. A. in his ignorance of their names the Observer must label this and the following speakers with letters of the alphabet—is embarked on his peroration.

Mr. A. . . . And upon what, Sir, is the reputation of Poppleton built? Sir, it is securely based upon the solid foundation of soft water! (*Loud cheers; no one smiles at this remark.*) To-day we stand at the parting of the ways. Shall we embark upon the golden sea of prosperity, or shall the waves of misfortune engulf us, owing to the total lack of water? That, Sir, is the question to which, as I am convinced, my fellow-citizens in no uncertain tones must answer yes and no. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. B. What I wish to ask, Mr. Chairman, is how far these gentlemen (he points scornfully to the Members of the Town Council) are worthy of our confidence? Some of us remember that little job of the railway-bridge. (*For a reason unknown to the Casual Observer this allusion delights the audience, who shout enthusiastically, "That's your sort!" "Good old BILL," &c.*) Well, I'll just say a few words on that subject—ah, would you! (*as the Chairman endeavours to suggest that the topic is hardly relevant.*) Gag us! Stifle us! Stop our right of free speech! (*Great cheers; the Chairman tries to look unconcerned.*) Concerning that railway-bridge,—what I say is . . . (*he talks about it for a quarter-of-an-hour.*) Then, six months later, there were the sewers—we will now go thoroughly into them! (*This unsavoury invitation is accepted with loud cheers by the audience. The sewers are gone into for the space of twenty minutes.*) But it is time that I approached this water-question. (*The Chairman is understood to assent with emphasis.*) Well, I can put that before you in a nutshell! I was born in Poppleton! (*Hear.*) I was bred in Poppleton! (*Applause.*) Man and boy, I've lived in Poppleton thirty-nine years this month! (*Great cheering.*) And now, Mr. Chairman (*triumphantly*), I should like to know what the answer is to that? (*Tremendous applause, amid which the Casual Observer vainly tries to grapple with the conundrum.*)

Mr. C. In my early days, Sir, I had the privilege—I had the privilege, I say, Sir—to enjoy the friendship of Sir OWEN AMMONITE—Sir OWEN, the great geologist, Sir. And Sir OWEN, he talked to me on this very question—this very question he talked, Sir. And what did Sir OWEN say, Sir? I will tell you what Sir OWEN said. It was a fine September afternoon in '69, and I'd cut a bunch of roses to take to my wife—(*amiably*)—my wife as now is, of course; she being in those days at home with—(*the audience, which has been anxiously awaiting the scientist's verdict, grows restless*)—well and good, gentlemen, well and good. Sir OWEN—ah, a learned gentleman he was—he said to me—and I shan't forget it either—he said, "The springs are sure to be low at the end of a dry season." That's what Sir OWEN AMMONITE said—but—(*bitterly*)—of course some of you gentlemen set yourselves up to know a sight more than him!

Mr. D. Deeply conscious, Sir, of the grave responsibility resting upon me as a citizen of this great Empire—(*irreverent cries of "Rats!" from the back of the room*)—and as a resident in the beautiful town for the welfare of which we all are so deeply concerned, I feel bound to assert as my deliberate



"ON THE BAT'S BACK I DO FLY
AFTER THE ASHES MERRILY!"

Cf. The Tempest, Act V., Sz. 1.

(With Mr. Punch's sincere welcome to the Australian Cricket Team.)





THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

Owner (to rider of beaten horse). "I'M NOT SURE, OLD CHAP, THAT YOU QUITE TIMED YOUR FINISH TO SUIT THE OLD HORSE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

Gentleman Jock. "DARE SAY NOT. YOU SEE HE FINISHED TWO OR THREE FIELDS BEFORE I BEGAN!"

opinion—(more interruption)—upon this momentous issue that—(angrily)—you'd better shut your silly heads and listen to sense!

[Derisive cheers. *The Casual Observer decides that he has had enough of the meeting—a conclusion which by this time the reader will undoubtedly share.*

BECALMED HISTRIONS.—After *The Tempest* at His Majesty's some little time ago it was indeed a pleasure to see the following modest advertisement in the *Times*: "MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN STILL WATERS," with the additional information that next week this popular couple would be in Blackpool. The name of this place is certainly suggestive of Still Waters of a very gloomy character, but no doubt the presence of our favourite comedians would bring sunshine to its blackness.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the well-known librarian, has declared himself delighted that his niece NANCY (Mrs. HEVER) should have married a sober, moral riding-master, rather than "some worthless Duke." The lady herself, on being given the option, is said to have remarked: "How happy could I be with HEVER!"

Member of the Lyceum Club. Have you read Tolstoi's *Resurrection*?

Member of the Cavalry Club. No. Is that the name of MARIE CORELLI's new book?

THE WANDERER.

Oh English air is fresh and pure, and English homes are bright;
But I must wander far away and set my course to-night.
The English breeze will stir the leaves, but I shall not be here
When Spring goes tripping coyly out and Summer crowns the year.

The Summer-sounds I love so well I shall not hear again:
The merry children running free and shouting through the lane;
The liquid flutes of little birds, and, melting in a dream,
The whisper of the swaying boughs, the murmur of the stream;

The wagons rumbling up the read, the droning of the bees,
The parliament of busy rooks that caw about the trees.
The air will fill with English songs, but I shall hear no more
Till God shall bid me steer for home and set me on the shore.

Oh, then I'll wander back again, and seek the place I knew
When all the world was young and fair and all the tales were true;
And I may find a hand or two that keep a grip for me,
When I come back to English earth from tossing on the sea.

THE NICETIES OF BRIDGE.

A few replies to beginners, by our Bridge Expert.

HOW CHERRY sends the following difficult question: "Last night, when we were playing in the nursery after tea, Rachel, though it was not her turn to declare, suddenly exclaimed, 'I make hearts trumps.' I said, quite by accident, 'May I play to No hearts?' (because Rachel so often makes No trumps, and I did not recollect myself in time). Aunt SUSAN, who was my partner and does not hear very well, replied, 'Diamonds? I double diamonds'; while Cousin SMY, who was playing with Rachel, said, being confused, 'If you leave it to me, Rachel, I make it spades.' RACHEL, who is, I must tell you, a very particular player, said there ought to be a penalty somewhere; but we do not know what it ought to be, as in a way we had each made a mistake."

The situation is not one for which there seems to be any case stated. Our researches, which have been very carefully made, do not reveal any exact precedent at the Portland Club, nor do the new rules provide for such a difficulty. We think the dealer would have the right under the circumstances to elect whether the deal should stand or not.

LITTLE EMILY writes as follows: "Last holidays May and I were playing against BOB and ARTHUR, on the night before they returned to school, and I am quite sure something went wrong. Now, is this fair? BOB made it 'No Trumps,' and May and I had wretched hands. That was bad enough, but what made it worse was that ARTHUR, who was BOB's partner, doubled 'No Trumps,' and then ARTHUR re-doubled, and so they went on until between them they made it 100 each trick. Then ARTHUR said by the New Rules you had to stop when a trick counted 100, for which May and I were very thankful. Of course, they had all the aces and all the kings and they made a Grand Slam and scored 700 below and 80 above. Luckily mother won't let us play for money, so it did not so much matter; but it doesn't seem at all fair, because we did not want them to double. We kept saying that we were content, which wasn't exactly true, but they took no notice."

Of course this was quite wrong. We have looked up the rule, so we can speak with certainty on the point. Only an opponent may double a declaration.

NINE YEARS OLD writes: "Such a funny thing happened last week when we were playing Bridge in the school-room. Grandmamma, who was managing the two hands, four times took up a trick without playing her own card to

it. So that at the end, when all our cards were gone, Grandmamma had four left in her hand. We could not make out at first what in the world had happened, and Grandmamma was as much puzzled as anyone else. At last we agreed that we should simply put the four cards together, and they should make another trick to Grandmamma, as of course we couldn't win it, not having any cards ourselves to do so. I asked Cousin JACK what the penalty was, and he said he thought it was a free kick, but was not sure. But he so often makes jokes that he may not have been speaking seriously; besides, we couldn't very well have kicked Grandmamma, if that was what he meant."

Your cousin was clearly thinking of football when he replied as he did. In point of fact we fear you condoned your Grandmother's offence by allowing her to gather tricks which only contained three cards. We have frequently emphasised the importance of not concentrating your attention too exclusively upon your own cards. In this case neither you nor your partner can have been following the play of the hand as closely as is necessary if you wish to excel.

HUMILIATED writes: "Yesterday when we were playing Bridge in the drawing-room after dinner (for which I was allowed to sit up), my partner, Mrs. JONES, who is our vicar's wife, trumped a spade which was led. I said, just as I had heard Colonel STOPPARD say, 'Having no spades, partner?' To which Mrs. JONES, greatly to my surprise, replied very severely, 'When I was your age, child, I was not allowed to speak to my elders in that manner. Of course I have no spades. I should not have trumped the trick had I held a card of the suit.' Naturally I felt a little hurt, because I did not mean it rudely. Well, that was not all. For directly afterwards she played a little spade, the three I think it was. And when that nice Captain VIVIAN said, 'Hullo! what have we here?' Mrs. JONES gave me such a look, as if it was my fault. Later on, when she had gone, without bidding us Goodnight, Captain VIVIAN said to me, 'You scored there, I fancy.' Which was not the case, as they had counted three tricks for the revoke. But was not I justified in asking Mrs. JONES?"

Perhaps not, as she was your vicar's wife. The best Bridge players always suit their style to their partner's game.

SCATMAN sends, upon Athenæum Club paper, this problem: "Would nine revoke by the same man in one hand count nine times over against him? It was to some extent our fault, as we had not advised Professor STUMP of the necessity of following suit. We added up at

the end the number of times he omitted to do so. He played the hand with great cleverness and judgment, but the fact of his not following suit would no doubt detract somewhat from his value as a partner."

It would have been kinder to have drawn the Professor's attention at his first error to the rule which obliges a player to follow suit. As it was, the other side would apparently gain twenty-seven tricks.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

I ASK not wealth or high estate;

The burden of too large a heard,
The constant strain of being great,
Would only make me bored.

More houses than a man can use

Were almost worse than none at all;
And quite the last that I should choose
Would be a Gilded Hall.

Besides, I'd rather not have land.

Enough that I might settle down
In a small cot in Surrey, and
A little flat in Town.

A few nice rooms—just here a book,
And there a picture—decent wine,
Good carpets, and a skilful cook,
And I should not repine.

My tiny coach-house might contain

For night a brougham, for day a cart;
I should not mind their being plain
As long as they were smart.

(The hovel "on a rising plat,"

Bosomed in trees, but not too dark—
I like a bracing air. The flat
Should overlook the Park.)

Of horses, both to ride and drive,

Three at the utmost ought to do;
And, at a pinch, one might contrive
To get along with two.

I would not have their mouths too light;

If I may use a "tan-yard" term,
Although my seat is far from tight,
My hands are very firm.

(I would not have my hut too far

From my more central *piéd-à-terre*
For me to use my motor-car,
And save the railway fare.)

I have no love of vain excess;

To one that wants to make a show
The income I would fain possess
Would sound absurdly low.

The theatre I find a source

Of pleasure; music serves to fill
The yawning soul; and then, of course,
One has a tailor's bill.

(Not that I care for fine array:

Five suits are just as good as ten
To me; but one would like to pay
The creature now and then.)

A little sport at times—a change,
Say, twice a year, to novel scenes,
These I should like within the range
Of my exiguous means.

With cheap amusements such as these,
My life would be a quiet song,
It would not be a life of ease,
But one should rub along.

I only ask what may suffice
For simple fare and low degree;
As long as I can have things nice,
It's good enough for me.
DUM-DUM.

CHARIVARIA.

THE fact that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY is affectionately referred to as "Roj" on our halfpenny-paper placards has led several Russian publicists to suppose that English sympathies are veering round.

Another nasty hit at Russia, and from Germany this time! On the monument to Field-Marshal von MOLTKE the KAISER has directed the following inscription to be placed: "The dice of God fall always on the right side."

COUNT TATTENBACH, the interim German Minister at Tangier, says that Germany's watchword in Morocco is "Advance dauntlessly." The Sultan of Morocco is pleased to hear this. He is badly in need of an advance.

Aston Villa won the Cup Final by 2 goals to nil. Business-like Birmingham naturally saw the folly of sending goals to Newcastle.

To judge by the Police Court charges which followed on the Crystal Palace meeting, the Cup, unfortunately, cannot be said to be one that cheers without inebriating.

MISS CORELLI complains in her new book that it is becoming quite a common thing for men and women to talk about "Little Mary." They are, of course, wrong; what they ought to talk about is Little MARIE.

By-the-by, Miss CORELLI would like to see Stratford-on-Avon restored to its former beauty. But who was its former beauty? Miss CORELLI should be as explicit as she is modest.

"£5 for a kiss" is a not uncommon *obiter dictum* in the Police Court, but at Christie's last week £150 was given for a HENRY THE EIGHTH spoon.

At the laying of the foundation stone of the new C. M. S. School for Girls at



THEIR WANING HONEYMOON.

She. "HAVE YOU GOT THE TIME?"

He. "YE-E-S. DO YOU WANT IT?"

She. "NO-O-O-H!"

Khartum by the Archdeacon of Egypt, a copy of the *Daily Mail Overseas* edition was placed under the stone. Personally we see no harm in the paper.

We trust there is no truth in the rumour which reaches us of a grave Passive Resistance scandal. It is said that the anonymous payments of rates, of which we have heard so much lately, have in many instances been made by the individuals who were summoned for non-payment of them.

MR. DANE, of the Afghan Mission, has left Bombay for London. It is satisfactory that he at any rate will not play *Hamlet*. Having got all he wanted from the AMEER, he finds it impossible to be a melancholy Dane.

Chicago now has a theatre which is owned by a negro, and all the performers are negroes. But we understand that, when the cast for *Othello* was selected, it was felt that some distinction of colour should be kept up as between the Moor and the others, and accordingly the title rôle will be filled by a white man.

The *Motorist* recommends motoring as a cure for sleeplessness. If it is the victims that are referred to there is some point in this. The cure is frequently instantaneous.

The Dawn of Womanhood.

WANTED, Correspondence with Lady having outgrown Clothes for boy (10 years).—*Advt. in Daily News.*

DOGS AND DODGES.

"DEAR HARRY," wrote GLADYS, "I'm showing *Mopsy-Mo* on Wednesday, and have set my heart on taking a first. The worst of it is, DORA RADLETT is showing that horrid little rat of hers in the same class—did you ever hear such impertinence?—and calling it *Radlett Robin* for the occasion. If she gets the prize I shall cry my eyes out. Do come and see fair play; you know how catty she is. Yours affectionately, GLADYS.

"P.S.—I comb *Mopsy-Mo* each evening from 6 to 7, and am always glad of help."

GLADYS and I are huge pals, and we had a simply ripping time every evening for a week before the show. So did *Mopsy-Mo*, but I got rid of the tangles like smoke after we had muzzled her, and by Wednesday her coat was perfect, though she seemed a little sore in herself.

We arrived at the show at 9.30 A.M., GLADYS carrying *Mopsy-Mo* in her muff—they were both the same skin, only the muff was fluffier—while I carried a pale blue cushion, a baby's down quilt, a striped blanket, the satin curtains for the cage (hand-painted), and the toilette basket in pale blue and valenciennes. DORA RADLETT was already there, looking awfully doggy, but she turned her back when she saw us, and put as much expression into it as possible. Her cage was next but one to ours, and as she and GLADYS are not on speaking terms this month it was rather embarrassing. However, at GLADYS's instigation, I went to inspect *Mopsy-Mo*'s rival, and found him in an amber silk interior looking a little the worse for a week's wear and tear. There had evidently been temper over the combing, for his coat appeared moth-eaten in places, and DORA had two fingers bandaged. They both seemed a bit woolly when I stroked him with a bit of stick, so I returned to GLADYS with my report, which bucked her up wonderfully.

"But, oh HARRY!" she sighed, as she parted *Mopsy-Mo*'s back all over again, while I heated the curlers, "I've got such a dreadful foreboding that something's going to happen to my darling, and I really half wish I hadn't brought her."

"Skittles!" I said; "all you've got to worry about is how much you'll take for her when she's a winner—you'll get lots of offers."

"Shall I?" she exclaimed, brightening up; "how lovely!" and popping *Mopsy-Mo* back in her cage with the parting half made, she began to jot down a list of things she could buy with a possible twenty guineas.

Next moment, however, I saw a horri-

fied look cross her face, and following her glance I saw a fierce-looking military chap greeting DORA with effusion.

"Oh how do you do?" said DORA, rather absently; "are you showing?"

"Oh yes," he replied in a big deep voice, "I'm a Great Dane."

"Oh indeed," she said with more interest, "I'm a Pekinese Toy, and such a terrible thing's happened," and she lowered her voice and they conversed in undertones.

"We're done for!" groaned GLADYS; "that's Captain PARKYS—an awful man. *Mopsy-Mo*'s no chance now he's come. He's awfully keen on DORA, and he'll get the prize for her by fair means or foul—see if he doesn't."

"And what will I be doing?" I inquired.

"You dear old thing!" she said sadly, "it's a comfort to have you, but you don't understand. You see he wants to marry her, and if he gets her the prize she's pretty well bound to consent."

"Why that's just our position," I said.

"Oh don't be so absurd, HARRY," cried GLADYS, turning very red and trying to look angry, but just at that moment Captain PARKYS approached, and raising his hat said in a conciliatory manner—

"Excuse me, but a friend of mine who is showing in the same class has unfortunately mislaid her liver. Would you kindly oblige her with a small piece of yours?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I replied, in obedience to a frown from GLADYS, "I have given so many small pieces of mine away already that I have hardly any left for myself."

"How clever of you!" whispered GLADYS as the Captain retired discomfited. "They don't want any really. DORA never feeds *Radlett Robin* on liver—she swears by minced chicken. She just wants *Mopsy-Mo* to look pinched and starved when the judges come round. I know what DORA is. Mark my words, HARRY, if we don't keep a sharp look-out they'll do *Mopsy-Mo* an injury. Just look how they are glaring at her."

But I re-assured her by saying any amount of glaring couldn't disqualify a dog, while tampering with *Mopsy Mo* was out of the question; she was always the centre of an admiring crowd, sometimes as many as three people. *Radlett Robin*'s cage, on the other hand, was quite neglected, and DORA began to look horribly malignant, and the Captain, poor chap, didn't seem to be gaining much ground. The judging was progressing very slowly by all accounts, if at all, and as there were lots of classes still in front of us it was rumoured that probably long-haired Toys would not be taken to the ring, but be judged in their cages, and by their coats alone.

It was directly after hearing this that

DORA and the Captain became engrossed over something, sitting with their heads so close together that GLADYS insisted on my trying to see what they were up to. In the course of a casual stroll by, I discovered that the Captain was busy collecting *Radlett Robin*'s combings, or any other cast-off tangles of the same shade, while DORA fluffed them with her irons and sewed them over *Radlett Robin*'s thin places. GLADYS, of course, was righteously angry when she heard it, and insisted that the committee ought to be told; but as *Radlett Robin* insisted on scratching himself violently at his various darns they gave up mending him and took to glaring again. The suspense and the excitement gave GLADYS a nervous headache, and she got so white about the gills that I insisted on her going for a change of scene to the refreshment-room with Mrs. WAGTAIL-BARKER, a doggy old dear who was great on Toys—promising on my word of honour not to leave *Mopsy Mo*'s side till her return.

For a time I stayed there as good as gold, munching dog-biscuit, for I was faint for want of food, when all of a sudden there came sounds of tumult from the great hall. Somebody had let a rat loose in the terriers' bench, and all I can say is, the next quarter of an hour was one of the liveliest I ever remember. We had a great time, man and dog, and the committee were just complimenting me on my promptness and courage—when I remembered *Mopsy Mo*, and tore back to the Toys for all I was worth. The first thing I saw was Captain PARKYS, walking along with his Great Dane on the lead; the next, that *Mopsy Mo*'s door was open and she was peeping through, evidently about to jump to the floor. Just as she made up her mind to go, the Great Dane put his head in the way and opened it.

What followed I can only conjecture, for Captain PARKYS's bulky figure came in the way, and next moment the man and the big dog moved on, the latter gulping strangely, and disappeared through the curtains at the end just as I reached *Mopsy Mo*'s cage. It was empty, and all that remained of *Mopsy Mo* was the blue bow which she wore on her head to distinguish it from her tail. With one look at DORA, who met my glance with an expression of scornful triumph, I was on the point of rushing after her confederate when the curtains were pushed aside and the judges entered in a great flurry. The vision of GLADYS's disappointment and my own perpetual bachelorhood unmaned me, and I collapsed, sitting on something soft as I did so. At first I thought it was *Mopsy Mo*, but I found it was only GLADYS's muff. All of a sudden a brilliant thought flashed



—A.T. SMITH—

COMPLIMENTS ONE MIGHT IMPROVE ON.

Mrs. Mudge. "I DO ADMIRE THE WOMEN YOU DRAW, MR. PENINK. THEY'RE SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO REFINED! TELL ME, WHO IS YOUR MODEL?"

Penink. "OH, MY WIFE ALWAYS SITS FOR ME."

Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise). "YOU DON'T SAY SO! WELL, I THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE CLEVEREST MEN I KNOW!"

[Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.]

through my brain like a rocket. With a furtive glance round I picked up the muff, and, pinning the bow among its long glossy fur I curled it round in a natural position—it was one of the long-shaped ones—deposited it in the corner of the cage, and retired in disorder. The judges were hurrying through their business as much as they could with decency, and were certainly getting through the Toys in record time.

Pausing before *Radlett Robin*, I saw them stick an ominous ticket on the bars of the cage, and I groaned in spirit. Then as they reached *Mopsy-Mo's* cage and stopped before it my heart failed and I turned my face to the wall. It was five minutes before I dared to look round. The judges had passed on; all was quiet again, except where *DORA* was tearing down the yellow hangings and packing up *Radlett Robin* with more haste than tenderness—and

the reason was clear. The ticket on her cage said "*Commended*," the ticket on ours said "*1st Prize*." I stood before it, trying to believe my eyes, when a deep voice sounded at my shoulder.

"Allow me to have a look at your dog, Sir," said Captain PARKYNS, fiercely. "I am inclined to question the judges' decision." I faced him.

"Perhaps you prefer the magistrate's," I said. His face turned green.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. "That I happened to be looking when you gave your Great Dane his last meal."

"It was an accident; on my honour it was," he faltered, in a blue funk by this time. "I was just coming round to explain."

"You may either explain through your solicitor, or buy the dog," I said, "which is valued at fifty guineas."

He murmured something about rather a big price, but when I reminded him

she was a prize winner he wrote the cheque without another word. Then, with one hang-dog look at *DORA*, he made himself scarce, and I had only just time to snatch the muff out of the cage when *GLADYS* came hurrying up. She gave a little broken cry when she saw the "*1st Prize*."

"Oh, HARRY!" she said, and I saw she wanted to kiss something, possibly me. "Where is the darling?" she exclaimed.

"She's gone," I replied. "I sold her immediately after the judging."

"Can't I give her one kiss?" she pleaded.

"Impossible," I said. "The gentleman took her away with his other dog. That's what I got for her," and I put the cheque in her hand.

"Oh, how darling of you!" she cooed. "What shall I buy with it?"

"Your trousseau, of course," I replied.



A THING OF BEAUTY.

"OH, MUMMY, DO BUY ME A NOSE LIKE THAT ONE THE MAN'S GOT!"

THE HANSOM BELLE.

A GREAT discovery has been made by the *County Gentleman*. It is that no woman ever looks ugly or even plain in a hansom. "She sits," says our contemporary, "framed by the cab, looking out of an open window, and while she can see most comfortably and completely from her seat can be seen by those she passes most charmingly enshrined." When once this striking fact is generally made known, we expect the same to lead to important social and economic results.

To begin with, it means a new lease of life for the oft-threatened and much criticised two-wheeler. In view of the new and popular beauty-cure, West-End Jehus are unanimously setting up as specialists in the business of creating female loveliness. There is already a slump in nose-machines, anti-frown straps and double-chin reducers. Five thousand or more perambulating beauty-doctors are speedily driving the Bond Street Venus-factories to shut up shop.

The leading photographers are now taking the Fair à la cab-window, which is an obvious development of the old-

fashioned *carte*. Every well-appointed studio will shortly have a mews department. Portrait-painters also have seized on the idea of the Shrewsbury-and-Talbot frame, as will be seen at the forthcoming Academy.

Mr. SARGENT is now painting Society ladies at any rate those who have weathered a few London seasons—at the cab-rank near Tite Street, so as to get a *plein air* effect.

Quite a panic is reigning among eligible *partis*, who have been noticed lately to fly up side-streets and into public-houses or any haven of refuge, rather than face the glorified spinster approaching in her new environment.

The members of the Lyceum and other ladies' clubs have lately petitioned their landlords to alter the shape of the windows looking out on the street to a more desirable and fashionable pattern.

Meanwhile mere men, unable to get a hansom for love or money, will soon be clamouring for the blood of the *County Gentleman*.

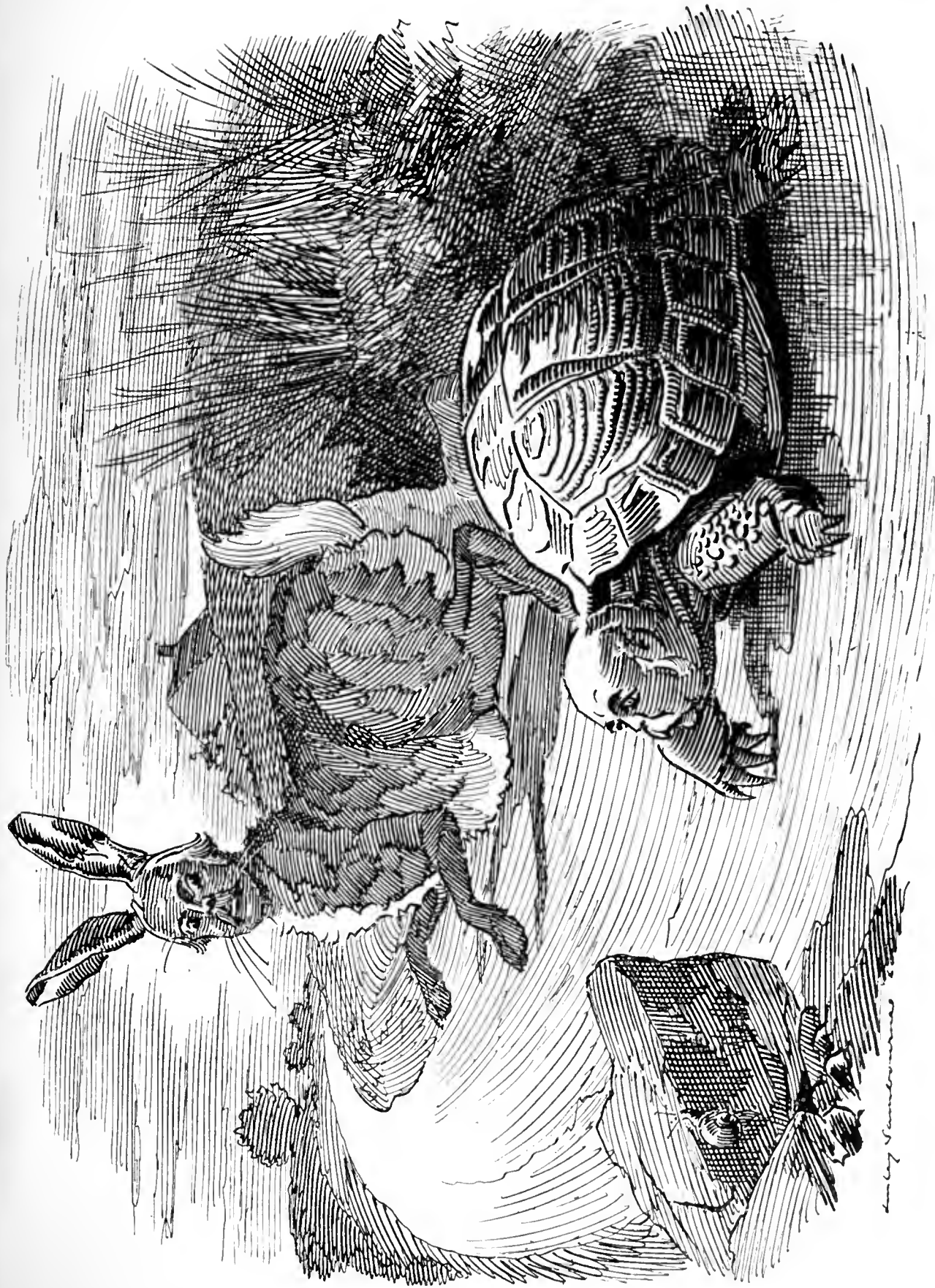
THE DECADENCE OF THE HOME.

(Notes from a Woman's Diary.)

. . . MET such a dear child in the Park. So delighted with her that I could not keep myself from rushing up and kissing her. . . . On asking nurse who child was, found—most curious thing—it was my own. Asked the woman if I had any more like it, and was informed there were two others equally charming. Really delightful to think one has such nice children. Shall certainly call in at the nursery—I suppose we have a nursery—and see the others. I might take them some toys—I believe children like toys—only I don't know what these particular ones have already. Perhaps it would be safer to take chocolates.

. . . By the way, the disagreeable person I met in the hall a few mornings ago turns out to be my husband. I had quite forgotten about him. He was pointed out to me at the play last night.

. . . Visited children this afternoon. Quite an adventure. Wandered about a lot at first. No idea had such a big house, and at last found myself in kitchen. Discovered most obliging person, who offered to show me where nursery was situated. Children rather shy at first, but soon came up to me to make friends. Wanted to know where I lived and what was my name. One of them seemed to remember meeting me in the house a long time ago—must have been when children were the smart thing. Couldn't stay long, as they don't seem used to cigarettes in the nursery, and I was due at the Club for Bridge. Shall certainly call again when I am less busy. Quite decent children.



WEARY WORK.

DISAPPOINTED TORTOISE. "OH LOR! HE'S OFF AGAIN! THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO ROMP IN. BUT I SHALL CATCH HIM NAPPING LATER."

AN AERATED IDYLL.

I WISHED the thing had happened at the Carlton. I wished that I had been supping there after the play, and that she had floated in—a shimmer of silk and lace and diamonds and anything else that had a call to shimmer. I wished it had been so, for one can hardly do justice to a town romance unless one is in evening dress. I do not need to point out that one does not wear evening dress in the King's Road A. B. C. Besides, it was in the afternoon.

I ate my scone and read the *Evening News*. I was so absorbed that I did not notice Her until the waitress banged down a cup of coffee and splashed my scone. Then I looked up angrily—and swallowed what I was about to say.

She was opposite.

It is useless to describe her, for I could not do justice to her sweet face, her graceful figure, her wistful smile. She was dressed, I noticed, in black; poorly yet neatly. From her pocket she took the *Evening News*—ah! that bond of sympathy between us!

My brain whirled. It was her dear coffee that lay on my scone. With difficulty I resumed my meal.

The waitress stopped again at our table, wrote out our bills and hurried on. Involuntarily I glanced at hers. It was fivepence; mine was sixpence. I had the tact to turn away lest this difference in our social positions should embarrass her. But almost immediately I heard a gasp, an exclamation!

I looked up. The girl had dropped her *Evening News*, and was looking in front of her with an expression of horror upon her face. She went red, and then white, and then red again. Evidently something in the paper had caused her this shock.

In moments of emergency I am at my best. I took up my paper, and as I did so I felt certain that in the "Stop Press News" I should find the cause of her trouble. Some important and terrible piece of news it would be, that had arrived too late for insertion in any other part of the paper. . . .

Yes, here it was. "Bank Rate Unchanged."

Poor girl! A banker's daughter, no doubt; she had come into this place five minutes ago, happy and free from care. She had ordered her meal, and had sat there with her paper, quite innocent and unsuspecting. Then suddenly her young dreams are ruthlessly disturbed; she realises to her horror that the Bank rate is unchanged!

I longed to take her by the hand and comfort her, to tell her that I would protect her from the wickedness of a world that wouldn't change its Bank



A WARM WELCOME.

Distracted Hostess (to Uncle George, who has arrived unexpectedly). "Oh, I'M SO GLAD YOU HAVE COME! THE CONJUROR I HAD ENGAGED HASN'T TURNED UP. SO YOU'LL DO SOME TRICKS TO AMUSE THE CHILDREN, WON'T YOU?"

rate. To persuade her that the thing could not go on for ever, that they would be sure to make some alteration in it soon. But an absurd diffidence came over me.

"After all," I argued to myself, "you may be wrong. Would a banker's daughter pay fivepence for her meal?"

"Why not?" I returned. "I only paid sixpence myself."

"There you are! A penny more, and your father isn't a banker."

"Well, supposing her father isn't, her lover might be."

"Oh, if she's got a lover," I said disgustedly, "the whole thing's off."

That annoyed me.

"I don't believe you know what a Bank rate is," I said with a sneer.

"All right then. Go and take her hand and see what happens."

I leant forward to do so, and then I noticed that she had picked up her paper again, and was studying it carefully. Now I think I have shown already what an able student of *Sherlock Holmes's* methods I am. Here was a fresh deduction to be made. I drew back and considered.

A Bank rate is changed or unchanged. One looks at the paper and makes the discovery in an instant. After that the business is at an end. It may be a matter for remorse or grief; but a further glance at the papers gives no fresh news. Now in the case of a tragedy (murder or what not) one naturally searches the pages for all particulars, in the hope

that the case has been exaggerated. The girl was now scanning the sheet in her hand, and therefore it was legitimate to deduce that something other than the immutability of the Bank rate had caused her distress.

I took up my paper. "Great Japanese Victory," I read. "Thousands of Russians decimated." Could her brother IVANOVITCH have been decimated? But no. This was a fair English maid before me.

The English team against Scotland? Had her uncle been left out?

The Parliamentary news? Had her nephew voted on the wrong side by mistake?

Had she missed the box of sardines given away to advertisers?

And then suddenly I knew. I folded the paper and read: "STEVENSON 1000 ahead. DAWSON falling rapidly behind."

Yes, that was it. I leant across the table.

"Miss Dawson," I whispered, "have courage. He will win yet."

She rose indignantly and made for the door. Then she stopped. She came slowly back, picked up her bill, and looked at it in an undecided way. She turned very red.

I understood.

I handed her five coppers and my card.

"It might have happened to anyone," I said. But I was glad then that it wasn't the Carlton.

THE LIFE STORY OF A BLACKBETTER.

(Taken any month from any Magazine.)

His parents had given him the name of Blackie. It was not a very original—perhaps even rather an obvious name—but it suited well his glossy sheen. But when he grew a few weeks older "Pride of the Scullery" was what his comrades called him—as well they might. The title came to him unsought, and none was found bold enough to contest his just claim to it.

Let me not linger over his juvenile moments. Let me rather pass them by with the readiness of one whose knowledge of the domestic habits of young blackbeetles is not as detailed as it might be. Come we rather to his days of adventure, when he scaled the back staircase, and learned the bitter truth that every man's foot is against the blackbeetle.

It fell out thus. He was light-heartedly climbing up the topmost stair, when the flash of a candle gave him pause. It was the kitchenmaid descending to fetch *The Crime of the Countess*, a realistic work of fiction which she designed to finish in bed. A hasty exclamation from somewhere far above convinced Blackie that he was discovered.

"Sakes!" a voice cried aloud, "if 'ere ain't one o' them 'orrid beetles on the stairs."

The crisis was a momentous one, and Blackie summoned all his wits to his aid. He recollected a fugitive piece of advice given to him by his grandsire, on the very night that he was (purposely, I fear) trodden on in the pantry by the second footman. "If it's a man," the old fellow used to counsel him with a chuckle, "run away from him: if it's a woman run towards her. Remember that, my boy."

His choice of the bolder course was instantly made. Even as his assailant lifted her slipper to strike he darted like a flash of sombre lightning straight for her. As she sprang aside with a piercing shriek, he slipped dexterously under the bathroom mat, and crunched there panting. His pursuer's search was the more perfunctory as she observed several of Blackie's relatives toiling behind him up the stairs.

"Master talked about getting a 'edgeog,'" was all he heard her mutter as she retired, and the friendly darkness again enveloped the upper passage.

His rash expedition, while it ended triumphantly, yet brought, as rashness will do, an ill-effect in its train. The words of the kitchen-maid, although they conveyed no meaning to him, had a dire fulfilment. A night or two afterwards a terrible rumour ran through the basement that there was something—a devastating something—moving about in the small hours. The hedgehog had arrived, and Blackie's nocturnal rambles, once so full of observation and enjoyment, were at an end. Here was a monster who moved with the swiftness of an avenging fiend—a monster who had the bad taste to relish black-beetles—who positively enjoyed meeting them. Oh! those were melancholy nights—nights in which the diminution of our hero's family circle became painfully perceptible.

"One knows where one is with a boot," sighed Uncle Dusty as he moped behind the wainscot, "but this creature, confound him! is neither here nor there."

"He's usually both," rejoined Blackie with a hollow impudence, as he remembered a particularly narrow escape of the night before. It would not do to let his friends see that his spirit was daunted by this weird peril of the darkness.

"I don't call it cricket," grumbled his uncle peevishly. "It's precious dull in here, and it's not safe to take a turn outside."

The day of relief came at last when Spot, the fox-terrier, discovered the hedgehog curled up behind the flour-box. For though his nose was scratched he succeeded in making the hedgehog very unwell, and in future whenever old

Prickles, as they called him, went out hunting, he always had his weather-eye open for Spot, so that he could not give the same attention as before to his ruthless business.

A freedom, the more welcome after previous privations, followed, and again the Pride of the Scullery led the way into the ash-pan, to examine the eggshells there. He was now in the prime of beetlehood, admired by many, yet disliked, as all strong characters are, by others.

The ending of a life, crowded with adventure, had a doleful *bathos* of its own. The survivor of hairbreadth escapes from the foot of the master when he came to see if the gas was turned out, immune from every species of insect poison, a connoisseur indeed of the better-advertised varieties, he owed his death to his own greed. It must be confessed with a pang that but for his appetite he might have been living yet.

A campaign against Blackie and his class—a poor persecuted class—was begun upon a more complete scale. White-aproned men arrived with tubs of cement and started a work, the progress of which Blackie in the innocence of his heart watched with a mild interest. It was only when he found that the new crevice, which he had lately acquired upon a long lease (oh, the pathos of it!) was securely cemented up, with himself inside it, that he began to feel uneasy. His anxiety communicated itself to his fellows behind the skirting-board, for all the exits were closed—what was to be done?

Let us draw a veil over the concluding scene.

A WIRELESS MESSAGE INTERCEPTED.

SUE tripped along with fairy feet,
A vision that the heart beguiled,
Bewitching, roguish, dainty, sweet,
And as she came she smiled.

She smiled—at me. (Oh, foolish heart,
This eloquent commotion hush!
Forbear, thou crimson tide, to dart
In cheeks like mine a blush!)

Again that glance! What joy to feel
That I, whom thronging years beset,
To Beauty so divine reveal
Attractions even yet.

We meet . . . Alas, the usual fall
Occurs to Pride, the dull and blind;
Her smiles were not for me at all,
But someone else behind.

Jack Ashore.

Lost, Navy Blue Gentleman's Overcoat.—Advt. in *Sheffield Daily Independent*.

HOW A GREAT WEEKLY PAPER IS NOT MADE.

(With acknowledgments to
the colossal advertisement
in "The Times.")



À LA MAISON DU BARRIE.

At the Duke of York's Theatre Mr. BARRIE occupies the bill with two fantastic pieces. The first, *Pantaloen*, is a delightful idea which could have been worked up into a perfectly polished dramatic gem, without a flaw, had Mr. BARRIE been true to his original happy thought. At its commencement we are led to believe that the private life of *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown* and *Pantaloen* is to be revealed to us; not the life of ordinary mortals playing these parts on the boards of a theatre at so much a night, but that of the real original fantastic beings in the imaginary realms of Pantomimia, where inanimate objects obey the magic touch of *Harlequin's* wand, where, as long as *Harlequin* has his vizard down and can use his bat, he, being an invisible agent, can transfix his enemies by a flick of his wand, and, while they are rooted to the spot and in amazement lost, can lightly lift *Columbine* from the ground, and, placing her across his shoulder, carry her off as easily as did Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ when, impersonating *Petruchio*, he bore away *la belle Katarina*. All this is delightful; why then spoil it by dragging in such sordid mundane matters as salaries, poverty, and theatrical engagements? What have these to do with the Magic Realm where *Harlequin's* wand can work miraculous transformations and supply all needs? Mr. BARRIE's whimsical inconsistencies are irritating.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER is admirable as *Pantaloen*. Mr. WILLIE WARDE, a thorough pantomimist, in the very best sense of the term, is a true loving *Harlequin*, and Miss PAULINE CHASE a sweet little *Columbine*. A. W. BASKOON is the mean sneaking *Clown* to the life, which this *Clown* ought not to be, for it is not a real story, and Miss ELA Q. MAY is a lively *Clownlet*.

Mr. BARRIE is wrong in supposing that *Clown* was ever the lover of *Columbine*. Such is not the tradition. He was originally the stupidly cunning peasant servant of *Pantaloen* who, as *Columbine's* father, objected to her marriage with such a gadabout as Mr. *Spangles* the *Harlequin*. The piece, partly in dumb show, partly in dialogue, with musical accompaniment, suggests that Mr. BARRIE has not been unimpressed by *Pagliacci* and *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and, like the eminent journalist in *Pickwick*, who wrote a work on Chinese Metaphysics after reading an article in the *Encyclopedia* on China and another on Metaphysics, he has "combined the information," which results in "A Plea for an old Family."

And with the next piece it is much the same. Is it serious? is it burlesque? A little of both. Mr. BARRIE's queer but clever medley of farce, burlesque, and a spice of tragedy, entitled *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* (a quite irrelevant title) may remind some elderly theatre-goers of WATTS PHILLIPS's

Woman in Moore in SOTHERS's time, and of that odd mixture, *Captain Dieppe*, which, being excellently rendered, might have scored a big success for its author, Mr. ANTHONY HORE. Miss IRENE VASHURGH as *Amy Grey*, the melodramatically stage-struck young lady (a character not very new, by-the-way) is excellent as representing the intense earnestness of this absurd part. The piece owes its success to its admirable interpretation, to the unique personality and popularity of Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Mrs. Grey*, to the masterly performance of Mr. ARTHUR SMITH as *Colonel Grey*, and to the artistic rendering of *Stephen Rolls* by Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS. Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS gives us a perfectly natural sketch of a lad who is qualifying for the Navy on board the training ship *Britannia*.

Most of it is nonsense, but it is Mr. BARRIE's clever nonsense, and it is a capital satire, a trifle belated perhaps, on the modern Society drama, and on such young persons, if they exist outside Mr. BARRIE's imagination, as are likely to be influenced by what they see on the stage. That one in five hundred could become such a monomaniac as *Amy Grey* is represented to be in the part so cleverly played by Miss IRENE VASHURGH may be possible, but it is not probable.

The cast is excellent. Mr. DION BOUTICAULT's stage-management is perfect: especially in Act II., where the grouping about the fireplace and all the business, the "jeu de scène," is ingeniously simple, and therefore most effective.

Of course if this *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* be admittedly an intentional skit on a class of piece represented by *Lady Windermere's Fan*, for example, where ladies, who, imitating my *Lady Teazle*, have hidden themselves in gentlemen's chambers, behind screens, or even in bachelors' bedrooms, are allowed to escape unperceived, while invariably leaving behind them a fan, a peculiarly scented handkerchief, a glove, or some other convincing evi-

dence of their guilt, supposed or real, then Mr. BARRIE's amusing scheme is most adroitly contrived and very cleverly carried out. Also, his star being in the ascendant, he is most fortunate in the interpretation of his play at the Duke of York's. If, on the other hand, this piece is not meant to be a burlesque on the class of play above-mentioned, but is put forward as a comedy of real life, then does Mr. BARRIE's eccentric cleverness show even more resplendently, since it is a comedy in disguise, and the disguise is perfect.

The title is weak; in fact *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* should be the title of some other and quite different sort of play to this. The description does not apply in the least to the BARRIE-TERRY *Alice* we see before us on the stage of the Duke of York's. The BARRIE-TERRY *Alice*, at any time of her younger life, might have been an *Alice in Wonderland*, but never could she have been, never can, nor ever will she be, an



GROTESQUERIES.

Words wanted to express feelings.

WHEN YOUR MOTOR REFUSES TO MOVE, TWENTY MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN.

Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire. On the contrary, she is *Alice-All-over-the-Shop*, and she is delightful. There are other characters in the piece, of course, whom I have already mentioned, but when we talk about this eccentric play of Mr. BARRIE's there is only one individuality that must remain dominant in everyone's memory, and that is Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Alice, the Merry Wife from India*.

IN certain remarks on *The Scarlet Pimpernel* (April 12) it has been pointed out to the writer that in his enthusiasm for Miss JULIA NELSON's performance that charming actress was elevated from the rank of *Lady Blakeney* to that of *Madame La Comtesse de Tournai* in the French peerage, a part in the piece carefully rendered by Mrs. WALTER EDWIN.

APRIL ANTIDOTES.

In the nonage of the year,
When anemones appear,
And the buffets of the breeze are soft as silk,
When each sparrow spars and beekles,
I begin to think of freckles,
And of bi-chloride of mercuric and milk.

When the silver slanting shower
Hangs the almond-blossom bower
With a fringe of diamond dew and crystal link,
When the azure brooklet dimples
I begin to think of pimples,
And of benzoin and precipitated zinc.

When the mellow sunset hue
Paints the features of the view,
And incarnadines a fleet of baby ducks;
When the mavis trills harmonies
I begin to think of tonics,
Of cascarrilla, phosphorus, and nux.

When beneath the feathered breast
Lie the treasures of the nest,
When the sap begins to turn the birches red;
When the lambs grow energetic
I apply a new cosmetic,
Made of potash, camphor, glycerine and lead.

Then I care not if it snows,
I've a powder for the nose,
And a veil of chiffon warranted to cling;
While my armour on I buckle,
I acknowledge with a chuckle
I'm hermetically sealed against the Spring.

MORE LETTERS ON THE CRINOLINE REVIVAL.

THE interesting manifestoes of Mlle. SOREL and Madame SARAH BERNHARDT on the subject of the Crinoline revival have prompted *Mr. Punch* to obtain further authoritative expressions of opinion from several representative men and women in this country.

Mr. H. G. WELLS pronounces himself a whole-hearted supporter of the revival, on utilitarian as well as decorative grounds. To begin with, as he points out, the crinoline enables its wearer, if a balloonist or a passenger in a flying machine, to dispense with a parachute and leave the vehicle when in motion without any untoward results. Secondly, crinolines, as he has himself proved by practical experience, are of immense advantage in single combat, and almost equal to a knowledge of the principles of ju-jitsu. Thirdly, they constitute a perpetual safeguard against overcrowding, the great and growing danger of urban communities, and



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Tommy (dressed for evening party). "MOTHER, SHALL I WASH MY HANDS, OR PUT ON GLOVES?"

one of the chief causes of the physical deterioration of the race. "My hope for the future of England," concludes Mr. WELLS, "resides in the adoption of garden cities and the crinoline—the one to enlarge the communal and the other the individualistic radius."

LORD KELVIN, on the other hand, regards the innovation—or rather, revival—with feelings of unmingled disapprobation. The case of Mme. CURIE, in his opinion, is a sure sign that an increasing number of women will in future be enrolled in the ranks of electrical experimentalists. This being so, it is imperatively necessary that they should not be hampered in their researches by the adoption of a costume in which metal apparatus plays so important a part. The disturbance caused to electrometers by the wholesale use of the crinoline might lead to the most disastrous results.

Mr. BROWNE views the revival with something approaching equanimity. When he was at the War Office, so he informed our Representative, he appointed a small committee to inquire into the possibility of devising a crinoline which might be worn by the Guards in case they were ever engaged in conflict with the Amazons of Dahomey. Several remarkable designs were submitted, but the committee were unable to arrive at a unanimous decision, and since Mr. ARNOLD-FOSTER's accession to power the scheme had been indefinitely hung up.

CANON LYTTELTON, the new Head-Master of Eton, writes briefly to contradict the report that it is his intention to render the wearing of crinolines obligatory on all Wet Bobs.

"It's not the cherries I like so much as the spirit in which they are sent," as the man said when returning thanks for a present of the fruit preserved in brandy.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To his "Connoisseur's Library" Mr. MERTON has added a unique work on *Miniatures*. Mr. DUDLEY HEATH, who writes the treatise and has been successful in enriching it by reproductions of a collection of masterpieces, speaks modestly of his task. Its result is a notable addition to the English library. Here, for the first time, we have brought together, artistically reproduced, the counterfeit presentments of men and women whose names are writ large on the page of history. It is possible, more particularly in the Georgian school, that the artist did something to improve upon nature when dealing with more or less lovely woman. In the schools that flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that which established itself under the Stuart dynasty, the portraits evidently have the ferocious fidelity of a photograph. There are two miniatures of HENRY THE EIGHTH, one attributed to HOLBEIN, the other undoubtedly from his brush. If His Majesty had not been sedulously engaged in working off his wives, he might have been expected to cut off the hands that presented such a face for the contemplation of posterity. To do him justice, HOLBEIN was equally ruthless with his own quaint countenance. At the hands of ISAAC OLIVER, a less well known miniaturist, Queen ELIZABETH, the Countess of Essex, and ANNE of Denmark, equally suffer. My Baronite has not before come across such a conjunction of female ugliness either in nature or in art. The value of the miniatures is increased by the fact that the reproductions are of precisely the same size as the original, and, where they are coloured, we see the exact scheme of the painter.

The title chosen for their recently issued haphazardly paper-covered pamphlet by the authors of *Wisdom while you Wait is Change for a Halfpenny*, the price of which is marked by its publisher, Mr. ALTON RIVERS, at one shilling. So, as is evident, the confiding purchaser who pays his twelve pence for a copy will find himself the happy possessor of elevenpence-halfpenny-worth of amusement, *plus* the ha'pennyworth for which he has bargained. Puzzling as a mere calculation, but profitable alike to punster, publisher and purchaser. Why have the two authors and one artist omitted to declare themselves, in the true sort of *Merry-go-round-Alice-sit-by-the-Fire* style, as *Messrs. From-Graves-to-Gays with Look-as-lively-as-you-can and How-are-you-George-Tom-morrow*? This omission is hereby rectified by the Baron. Their fun is inexhaustible. It is all about *Napolio*!! "Fancy that!" as INSEN's characters exclaim. And, having said this, nothing is left for the Baron but strongly to recommend everybody to administer to himself a "dose of *Napolio*," which can be found only in this publication, and to sit in the "easy chair of gastronomy" while listening to the tunes played by a "Pink Hungarian Band for Pale Pupils," and for Pupils outside the Pale whom they have in their eye. And so forth, or so third, or what you will, and hooray for Hanwell! On we goes again! It is political, polemical, poetical and parliamentary; and it has an Auto-char-acter all its own. They harp on one plaintive string, "It's your money we want." But why want money, seeing that the pamphlet is full of notes? The "Elastic Hat for Swelled Heads" is an advertisement that could only have suggested itself to an expansive mind. From Expansive to Expensive is but the change of a vowel, which is a vowel of a change. Virent Easter Eggs from Colney Hatchings! The "*Napolio* Syndicate" proposes re-issuing the *Times* as a "bright and beamy farthing Daily." The Publishing advertisements are excellent. The Baron will not quote, but will adopt the Saturday night Meat-market cry of "Buy, Buy, Buy!" Old puns are served up with such piquant new sauce that you won't know 'em again till after you've swallowed 'em whole. The artist's portraits of celebrated persons in motor costume are to the very life. But how is it

such notes have escaped them as "Advice to card-sharpers: when in doubt, play *Napolio*"; and the quotation from *Hamlet*, "*Napolio*, or I do forget myself!" And where is their advertisement of the new treatise on "*The Philosophy of Bean Feasts*, by BROWN"? They offer a patent which will "clean your own chimneys," and for this "Mr. FREDERIC HAMPTON" writes to them, "Your boon has quite revolutionised home life. It enables me to make the most sweeping assertions with impunity." A pretty strong dose of cayenne in this, which gives it hot, and deservedly so, to the *Philosophie Freddy*. The Baron heartily wishes success to such capital nonsense, artfully leavened, as this is, with much excellent sense.

The labour of two years and a half is crowned in the publication of a little book entitled *Author and Printer* (HENRY FROWDE). The author, Mr. HOWARD COLLINS, describes it as an attempt to codify the best typographical practices of the day by way of a guide for authors, editors, printers, correctors of the press, and typists. A literary haggis, it presents some fine confused reading, jumping from line to line with such varied pieces of information as, "*Lais*, a Greek beauty," and "*Laitance*, soft roe of fish." As he proceeds, Mr. COLLINS corrects many persistent errors with respect to spelling, printing, the use of italics, hyphens, and capitals. He is specially enthusiastic in insistence on the suffix *-ize* in place of *-ise*. In support of this he quotes a letter from HERBERT SPENCER, who protests that "our language is irrationally unphonetic still" (meaning, my Baronite suggests, that "our language is still irrationally unphonetic"), "and this is done (*sic*) wherever *s* is used in place of *z* in such words as 'authorize' and 'apologize.'" For pressman or literary man the volume is a handy desk companion. When in doubt about a word or phrase, instead of asking a policeman, look up *Author and Printer*.

"Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble," and all to very little purpose in the instance of *The Secret Passage* (JOHN LONO), a melodramatic sensational novel by FERGUS HUME. It commences with a mysterious situation as cunningly devised as any admirer of Sherlockian and Leccequian literature could wish. And then within a few chapters the canvas is overcrowded, and all the characters, individually uninteresting, simply do a kind of football scrimmage with the plot. Even the Skipper and his boy would not care to be called in for this job, as the Skipper would find the exercise too much for him, and his boy would incontinently "chuck" it.

The Adventures of Louis Dural, as told us by MARGUERITE BRYANT (S. C. BROWN LANGHAM), is a story that rouses a queer sort of interest in its development, arising out of bewilderment on the part of the reader as to what it all means and a natural desire to penetrate the mystery. Where is the locality? Are the natives Turks? Who is the mighty ruler? What, in a general way, is all the row about? Who's who? and what's what? But the place is as real as Zenda and Ruritania, and some of the descriptions, notably that of the storm in the forest, are written with a power that is strikingly graphic. The stirring adventures of the active and artful hero are good reading in themselves, and the Baron feels that, having hinted at the difficulties in the reader's path, he may heartily recommend this romance to all lovers of "moving accidents" and "hairbreadth scapes."



THE TINKLING SYMBOL.

["I do not know another country where there is a piano in every house, as there is here, and that piano, though often cheap and poor, and sadly misused, is yet the symbol of a great musical people."—*Mme. Blanche Marchesi, in the "Young Woman."*]

WHERE is the home throughout the land
In which there's no piano cherished,
Although it may be second-hand
And, possibly, its strings have perished?

The youngest child in England knows,
Before his ma incites him to it,
The way to "spank the dominos,"
And stands upon a chair to do it.

And when my neighbours, little dears,
Proceed to CZECHY'S Exercises,
I carry wool inside my ears,
And think of all it symbolises.

For though I petulantly knock
Upon the party-wall, it's patent
Those sounds are symbols of the stock
Of genius that's lying latent.

The patriotic man should love
To hear the family performing
With vigour in the flat above,
Instead of going up and stonoring.

When MARY JANE, with rigid wrist,
Sits down to have a *forte* frolic,
She may not be a female LISZT,
But recollect that she's symbolie.

With energy she thumps the keys,
Until she drives the neighbours crazy,
Sustained by her desire to please
Herself—and Madame BLANCHE MARCHESE.

And, at the sound, the passers-by
Glance up with proud appreciation
(If they are patriots) and ery,
"We are a great artistic nation!"

"AS SHAKSPEARE SAYS."

"WHAT is that you are reading, my child?" asked the dear old gentleman. "Let me hear a line or two that I may conclude whether you are improving your young mind or no."

Thus adjured, the youngster commenced to read. "Look here upon this picture and on that."

"Stop!" cried the old gentleman, "I can tell in a moment that those lines are from the works of a very famous poet, and am indeed glad that you have chosen such a good book to peruse, though perhaps it is as yet slightly above your head. What is that I see?—a frontispiece! Where are my spectacles?—Ah, I cannot put my hand on them at this moment.—But that, my child, is a likeness of the author, one SHAKSPEARE, the man who bears the greatest name in literature; study it well."



PAST RECLAIMING.

Briston Barber. "REVIVAL SEEMS TO BE IN THE HAIR, SIR."
Customer. "NOT IN MINE!"

The child observed the engraving with interest.

"Note," continued the dear old gentleman, "the lofty brow, the dignified air, the firm yet pleasant mouth, the rolling eye. Take another glance at that ample forehead where lurks the mighty brain that thousands have wondered at, yea, almost worshipped."

The child, following his instructions, observed the engraving still more closely.

"I see there are two pictures, and both are probably like this king of writers, and good enough for their time of day. I myself favour the Chandos portrait: as you will see, — though without glasses I cannot point it out, — there is a wonderful sweetness about the expression of one, that the other scarcely shows."

"I notice that too, grandfather," said the young student.

"This book, my child, contains more

thought than has ever been collected in so short a space by any one intellect: keep it, and read it by day and by night. As SHAKSPEARE himself has said, if I do not err, — 'Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.'"

"That's what it says," replied the infant, catching the last words and still observing the picture curiously; "but is this really the poet SHAKSPEARE?"

"Of course, child; that marvellous genius, who — —"

"Then why does it say underneath, 'JOHN SMITH, Esq. of Bermondsey, before and after using our Digestive Tablets?'"

"Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY has crossed the Rubicon, and he must press forward now to the final battle." — *Daily Telegraph.*

This recalls very pleasantly the Board-school definition of a river as a "piece of water that juts out into the sea."

THE RESTORATION OF ENGLAND.

(A reply to the pessimist.)

How oft in minds the most serene
Some little jar will gender doubt,
A vernal frost that nips the spleen,
A lunch that puts the liver out—

And lo! a blight obscures the sun,
And earth assumes her greyest robe,
And even patriots—I, for one—
Question our claim to rule the globe.

I take and turn my sallow face
Against the nearest wall and groan,
Wondering if the British race
Does, after all, stand quite alone.

I ask myself if other lands
May not conceivably exist;
And am as putty in the hands
Of any puling pessimist.

They tell me "England's day is dead!"
The fruits of that commercial grit
Which painted half creation red
Are now the Teuton's perquisite.

With spies in every English town
He sees our army's rotten state,
He knows that we are laying down
One battleship instead of eight;

He scruples not to make his boast
That in a dozen years from this
His tars will have us all on toast,
And tramp through our Metropolis.*

So speaks the pessimist; and I
Feebly adopt his point of view,
And cannot give his words the lie
Till I have had a pill or two.

Then suddenly the prospect clears,
I mock the Teuton bagman's taunt,
Cry "Pooh!" to all dyspeptic fears,
And bid the pessimist "Avaunt!"

"Croaker!" (I call him that aloud),
"Croaker!" I say, "I'd have you know
That, if we are beneath a cloud,
That cloud will shortly have to go.

This German plague which you deplore
Will run its round and soon be spent—
A brand of measles, nothing more,
Bred of a Tory Government.

Let but our BANNERMAN arise,
With MOMLEY as his martial Aide—
They'll win us back, in Europe's eyes,
The old respect so long mislaid.

They'll quickly clean our 'scutcheon's stain,
And bend the Teuton's stubborn knees,
And make Britannia once again
A Holy Terror on the seas."

O. S.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

MR. PUNCH, ever on the alert to assist his contemporaries, has collected a number of letters on this subject, with the idea of helping the readers of the *Daily Graphic* to come to a decision on the great question, Should life be simpler than it is?

"I am entirely a believer in the simple life," writes Mr. COLTSON KERNMAN. "It suits me absolutely. In my young days I was as elaborate as the late Marquis of ANGLESEY. There was nothing I did not do. I even rode my own horse in the City and Suburban and took every jump but the last. I was famous. But now I am all for simplicity. Oddly enough, my conversion, as I like to call it, came through an innkeeper. It was in Epping Forest. In the very heart of it I found an inn and ordered my customary magnum of Chartreuse. As I quaffed it I asked the landlord if he were not very dull.

"'Dull!' he said in surprise, and I give his exact words: 'why, no, Sir. There ain't so many pleasures in life, are there now? I'm very fond of a cheese and onion, or of a bit o' biled mutton, and of a 'ug from my wife, and of a kiss from my little gal, and of a friendly chat over a pipe and glass. I've got 'em all 'ere, and I couldn't enjoy 'em more, not if I was a bloomin' dook in 'Ide Park—now could I?' I did not explain, as I might have done, being a great wag in those days (it was before I wrote my little book about the blackbeetle), that it was scarcely the custom of dukes to lunch or dine, caress their offspring, or 'toy' with their matrimonial Amarylides 'in the shade' of Hyde Park; but I saw that he was right. I came away convinced that to be an innkeeper in Epping Forest was the only way. Nothing but my duties as a lecturer and author have kept me from it. Only innkeepers really understand simplicity."

I live the simple life consistently, and have always done so. The simple life tempered by the theatre—that is my line of country. All day long I cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, and at night comes my relaxation. Were it not for the contrast afforded by the play I should not perhaps properly appreciate the healthfulness and sweet sanity of my daylight routine.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

One has heard the simple life praised all one's life; but I am confident that simplicity is a noxious fad. The complex life is the real thing. No man can be said to be really doing his duty as a citizen of this world unless he gets himself involved in as many difficulties and entanglements as he can. Only cowards live the simple life. To pass from complexity to complexity, to defy all social institutions and reap whatever whirlwind results—that is the brave experimentalist's course. Every man should be an experimentalist. We should take nothing for granted, but try everything for ourselves. To try everything for ourselves is the antithesis of the simple life.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

A well-known Peer writes from Penrith:—"I am surprised that none of your correspondents should have called attention to the admirable example of unselfish endeavour set by the German EMPEROR. It might have been expected that a monarch such as WILHELM II. would have preferred to delegate the most arduous and irksome duties of his exalted position to his subordinates. As a matter of fact such is his consideration for others that he seldom allows anything to be done for him by anybody, no matter how willing or competent. Thus he invariably writes his own speeches, and on occasion I have actually witnessed him conducting the Court orchestra. In his yachting trips to the coast of Scandinavia I am assured that he has often been seen paddling his own canoe in the picturesque fjords which indent the Norwegian seaboard, and when hunting the wild boar in the highlands of Westphalia has been known to administer the *coup de grâce* himself to the fortunate victim of his prowess."

* One of Mr. Punch's Representatives announces elsewhere (p. 320) his intention of investigating on the spot the truth of such allegations.



VALE !

GANNETT CHOATE AND THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

[The present month will see the retirement of His Excellency from his duties at the American Embassy. *Mr. Punch's* benedictions follow him.]





Prof. Gimlet. "Who is that pretty girl those men are talking to?"

Miss Bradart. "Oh, she's nobody; it's strange how some women attract the men; now there's Miss Blinkins over there, such a nice clever girl, and I haven't seen a man speak to her the whole evening."

A Dowager Duchess writes:—"My own experience has been that the simplest life can always be lived by anyone who is sincerely desirous of doing so. To begin with the question of diet—I know one lady of high rank who for the last year has resolutely refused to partake of the early morning cup of tea in her bedroom, and has limited her daily consumption of cigarettes to six, except on Sundays, when she allows herself eight. I admit that in adopting this course she has been influenced by the express advice of her doctor, but none the less the sacrifice is deserving of praise. Then, again, good dressing can easily be accomplished without extravagance by getting good models and engaging a good worker as lady's maid. One friend of mine, who follows this plan, is nearly always the best-dressed woman in whatever company she mixes in, and to my certain knowledge she doesn't spend more than £750 a year on her clothes. In another respect, again, she sets an admirable example to her sisters by always driving her own motor-car, and so dispensing with the services of a highly-paid chauffeur. The £250 per annum which is thus saved forms quite a nice little nest-egg for investment, or entertainment, or other necessities of the strenuous life."

A well-known novelist writes:—"I am delighted to see Mrs. MEYNELL has illuminated this controversy by a practical suggestion that we should endeavour to revive a neglected pleasure, that of 'a cheerful and stimulating hunger.' Only yesterday—if I may be pardoned for relating a personal experience—having penetrated on my Panhard into the purlieus of Camberwell, I had the misfortune to floor a sandwichman

who was recklessly walking at least three feet from the kerb. He escaped without any broken bones, and on my taking him into an adjoining coffee tavern and asking what I could do for him replied, 'Capting, a cup o' corfy and a pork pie is all I arsk. And per'aps a hegg or two. I ain't 'ad nuffin to heat since yesterday, and I feel as hif hi could heat height heggss heasily.' Personally I was so much impressed by this touching recital and by the man's obvious enjoyment of his meal, that I have resolved to try the experiment of dispensing with afternoon tea once a week, in the hope of regaining an appetite which has of late years, I regret to say, suffered considerably from the strain of constant dining out."

A famous critic writes above the initials A. B. W.:—"The term simplicity, as ARISTOTLE would put it, can be envisaged either *ἀπλῶς* or *τυπῶ*, and it is notorious that *dolus latet in generalibus*—witness the terrible example of SANCHONIATHON, AMADIS of Gaul, and Cardinal MEZZOFANTI. For my own part I hold that if a man be frugal in his diet and dress he may indulge in the wildest *ἀπειροκαλία* in his diction. Literature without *panache* is like caricature without CARAN D'ACHE. Even Gogol, sombre genius that he was, indulged occasionally in bursts of *bravura* in his *Paralipomena Borussiae*, and MURZA SCHIAFFY, though generally a confirmed teetotaler, would sometimes indulge in draughts of *Kücheltischwein*. In short, the luxuries of one man are the necessities of another. Give me a crust of bread, a dictionary of quotations, and BEKKER'S *Aristotle*, and *sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. Καλημέρα. Kolokol. Capo y espada. Eljen!"

THE DIARY AND NOTEBOOK OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

April 26. Decided to investigate and elucidate the Mystery of Nature. To become Born Naturalist, Friend of Animals, Out-door Observer, Collector of Strange Facts and any Fossils, Coleoptera, Invertebrata, &c., I may come across. Shall thus hope to qualify for position on staff of *The Countryside*, the new Carmelite Nature weekly. Bought large notebook, red and blue pencils, cheap telescope, ditto microscope and pocket lens, two dozen empty hock bottles for specimens, fishing-rod, butterfly-net, pins, pill-boxes, jack-knife, climbing-irons and rope, also two pounds of moist sugar, dark lantern, false beard and nose for night work. Read *The Naturalist's Vade Mecum*, or *Every Man his own Darwin*. Slept soundly.

April 27.—Up at dawn and "sugared" four elms, one stunted willow, two apple-trees, a hen-coop and pair of trousers, for moths. Then proceeded to observe from back window. First two hours noticed nothing unusual. At 9.30 a.m. suspicious hen (speckled plumage) crossed yard from north. Timed its steps. Subnormal (indicative of fatigue or timidity). Hen evidently smelt sugar on coop and retired. N.B. Ancestral trait: Suspicion of Human being. *Vide Darwin*. Another long interval, broken by choleric outburst on part of owner of apple-trees coming to examine buds. Explained myself badly and removed molasses as requested with sponge and water. Chagrined to hear moth has nocturnal habits. Went to lunch. In afternoon hen reappeared. Laid one egg (white or pale cream-coloured) about five feet from coop and retired as before, head foremost, lifting each foot from the ground alternately and emitting characteristic chuckling note at frequent intervals. Drew plan showing relative positions of coop and egg and path taken by hen. Labelled it "Diagram No. 1." Spent remainder of afternoon listening for cuckoo. Disappointed. In evening wrote to *Nature*, re cuckoo and tabulated result of day's observations. No definite conclusions as yet.

April 28.—Took "Naturalist's Walk in the Country," as per book, furnished with net, rope, irons, knife, telescope, lens, microscope, rod, pins, boxes, bottles, notebook, pencils, umbrella and sandwiches, also pair of goloshes, in case of prey escaping on to marshy ground. Facetious neighbour suggested running-shoes, assuring me that some Lepidoptera fly like snipe. Ignored him. Decided to spend morning Observing, afternoon Collecting, evening Cogitating and Framing Reasons and Laws.

Morning: Considerably hampered by rope and climbing-irons, but managed

to walk about two miles, meeting seven men, three women and one child. Observed each carefully and endeavoured to ascertain names, ages, nationality, religion, idiosyncrasies, &c.

Males reticent to verge of rudeness; females exhibited distinct hysterical tendencies; child evidently an idiot, congenital. Unable to detect any characteristic markings.

When they had left me, climbed a tree and swept surrounding country with telescope, but found focussing difficult owing to foliage.

No noteworthy observations. Broke several bottles. Walked on further and came across a dog (*Canis*). Examined it. Dog examined me. Kept it off with fishing-rod and umbrella (N.B.—Butterfly-net useless for large specimens). Dog slightly damaged. Condition of teeth gave no indication of old age. Seized opportunity of examining own blood under microscope. Mammalian, as suspected. Arrival of owner, followed by heated argument. Eventually agreed to purchase confounded animal to avoid further discussion. Rope came in handy. Listened again for cuckoo, but difficult to make anything out owing to dog persistently barking at me from extreme end of rope. Observed several rooks in field, and climbed wall to obtain closer view. Exciting chase, greatly assisted by dog, only resulted in loss of valuable portions of outfit and nasty encounter with herd of fierce cattle (*Bos*). Strange I cannot find anything really tame to study.

Glad to get away and rest by roadside. Had lunch, dog obtaining greater portion of sandwiches by a canine feint.

Afternoon: Collected two hock bottlesful of grass to compare with that on lawn at home, one of earth to ascertain exact Period and Strata, some pieces of granite from road. ("The science of Geology is full of interest to the earnest student, and not unfrequently leads to most remarkable discoveries.") Found two odd boots, very much worn, and evidently dating from the Nineteenth Century. (Book says no object is void of interest to the skilled investigator.) Also found dead rat, traced and partially consumed by dog, broken ribs of umbrella, and several animal bones (see *Osteology: its Importance to the Morphologist*), an old tin (discarded), and some fragments of pottery of unknown antiquity.

Book says: "A little mud taken from a stagnant pond in early spring and put into a tank at home will often produce an unexpected number of Rotifers and Infusoria which are hatched from the dormant ova and germs."

Tested statement, but experiment futile owing to servant carelessly using tank-water for culinary purposes. Most

vexing. On passing through village on way home was amazed to see unique collection of birds' eggs in shop window. Entered with view of congratulating fortunate possessor, and found him willing to dispose of as many as I cared to buy. Had selected several distinct types before discovering they were filled with chocolates.

Evening: Arranged nucleus of Collection and started a Catalogue. Wrote to the *Field*. Planned formation of Naturalist's Library. Fed, observed and beat dog, and went to bed. Dog persisted in observing moon. Obligated to sacrifice majority of granite specimens and bones. Noticed remarkable greenish light in corner of yard. Went down to investigate and found it proceeded from rat. Query: usual or only occasional phenomenon?

April 29.—Found dog had escaped during night, after scratching up several beds in attempt to bury rat. Shall offer no reward.

On looking over Collection again to-day and perusing Notes feel convinced my observations are the very thing for *The Countryside*, and shall now send this first instalment to that organ.

CHARIVARIA.

The *Petit Journal* says that General STROESSEL has been acquitted of blame for the surrender of Port Arthur. The guilty parties are said to be the Japanese.

According to *La Patrie*, England possesses at least one far-seeing Admiral. "We have definite proof," says this usually Anglophobe journal, "that Admiral FREMANTLE is following the Russian ships, and keeping Togo informed of their movements by wireless telegraphy." Now Admiral FREMANTLE is in England.

It has been officially declared at Berlin that the Herero rebellion is at an end. Some trouble is now being caused to those on the spot owing to the fact that the Hereros have not been informed of this fact.

There seems to be no limit to the pretensions of the halfpenny papers. Some of these referred to the recent earthquake as a "seismic disturbance," just as though they were penny papers.

A stringent order is said to have been issued to the HARMSWORTH BROTHERS by the head of the family that all mishaps to their motors are to be reported to him immediately they happen, and that on no account will a prize in any competition for the detection of persons responsible for these mishaps be awarded

OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

AT OUR OPENING MATCH, SPINNER, THE DEMON LEFT-HANDER, WAS AGAIN IN GREAT FORM. HIS MASTERLY SKILL IN PLACING THE FIELD, AND HIS SOUND KNOWLEDGE OF THE GAME, REALLY WON THE MATCH FOR US.



"ABOUT THREE FEET NINE TO THE RIGHT, PLEASE, COLONEL—THAT IS TO SAY, YOUR RIGHT. THAT'S IT. BACK A LITTLE, JUST WHERE THE BUFF ORPINGTON'S FEEDING. THANKS."

"YOU, MR. STEWART, BY THIS THISTLE. JUST TO SAVE THE ONE, YOU KNOW."



HIS RUSES WERE MAGNIFICENT. WHEN THE SQUIRE CAME IN, SPINNER (WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY HELD A PRIVATE CONSULTATION WITH THE OTHER BOWLER) SHOUTED, "YOU WON'T WANT A FINE LEG FOR THIS MAN. PUT HIM DEEP AND SQUARE." AND THEN—

THE SQUIRE WAS NEATLY TAKEN FIRST BALL OFF A GLANCE AT FINE LEG BY SPINNER HIMSELF, WHO HAD CROSSED OVER (EXACTLY AS ARRANGED) FROM HIS PLACE AT SLIP.

to a member of the firm, and that this regulation shall be retrospective.

The *Daily Mail* has published a list of Members who did not vote during the last Session, together with their excuses. "Sir R. GUNTER—Very lame," reads more like a comment than a statement of fact.

"It is deplorable that one who might have developed into a distinguished statesman has degraded himself into a mere tricky politician," writes Sir JOHN LENO of Mr. BALFOUR. There is no truth in the statement that on hearing Sir JOHN's opinion Mr. BALFOUR cried like a child.

Lady WARWICK has declared to a meeting of Socialists at Northampton that it is not her fault that she owns 23,000 acres. Of course not; nor yet her misfortune.

There is no satisfying some people. The polar bears at the Hippodrome are said to have been dissatisfied with our Easter weather, which was supplied at such great discomfort to ourselves.

A party of men employed by the Marylebone Borough Council inspected the Paris sewers at Easter, and a number of Frenchmen visited London on Good Friday. It would be difficult to say which had the more lively time.

The announcement that a London cab-horse named *Lottery* has recently won eight races at point-to-point meetings has caused a thrill of excitement among his *confrères* in the Metropolis, and last week an animal attached to a growler ran away in the Strand. And it is being freely asked, Where is the motor-cab which can point to a record like *Lottery's*?

The discussion which has been raging in the columns of the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the management of public schools proved a great disappointment to the mass of the boys. One of their greatest grievances was not mentioned. They have to learn lessons.

The Royal Academy, notwithstanding the many efforts made to reform it, has again failed to satisfy those whose works were rejected.

Last year the Hanging Committee placed a piece of sculpture in the courtyard of Burlington House. This year another notable sculpture, the work of Mr. HAVARD THOMAS, was left still further out in the cold—all the way, in fact, to the New Gallery.

General KUIOPATKIN is said to be

resigning because his salary has been reduced. He has certainly every right to be dissatisfied, for Admiral ALEXEIEFF is to receive £10,400 a year for life, or so it appears, for he is to retain his position of Viceroy of the Far East with that salary until the Kwantung peninsula is again occupied by Russia.

The first number of the *Burial Reformer* has appeared. It is published at the price of threepence, but *Punch* fears no rival.

"IF THEY HAPPENED—"

OR, THE LAND OF SHORT STORY.

THERE were several persons in the railway-carriage, the atmosphere of which was, by consequence, somewhat heavy. Mr. PEAGAM, who sat in the corner, laid down his Magazine and yawned, glancing with vague contempt at the faces of his fellow-travellers as they bent them over the sixpenny, fourpence-halfpenny, or even cheaper periodicals that they were reading. The covers of these publications were tediously familiar to Mr. PEAGAM. The *Fleet Street Magazine*, the *Piccadilly*, the *Imperial*—he knew them all and their probable contents by heart. "They don't happen," said Mr. PEAGAM to himself, referring to the contents; "all lies, every one."

He stared discontentedly at the spring landscape.

"If they did happen," thought Mr. PEAGAM, "if life was only arranged as the short stories make out—!"

This was his last conscious reflection before, from sheer boredom, he fell asleep.

He came to himself as the train was entering the terminus, and even in the moment of stepping out upon the platform he was conscious of something unusual and yet oddly familiar in the aspect of the station and the crowd that thronged it. In some curious way the whole scene looked (as Mr. PEAGAM expressed it to himself) out of drawing. He had stared about him for several minutes before he realised the suggestion that it conveyed.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last, "it's just like a rather bad illustration in a Magazine!"

He observed also that the passengers seemed divided into two totally distinct streams: one setting towards the express, and comprising soldiers in uniform, fur-coated diplomatists, and obvious representatives of the criminal and detective classes, while, on the other hand, the suburban trains were sought only by persons of a broadly humorous, not to say farcical, appearance.

"Curious!" thought Mr. PEAGAM as he

watched them; "but where have I noticed such a tendency before?"

At this moment a young man and a girl stopped immediately in front of him.

"And so," said the former, speaking in a voice that Mr. PEAGAM could not choose but overhear, "we part now—for ever."

"Nay," answered the girl, "not for ever. When in that distant land to which you go you have worked out the redemption of the past, then—will you not turn again—home?"

"Home!" echoed the young man, bitterly. "Where is my home?"

For a moment the girl hesitated, then, with a wonderful smile, she opened her arms to him.

"Here," she cried, "in my heart!"

Mr. PEAGAM was reflecting upon the unusual character of such behaviour in a public railway-station, when he suddenly perceived that with the utterance of the last words both the speakers had vanished. Greatly startled, he asked the explanation of a bystander.

The man, who presented somewhat the appearance of a cheap process-block, did not seem to have been at all astonished.

"They'd got to the end," he said.

"The end!" repeated Mr. PEAGAM perplexed; "end of what?"

"The end of the story," said the man.

Mr. PEAGAM was more mystified than ever, but before he could inquire further a fresh surprise arrested his attention.

"Hullo!" he cried, staring eagerly after a distinguished-looking youth who had just passed them, wearing a military uniform partially concealed by the coat and badge of a cab-driver, from beneath which his sword and spurs protruded with a slightly incongruous effect. "Surely—is not that his Royal Highness Prince—?"

"Hush!" exclaimed his companion, "of course it is. He's wearing those clothes so that his destined bride, who arrives by the next train, may love him for himself alone. All Royal betrothals are managed in that way now."

"Dear me!" said Mr. PEAGAM. "I had imagined that such things only happened in fiction."

"So they do," answered the other. "That's why."

Then the explanation dawned upon Mr. PEAGAM. "Why," he exclaimed breathlessly, "I believe my wish has come true. You're all short stories!"

"Of course we are," said the man. "So are you."

"Me?" cried Mr. PEAGAM, startled.

"Naturally," said the man, "or you wouldn't be here. It's like *Alice* and the *Red King's Dream*," he explained.

"The only question is, whose story are you? What's your name?" he added, suddenly.

"PEAGAM," answered that gentleman.
 "Ah," said the man, "that settles it. I thought as much from your appearance, but the name decides me. Generally spoken of as 'Mister' PEAGAM, aren't you? I know. Little sketches of middle-class humour; very amusin' but getting a bit over-done."

"But," cried Mr. PEAGAM, his mind vainly striving to grapple with such a discovery, "do you mean to say that all those horrors in the popular Magazines might happen to me? I might be killed at any moment!"

"Not you," said the man contemptuously. "With that name you're safe enough. You're one of the comic sort; lose your return ticket, or sit on your hat—nothing dangerous. And here we have another popular type."

He indicated a third-class compartment in which Mr. PEAGAM perceived several working-men poking fun at an anæmic-looking curate who seemed strangely apprehensive of the dangers of travelling.

"Foolish of them," said his companion. "They should know by now that such behaviour always results in an accident, in which the curate saves their lives and is cheered by the passengers. It might come at any moment. Let us move further off."

But it was too late. Even as he spoke there was a cry of terror from the bystanders. Mr. PEAGAM had just time to realise that a collision was imminent and to catch that inevitable gleam of resolution on the pale face of the curate, when with a sickening jar—he awoke.

"And Heaven be thanked," said Mr. PEAGAM to himself, as he stooped to pick up his Magazine which had fallen to the floor, "that they don't happen, after all!"

The other passengers, perhaps for this very reason, continued to read placidly.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

Saigon, April 28.—A torpedo-boat destroyer is reported to have been seen by the P. and O. liner *Imaliar*, steaming in a north-easterly direction 4,500 miles from Singapore. Her nationality is unknown, but the report has caused considerable excitement. The captain of the P. and O. states that shortly afterwards he saw several empty packing-cases hull-down on the horizon.

Paris, April 29.—A telegram from New York states that three warships have been seen off Batavia. The correspondent believes them to be part of the Third Baltic Squadron under Admiral NEBOGATOFF, but this can hardly be the case, as the squadron in question was known to be at Jibutil only yesterday. However, we give the report for what it is worth.

Kamranh Bay (from Our Own Correspondent).—I was able to approach quite close to one of the Russian cruisers to-day, and rowed right round her while she was going at full speed. The officers and crew seemed to be full of spirits, and were tossing the empty cases overboard as a guide to the lame ducks of the fleet.

Shanghai, April 30.—A fisherman has just reported that he has heard heavy firing in the offing to-day, but no importance is attached to the rumour, which we merely give for what it is worth.

Jibutil (from an occasional correspondent).—The report that the Third Baltic Squadron has reached Kamranh Bay must be received with the greatest reserve. Heavy firing was heard in the offing yesterday.

Manila.—Three vessels have been seen off Corregidor Island, but it is impossible

to say to what nationality they belong. It is, however, considered probable that they are Russian, Japanese, British, Dutch or perhaps American. Intense excitement prevails here, and the usual fisherman has just reported that he has heard the sounds of heavy firing in the offing.

Diego Garcia (by special cable).—A warship of some kind passed here in the night. It is believed to have been a torpedo-boat destroyer, but of what nationality it is impossible to say. Inquiries, however, are being made, and meanwhile excitement runs high. A fisherman reports having heard sounds of heav— (Message incomplete).

"AS TREES WALKING."—"The trees are now coming forth in their spring foliage, and some beautiful tints of green may be observed walking up the Avenue."—*Southern Daily Echo.*



AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

"THAT'S THE BEST OF THEM COURT DRESSES—YER CAN'T 'ELP LOOKIN' 'ANDSOME!"



A SPARTAN.

"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A DRINK, OLD MAN?"

"WELL, I DON'T CARE IF I DO. I AM A LITTLE THIRSTY."

"GREAT SCOTT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU EVER LET IT GET AS FAR AS THAT!"

THE POLICE TRAP INSURANCE CO., LTD.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, Chevalier d'Industrie, has written enclosing an excerpt from the *Bystander* which advocates the establishment of a society for the Mutual Protection of Motorists against Police Traps. MR. SIKES confesses to a very strong feeling in favour of a similar society for the Mutual Protection of Burglars. Unaccustomed to polite correspondence, he has thought it best to ask us to reproduce the actual language of

the article in the *Bystander*, with such trifling emendations as would make it applicable to Burglars instead of Motorists. These alterations are signalled by italics.

Wanted—500 Burglars to pay £3 3s.

A society is wanted to collect information with regard to police traps, and to issue due warning to all its subscribers. The first ventures of this organisation should take the form of controlling suburban villas and country houses in

the Home District. These centres of attraction are largely used by burglars, and they would be even more popular if the profession could feel themselves secure from police persecution while working them. If five hundred London burglars were to subscribe three guineas apiece, after paying the rent of a small London office and a clerical secretary's salary, about £650 would remain for actual work on each of these two classes of dwelling-place. Each class would be divided up into convenient sections of about ten to fifteen miles, each section would be entrusted to some receiver of stolen goods (or other agent) living on that section, and in return for a payment of, approximately, £1 to £1 10s. a week he would be expected to keep a sharp eye on the section allotted to him. If necessary, he would have to employ a boy, whose sole work would be to cycle up and down that particular neighbourhood and watch it carefully. All agents of the society would be connected by telephone with headquarters, and with each other. A burglar going into Surrey would stop at, say, Kingston, and would receive from the society's agent there a list of the traps brought up to date, and in the event of any fresh traps being set in any particular section during the day, the agents would hang out an unmistakable danger signal. Such a scheme may sound illegal, and almost immoral, to those who do not *burgle*, but the cost of police traps to the *burgling* community is so large, that, in self-defence, burglars would do well to adopt some such method of protection. Real co-operation is required this season from my readers. Early information of police traps is wanted for publication. I therefore offer a reward of 10s. 6d. for detailed particulars of any fresh police traps. I stipulate only that: (1) the trap shall be in England; (2) that it has not been published before; (3) that I pay only once for each trap—that is, to the person who first sends it in. N.B.—Policemen may compete.

THE UNIVERSAL JUGGERNAUT.—"Anyone," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "who has driven an automobile will know that it is quite impossible to run over a child and remain unconscious of the fact." *Any one who has driven an automobile!* Heavens! what a sweeping charge! Is there none innocent?

FROM police report in the *Glasgow Evening News*:—"After the boy had been admonished by the magistrate he was handed over to the care of his father, who gave him an excellent character." This use of the word "character," in the sense of a distinctive mark or cut, is now almost obsolete.



UNDESIRABLES.

CONSTABLE JOHN BULL. "WE'VE ADMITTED A GOOD MANY ALIENS BEFORE NOW—IN FACT I'M A BIT OF AN ALIEN MYSELF. BUT IN FUTURE WE'RE GOING TO DRAW THE LINE AT THE LIKES OF YOU!"



THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

Special Interviews.

WILL THE CORNSTALKS GET BACK THE ASHES?

WITH a view to obtaining some information on the burning question of the hour *Mr. Punch* proceeded to Lord's with his notebook. He was lucky enough to find Mr. P. F. WARNER at the nets, and after his practice that gentleman courteously spared him a few minutes.

"Now what do you think of the Australian team?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"It has been greatly underrated," said the genial "PLUM." "You know that it is practically the same side that we defeated in Australia; and that," he added modestly, "was the best eleven that ever played for them. VICTOR TRUMPER is undoubtedly the best bat in the world at present, while DUFF is at least his equal. Then HILL, in the opinion of many, is the superior of both. Throw in NOBLE and you have a quartette."

"But there is a tail, is there not?"

Mr. WARNER laughed. "Three of the best bats in Australia at the present moment," he said, "are ARMSTRONG, HOPKINS and GEMES. They are enormously improved, and safe to get runs on any wicket. Add to them DARLING and GREGORY; remember that KELLY is always good for a few; don't forget that HOWELL in Inter-State matches this year had an average even better than TRUMPER's; and bear in mind that COTTER is one of the most promising of the younger batsmen, and you will see that——"

"But at least the bowling is weak," urged *Mr. Punch*.

"That is where the critics make their mistake. I consider the bowling superior to the batting. With HOWELL, COTTER, NOBLE, ARMSTRONG, HOPKINS, LAVER, TRUMPER and HILL (all enormously improved players) as regular bowlers, and KELLY and GREGORY to fall back upon if necessary, the attack will be of the very strongest."

"And the fielding?"

"I think perhaps the 1905 team will go down to posterity as above all a fielding side. In conclusion may the matches be played to a finish, the luck evenly distributed, and may the best side win!"

Mr. Punch passed on, and was privileged to have a few words with Mr. NOBLE.

"Well, Mr. NOBLE, and what do you think of your chances?"

"We shall do our best," said "MONTY," with a smile, "and no man can do more. We are all triers, at any rate, and I think we can promise to give you a good game. Of course I hope that we



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Holiday Excursionist (on seaside hack). "ERE'S A PRETTY GO! IF I DON'T GET HOFF I LOSE A GOOD TUPPENNY SMOKE, AND IF I DO GET HOFF, I KNOW I CAN'T GET ON AGAIN, AND I LOSE A SIXPENNY RIDE!"

shall win, but cricket is so uncertain that you can never tell."

"What about the bowling, Mr. NOBLE?"

"Well, I think we can promise to worry some of your batsmen. We are all triers, at any rate."

"And if the matches are played to a finish, and the luck is evenly distributed, you think that——"

"In that case I think the best side will win."

Thanking Mr. NOBLE most heartily, *Mr. Punch* prepared to leave. At the entrance he was lucky enough to run into Mr. JESSOP, and immediately asked for his views on the coming contest.

"Prophecy is difficult," said Mr. JESSOP, "owing to the proverbial uncertainty of cricket. Should Jupiter Pluvius be in the ascendant, I fancy that the trundling of WILFRED RHODES will enable us to put 'paid' to the Kangaroo's account. In the case, how-

ever, of the advent of Old Sol, there will be a different story to tell. The moon may be trusted to notch a few, while Duff will be as difficult of dislodgment as ever. Then Corrier will always be rattling in John Bull's timber-yard."

"What about the fielding, Mr. Jessop?"

"They are a great side, and can stand a long spell of leather-hunting. Duff is particularly good at mid-off. You may bombard him with shots for an hour on end, and he stops them all, and like *Oliver Twist* asks for more."

Mr. Punch paled.

"I must have misunderstood you," he said, hoarsely. "What exactly did you say?"

"Like *Oliver Twist* he asks for more," said Mr. Jessop.

"I will not imitate that indiscretion," said Mr. Punch, and grasping Mr. Jessop hurriedly by the hand he fled from the ground.

TO BERLIN.

Sm, I propose to start this very night,

Crossing to Flushing by the Zealand mail;

And thence, if I have grasped the scheme aright,

Tearing through Holland while the stars grow pale,

And ever faring onward till I win

My undefeated way to proud Berlin.

I want to find what Germans really are

(Some say they are no better than the Russ);

And if in truth there really is a bar

Divinely made between themselves and us;

And what they do to those who come, like me,

To see them living by the sandy Spree.

I have, of course, a notion of their looks:

They're fair and stout and dreamy-eyed and rough;

I've read about their deeds in history books,

And know they gave old Varus quite enough;

And (this was later) made Nap. III. feel silly,

And captured him and kept him willy-nilly.

And now, I'm told, they want to batter down

The last faint semblance of our naval force,

Annex our land, annihilate our Crown,

And treat us as a cabman treats his horse.

Britons, in short, should all be German-haters—

These are not my beliefs, but the *Spectator's*.

So I am off to-night to find things out.

Thursday shall see me struggling with a tongue

Which Goethe spoke—of this there's not a doubt;

I took a course of it myself when young.

Think of me shouting, Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!! and so

Farewell, sweet Punch; 'tis time for me to go.

"TOM THE TOURIST."

WHY LIBERAL?

A CORRESPONDENCE has been raging in the *Standard* under the above heading, several correspondents asking how it is that the Liberal Party is called the Liberal Party when it is notorious that the Conservatives are the only real Liberals now?

As one of them says:—"It is not very likely that our opponents will discontinue such a taking name, but why should we help them to hold it? 'Radical' is their proper name, and we should call them by it; to call them 'Liberal' is insulting the Conservative Party."

This is a very novel view, and at first one hardly knows how to take it. Is it insulting the Liberal Party to call a Tory a Conservative? And how would one insult a Radical? Or perhaps that is not possible.

One or two letters on the subject have strayed into Mr. Punch's box.

"REVIVALIST" writes: "I venture to suggest a pleasant way out of the difficulty. Why not call the Conservatives 'Torreys' and the Liberals 'Alexanders'?"

"HAMDESSER" writes from Ballham: "As a change in party nomenclature is imperative, I venture to suggest that the Conservatives should be renamed the 'Imperials,' and the Liberals the 'Wigs.'"

TOILET HINTS.

("A well-known woman writer has some excellent advice for the woman who would keep her youth. . . . 'Severe, critical, fault-finding, intolerant thoughts all sharpen the features and dry the cuticle and take the lustre from the eye.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.)

THERE are many many quacks abroad with soft seductive tongue,

Who persuade you they can aid you in the art of keeping young;

One will tell you with assurance you may confidently hope

For perfection of complexion if you only use his soap;

Number Two will pledge his honour to the solemn gospel-truth

That devotion to his lotion will ensure you lasting youth;

Number Three suggests a nose-peg that will give your pug a turn

Whence, he urges, it emerges a presentable concern;

While another has a corset which will keep you *comme il faut*

When your figure waxes bigger than you care to see it grow.

But, if people buy the rubbish that is only made to sell,

Why, the ninnies waste their guineas and their foolish pains as well,

And they ought to know that beauty lies far deeper than the skin,

That the features are the creatures of the soul that works within.

Are your thoughts severe and critical? Your cuticle gets dry,

And it crinkles into wrinkles, and the lustre leaves your eye;

Vulgar spite and petty scandal play the mischief with your hair,

Make your forehead dry and horrid, and your temples bald and bare.

While a tendency to slander makes your epidermis bag

Till it's simply hanging limply round a desiccated hag.

So, my ladies, when the mirror—candid critic—lets you know

That your colour waxes duller than in days of long ago,

Vain the golden transformations which you order from the Stores,

Vain the creaming and the steaming of your over-burdened pores;

Vain to rail at Father Chronos and abuse his wicked arts,

For your faces bear the traces of your own perverted hearts.

Would you boast the bloom of peaches, let your soul be pure within!

To be truthful keeps you youthful, and it lubricates the skin;

If your locks are growing thinish, study poetry with care;

Read *Othello* and *Sordello*—they are matchless for the hair!

WE learn from the *Isle of Man Daily Times*, that at a certain meeting of the House of Keys, "only two members—Mr. HALL CAINE, who is abroad, and Mr. J. J. GOLDSMITH, who is unwell—were present." Many people have remarked the physical resemblance between Mr. CAINE and the Swan of Avon, and we now have a further proof of his bird-like nature. He can be in two places at the same time.



OPENING REVELS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(With our Artist's sincere apologies alike to those portrayed and to those perforce omitted.)

LUNCH AMONG THE RUINS.

(A Sketch in a Baronial Stronghold.)

SCENE the Courtyard of Cromlingbury Castle. On the left is the Gateway Tower, on the right, what remains of the Banqueting Hall. The walls facing us are neatly labelled: "Kitchen" and "Armoury." In the left corner is a stall where refreshments and pictorial postcards may be obtained. In the centre are three long tables, placed parallel to one another, with benches of an uninviting aspect. An elderly Female Custodian is discovered in a black bonnet, a blue print dress with white spots, a lilac apron, and her spirits.

The Custodian (bitterly, to her small grandson). Gettin' on fur ar-jus one, Tommy, and not a livin' soul bin in yet 'cep' them two eyelissin' gents as couldn't stop fur no refresher-mints! The Publick is all fur novelties nowadays, siminly, an' Harchiology's quite hont o' date! Them rock-cakes 'll be blints by to-morrow, and milk turnin' soon as look at it this 'or weather! . . . Was that wheels? (looking through window). A long waginette, with a young ladies' school inside of it! Orter git rid o' them rock-cakes now—your young ladies gen'ally 'as good 'elthy huppities, bless their 'arts! (a bell inside the archway jingles rustily). They ain't got no call fur ter-ring—the door's hopen wide enough!

The Pupils of Pelican House, Groyneborough-on-Sea, enter by twos and threes, followed by Mlle. SIMONE DUVAL, the resident French Governess, and Miss MALKIN, the Principal.

Miss Malkin (with guide-book). . . . precise date History is silent. On entering, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the imposing

Cust. The charge for lodjucation'l establishments is threepence per 'ed, Mem, please, hordinary persons bein' sixpence. (As Miss MALKIN pays the sum demanded, and enters it as an item under the heading "Pleasure Excursion") If your young ladies was requiring hany refreshermints, I've some lovely rock-cakes, fresh baked this mornin', likewise woo milk and hother teetotal drinks.

Miss M. Thank you—we have our own provisions. But we shall want a few plates and tumblers—oh, and a clean table-cloth, if you have such a thing. (The Custodian departs with a sound between a sigh and a sniff.) A majestic ruin, is it not, Manzell? Ah, if these grey old walls could but speak, what stories they might tell us!

Mlle. Duval (presuming, like BECKY SHARP, on her employer's imperfect familiarity with colloquial French). Mon Dieu, Madame, je n'en sais trop un tas de choses joliment embêtantes, probablement!

Miss M. Vous avez raison. Quel dommage, donc, qu'ils sont—(Jorgets the French for "dumb") qu'ils ne peuvent pas!

Mlle. D. Puisque vous êtes ici, Madame, ce sera précisément la même chose!

Miss M. Oh! beaucoup moins intéressante, je crains! (To herself) French people certainly have a knack of putting things pleasantly! (To the Pupils) I think, my dears, we had better lunch before we explore the ruins. Be careful not to leave your eggshells about, and reserve your jam-puffs until after you have eaten the sandwiches. (They take their seats at the table on the left.) How wonderfully peaceful it is

here—one feels so remote from all the whirl and stress of modern life!

(A prolonged "toot" without, followed by a succession of snorts, pants, and clanks; the bell jangles, and presently a Motorist enters, with the condescending air of a god from a machine, accompanied by two rather flamboyant females.

Motorist (to Custodian). I ah—s'pose we can lunch heal, what?

Cust. (cheering up). Cert'nly, Sir, arter payin' for hentrance sixpence per 'ed is the charge, which it does not go ter me, but towards keepin' the ruings in repair. I've some nice 'ome-made rock-cakes, Sir, also woo milk and hother tem-p'rence

Motorist (appalled). Good gad! (Calling to someone in gateway) Just bring that basket in, will yah.

(A Chauffeur staggers in with a huge luncheon basket, and unpacks a roasted pie, cold chicken, champagne, &c., on the table farthest from the School.

Cust. (to herself, as she retires scowled). My vittles may be 'umble—but they are 'olesome!

First Flamboyant Female (pettishly). Why you should want to break the run here is beyond me! I loathe taking my meals in this scaramily way, and being stared at like wild beasts, too, by a pack of saucer-eyed school-girls!

Motorist. Won't hurt you to rough it for once, my dear girl! (To Chauffeur) ALPHONSE, here's a packet of food for you, and a half-bottle of lizz—you'll feel more at home with them in the tanneau, I daresay.

[ALPHONSE withdraws.

Second F. F. Champagne for a chauffeur! You are lavish, I must say!

Motorist (apologetically). Well, look what a pace he's brought us along at! Must do the fellah decently. Besides, between ourselves, it's

a different brand from this, what?

Second F. F. So long as it doesn't spoil him! . . . I call it rather jolly, lunching out like this in the open—more romantic than having it in a restaurant, anyhow.

First F. F. Don't see where the jollity comes in, myself—nor yet the romance. These mouldy old ruins give me the hump! What I like is a first-class hotel, with a band playing, and serrettes, and everything of the latest. That's my idea of comfort. Isn't there any jolly in that pie?—thanks—and a little more pigeon while you're about it.

Miss M. (in an undertone to Mademoiselle). Nouveaux riches très-mauvais tong—un exemple détreissant de la luxe moderne! (To the Pupils) In such surroundings, my dears, we should endeavour without, CECILIA, allowing our attention to be distracted by what is no concern of ours!—to call up a mental picture of this place as it was in the days of old. Try to fancy these ancient walls all hung with costly arras (or tapestry), those gaping window-frames glowing with painted glass, this courtyard full of men-at-arms and pages in rich liveries. (The Pupils stop munching, and allow their mouths to fall slightly apart under the mental strain; the bell jangles once more)—while through the archway, returning, perhaps, from some raiding or hawking expedition, there enters a gay and rollicking party. (Here a Tripper in gorgeous raiment makes an impressive entrance, attended by his "young lady," also in festal attire, an elderly couple in more sombre garb, and a sheepish youth with a billycock on the



The Lizard (to the Chameleon). "WAS IT YOU WHO STOLE MY BLUE-FOOTIE? AH, I SEE IT WAS! YOU'RE CHANGING COLOUR!"

back of his head.) I am wholly at a loss to imagine, EMMELINE TITTEX, what I can have said to provoke such immoderate and unladylike mirth!

Tripper (an inveterate farceur, to whom mediæval diction of the Wardour Street order seems to have suggested itself as the most appropriate medium for his factiousness). A 'arty welcome, fair Uncle Josu, to thee and all thy kin! Would that me ancestral 'alls were worthier to receive ye! But the 'Ouse of 'ENRY URCH 'as come down in the world, and so 'tis many a long year since we last 'ad the old place prop'ly done up! (His party endeavour to repress this exuberance by exhorting him to "beware and not go acting the goat with comp'ny present;") Mr. HENRY URCH, however, observing an audience, is unable to resist playing up to it, and, on the Custodian's appearance, strikes an attitude of melodramatic recognition.) But 'oom do I beyold? Is it—kin it be the fythful retynner of me noble famuly—dear ole Dame MAR'RY, with 'oom, when I was but a che-ild and she still a sorey centinarian, I used to ply at 'orses in the Harmy? Dost not reckonise thy young Master, Dame? (The Custodian, with an expression of patient disgust, applies for the entrance fees.) 'Ast thou the nerve to demand a tester from the last of 'is rice when 'e cometh to drop a tear on the 'ome of 'is boy'ood? . . . Thou 'ast? Well, well—ere is a broad 'alf bull ter pay thy charges. I bring distinguished guests—(introducing his companions, whose resentment is only restrained by the fact that he is paying all expenses)—Herl and Countess ODLUM, the Lady LOUEY EKINS—me intended bride—and 'er brother, the Lord 'ERR. We 'ave come from far and are a'nungered. 'Ast thou a cold boar's 'ed in cut, good Dame?

Cust. Don't you go a-good-damin' me. If it's refreshermints you want, you must put up with rock-cakes.

Mr. 'Enery Urch. Nay, Mistress, thou art spoofin' us! Kin I not beyold a party o' pilgrims partakin' yonder of a ven'sin parsty, also fair young gyurls engaged in sampliu' 'ard-boiled eggs? . . . Oh? I see—my error! Harwell, 'twould ha' broke me proud ole parint's 'art, could he ha' seen his son, in 'alls that was once a byword for their perfuse 'orspitality, redooed to regale his guests on the lowly rock-kike! No matter—we will e'en 'ave a few on appro. An' now to tible! (He conducts the others with ceremony to the centre table.) Lady EKINS will set on my right 'and, Countess ODLUM oppersite—me noble Herl, I pritheer unbuckle yer 'arness fer a blow-out. Me Lord 'ERR, do not scruple ter remove your 'elmet.

[They seat themselves, with feeble protests against any further tomfoolery; the motoring party affect a lofty unconsciousness; Miss MALKIN glares at the unfortunate EMMELINE TITTEX, whose pocket-handkerchief is wholly insufficient to stifle her untimely sense of humour; the other Pupils regard her over their jam-puffs with eyes of wondering disapproval.]

Miss Malkin. Il est évidemment un peu—er—élévé, Mamzell—une triste faillite de nos ordres inférieures en vacances! (To the Pupils) We will, I think, finish our lunches in

the Badqueting Hall. EMMELINE, I shall have a word to say to you later, when you are sufficiently composed to realise fully the impropriety of your behaviour.

Mr. Urch (endeavouring to divide a rock-cake). By me 'alidome, Dame, 'tis rightly termed! Could you oblige us with the loan of a battle-axe? But stay, we 'ave a noble thrust on us. Whatto! a stoup o' Marmsey or Kinairy wine withal! What, no wines in the 'Ouse? Send 'ither ole SIMON the Cellarer, Dame MAR'RY, and, an 'e perdooce not lickets in less than 'alf a non, 'e shall be striteway 'ooofed inter the oobiliette! (The Pupils disperse and purchase postcards; EMMELINE, by this time on the verge of hysterics, seeks sanctuary in the ruined chapel.) Well, never mind, if he's out, we'll 'ave a noggin o' sparklin' cider instead, sime as what the party at the next tible are 'aving.

The Motorist (to his ladies, but speaking at Mr. Urch). Fellah must be shockin' boundah not to know cidah from—ah—champagne, what?

Mr. Urch (to Uncle Josu, in a stage whisper). Did you 'ear that, Mr. ODLUM? Aeshally drinkin' Shempine—with their lunch! I dessay, though, they don't know no better—'aven't 'eard yet that it ain't the classy thing to do, nowadays. (To Custodian) Fetch some flaggins of the rare ole gingerile as me noble Dad laid down to be broached the day I come of age!

[Custodian departs mystified.]

First F. F. (to the Motorist). I wish to goodness we'd gone to a hotel—they don't let horrid vulgar people in there! And they don't give you tough fowls to eat, either!

Mr. Urch (to Miss EKINS). 'Ave another rock-cake, Loo,—you needn't be afride of it—it ain't as if it was some old 'en we'd 'ad to buy, 'cause we'd run over it! (The Motorist and his ladies decide to go and see what ALPHONSE is up to.) Why, blest if we ain't got the place all to ourselves, now!

Miss Ekings (with some asperity).

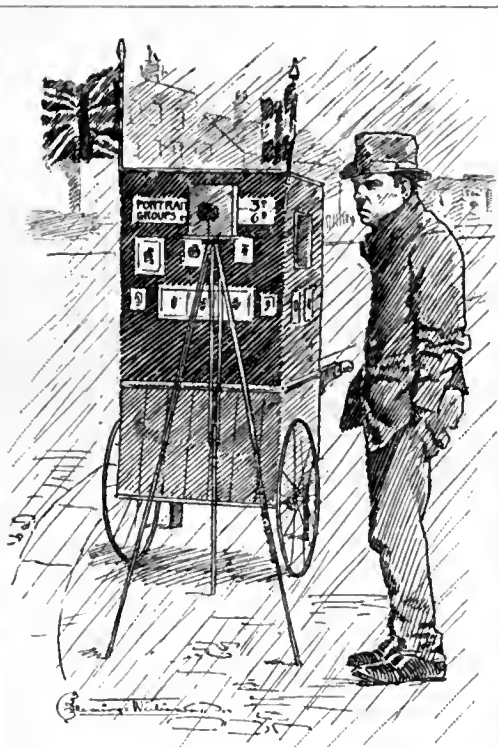
Ah, that's the beauty of coming out for the day with you, 'ENRY. We do get privacy!

F. A.

There's Many a False Word Spoken in Jest.

A PRACTISING physician writes to protest, gently but earnestly, against one of the "Spring-cleaning Hints" in *Mr. Punch's* last issue. The objectionable paragraph ran as follows: "To remove inkstains from the fingers—Fill your mouth with spirits of salts, and then suck the fingers thoroughly." Our correspondent predicts that, if this direction is taken seriously by some youthful reader, a prospect which he regards as being "well within the bounds of possibility," the result may be fatal. His apprehensions are increased by the reflection that "our enlightened Legislature at present permits anyone to buy such fearful corrosive poisons as spirits of salts, and these need not even bear a label." *Mr. Punch* humbly cries *Peeccari*; and hopes never again to run the risk of being taken seriously.

In an article entitled "Care of the Insane" the current *Quarterly* states that "The Lord Chancellor is the custodian of all other idiots and insane persons."



A MAN WHOSE BUSINESS IS QUICKLY
"DEVELOPING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IS hitting upon *The Disciple's Wife* as the title for his novel (DICKWORTH & CO.), Mr. VINCENT BROWN will have puzzled a good many of his readers, whose number will not be small, seeing that his style of writing commands attention and the plot of the story, originally conceived and well carried out, is essentially interesting. The author's fault is sermonising. He does not, as did THACKERAY, stop to amuse, in a sort of satirical aside to the reader, on the conduct of his puppets, but he stops to point a moral which does not adorn the tale. Let the tale speak for itself: and permit the reader to read into it, or out of it, just the moral that best suits him personally. But, O Mister Novelist, don't get out of your chair, where you interest and amuse, to ascend to the pulpit, where you bore, and would scare us away from you, were it not that we await the resumption of your interesting narrative. As the original of THACKERAY'S *Foker* was wont to observe, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much." There are so many prayers in this novel that we do not want the author to add himself to their number. Philip, the husband of the heroine, is a good fellow but a prosy; Mrs. Jonas, the handsome wife of the moody and musical carpenter, is a bit of a prig and inclined to preach; Fabian Glynn is a well-intentioned meddling priggish. The heroine is a delightfully feather-headed, capricious, impulsive young woman, and Clouard is a very ordinary kind of gay *Lehar*, about whom the author has not troubled himself much; and, though I am not at all certain, quoth the Baron, that here the author is not absolutely right in his diagnosis of the commonplace scoundrel who succeeds in attracting a gay-hearted, lively young woman, yet the novel would be better if its villain were worse. But to return to the title, *The Disciple's Wife*. Who is the Disciple? There are two wives— which is the wife of the Disciple, and whose disciple is the husband? The author has no turn for comedy or farce, and his intended comic character of Marth' Ann, the cook, is a dreary person. The author cannot be much of a sportsman, by the way, to talk of two men "in hunting dress." He should have consulted *Jorrocks* or *Soapy Sponge* on such a subject. These are minor matters, and in *toto* the Baron commends and recommends *The Disciple's Wife*.

"But what has all this to do with Spain?" Mr. ROWLAND THURLMERE, conscience stricken in an early chapter of his *Letters from Catalonia* (HUTCHINSON), asks. My Baronite is bound to agree in the accuracy of his reply "Nothing." Through the two stout volumes no improvement follows on this self-confession of discursiveness. On nearly every page Mr. THURLMERE, presumably in Catalonia, goes off at a tangent. *A propos de bottes* he quotes and discusses HORACE, CERVANTES, "M. BLANC of roulette fame," SIR ROBERT GIFFEN, CHARLES THE NINTH of France, VIRGIN, PETRARCH, and eke Mr. HOOLEY. These and others left out, what Mr. THURLMERE knows of Spain and his knowledge is extensive and peculiar— might have been comfortably packed in one volume. The origin of the book is responsible for this fault, if fault it be. It is compact of letters addressed to one "VIOLET" (presumably a sister), to whom in published form they are inscribed. Inspired by brotherly love, the letters wander through space, making the most of straws found floating in whatsoever direction. This comment does not necessarily imply reproof. Breathing the delightful air of Spain in Spring-time, brother THURLMERE writes in ever-flowing spirits, communicable and welcome to the jaded Londoner. Thoroughly understanding the native tongue, he mixes with the people wherever he finds himself, and conveys pleasant traits of their character and humour. Here is a little

touch which indicates his quality. Speaking of children met in the streets, he notes their "soft, unfathomable eyes like deep pools touched with starlight." That is good. Whilst successfully avoiding the literary style and business method of *Bradshaw* or *Baedeker*, Mr. THURLMERE, with his sympathetic mind and scholarly taste, will be found a delightful companion for a leisurely tourist through Spain in Spring-time. Though his letters purport to be written from Catalonia, he with characteristic casualty spends half his time in Valencia, and Castile Old and New.

Of the four tales to which Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT gives the title *Four Adventures* (MACMILLAN), my Baronite likes best "Brazenhead the Great." There is, truly, a smack of *Brigadier Gerard* about the blatant soldier, and if we trace the genesis of COXAN DOYLE'S hero we shall discover it in reminiscence of *The Three Musketeers*. A very good model too, and *Brazenhead* is worthy of his far-off parentage. Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of him: "A wondrous hairy man; a forest on his nose; hairs on his lip and chin, and fierce hairs which push upwards on his throat like ivy on a stock. A loud talker, speaking of things which he knows little about, the loudlier speaking the less he knoweth." A courtly man withal, an almost unrivalled liar, who by dint of grace and art wins his way into the favour of a prim Prioress. Mr. HEWLETT'S stories are set far back in the epoch he describes as "the youth of the world." There is much murder and rapine in all. Each is ablaze with local colour, and the vocabulary is strangely rich. One feels that if they did not talk like that in Toulouse, in Florence, in Padua, and on a pilgrimage to Canterbury in the olden time, they ought.

Peace on Earth is the title of a novel (ALSTON RIVERS) by REGINALD TURNER that cannot fail to interest even the lightest-hearted reader who does not willingly trouble himself with the problems of life. Here they are brought to him one by one; and sooner than he expects he will find himself speculating, first, as to the upshot of the marriage of the very lively and thoroughly natural girl *Ciechy* with the dry-as-dust, plodding barrister; secondly, as to the influence of a gay man of the world on this wife; thirdly, as to the outcome of the socialist doctrines of an enthusiast and the vagaries of an eccentric philanthropist. The saddest part in this story of *La Vie Humaine* is the career of the boy *Paul*; and here it seems to the Baron that the author, who gives us confidentially the parentage of this lovable, impressionable waif and stray, has thrown away a rare chance of cleverly working out *Paul's* story to a dramatic finish, which might have been made as startlingly effective as the saving of *Barnaby Rudge* from the gallows, or the revelation of the identity of another *Paul*— *Paul Clifford*— with the child for whom *Judge Brandon* had searched in vain. The Baron is of opinion that the title is somewhat misleading and inappropriate, as the *Spode*, to whom it is in no way applicable, are the protagonists of the main drama, while *Peace on Earth* is the declared aim of the Socialists, whose doings after all are only of secondary importance in the construction of this novel. It would have been artistically better had no revelation as to little *Paul's* parentage ever been made. The Baron recommends the book, although the portions of it "with a purpose" are somewhat wearisome.





WELL MEANT, BUT—

Motorist (with heated cylinders). "WHERE CAN I GET SOME WATER?"

Rustic. "THERE BEANT NOO WATTER HEREABOOTS—BUT YE CAN HAVE A SUP AT MY TEA!"

TO THE SUN.

SPRING has arrived; high o'er the boggy hollows
The sanguine cuckoo shouts his name afar;
I have not heard as yet about the swallows,
But Philomel turned up, and got catarrh.

And Thou, prime Orb, on whose reviving power
All things depend: whose duty 'tis to bring
Warmth to the flesh, and life to tree and flower,
Art thou aware, O Sun, that this is Spring?

'Tis May; yet still the storm-god's wanton malice
O'errides the crescent ardoours of thy brow;
Our sodden lands await thy smile—but ALICE,—
Excuse my saying "ALICE"—where art Thou?

Full well I wot that far across the ocean
Many there be on India's coral strand
(Why "coral," as a fact, I have no notion)
To whom Thou dealest more than they can stand.

To them that face of thine is nowise cheerful;
Rather the other way—thy brassy glow
Leads them to language positively fearful,
And no one more so than my late C. O.

But here, O fond but most elusive charmer,
Robbed of thy smile, disaster crowns the May;
Even that optimist, the British farmer,
Weeps for his tender lambkins, and his hay.

The rude wind sweeps the blossom from the fruit-trees;
Our maidens fear to don their Spring attire,
Their Paris boots repose upon their boot-trees,
And they inhale ammonia by the fire.

Oh is this fair, great Orb, or even moral?
Must A. go chilled, while on the selfsame globe
B., on the strand mistakenly called "coral,"
Becomes a blind and blistered Heliophobe?

DUM-DUM.

Sale of Antiques.

FROM the *Field*: "A quarter of a century ago we recall seeing some fresh halibut on retail sale at Bridgnorth at as little as twopence a pound. A month later it had become appreciated" [we can well believe it] "and had risen to fivepence; and in these days double that price is more like its figure on the fishmongers' slabs."

By my halibut, 'tis a passing ancient fish!

A LOAN OF LONDON.—"After the service the wedding party returned to luncheon at —, and then Mr. and Mrs. — left in a motor *en route* for London, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. —"—*Cork Constitution*.

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Post* "the umpires for the test matches have been balloted for." Duck's eggs, of course; and we can only express the hope that the Australians will have their fair share of them.

OUR COMING PREMIER.

['It is rumoured that at an important private meeting of prominent Liberals held yesterday, it was unanimously decided that Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was to be recognised as the Liberal leader in any eventuality ']

At Bala, before six hundred delegates from all parts of Wales, representing the Free Churches, &c., Sir ALFRED THOMAS said that they were about to have a grand reform in Parliament, and that he "looked for twenty years of firm Liberal Government after the General Election."
—Daily Mail of May 3rd]

All hail, elect of your consentient peers !

On you the choice has fallen, has fallen on you !

And to the winds we toss our idle fears

Touching the many cooks that spoiled the stew ;

That painful pentalemma now is shivered,

On whose distracting horns we hung and quivered.

Some men are great before they grow adult

(SPENCER and ROSEBURY were that at birth) ;

And some achieve the same desired result

(LLOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON) by consummate worth ;

Others are dumped into the highest station

Without the least apparent provocation.

These have no stamp of genius on the brow ;

Greatness was never their predestined lot ;

Yet they arrive—no man can tell you how,

For reasons—none can say exactly what,

Though beaten rivals plausibly locate 'em

In some misprint or clerical *erratum*.

Not so with you. When first we heard your lips

Extemporising from the written page,

We knew the statesman whom the hour equips,

Who happens only once in every age ;

"That man," we said, "unless the fates are cynical,

Is almost bound to end upon a pinnacle."

Time proves us prescient. On a "flowing tide"

(The good old tag) your vessel sweeps to port ;

Pacing the poop, erect and eagle-eyed,

You watch the winking poll-star ; nothing short

Of some profound seaquake, past human plumbing,

Can now divert your long delayed home-coming.

Ah ! happy day that sees your stately form

Fixed in the Chair of National Defence ;

You who for England's need in calm or storm

Have never yet been known to spare expense ;

On whom (I said last week) we hang a sure hope

Of readjusting our prestige in Europe !

The situation calls for *savoir-faire* :

You must reform our diplomatic school,

And by a strenuous policy repair

The pitiful effects of Tory rule—

The French *entente*, the Japanese alliance—

And breathe the old Gladstonian world-defiance !

At home you'll harmonise the rival claims

Of Christian ushers ; by a smart combine

(Union with Separation) bring the aims

Of ROSEBURY and REDMOND into line ;

And mend the Party's wounds with oil and stitches

When Labour runs amok on Liberal pitches.

Not all at once—Rome took at least a week—

But give it time enough and Truth prevails ;

Did not Sir ALFRED THOMAS, Knight and Beak,

Remark when he addressed revolting Wales—

"I look to see our side enjoying twenty

Firm years of office ?" That, I hope, is plenty !

O. S.

IN BERLIN.

WELL, Sir, here I am in Berlin, and a pretty cheerful disappointment it is. You (I think it was you, but if you deny it we can put it on to Tony, M.P.) had led me to expect a dull and gloomy military capital, swept by sand-storms and inhabited only by soldiers, officials and long-haired philosophers. You'll have to revise your ideas. Berlin is nothing of the sort. To tell the plain truth, it is one of the liveliest, pleasantest and handsomest cities in which a rolling stone like myself can pause and gather moss—it being understood, of course, that the moss in question is light beer of the frothiest, clearest, and most seductive sort. You, Sir, have studied at the University, and I daresay you think you know what beer is and how it should be drunk. Permit me to assure you that you don't—haven't a notion of it, in fact. I hadn't till I came here, but one learns (and drinks) a lot in a week, and, moreover, one learns without trouble and drinks with a minimum of alcohol. All the Berliners drink beer. They drink it in gardens, in restaurants, in kellers, in their homes—everywhere ; and they're all as jolly about it as mice in a larder. I haven't seen an angry Berliner yet, not even a policeman, and I'm fairly certain that their perpetual good humour is due to their devotion to beer.

As for my statement that Berlin is handsome, I can see from here that you don't believe it. "Pish," I can hear you saying (or words to that effect), "does the man want to make me think that these Prussians have any buildings worthy to be compared with the National Gallery, or any monuments fit to be placed side by side with the Albert Memorial, or any statues as noble as those in Trafalgar Square?" You need not believe anything you don't want to believe, but I'm bound all the same, being a truthful man, to say that Berlin is a city of magnificent palaces, splendid monuments, and great busy streets, flanked by rows of splendidly-planned and solidly-built houses—streets in which the tide of life streams in a flood of bustling humanity from morning—I was going to say, to night, but I correct myself, for no Berliner seems ever to take any sleep, and the streets overflow with animation all the night through.

One thing I am sure would delight you in Berlin, and that is the parade-step of the Prussian soldiers as they change guard every day at the little guard-house near the Royal Palace. At 12.30 the gentlemen who are in occupation of this house have the distant and listless appearance which seems inseparable from soldiery when no immediate duty presses. A few minutes afterwards they all become brisk and lively, for the strains of a band are heard as a regiment comes swinging along *Unter Den Linden*. The regiment drops a detachment, and the detachment marches into the yard of the guard-house.

I suppose you fancy it's an easy thing to march. All I can say is that you don't know what parade-marching means to a Prussian soldier. Imagine, if you please, these thirty sturdy fellows with their eyes and teeth set, their helmets gleaming in the sun (we are having a good deal of sun in Berlin), and their rifles at their shoulders, all marching not in the everyday fashion, but all flinging out leg after leg in perfect unison high and to its full extent, with toes defiantly pointed straight out in the air, and then bringing down the boot with a bang that shakes the solid earth, and makes each soldier-cheek quiver like an agitated jelly. I never saw anything like it. Nobody smiled, not even when two privates, no doubt selected because they were particularly plump and their cheeks more apt to quiver than the rest, marched across the yard in this manner by themselves. It was a solemn and impressive spectacle.

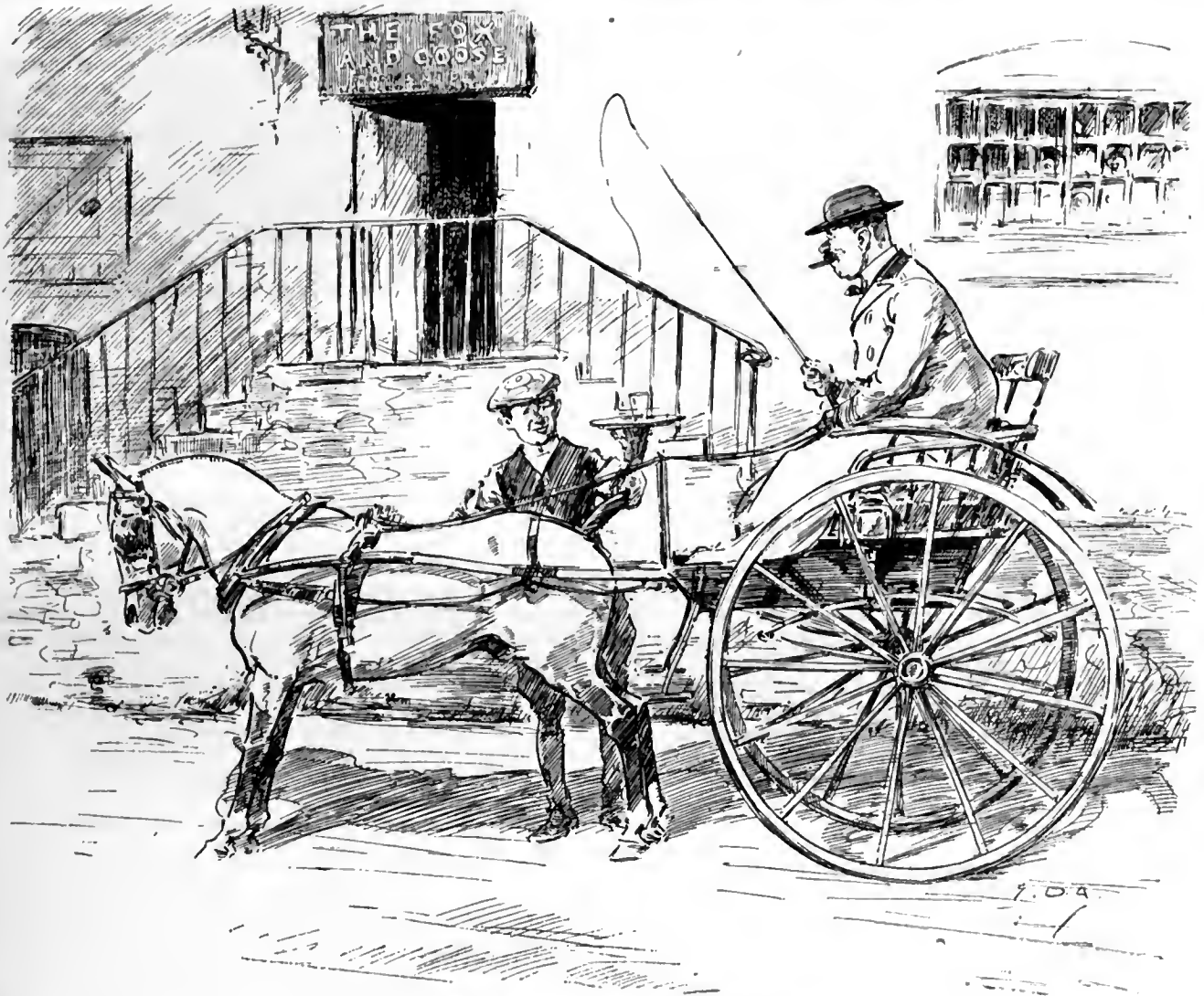
I have been looking about a good deal for that hatred of the British which, according to some of our English writers, is prevalent here ; and, so far, I haven't found it. Please



THE DIGNITY OF THE FRANCHISE.

QUALIFIED VOTER. "AH, YOU MAY PAY RATES AN' TAXES, AN' YOU MAY 'AVE RESPONSERBILITIES AN' ALL; BUT WHEN IT COMES TO VOTIN', YOU MUST LEAVE IT TO US MEN!"





**"More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of."**

Publican. "'ULLOA! THAT'S A SMART PONY AND TRAP YOU'VE OOT. I THOUGHT YOU'D JUST COME THROUGH THE BANKRUPTCY COURT?"
Sinner. "RIGHT YOU ARE, MY BOY! BUT, THE PONY AND TRAP WENT ROUND!"

believe me, in spite of everything that the editors of the *National Review* and other papers may say, that no blameless Englishman who comes here will be imprisoned or deported or pierced with a sword or otherwise insulted. On the other hand he can count upon a hospitality genially offered and profusely bestowed, and will be made to feel that he is a welcome guest. *Vive l'entente cordiale*, say I; but I don't quite know why we should go about our ententeing with one nation in such a way as to make people believe that we do it less because we love that nation than because we want to prove our rooted dislike of some other nation. Anyhow, Sir, come and join me in Berlin and try the beer and watch the parade-step of the guards.

Yours, as ever,

"TOM THE TOURIST."

Black Game.

KITCHENMAID wishes situation; one with shooting preferred.—*Advt. in The Scotsman.*

Beetles, we presume.

"ANXIOUS RATEPAYER" writes enclosing an official ukase (in red type) issued by the Comptroller of the Metropolitan Water Board. The document says: "During the Financial Year commencing on the 1st April, 1905, and thereafter until further notice, water rates will be collected half-yearly during the periods ending the 30th September and the 31st March respectively, the rates being payable in advance by equal quarterly payments at Lady Day, Midsummer Day, Michaelmas Day and Christmas Day." Our correspondent would greatly like to know which of these instructions he had better obey. Ought he to pay "in advance by equal quarterly payments," or stay at home "during the periods ending the 30th September and the 31st March respectively," while the rates are being "collected half-yearly"? He would rather not do either, and flatly refuses to do both. We strongly recommend "ANXIOUS RATEPAYER" to consult Dr. CLIFFORD.

Another Infant Phenomenon.

"PLAYING for Caius College against St. John's, S. F. PESHALL, who is in his third year, scored 118."

SEEING DOUBLE.

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

'Tis an interesting, but puzzling, piece. It is an appeal from PHILIP, or rather ALEXANDER as *John Chilcote*, M.P. under the influence of morphia, to ALEXANDER clothed and in his right mind as *John Loder*. The perplexing interest of the play is centred in the two single gentlemen rolled into one, impersonated by GEORGE ALEXANDER, who, throughout, in both characters is excellent. No better piece of work has he done; the contrast is most carefully, most artistically insisted upon. And Miss MURRAY CLEMENTS, as the wife of *John Chilcote*, gives us a really fine performance. Repression is the note of the acting throughout. All do their level best, and nothing is overdone. But, with due deference to dramatist and manager, Mr. W. J. THOROLD is no more "the double" of Mr. ALEXANDER than is Mr. *Punch*.

When, in the Second Act, at an evening party at "*Lady Bramfell's*, Berkeley Square" (O *Jeames!*), I noticed on the scene among the distinguished guests Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN, in evening dress, *décoré*, titled in the bill as *Lord Bramfell*, I could not but murmur to myself, "Here, despite all attempt at disguise, is the real double of *John Chilcote*." And I am fain to admit I did expect this other representative of Mr. ALEXANDER to give a new turn to the plot. Of the novel, by the way, I know absolutely nothing. As, however, Mr. W. J. THOROLD is the accepted (by the Management) double of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and therefore entitled, authoritatively, to be considered as "like him as two peas," of course a mere superficial observer must cave in and say, apologetically, "Well, I suppose the management and the author are right. Only—if I had been requested to choose a double for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, unhesitatingly I should have chosen Mr. APPLIN." However, as I have said, the note of the acting is reserved force, and here is another "double" in reserve, to be produced when wanted.

Captivating as is the *Lady Astrupp* of Miss MARION TERRY, earnestly played as is her part in the scene where she identifies *John Loder* with the impersonator of *John Chilcote*, M.P., what influence does she, with her discovery, bring to bear on the plot? What does she do? Nothing: except to dine tête-à-tête with *John Loder* after the curtain has descended on Act III. *Lady Astrupp* makes no use of her knowledge: nor does the fact of her identification of the pretender with her whilom lover *John Loder* weigh with *Chilcote's* double, whose sense of honour, kindled in him by his love, has determined him to tell the truth to *Chilcote's* wife, to give up the game, and to save *Chilcote*, if his salvation be possible. Without *Lady Astrupp's* discovery the result, as far as I can make out, would have been precisely the same, and therefore, except as affording a fine dramatic opportunity to Miss MARION TERRY and Mr. ALEXANDER, the character of *Lady Astrupp* is absolutely *de trop*.

That this is a fault in the dramatised version I affirm: whether it be an original defect of the novel I am unaware. Without this suggestion of some sort of disreputable intrigue in the history of *John Loder* and *Lady Astrupp* the play might have been dramatically dull. Pity, by the way, that on a kitten, not mentioned in the bill, should depend most of the few "laughs" that brighten up this play. Such "business" as this may be "enough to make a cat laugh," but *non tali ingenio* should any such distracting merriment be introduced.

The dialogue is, as Mr. *Toots* might have said, "of no consequence," but with the acting throughout of everybody concerned not a fault can be found.

A good, or bad, twenty minutes might be cut out of it somewhere, which would considerably lighten the play, and increase the chances of the public continuing to take their seats in the House to hear the speeches, and applaud,

during the session the Parliamentary career of *John Chilcote* ALEXANDER, M.P. for King Street, St. James's, cousin several times removed to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. I have omitted to say that the play is by Mr. THURSTON, from Mrs. THURSTON's novel, a fact of which I was only reminded when, owing to the excitement and nervous tension caused by the two-hours-and-a-quarter drama, I found myself longing for refreshment, with such a thirst on!

COUNTY CRICKET FORECASTS.

By "PUM DUFF."

SUCH is the glorious uncertainty of the game that to prophesy about cricket is a dangerous occupation, and yet if anyone can do it with confidence it is I.

Whether or not Lancashire will be able to retain the County championship remains to be seen; but I have the best authority for saying that the gallant White Roses mean to try. On my interviewing Mr. MACLAREN the other day, he said, "Yes, we shall do our best to retain the premier position in the forthcoming season." I give his exact words, than which nothing could be plainer.

Yorkshire have long been practising. They are hoping for good results from TENNICLIFFE and HIRST; and little RHODES will, I am authorised to say, be given a trial with the ball in every match. This is good news. It was thought that Lord HAWKE would not return until May 11th, but that, as there is no important fixture before that date, his absence would not be felt as it might be if he did not return until October. However, he is already back on the warpath.

Concerning Surrey it is not easy to vaticinate. Great satisfaction is expressed at the decision to play all the home matches on the Oval, the charming little ground at Kennington entirely surrounded by Temperance hotels. Such of the county's old professionals as are not qualifying for Somerset will be *en évidence*, as our lively neighbours say. I shall be surprised if HAYWARD does not make some runs. It is expected that the captain for each match will be chosen by throwing the names of the team into a hat before play begins. This is obviously much better than the old way of appointing one captain for the whole season, as Yorkshire and Lancashire do. It has been arranged to have one of the neighbouring gasometers filled with ink, so that the supply may never run short on the Oval.

Of Middlesex it does not become me to speak in superlatives. I will therefore content myself by calling the team a collection of *Al* clippers. Weather permitting, and all things being equal, the team should do well; but if they do not they are sportsmen enough to take it like men and brothers. Most of the old stalwarts will again be available, and no doubt the schoolmaster brigade will yield a recruit or two when August comes. I have special authority for saying that the stumps at Lord's will neither be raised nor widened this year.

Somerset will again have the services of the genial and exuberant SAMMY; and what could be better? Owing to the fact that HIRST and TYLDESLEY, JOHN GUNN and J. T. HEMME are not yet qualified to play for them, they will not be so strong as they might be; but I confidently expect to see them pull the fat from the fire again and again.

Sussex will have occasional help from her Indian Prince, and Mr. FRY will again be captain. Whether or not Mr. FRY comes off in the test matches remains to be seen. That he will if he gets set, I am convinced. Interviewed the other day, as he was leaving the office of his magazine, Mr. FRY said, "Yes, the season is just beginning, and I hope it will be a fine one." So do we all.

Meanwhile all the best players are busy sharpening their pencils or filling their fountain pens, a feature of the coming season being a literary activity which in its hectic feverishness

will leave other seasons nowhere. Each member of the Australian eleven is provided with a special 20-h.p. descriptive writer, whose duty it will be to chronicle every stroke played, or ball bowled or fielded, and to whom the cricketer will be a hero.

A project is afoot to cremate one of W. G.'s bats at the end of the season and enclose the ashes in a golden casket, to be retained by the winners of the Test rubber. As an amendment it is proposed rather to cremate those cricketers who write too much about the game; but to this I am naturally opposed.

THE SECRET OF A GREAT PICTURE.

FAMOUS ARTIST INTERVIEWED.

THE HON. HENRY PITMAN's thrilling picture "Not Out" is the staple of conversation in all cricket pavilions during the luncheon and tea intervals.

The canvas, as visitors to Burlington House are well aware, depicts a scene at Lord's. The batsman has just cut a ball into the hands of Point. The fieldsman has evidently brought off a smart catch, and from the jubilant expression on the countenance of the bowler—ALBERT TROTT—it is clear that he has made a confident appeal to the umpire. How then can one reconcile the title with the picture?

The opinion of the experts being unanimously in favour of the view that the title is a misnomer, Mr. Punch's representative determined to go to headquarters for a clue to the mystery.

"To me," remarked Mr. PITMAN, "it is self-evident, though I am quite prepared for the

PUNDITS OF THE POPPING CREASE

to scoff at it because it is so perfectly simple. But first let me tell you how I came to paint 'Not Out.' It has always been a matter of poignant regret to me that there are so few scenes in modern life which lend themselves to the art of the really thoughtful and earnest painter. And yet I have always felt that the true artist should not turn his back on modernity and bury himself in the conventionalities of mock archaism. 'Forward, forward let us range'—has always been my motto, and that naturally suggests football. But the difficulties of painting a really attractive football scene are almost insuperable. The costume, to begin with, is not picturesque, the boots are too big, and the emotions it evokes are apt to be almost primitively violent. I wanted something that would give me an opportunity of depicting the dramatic and the realistic, and of simultaneously appealing to the Man in the Street and the members of the Royal Society. And so I naturally thought of cricket—



AN EVIDENT ALTERNATIVE.

"SHE MARRIED HIM IN SPITE OF GREAT OPPOSITION, DIDN'T SHE?"

"YES. IF HER MARRIAGE DOESN'T TURN OUT WELL, SHE'LL ONLY HAVE HERSELF TO BLAME."

"GOOD GRACIOUS, WHY? WHAT'S TO PREVENT HER BLAMING HIM?"

the great national pastime, denounced by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING but apotheosized in the historic words of the Iron Duke. The only drawback in this choice," continued Mr. PITMAN, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "is that I have never played cricket myself—I was a Wet Bob at Harrow—and know nothing of the rules. However, this proved but a trifling obstacle. Thanks to the coaching of a few cricketing friends, I speedily mastered the main features of the game, and was able to present in a simple form the

PROFOUND PSYCHOLOGICAL TRUTH

which I wished to drive home. Now I am not going to enter into justification of the title. I merely wish to observe that if you look at the pointsman's hands

—that, I believe, is the technical term for the man who occupies his position—you will observe that the ball is of irregular shape and small size. Also, that if you look behind him you will see on the grass at a little distance a small red object. Now all I have got to add is that if, as I am assured is quite possible, a batsman were to strike the ball with such violence that it broke in two and the fieldman only succeeded in catching the *smaller* fragment, there could be little doubt as to the verdict of the umpire."

The broken ball! Such, indeed, is the obvious solution of this wonderful pictorial conundrum, which has taxed the ingenuity of the brightest wits in the cricket world for the last fortnight.

"PAPER" IN THE STALLS.

(AS ESTIMATED FROM THE PIT.)

Readers are asked to imagine themselves—just for once—in the Pit of a first-class London Theatre. They will be relieved to find that they are perfectly comfortable, and can see and hear admirably. Not that there is anything to see or hear at present, as the doors have only just been opened, the lights are down, the orchestra vacant, and the white backs of the stalls suggest an Arctic region of frozen waves. In the middle of the front row of the Pit are a quartette whose conversation we, being immediately behind them, cannot avoid overhearing. They are a typical party of Modern Pittites, with nothing in their appearance, manner or accent to distinguish them from the occupants of the Dress Circle, though they are either less well off, or else they go to the play so frequently as to make the price a matter for consideration. It evidently does not occur to them—as why should it?—that there is the slightest reason for feeling ashamed of being young and lighthearted enough to extract enjoyment even from a long wait outside the Pit doors, and an equally long one within the theatre. JACK and MAUD; PERCY and ETHEL, are brother and sister respectively, and, if they are not actually two engaged couples as yet, it is probably only a question of time.

Ethel (daintily patting her hair, after pinning a very becoming hat to the partition in front. N.B.—Ladies in the Pit now invariably remove their hats as a matter of course—an act of gracious courtesy and consideration to those behind them to which no lady in a stall at a *matinée* would ever dream of condescending.) There don't seem to be very many in the Pit, so far. I thought this piece was such a success? All the critics spoke highly of it, didn't they?

Percy. Yes—called it "a thoroughly sweet and wholesome English comedy." Enough to put most people off it!

Jack. Rather a sell for us if it turns out to be absolute footle!

Ethel. I don't mind. I always love ADRIAN BRACEGIRDLE, whatever he's in. Still, I do hope he hasn't got a failure!

Percy. We shall soon find out if he has—by the amount of "Paper" in the Stalls.

Ethel. Paper in the Stalls? What do you mean?

Jack. PERCY means the people who come in without paying—with orders, you know.

Ethel. But how is one to tell from *here* whether they've paid or not?

Percy. Nothing easier. I'd back myself to spot 'em every time.

Maud. Then you shall point them out to us—it will be rather fun.

Percy. No necessity to point 'em out. They give themselves away. For one thing, they always arrive with morbid punctuality—long before the orchestra. Why, I don't know, unless the Management makes a point of it. (An Attendant enters by the Stall Entrance on the left.) There's some Paper on its way already—I know it by the elevation of that young woman's nose. (A pair of depressed elderly females drift forlornly in, and have to be shepherd out of the wrong row of stalls and into their appointed seats.) There you are, you see! Those red and white woolly things are peculiar to Paper—anti-macassars by day, and "clouds" by night.

Maud. There's another couple just coming in—from the right. Are they Paper, too?

Jack. I should say so. But if he does wear side-whiskers, he might run to a white tie!

Percy. He's got one at home—a made-up bow. Only, you see, the elastic loop went wrong, and his wife—the lady in the blue plush opera-cloak—said there wasn't time to mend

it, and besides, a black tie was full-dress anywhere: she had noticed several quite smart young men wearing them at Cricklewood dances. So he put it on, and stuck a red pocket-handkerchief inside his waistcoat as a finishing touch—and here he is, no end of a buck!

Maud. Can't say I admire the lady's taste in frocks. Sulphur is decidedly not her colour!

Ethel. Especially with turquoise bows and machine-made lace. Oh, but do look at those queer people coming in now. Do you see? the pale young man in a soft felt hat and a caped cloak. Now he's taken his hat off and is running his hand dreamily through his long hair.

Jack. Must be something in the poetical line. What does PERCY think? Is he "Paper"?

Percy. He's Paper right enough. Got in by presenting his card at the Box Office. He's on the Stage. "Walks on," as they call it. Just now he's resting.

Maud. And what about the girl with him—in a kind of Grecian robe with long white mittens, and a gilt laurel wreath in her hair?

Percy. She's a member of the Profession, too. She has great gifts. Played *Juliet* once at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, and would be a leading lady now, only Actor-Managers at the West End won't engage her for fear she'll play them off the stage. So she recites "The Fireman's Wedding" at Acton "At Homes" instead. They will both be tremendously down on the piece and the acting—particularly the acting.

Maud. How can you possibly know all that?

Percy. Oh, well—anyone who wears gilt laurels in her hair naturally would recite "The Fireman's Wedding."

Jack. I say—more Paper! Look—stout old party in black satin, with a white shawl and a magenta feather in her cap! How does *she* come here?

Percy. Theatrical landlady—the meek little chap with the rebellious shirt-front is her husband—waits at parties if required, so he's quite at home in faultless evening-dress.

Maud. I feel quite sorry for this next couple—that poor old husband and wife who are coming in now. I'm sure they'd be ever so much more comfortable at home on a night like this. What could have induced them to come out?

Percy. Oh, they received an order from the Management—"theirs not to reason why!" &c. If the summons had been to the Upper Circle they might have hesitated—but they couldn't resist Complimentary Stalls. That would have fetched them even if they'd been at their last gasp—they'd have managed to put off their decease and turn up somehow. As it is, if only there are no draughts in the Stalls, and the cab windows fit fairly close, they mayn't be much the worse for their outing to-morrow.

Ethel. Well, I hope they'll enjoy themselves now they are here.

Percy. They don't look as if they expected to. But Paper generally is pessimistic. Result of bitter experience, I suppose.

Maud. Gracious! What a ghastly, cadaverous-looking creature that is over there—do you see him yet?—in the ulster and cloth cap. No—not that side—by the pillar on the right.

Percy. I've got him now. Yes—still more singular instance of the tremendous power an order has over the confirmed "dead-head." He's come up all the way from Brookwood, which is his present address—I suppose the order was forwarded. Well, you'd hardly think it would be worth his while—but they tell me the place is rather quiet, not much life in it, so probably he felt he wanted a change. Anyhow, here he is—he'll go back to-night by the last Necropolis to Waterloo.

Maud. You're not to be grisly. But really, *why* do Managers send stalls to such a very quaint set of people?

Percy. Well, one is generally told it's done to convey a



NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.

Joan (on her annual Spring visit to London). "THERE, JOHN, I THINK THAT WOULD SUIT ME."
 Darby (grumblingly). "THAT, MARIA? WHY, A PRETTY FIGURE IT WOULD COME TO!"
 Joan. "AH, JOHN DEAR, YOU'RE ALWAYS SO COMPLIMENTARY! I'LL GO AND ASK THE PRICE."

false impression to the rest that the show is such a brilliant success that it's attracting all the smartest people in London. But of course a Manager isn't really so simple as that. He'd have 'em properly made up if he really meant to deceive. It isn't that.

Maud and Ethel. Then what is it done for?

Percy. Merely to provide the Pit and Gallery with a little mild entertainment till the orchestra is ready to begin.

Jack. Sort of free Exhibition of Freaks. But the orchestra is beginning—no more Freaks now!

Maud. I'm so sorry. I should like to see some of them come in all over again!

Percy. Ah, pity they don't know the impression they've made. F. A.

Anti-Vivissectionists, please note.

YOUNG LADY desires re-engagement as Clerk; five years' experience; used to dissection.—*Portsmouth Evening News*.

It is reported that adders are multiplying in Norfolk. Is this a direct result of the *Daily Mail's* "Breakfast-table Problems"?

CHARIVARIA.

THE President of the Royal Academy complained, at the Banquet, of the ugly garb in which the Army is dressed at the present moment; and, as the Royal Academy is an influential body, it is thought that art ties will shortly be served out to our soldiers.

Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, it is said, is to receive £14,000 for "The Finding of Moses." This sum exceeds the highest prize ever won in a Hidden Treasure Competition.

"A well-known painter," not a member of the Royal Academy, has divulged to an interviewer that he is in favour of an extension of membership.

As usual, the exhibition at Burlington House reflects our passing foibles. Not only is there the "Bridge" picture, but "Pit" is also represented. There is a canvas entitled "A Corner in Rye."

The halfpenny papers have started publishing reproductions of some of the

pictures in the Royal Academy. The printing difficulties, however, seem to be almost insuperable, and it is said that the painter of *August Sunshine* received a request from one of these journals for permission to change the title to *November Fog*.

Hamlet has again been successfully rendered without scenery. But, considering our present high achievements in the art of scene-painting, if you must dispense with one of the two, why not dispense with the acting?

It is semi-officially denied that the leading feature of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' forthcoming play, *Nero*, is to be a real fire-engine dashing on to the stage.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Town Council the Lord Provost declared that he had received a letter from Mr. HALL CAINE, but had either dropped it into the waste-paper basket or thrown it aside. Mr. HALL CAINE is of the opinion that the improbability of this story is so obvious that it is unnecessary to take any notice of it.



OUR VILLAGE.

Village Dame describing various aches and pains. "MY THROAT 'E DID GO TICKLE, TICKLE, TICKLE, TILL I SES, 'I MUST BE AGOIN' TO BE ILL.' SO I 'OLDS 'EN TIGHT W' MY 'AND, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD; THEN I PUTS MY OLD STOCKING ROUND UN, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD. SO IN THE MORNIN' I TALKED IT OVER WITH MRS. GILES NEXT DOOR, AND WE THOUGHT AS WE'D SEND OVER TO THE 'WHITE 'ORSE' FOR THREEPENNORTH O' GIN, 'COS I SES, 'PRAISE IT MAY DO I GOOD, AN' PRAISE IT MAYN'T. BUT EVEN IF IT DON'T, I SES, 'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!'"

This is an age of reprints. According to one of our contemporaries some publishers are even bringing the books up to date, for the journal in question acknowledges the receipt of a popular edition of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. We presume that FIELDING'S *Tom de Jones* will follow in due course.

We are sorry to have to complain of the manners of an earthquake which visited North Wales last week. Not only did it throw several privates in the Shropshire Militia out of bed, but it "rudely disturbed" one of their officers. All that can be urged in mitigation of this gross impertinence is that the officer was at the time sleeping without his uniform, and his rank was therefore not apparent.

One of the provisions of the new Aliens Bill is a power to expel aliens already resident in this country when convicted of an offence for which they could be imprisoned without the option of a fine.

As a natural result, in certain parts of London an immense demand for a list of such offences has been created among those aliens who are anxious to commit all the others.

We learn from the *Irish Independent* that men imprisoned in Cork Gaol for resisting the police at an eviction have been serenaded by a brass band. It is indeed a pleasant change to find law-breakers being discouraged in "Rebel Cork."

A Sydney gentleman has patented a scheme for supplying fresh air to households from the clouds by an arrangement of captive balloons and tubes. The inventor has submitted his plans to local doctors, who have advised him to take a rest.

A correspondent writes to the *Daily Mail* to enquire whether there is any foundation for the belief that by collecting a million old stamps one can obtain

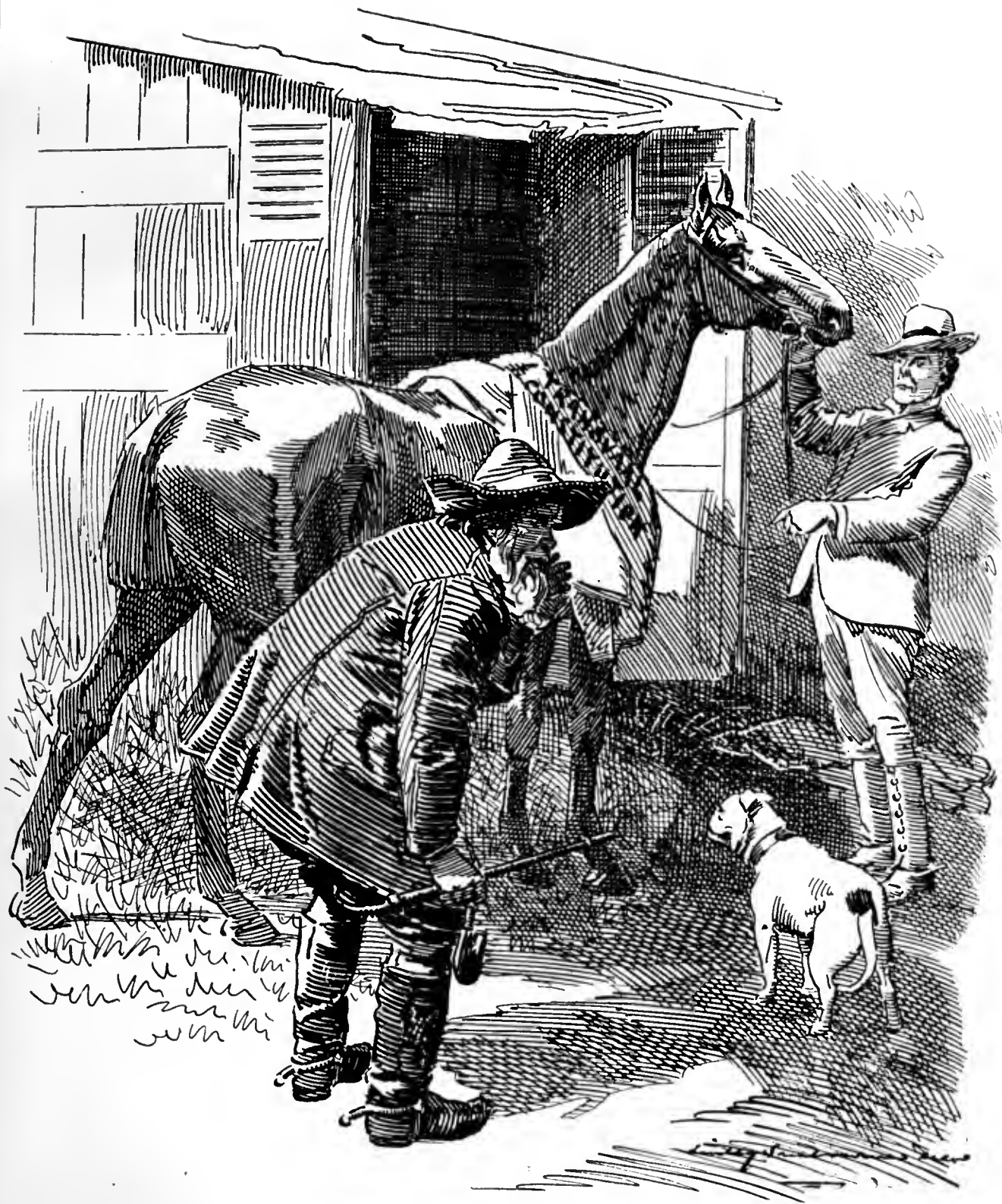
admission to some charitable institution. As we have explained before, such a collection carries with it the right of entrance to certain lunatic asylums.

The Czau has conceded religious freedom to all his subjects except the Jews. Still the Jews must be thankful for small mercies. They retain the right to die for their Czau in Manchuria.

The Army boot-workers on strike have announced their intention of marching on the War Office. This is really too bad. The War Office has done nothing.

A new motor street-cleaning machine which is about to be placed on the market will, it is claimed, even sweep up dogs (with the exception of St. Bernards).

Our pretty May Day customs die hard. A demonstration by Social Democrats and their ladies was held as usual in Hyde Park on the 1st inst.



THE GIFT HORSE.

RIGHT HON. ALFR-D L-TT-LT-N (COLONIAL SECRETARY). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE! HE'LL CARRY YOU TOPPINGLY FOR SOME TIME TO COME."

TRANSVAAL BURGER. "H'M—MUCH OBLIGED. (Aside) DOUBT IF HE'D PASS DE VET!"



HE KNEW HIS WORK.

Proprietor of Travelling Menagerie. "ARE YOU USED TO LOOKING AFTER HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS?"

Applicant for Job. "YESSIR. BEEN 'USED TO 'ORSES ALL MY LIFE."

P. O. T. M. "WHAT STEPS WOULD YOU TAKE IF A LION GOT LOOSE?"

A. F. J. "GOOD LONG UNS, MISTER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 2.
—After Easter's fitful holiday PRINCE ARTHUR sleeps well. For the matter of that so does his young friend the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Vain, envious critics are apt to accuse His Majesty's Ministers of lack of business capacity; to see these two lay themselves out to sleep on Treasury Bench as soon as debate on Aliens Bill got under way finally disposes of the imputation.

Surroundings certainly soporific. Members' hurry to get off to holiday equalled only by their lethargic gait in returning.

Overtaking straggling groups crossing Palace Yard one remembered

the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

C-B. boldly put in appearance at Question time; debate as it progressed too much for him. Whilst EVANS GORDON (known in the family circle by the name of his classic work, *The Alien Immigrant*) spoke, as became a veteran soldier, in battalions as compared with companies, C-B. hastily rose and fled, followed by full measure of scanty attendance of his colleagues.

"What attitude are the Leaders of the Opposition going to take on this Bill?" sternly asked the gallant Major at the close

of the first hour of his luminous speech. Pausing for reply, lo! he found the Front Bench tenantless. Even Sergeant HEMPHILL, who never wittingly spares himself five minutes of the delight of attendance, had, as they say of the fox, "gone away."

PRINCE ARTHUR, wakened by the laughter that followed EVANS GORDON's consternation on discovering the effect of his eloquence, looked up.

"Indomitable Major!" he whispered to AKERS-DOUGLAS, who was adding fresh note to already unmanageable sheaf. "We have long known him implacable in efforts to prevent Immigration; behold how irresistible he becomes as promoter of Emigration."

Only Don José alert, strenuous, full of fight. Judiciously spared himself the first four hours of debate, a full fourth appropriated by THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT from Stepney. No one expected him to speak; rose in nearly empty House; as usual the Benches filled up when the signal "Joe's up" was flashed to Reading Room, Smoking Room, Library and other resorts of Members who like to arrive at decision on important public questions without being prejudiced by argument urged in debate.

Amid scene suddenly transformed into one of bustling life and animation, Don José, with one eye on PRINCE ARTHUR, now wide awake, slyly applauded the Government measure as a step towards greater things. One more stride from a Bill which kept out Alien Labour, and they would land on the larger and more beneficent barricade that prevented foreign goods coming into competition with the product of the British workman.

In fervour of moment Don José made a slip that would have covered an ordinary man with confusion. It was as the champion and friend of the oppressed working man he interposed.

"Who are the people," he asked, "whose incursions into the country this Bill is designed to check? Why, they are men who come here to snatch at wages they cannot earn in their own country."

Swift as a dart the watchful Opposition fell on this weak spot. Don José's stock argument, trumpeted in Parliament and out, is that introduction of Protection into Great Britain will increase wages of working man. These Aliens come in from countries where Protection has been established for generations. Why, bloatedly prosperous beneath its blessed rule, should they leave hearth and home in search of better wages in a foreign land under Free Trade domination?

Rare to catch Don José without ready retort. Jubilantly asked to explain this little matter he, unnoticed, talked of something else.

Business done.—Aliens Bill read second time.

Wednesday.—Sir THOMAS BARTLEY sitting in his familiar corner seat, thinking that the stock of really well-managed Penny Banks will soon exceed the market price of Consols, was disturbed by unusual sound of a Member softly singing to himself. Turning sharply round discovered THOMAS CORBETT, Member for North Down, in the very act. Hon. Member was humming

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May.

Impulse irresistible. As matter of fact May had set in with its usual severity; but it was poets' Maytime in the soul of the Member for North Down.

Favoured by fortune at the Ballot-box, he had secured first place at the evening sitting, and was contemplating discussion of Resolution designed to cause his beloved countrymen in Nationalist camp to sit up.

Time was, in memory of some of us, when NEWDEGATE used every Session to bring in motion for appointment of Commission to inquire into Conventual and Monastic Institutions. Those were field nights through which the honest old Tory, the uncompromising Protestant, stood at bay whilst the Catholic Irish Members howled around him. After long interval ELISHA CORBETT clutches at the mantle of the departed prophet, and proposes to blow up again the embers of the old sectarian fire. This is why that song of Maytime bubbles to his lips.

Whilst yet he sang, TAY PAY rose from Nationalist camp and asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent importance the engagement of one of His Majesty's ships to convey an armed force to Dursey Island to assist in eviction of a tenant. Half a hundred Members backing up the request, it was forthwith acceded to.

"The merry month of May" froze on the parted lips of the controversial CORBETT. In place of it now was the winter of his discontent. He knew full well what the move meant. TAY PAY and his friends, taking precedence when the House resumed at 9 o'clock, would hold the field for the rest of the sitting. His hardly won, fondly cherished opportunity was snatched from him almost at the moment of its realisation.

ELISHA CORBETT went forth a stricken man. He vaguely remembered how he had secured the very corner seat on the fourth bench below the Gangway, whence once a year NEWDEGATE held forth. So that nothing should be lacking to the *renaissance*, he had privily possessed himself of a snuffbox and a large red pocket-handkerchief, such as NEWDEGATE flourished when the howls of the angered Irish imposed upon him temporary silence. In the altered circumstances they seemed but mockeries. He hid them in the recesses of his locker, in company with the MS. notes of his speech and the terms of his Resolution founded on NEWDEGATE'S. Then he went out and moodily paced the Embankment till the sound of Big Ben announced the adjournment of the House for dinner.

Business done.—Report of Supply.

Friday night.—"And when," I ventured to ask PRINCE ARTHUR, finding him in his room in comparative Friday afternoon leisure, "are you going to reply to Don José's overtures on Thriff tactics made before Easter?"

"Do you ever dally with DRAYTON, TOBY mio?" he said, picking up a book he

was reading when I entered. "You know him probably by his *Shepherds Garland* and his *Piers Gaveston*, if indeed you never made the acquaintance of his *Poly-Olbiou*."

"Never heard of the young lady," I frankly said.

"Ah, well," PRINCE ARTHUR continued, abandoning obvious intention of instruction, "I've been reading him lately, and came upon a sonnet which somehow haunts me with its musical lines."

And he murmured to himself:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain."

"Exactly. Very pretty indeed. But I was thinking about Don José and your promised reply."

"So was I," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "By the way, how are they getting on in the House? Have they vetoed 'old Scotch'?"

Business done.—Scotch Liquor Traffic Bill.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

WHEN GLADYS comes a whisper wakes,
A sudden thrill prevails,
She holds the eyes of men, and takes
The wind out of our sails.
In spite of every art we use,
Their bosoms she transfixes,
And yet I'm glad to know her shoes
Are unromantic sizes.

The frocks that LEONORA wears
Are absolutely sweet,
She practises such Frenchy airs
It's hopeless to compete.
Her lace is fine, her silks are thick,
Her sables make one sicken;
And yet, though LEONORA'S *chic*,
She's certainly no chicken.

DIANA has a sporting bent
And not a little side,
She's hot upon a screamin' scent
And knows the way to ride.
Her doggy tendencies would please
A print like Mr. STRACHEY'S,
But, though she drops her final g's,
Her father drops his h's.

A Relative Term.

Tommy. Will no "undesirable foreigners" of any kind be allowed to live in England once the Aliens Bill has passed?
Father. No—I don't think so.

Tommy. Hooray. Then Mamzell will have to go!

From the Far East.

WHEN Fleets joined Fleets then was the Togo War.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Our Burlesquington House Show.)



387. THE SPEECH.

"Wooden and oleaginous friends! Unaccustomed as I am to public *sneaking*, I beg to move the adjournment on a matter of definite urgent public importance."

1832. Homer, Sweet Homer; or the Accordion-pleated Minstrel.



83. H.H. the Khedive waiting on the top of the building for the high trapeze; or, "Whaur's yer Wullie Hohenzollern noo!"

384. "Call yourself a soldier! Look at me!"

299. Moonstruck on the Doggerbank; or, What Rozhdestvensky thought he saw.

256. The Colour-Sargent presents new colours to the Marlborough Family.

256. (Our Artist's Private View of this picture.) Charmed with the arrangement of Mr Sargent's portrait of the Marlborough Family, Mr. and Mrs. Bounder, of Upper Tooting, decide to follow suit,—if they can find an artist willing to take commission.

260. Ariadne in Naxos, or even less than that.



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(A helpful guide for the use of Visitors to the Royal Academy.)

L'Ouverture de la Saison, with harmonies in colour, is synonymous with the Opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House. We are not of those who gird at the Royal Academical authorities, but, on the other hand, we are "girders," and staunch ones too, as supporters of those in authority who have achieved their position by that capacity for attending to details which is the better part of genius. A Committee of fifteen, or thirteen, experts does not pronounce an opinion at haphazard. The decision of a majority of experienced Judges in the Highest Court of Appeal settles a matter in Law; and so also should it be with the Fine Arts. If a work of art be pronounced inadmissible to the Annual Exhibition by a majority of our leading Academicians, such verdict ought to be accepted as final, and the minority, recording a protest, would gracefully yield. With this profession of faith in the powers that be, and heartily congratulating Sir EDWARD POYNTER and the Academy on their most recent acquisitions under the terms of the Chantrey fund, we proceed with our summary of the Year's Pictorial Show at Burlington House.

At the Annual Banquet the Prince of WALES made an excellent, straightforward speech, which was enthusiastically received, especially by H.R.H.'s "friend FIDES," who bore his brushing honours bravely, humming to himself the ever popular air of "My Queen! My Queen!"

And now—to business.

10. *A Stock Exchange Allegory*. Awkward for the Bears. A work on which a SWAN (JOHN M., R.A. Elect) may plume himself.

15. FRANK DICKSEE'S, R.A., "Ideal" of a Nightmare. (*Cherchez la femme!*)

35. "The Woodman" who has not spared the trees, after cutting his stick away from home is now returning thither. He is waiting for his STANHOPE (A. FORBES, A.) to take him.

51. *Signor Manuel Garcia*. Mr. SARGENT, having painted this admirable portrait, a singing likeness of the renowned centenarian musical professor, ought to have been most particular as to its being numbered 100 instead of 51.

61. "Before the Rise of the Curtain." Shakspearian characters grouped by BACON.

101. "Vive le Roi Pacificateur!" Portrait of His Majesty the KING, by HAROLD SPEED. In Sc. 5 of Act II. of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says *Launce to Speed*, "A man is never undone till he be hanged." Mr. HAROLD SPEED has boldly dared to take our good KING full-length, life-size, and has been deservedly hung for his pains. But though he be "hanged" yet is he by no means "undone," although not a few grudging critics find fault with the artist for having given the public too much change for their sovereign. Now, although the right hand is weak and ungainly and the face but wishy-washy (which we wish it wasn't), yet a work by SPEED should not be judged in haste. It may be vastly improved by time and a pleasant residence at its destination, Belfast.

134. "Collie-Wobbling," or "A Lost Dog," by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

146. "Incedit Regina." Her Most Graceful Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA. Heartiest congratulations to LUCKY LUKE FIDES, R.A., for this admirable portrait of the Queen of Hearts, Diamonds, and Priceless Pearls. A full-length portrait and every inch a Queen.

162. *A Venetian Vintage*, or Wine from the Woods (R.A.); also *The High Street, Serra Valle, Veneto*, in the sun, and then *In the Shade of the Redwoods*. All delightful. Quite unique: Woods in Venice.

167. *Scotch Cattle*. Herd and seen by PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

182. "A Roman Triumph!" By A. C. GOW, R.A. "Gow along with yer! it's the arrival of a circus!"

183. "I am coming out strong!" The important personage who thus addresses the public is "His Highness," in a very elevated position, "The Khedive." He is cleverly repre-

More probably there was a "mailed fist," that is, a gracious autographic letter of appreciation to the artist, ARTHUR S. COPE, A., expressing His Majesty's Imperial pleasure at the result, and adding that "he (the EMPEROR) is almost convinced that he could not have done it better himself."

256. "La Famille à surprise!" "The Marvellous Marlboro' Troupe." JOHN S. SARGENT'S, R.A., wonder-working company—consisting of the Long-necked Lady (saying, "I have a head, and so has a pin,") Master Chirpy, the Ventriloquial Boy, Snap the Mechanical Dog, and the Professor himself in his world-renowned act as Thoughtful Thammy, the curious calculating character—can be engaged for every evening during their stay at Burlington House, where, for the next three months, all communications should be addressed.

257. DAVID MURRAY, R.A., depicts a new industry. This is a Butterfly Plantation.

260. *A Pitiable Plight*. Awkward predicament of the bathing lady, who, having sent away all her clothes, is now awaiting the arrival of the costume promised punctually by the DRAPER (HERBERT J.).

327. Capital picture by J. H. F. BACON, A., showing two children, *The Little Sly-booses*, brother and sister, explaining to the artist how "they ought to be at lessons but prefer picture books."

358. Pictorial advertisement for "Professor HERBERT VON HEUKOMER'S British and Bavarian tourist agency," showing the waiting-room of a station where the Professor's "personally-conducted tourists," while expecting the arrival of their "guide, philosopher and friend," pass the time in arguing as to the possibility of his being unpunctual. But they are quite safe, and may be perfectly satisfied, as everyone well knows the Professor has, long ago, "arrived."

376. "A Vele Gonfie." The interpretation of this title is, we believe, "with swelling sail." It represents a most bewitchingly-attractive lady casting a glance behind her, as if saying with NAPOLEON, "Let those who love me follow me! *Suivez-moi!*"

387. "A Suspension 'Bridge,' or which is 'The Cheat'?" Something dishonourable has been done by somebody and is shown up in this picture by the Honourable JORN COLLIER. Puzzle—to find out who is the cheat? Moral—"No Cards."

534. *A Birthday Present!* Another bit of BACON! Sir ALFRED GELDER considering what on earth he can do with this enormous pantomimic gold pencil which has been given him as a birthday present.

597. Delightful Lady, to whom we are introduced by Sir EDWARD POYNTER, Bart., P.R.A. "Lesbia hath a drooping eye."

726. "An Anxious Moment!" Mr. HENRI G. RIVIERE gives a life-like representation of Lady CRITCHETT, all alone. In the gloom at back, a door is mysteriously opening! She dare not turn!—What is going to happen?

(To be continued in next Academy.)

1826. *The Rt. Hon. Sir Antony MacDonnell*, G.C.S.I., K.C.V.O. Statue, marble, by GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A. Statue, characteristic both of the subject and of the artist. A good British Bull-dog type that can hold its own and stick to it. The statue is to be erected at Lucknow. May its original be in Luck now and always! N.B.—This is meant to be complimentary.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.



533. *Lycidas*, or *The Undesirable Alien*. I should have been delighted to have put in an appearance at Burlington House if my—ahem—clothes had arrived in time. But they're so dreadfully particular there. However, when I've got my pockets—well—perhaps my things may have come from the tailor's by the date of the Academy soirée.

sented by Mr. WATSON NICOL as about to take a step forward, which, it is to be hoped, will be in the right direction.

212. Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S latest "Mo." The discovery of *un petit bon mot*. One of the dams of the Nile has neglected her lambkin, which is adopted by an Egyptian Princess as an *enfant trouvé*. Notice native artists drawing water. N.B.—In store we are promised the "Findings of several Judges," to be presented to the Law Courts by Sir A. TADEMA, R.A.

235. See Mr. H. J. HENDON'S *Miss MacNabb*. Suggestive name for "a great catch."

241. "H.I.M." (of course it represents Him, and no mistake about it) "The German Emperor." No sign of the "mailed fist" here.

OPERATIC NOTES.



Arrival of Wagner, Walküre, Leit-motif Car, personally conducted by Hans Richter, escorted by Die Drei (but not very dry) Rheintöchter, followed by Alberich and Mime on the steam-dragon.

WAGNER for ever! Of course such is the battle-cry of the Wagnerians, and so also is it of those who, not having WAGNER on the brain, look askant at the Opera time-table which gives the starting of *Das Rheingold* express at 8 P.M. sharp, stopping nowhere, fitted up with WAGNER-lits (most comfortable) and arriving an hour short of midnight; and even still more askant at the slow trains *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, starting at 5 P.M., stopping *en route* one hour for refreshment, and the excursion *Die Götterdämmerung* (a name which somewhat strictly brought-up English ladies are chary of pronouncing) at 4.30, on a Saturday afternoon, the hour of arrival not being given. This time-table is a startler, and 'tis with feelings of relief that the ordinary Opera habitués, who is not a Patron of the Ring, sees on the way-bill so familiar a name as *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and welcomes with delight the reappearance, let us hope as fresh as ever, of a very old friend, *Don Pasquale*.

Monday, May 1.—RICHTER's reception enthusiastic, which he Richterly deserves. An all-night sitting for *Das Rheingold*, from 8 till 11 without a break. Too much of WAGNER or of any music or play, whatever it may be, to take at one draught. Wagnerian audience cold; but this is *de rigueur*. Brilliant audience in dark auditorium; everybody of distinction in boxes, but nobody distinguished, as the House is in Wagnerian-Cimmerian darkness. It is enough to understand musically "what's what" on the stage, without noticing "who's who" in the auditorium.

Summary: RICHTER and orchestra perfect; Herr Wotan-WHITEHILL, Loge-BURRIAN, Mime-REISS, all good; Donner-SOOMER rather weak; Alberich-ZADOR, Fasolt-HINCKLEY, Fafner-RABOTH, very good. The three Fräuleins, Woglinde-BOSETTI, Wellgunde-ALTEN and Flosshilde-BEHNÉ, all very good; Erda-KIRKBY LUNN uncommonly good, and Fricka-Frau REINL, Freia-Frau KNÜFFER-EGLI decidedly good. And there's an end on't. Bid me discourse no more.

Tuesday. Pedestrian exercise, *Die Walküre*. Darkness visible. Same evening dress as last night, but starting at 5 P.M. Hope soon to get accustomed to these habits. Great night. Splendid performance. Sleepers awakened. Enthusiasm. All artists in best form, and Mime. FLEISCHER-EDEL (*Sieglinde*), Frau WITTICH (*Brünnhilde*), at, to put it anglo-germanically, their *verry-beshitesht*.

Thursday, *Siegfried*.—Covent Garden has a lot to learn from the Lane. Since WAGNER insists on pantomime, the

Management should contract for the best that can be had. Their Dragon, never a great achievement, was this time quite contemptible. He showed no fight, except to make a little play with a red tongue that pointed upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, and kept sticking out long after he was stone-dead. In shape it looked rather like a Geneva red-cross—a cowardly sign for a beast of that size to hang out; almost worse than a white flag. Herr KRAUS, a *Siegfried* of remarkably robustious proportions, sang well within himself, as if he were afraid of displacing the foliage. He should distinguish, by the way, between a horn for winding and a horn for drinking. In employing the former instrument he throws back his head and holds the thing vertically over his mouth as if he were tossing off its contents. Herr ZADOR as *Alberich* sang and acted with great vivacity, and Herr REISS extracted the last ounce of humour (humour is not WAGNER's strongest point) from the character of the treacherous *Mime*. Mr. WHITEHILL's splendid voice was some compensation for the stodginess of his part as the *Wanderer*. Signorina BOSETTI, invisible up a tree, made a delicious bird; while Madame KIRKBY LUNN, singing faultlessly as *Erda*, electrified the underground. In the last Act, where *Siegfried* falls in love with his strapping aunt (in the cavalry), Madame WITTICH sang the part of *Brünnhilde* with fine sonorousness, but her gesticulations, always a difficult matter in the waking-scene, fell short of perfect spontaneity. Herr RICHTER's orchestra carried off the honours. The house was full and appreciative, but kept its enthusiasm nicely under control.

Friday, May 5.—Substitution of the Barber for *Don Pasquale*, The delightful *Barbiere*! House full—of enthusiasm for the excellent acting and singing of Mlle.

BOSETTI (who rejected the encore for her rendering of "The Queen of the Night's" song) and of M. GILBERT, who was a perfect *Dr. Bartolo* in spite of an ill-fitting wig which, if supplied by *Figaro*, would not be a good advertisement for that Barber's establishment. It was perhaps this sense of responsibility that somewhat oppressed M. MAUREL, as ordinarily gay and light-hearted *Figaro*. M. MARCOUX was a fairly good *Basilio*, but we have seen a brighter *Almaviva* than Signor BRAVI. Alas! Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is no longer in *Dr. Bartolo's* household as *Bertha*. Who will replace her in all the varied rôles hitherto associated with this invaluable artiste?

Signor MANCINELLI conducts himself, and his merry men, as well as ever.



WELCOME REAPPEARANCE OF TWO GREAT DONS, ANNOUNCED FOR TUESDAY, MAY 9.

Mr. Punch (delighted). "Ah! Don Pasquale with Don Izetti. Not seen you together here for twenty-five years!"

THE HEAVILY INSURED.

IN reference to M. PADREWSKI's distressing illness, it is interesting to recall that, like all other great musical performers, he has always been heavily insured against all kinds of risks that might temporarily prevent him from appearing on the concert platform. His two hands are permanently underwritten for no less than £10,000, so that if either of them sustained such an injury through accident or disease as would prevent him from playing for the future, or so impair his powers as to render his performances of less value, he would qualify for the large sums named. Of the other most famous concert performers, KUSLIK is generally understood to be one of the most heavily insured. He has stated that he pays £300 premium for insurance in respect of his bow-hand alone, so that if prevented from fulfilling a single engagement he would receive £2,000 compensation. For a total disablement of this hand he would receive £10,000. In the case of JOSEF HOFFMANN, not only each hand, but each individual finger, is separately insured.

Such insurances are by no means confined to musical performers. Each of the Australian cricketers is insured against any injury that would incapacitate him in the field, while most of the leading English players are protected in this way against the penalties of writer's cramp.

MR. BEERDOM TREE insures not only his general health but also his left hand and his left hip. If anything should occur to prevent these two portions of his anatomy from coming into picturesque conjunction he would receive a cheque of considerable dimensions. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, in addition to his voice, insures his trouser-press.

MR. HAROLD BEGGIE pays a heavy premium on his adjective box, and if at any time he failed to produce the required epithet while writing one of his charming articles he would be entitled to handsome compensation.

MR. PLOWDEN's tongue is heavily insured, and he receives quite a handsome sum from a leading office whenever a sitting at the Marylebone Court yields no opening for a joke; but this is very seldom.

MR. BERNARD SHAW's insurances are numerous and weighty. For instance, it is stated on the best authority that he pays no less than £500 premium to indemnify him against the humiliating consequences of official recognition, such as elevation to the ranks of the Order of Merit, election to the Athenæum Club under the Distinguished Rule, or inclusion in the ranks of the British Academy.

Amongst eminent publicists who have insured themselves heavily must be reckoned Mr. LEO MAXSE, the gifted editor of the *National Review*. Thus it is an open secret that in the event of his ever being converted to the Free Food heresy he would immediately become entitled to an annuity of £1500 a year, while if he were ever so unfortunate as to find himself at a dinner party in company with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL he would at once be in a position to claim a sum of £2000.

Furthermore, it is interesting to know that Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of the *Spectator*, pays a premium of £200 to guard against the loss of prestige which might be sustained by his paper if he were in a moment of inadvertence to accept the Order of the Red Eagle from the German EMPEROR.

MR. BALFOUR's intellect, so we understand, is permanently underwritten for no less a sum than £20,000. Thus if he were ever compelled to give a definition or make a statement the interpretation of which should be unanimously agreed on by Mr. CHAPLIN, Mr. ASQUITH, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, he will at once qualify for the sum mentioned.

MR. HALL CAINE, the eminent Manx novelist, has taken out a policy of £5000 against being mistaken for BACON.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite turns with expectation of pleasure to anything signed with the mark of "Q." *Shining Ferry* (HOBBS AND STOUTON) from one point of view varies the record. Purporting to be a novel of the ordinary six-shilling design, it is actually a series of episodes and sketches of character strung together on the slimmest thread. It opens well with description of *John Rosecarne*, the hard-headed business man, with his love tragedy hidden in a heart whose secrets are jealously kept from the world. But the promise of a drama that would hold the reader in thrall fades away to the futile ending of a marriage between *Hester Martin* and *Tom Trevarthen*. Strewn by the way are charming chapters illustrating the manners and speech of the Cornwall folk whom "Q." knows so well. One of the most delightful is *Nicky Vro*, the boatman of the Ferry, whose adamantine incredulity at the idea that the world in general, and Troy Town in particular, could get along if he were dismissed from his post, is told with rare touch of pathos and humour. The probability is that these cameos were originally prepared separately, and on afterthought strung together on the thread aforesaid. It is a case which varies the rule about second thoughts being best.

In *The House of Barukirk* (Duckworth & Co.) AMY McLAREN, its author, gives us a commencement sufficiently attractive; whereupon the guileless Baron, on the point of congratulating his faithful servants the Skipper and his boy on their having at last obtained a rest, pauses, gives the word to "stand by," and ere he has completed a bold attempt at steering a straight course through another half-dozen chapters is forced once again to set to work both Skipper and boy, that by their aid, through meandering creeks, avoiding several dangers, nicely turning many corners, or getting out and taking a short cut from rock to rock, the Baron may reach that haven of rest called *Finis*. Arrived, he regrets that, on the working out of what promised to be a really good plot, so much capability should have wasted itself in commonplace of conversation and repetition of situation: moreover, that whatever was slightly weird should have become wearisome, and the possibly tragic, troublesome. The Baron, improving on the words of the *Crown Prince of Denmark*, exclaims, "Oh what a noble purpose was here o'erthrown!"

The Leading Actor would have been a title for Mr. OPPENHEIM's romance more respectful to the Thespian profession than *The Master Mummer* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), though, even then, it would not be correctly descriptive of this story, where the principal tragedian is not so much its hero as is his daughter, to whom her unhappy parent has to act, as an American would pronounce it, "both as mummer and poppa." Those for whom dagger and bowl, air pistols, revolvers and knives, unutterably wicked Superioreses of strange foreign convents, naughty Barons, daring Arch-duchesses, cruel Countesses, hairbreadth escapes, sanguinary struggles with various violent villains, romantic rescues, and enlivening *coups de théâtre*, still possess some charm, will find pretty well all the above ingredients in this melodramatic and, to the Baron, rather tedious, story.



EDITORS AND TRADE.

["'The tailor's shop is mine,' replied the editor. He was running the two businesses together. The combination of incongruous businesses is much more common in London than one might think."—*British Weekly*.]

ARMED with the suggestion thus thrown out by our serious contemporary, a representative of this paper set forth yesterday morning in one of the new four-wheeled haillons bent upon discovering some of the secrets adumbrated by the *British Weekly's* contributor.

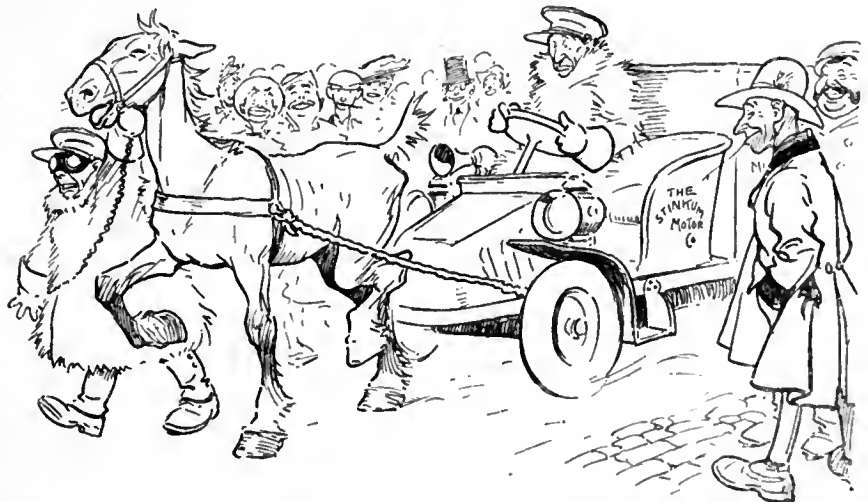
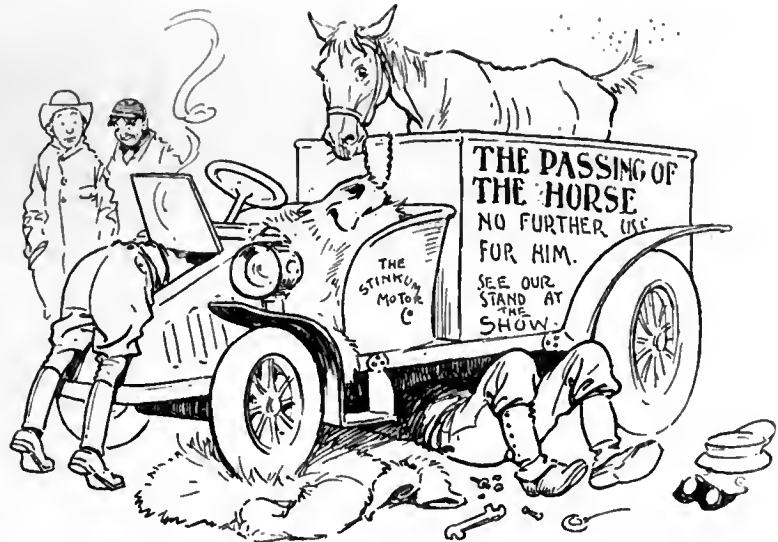
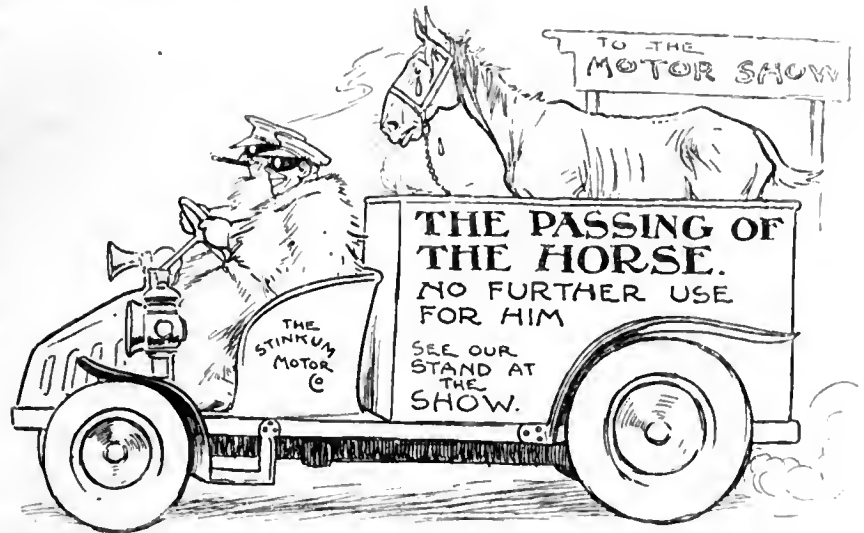
After a series of masterly manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Printing House Square, for, as one may suppose, there is much secrecy to penetrate in these matters, our sleuth-hound ascertained that Mr. BUCKLE, the Editor of the *Times*, is by no means an idle man when off thundering duty. The great universal providing establishment in Leather Lane, which is famous all over the world as Strap's Emporium, is in reality Mr. BUCKLE'S. Mr. BUCKLE'S is the brain that directs all STRAP'S operations. But we cannot go so far as to state that contributions to the *Times* are paid by vouchers for STRAP'S goods.

Mr. BUCKLE is by no means alone. The Editor of the *Morning Post*, Mr. FABIAN WARE, has a large factory in the Potteries, and a retail house in town for the supply of crockery for Socialists. Mr. BERNARD SHAW buys all his plates and dishes of Mr. FABIAN WARE.

Pursuing his investigations in Wellington Street, our representative made the startling discovery that Mr. Sr. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of the *Spectator*, keeps a cat and canary shop in Seven Dials as well as a gunsmith's establishment on Shooter's Hill for the manufacture of Lewis Morris Tubes and other lethal weapons employed by rifle clubs.

After a brief rest, rendered necessary by this momentous discovery, our special plenipotentiary made his way to the palatial offices of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and waited until the Editor emerged from the stately portals. Following the great publicist at a discreet distance for the space of several parasangs, he eventually tracked him down to a sumptuous creamery in Soho, where, under the genial pseudonym of PAT D'O'VLY, the famous panegyrist drives a roaring trade in the richest and most nutritious butter.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following passage from an auctioneer's catalogue:—"As a building site its value must be considerably enhanced by the matured condition of the land, the thriving fruit trees, and the buildings standing thereon." So the last scene in *Peter Pan* was not original after all!



PILOTS THAT WANT DROPPING.

AIR "Ye Mariners of England."

[See note to Cartoon on opposite page.]

Ye mariners of Europe,
Who run our English seas,
And pouch, beneath the Union Jack,
Our native pilots' fees,
Under what flag do you propose
To play the warrior tar,
When the foe wants to know
The trick of channel and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

Pumped out of various countries
Abutting on the brine,
'Tis nought to you what noble names
Have led our battle-line;
Why should you care how NELSON fell
In the triumph of Trafalgar—
When the night shrouds from sight
Channel and buoy and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

Wherever Mr. BILL works,
In bank or shop or mart,
You aliens enter in and learn
His business by the chart;
So here he trains you up to be
His rivals' guiding star
When they creep, while we sleep,
By channel and buoy and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

To you who share our seaways
On every ebb and flood,
The bond of British comradeship
Is not the bond of blood;
Nature, more close than foster-ties,
Would prove what race ye are,
When the keel of kindred steel
Slides in by channel and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

We spare, transpontine pilot,
To write you down a spy,
And yet— you scarce could change your heart
Then when you changed your sky;
And, since we fain would keep our ships
Intact of bolt and spar,
You must go, ere the foe
Slips in by channel and bar,
Ere the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

O. S.

FROM "The Country Day by Day" (*Daily Mail*):—

"Daily the interest of our thronging bird-life grows.

"See the whitebait, slim and tiny, a wanderer from the far south . . . attitudinising like some famous tenor on the top of a bramble twig."

Can any of our readers quote similar cases of a minnow, say, or a smelt, performing on a hedge like a *prima donna*? There is of course the famous Horatian example of fishes finding themselves up a tree in time of flood:

Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulno;

but these were ordinary, not singing, fishes.

THE VISCOUNT AND THE BIG GAME.

(With acknowledgments to Lord Mountmorres' articles in the "Globe.")

A JOURNALIST in Central Africa would indeed be dull if he had no interest in fauna. There must of necessity be long periods between one's despatches when little happens, either in the way of Belgian atrocities or other phases of tropical industry, when, were one to be totally careless of the surrounding animal life, time would hang heavily on one's hands. But given a flair for monkeys, or any skill with the gun, and one's life becomes a dream of delight. I found Central Africa teeming with big game. Wherever one struck off the main lines of communication one was safe to light upon elephants, buffalo, bush cattle, and an enormous variety of antelope, leopards, and a kind of cheetah with very sticky hoofs and a long brush, known in French as a glueopard. I shot specimens of these all day; and I never ceased to be amazed at the ignorance of Central Africa which is displayed in England and at the Natural History Museum.

In connection with one of my feats I may tell a curious story. Strolling out one morning with my walking-stick rifle (which, by-the-way, is also a camp-stool and umbrella), I bowled over a brace of fine bull elephants, which I at once skinned. When I came to unpack my case in this country, I discovered the two elephant skins had disappeared, and in their place were two other skins belonging to a little mammal which forms, I believe, a kind of connecting link between two such distinct species as the guinea-pig tribe and the mammoth. The only way in which this substitution could possibly have come about is that during my stay at Avakubi, immediately before the case of skins was finally packed, I was comparing specimens with the resident official of the post, and by some error these skins must have got exchanged. But isn't it odd?

And monkeys. Of the larger Simians, one meets with practically unlimited baboons of all sizes, from those no larger than a cat up to those as large as a twelve-year-old child, and as powerful as a full-grown chauffeur. Then, to the west and north-west, more particularly in the French Congo, gorillas are fairly plentiful, but they are so preposterously delicate that I made no attempt at bringing any down country alive, as I was warned by everyone that I should never achieve it. I shot however great numbers. Moving eastward, the gorillas gradually give place to the chimpanzees, and in STANLEY'S forest and in the forest immediately south of the Uele they are very plentiful. One extraordinary fact about them and about several of the varieties of the smaller monkeys is the attraction which the white man, especially a lord, appears to have for them. They will have nothing to do with the native, but display an extraordinary curiosity concerning and attachment for the European. I found, over and over again, that in a day or two after catching a perfectly wild monkey, especially the younger ones, and more particularly those of the blue-faced (SCHUMBER'S and RECKITT'S) varieties and dog monkeys (which bark like a European dog), I was able completely to domesticate them. I have quite a houseful in England at this moment, some of which are being trained to write Cricket Notes for the morning papers. There is nothing they cannot do.

Snakes too

[Enough, enough. — Ed.]

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"—"The letter from the Variety Touring Company, London, requesting permission to bring a company of entertainers to Inverness, was remitted to the Parks and Cemeteries Committee, with powers."—*Highland News*.



RIGHT MEN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

SHADE OF NELSON. "WHAT DO YOU CALL THESE, MA'AM?"

BRITANNIA. "OH, THEY'RE SOME OF MY ALIEN PILOTS."

SHADE OF NELSON. "WHAT, IN BRITISH WATERS? H'M—IN MY DAY WE KEPT OUR SECRETS TO OURSELVES!"

[“Gravest of all was the risk arising from the fact that fifty-nine foreign pilots are employed on our coasts. British ships abroad were compelled to take native pilots, and he wished to see an Act passed that no alien should be granted a pilotage certificate for English waters.”—Report of Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith’s Speech at the Royal United Service Institution.]





REALISTIC.

Mr. Inksplodger (the celebrated novelist, in search of ideal rustic week-end country cottage). "WINDOW ON THE FLOOR, EH! QUEER PLACE FOR A WINDOW, ISN'T IT?"

Cottager. "WELL, IT BE RATHER LOW, SIR; BUT 'TIS A NICE VIEW IF YOU COULD JUST LIE DOWN AND LOOK OUT."

THE MIGHTY PEN.

"With this little instrument that rests so lightly in the hand, whole nations can be moved . . . When it is poised between thumb and finger, it becomes a living thing—it moves with the pulsations of the living heart and thinking brain, and writes down, almost unconsciously, the thoughts that live—the words that burn . . . It would be difficult to find a single newspaper or magazine to which we could turn for a lesson in pure and elegant English."—Miss Corelli in "Free Opinions Freely Expressed."] "

O MAGIC pen, what wonders lie

Within your little length!
Though small and paltry to the eye
You boast a giant's strength.
Between my finger and my thumb
A living creature you become,
And to the listening world you give
"The words that burn—the thoughts
that live."

Of, when the sacred fire glows hot,
Your wizard power is proved:
You write till lunch, and nations not
Infrequently are moved;

"Twixt lunch and tea perhaps you damn
For good and all, some social sham,
And by the time I pause to sup
Behold CARNEGIE crumpled up!

Through your unconscious eyes I see
Strange beauty, little pen!
You make life exquisite to me,
If not to other men.
You fill me with an inward joy
No outward trouble can destroy,
Not even when I struggle through
Some foolish ignorant review;

Nor when the press bad grammar scrawls
In wild uncultured haste,
And which intolerably galls
One's literary taste;
What are the editors about,
Whom one would think would edit out
The shocking English and the style
Which every page and line defile?

There is, alas! no magazine,
No paper that one knows
To which a man could turn for clean
And graceful English prose;

Not even, O my pen, though you
Yourself may write for one or two,
And lend to them a style, a tone,
A grammar that is all your own.

I see the shadows of decay
On all sides darkly loom;
Massage and manicure hold sway,
Cosmetics fairly boom;
Old dowagers and budding maids
Alike affect complexion-aids,
While middle age with anxious care
Dyes to restore its dwindling hair.

The time is out of joint, but still
I am not hopeless quite
So long as you exist, my quill,
Once more to set it right.
Woman will cease from rouge, I think,
Man pour his hair-wash down the sink,
If you will yet consent to give
"The words that burn—the thoughts
that live."

THE decoration conferred on one of the
Raunds strikers in the Strangers' Gallery
was the Order of the Boot.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Being an attempt to get erudition into the columns of "Punch" in the manner of "C. K. S." in the "Sphere."

TIN MURRAVS' new edition of *Byron* is now complete. It is a pity I was not asked about this work while it was in progress, because I could have added to the value of almost every page. I have, for example, in my collection a memorandum on the back of which BYRON made a number of comments on the speeches of the evening. It is unfortunate that the names of the speakers are not given; but I venture to hold that the reproduction of these notes in facsimile would materially increase the intimate interest of the work. The cover also is far too light a blue; but this probably is a snobbish reminder that BYRON was at Eton and Cambridge.

I find that, by a slip of the pen, I referred last week to my life-long friend J. QUILLINGTON SUMMERS, the accomplished poet and critic, as E. SUMMERSON QUILLS. This is one of the slips incident to the life of a man who has taken all knowledge for his province.

Silly men and sillier women whose main reading would seem to be the foolish fiction of the hour do not recognise that much of the dull fooling of SHAKESPEARE'S clowns is utterly out of date, and that the feudal standpoint of SHAKESPEARE is not part of his permanent claim on our devotion. They love to quote a boyish sonnet of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S:

Others abide our question: Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still
Out-topping knowledge.

Whereas SHAKESPEARE abides my question as completely as any. A genuine study of his works has made him as familiar to me as MILTON is familiar or my friend Mr. MAX PERBRETTON.

I have received a cablegram from my friend Colonel CYRUS K. WIGGSPACH saying that he is just putting the finishing touches to a new novel which, when completed, may be published in this country either by the LAXES or the SMITHS AND ELDERS.

One of the most interesting items in my library is a series of bound volumes of *The Athenæum*, with marginal corrections in my own handwriting. Every journalist should make a point of setting a paper right whenever he can. Of course not all are able to. Some day I think of asking the METRICENS to publish these *corrigenda* of mine in a volume for the pocket for pedestrians, uniform with their *Borrow*.

I am glad to see that my friend Mr. G. BEARDSD SNOOE has been setting GORTNE in his right place at last; although incidentally he has put many journalists, all friends of mine too, by the ears. GORTNE (whose name is pronounced to rhyme to "thirty" and not "floweth") did well enough up to a certain point, but there are dozens of living poets who, had they the mind, could write *Faust* to better purpose. Much of GORTNE'S reputation comes probably from his boyish appeal, as he lay dying, for "more light." There is nothing that so much impresses the Man in the Street as a death-bed utterance, and, owing to the inferior quality of the gas and electric light which Londoners have to put up with, this aspiration touches a common chord.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DAILY DETERGENCE.

[These notes on H₂O have spilled over from a recent independent investigation made by a member of a well-known Advertising Staff.]

THERE is one thing which is the best in the world, says PINDAR, and it fortunately exists in abundance. Authoritatively, it has been placed by Alexandrian physicists of the second century B.C. as third among the four cardinal elements. Still further back in the history of Greek philosophy, we learn that THALES of Miletus, who was born about B.C. 640 and died in 550, at the age of 90, maintained as the vital doctrine of his system that this particular fluid substance was the single original *stoicheion* from which everything came and into which everything returned.

If we turn to Israelitish folk-lore we find a distinct allusion to the balneatory aspect of this liquid in the statement that Moab was a synonym for a wash-pot. NOMI, again, must at one time in his career have been deeply impressed by its universal prevalence, and, had he been conversant with the American language, would undoubtedly have described himself as being in the middle of a very "big splash." It is true that, through the process of the ages, some degenerate tribes have lost the instinct of lavation. The Esquimaux, for instance, have such a horror of this commodity and are so averse from its outward or inward application, that in their expressive idiom it is taboo as *aluknikinknikikagik* or "Pail Poison for Pink People." Many of the Inuits and other glacial troglodytes have never beheld it except in a solidified condition, and ridicule therefore the idea of any possible deterverse qualities. It must be confessed that similar opinions appear to be held by their vodka-soaked cater-cousins of the

East End dumping-grounds, where the surroundings are not conducive to any waxy morbidezza on the alien visage.

As a solvent, H₂O is in the highest degree efficient, there being few substances in the physical or financial world that are not to some extent affected by it. In a free state, its constituents are derived in minute quantities from the atmosphere, such as ammonia, carbonic acid, nitrous and sulphurous acids, and are sometimes largely charged with gas, and the exuvie of certain insects such as caddis-worms, or, occasionally, dead puppy-dogs. It is 825 times heavier than air, and when converted into steam expands to nearly 1600 volumes. One cubic centimetre at 4° and under a pressure of 760 mm. of mercury, weighs 15.432319 grains or one grammé, the unit of weight in the metric system. We have personally verified these details in a popular encyclopedia. To quote a single instance of its occurrence in the botanical world, we need only allude to the Pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes distillatoria*), which has a fistular green body occupying the place and performing the functions of a leaf, and closed at its extremity by an operculum. Within this vessel is a fluid, to all appearance *aqua pura*, which often proves fatally attractive to rats and other small animals seeking to assuage their thirst. This carnivorous plant is a native of Ceylon, and was introduced into English greenhouses in 1789. Sir JOSEPH PAXTON says it is easy of cultivation.

It is questionable whether, in its application to household uses, people properly understand the treatment of H₂O. A vast deal of it must be wasted. Though it is one of the primary virtues to be clean, it is equally a duty to be economical. A wasteful H₂O is the highest form of extravagance, while that of a good quality is always the cheapest, no matter what its price. It gives the wettest results, removes the maximum of dirt, and simply *trill* wash clothes. In the history of the world there has never been a time when H₂O has been so good and so cheap. There is, generally speaking, too great a familiarity with the amazing output and spontaneous presentment of this liquid for it to be appreciated at its true value. A gallon, for instance, of the Hammersmith Waterworks H₂O, which would be a veritable godsend to the sun-baked native of the Sahara, is an everyday affair in West Kensington, and scarce regarded. Yet if it is considered as a priceless treasure by the poor fuzzy-wuzzy, it must be equally a treasure to the rate-ridden householder, for it does the same work in each instance. Realising this fact, the next duty is, naturally, to utilise the best means at hand.

Incidentally, we have made mention

of the Hammersmith H₂O, a detergent very well known, and with a stagnation of sixty years to recommend it. In the next ten articles we propose to explain how, where, when and why it is produced, proving that a canful of the same is 50% more aqueous than any other H₂O in the market.

ZAG-ZAG.

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE not wishing to detract from Admiral ROZHDISTVENSKY's historic victory off the Dogger Bank, we would point out that the recent Russian success off Vladivostok was an even more brilliant affair. In this case—where a Japanese trading vessel of the size of a trawler was sunk—the Russians had not a single battleship: the whole thing was accomplished by four torpedo-boats.

The KAISER, according to the *Times*, caused much ill-feeling in Venice by his big steam-launches rushing down the Grand Canal at a speed forbidden by the local laws. WILHELM II. is not the first Moorish celebrity who has created a commotion in this well-known watering-place. There was, of course, *Othello*.

Since the publication of Admiral FITZGERALD's article, the British Navy has been doing its best to reassure the German people. Our ships have been running aground in the most light-hearted fashion, just to show that we really are not dangerous; and our Grand Manœuvres have been postponed, "as they may cause inconvenience if carried out."

The expression, "the Admiralty Boom," is misleading. It applies only to the device for closing Portsmouth harbour. In the matter of the laying down of battleships there is a pronounced Admiralty Slump.

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER has assured Sir HORATIO DAVIES, M.P., that nothing has been settled in the matter of the removal of the Royal Engineers from Chatham. Nevertheless a panic was caused when a couple of big pantechuicon vans appeared in the town one day last week.

The feeling of discontent, rage, and jealousy among those sculptors whose work was not rejected by the Royal Academy continues to grow.

"Learning Languages by Telephone," is the title of an article in the *Daily Mail*. Telephone girls, we understand, have learnt quite a lot of language that way.

The Dutch for "Spotted Fever," a contemporary informs us, is "Hersensvliesruggemerksontsteking." This looks



!!!
Prize Idiot (who doesn't know all the family). "BEASTLY SLOW HERE. I'M OFF. WHICH WAY DO YOU GO HOME?"
Son of the House. "I'M THERE NOW."

as if there is some foundation for the belief that, if Dutch be allowed in South African schools, progress will be retarded.

We understand that the dust heap at Kensington where a number of Georgian sovereigns were recently found is at once to be floated as a gold mine by a group of clever City financiers.

To judge by certain of its own advertisements, the *Evening Standard* regards itself as peculiarly the paper for Flats.

We have a much better opinion of our contemporary than that.

Theatrical managers are so often accused of being unable to break with tradition, that it seems only fair to point out that several of them have recently produced plays, in which the character of *Hamlet* does not appear at all.

"A considerable demonstration of approval greeted the fall of the curtain." How are we to take this?

SOMETHING TO SEE.

Leah Kleschna is the title of Mr. McLellan's drama, which has achieved an immediate success at the New Theatre, mainly due to the powerful acting of all the principals in the exceptionally strong and well-chosen cast. And to this result Mr. DOR BACHMANN's artistic stage-management has largely contributed. It is a drama with only the slightest temporary relief introduced by two minor characters, *Valentin Facer*, a poseur and eccentric young journalist, well rendered with all the necessary exaggeration the part requires by Mr. BERTRAM STEER, and *Sophie Chapouiniere*, his intended, a young person whose lively coquetry, being very naturally depicted by Miss BETTY CALLISH, serves as an artistically contrived contrast to the severe gloominess that oppresses the heroine *Leah Kleschna*, with whom, for one short scene, she is brought into contact.

The piece, which will remind many of such well-known stories dealing with crime as *Monsieur Lecoq*, *Sherlock Holmes*, and *Oliver Twist*, is excellent serious drama as far as it goes, that is up to the end of the Fourth Act, where with *Leah's* breaking the chain that has hitherto bound her to her companions in crime her career comes suddenly to an end. It is abrupt, powerfully dramatic; and it should suffice. If there is to be any further development, if it be necessary to gratify the aroused curiosity of "our friends in front," then ought the future not only of *Leah* to be revealed but also, in order to satisfy poetic justice, the fate of her atrociously criminal father, of his slave and pupil *Schram*, and of the dastardly *Raoul*, should be made clear; otherwise, unless this gang be exterminated and not one of the wicked trio remain alive, how can there be any prospect of peace and happiness for *Leah*, or for her husband *Paul Sylvaime*? If the scoundrels continue to exist, her father will be in penal servitude; and subsequently, either as an escaped convict, or as one who has served his time, he will return to blackmail his daughter and son-in-law. On such a hypothesis either there should be no Fifth Act, or it should be of a totally different character. If the villains are dead, the welcome news escaped me; but even then the Fifth Act achieves nothing, as it, most inartistically, commences a new love story, with possibilities, wherein there is a peasant girl, *Frieda*, prettily played by Miss DORA GRAY, who is jealous because a sturdy villager, who ought to have been her own lover, has lost his heart to *Leah*, whose departure with *Paul Sylvaime* he broken-heartedly witnesses. Such is the Fifth Act: it is *de trop*.

As to the acting there can be nothing but the highest praise for everybody. Miss LENA ASHWELL, impersonating *Leah Kleschna*, has superb moments, intensely tragic, always pathetic. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, the ordinarily brusque, rollicking hero of careless comedy, is unrecognisable as the high-principled christian philanthropist and ardent lover, *Paul Sylvaime*. It is a very fine performance: as also is that of Mr. HERBERT WARING representing the miserable dissipated sneak and bully, *Raoul Berton*. These characters are admirably contrasted.

As the man *Kleschna*, whose sense of right and wrong is utterly perverted, who is a beast of prey—savage as a tiger, tender, as if by a maternal instinct, towards his motherless child, only as long as she does not thwart him in his criminal designs, Mr. CHARLES WARNER has a part where his rare gifts of keen artistic insight into character, his power of swiftly passing by a sudden passionate impulse from lightest comedy to deepest tragedy, matured and perfected by experience, serve him to such purpose, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any actor who could play this part so effectively; and it is the recollection of CHARLES WARNER as *Kleschna* that will indelibly impress the production of this melodrama on the minds of all who have the good fortune to

see it. His performance detracts not one jot from the excellence of the others, yet, if we consider for a moment, with a weak or mediocre *Kleschna*, how vain would be the best efforts of the heroine! The significance of her part depends on the strength of the actor who plays her father. His influence has to pervade the scenes in which he does not appear. He is the scheming *Fagin* of *Oliver Twist*, without the cowardice and treachery; he is *Bill Sikes*, without his brutal coarseness. Just as *Leah* is a *Nancy*, but possessing virginal innocence that has never been tampered with, and which finally triumphs over all obstacles. *Kleschna* is the hardened criminal: his creed is, "*Ni Dieu ni maitre*;" he has the bravery of a Newfoundland dog; he has generous instincts, but to him darkness is light, he is a thief, a burglar of the very first class, and he glories in it.

Able seconded is he by Mr. WILLIAM DEVEREUX as *Schram*, his pupil, accomplice, confederate, and slave. And there is good in the slouching *Schram*: he loves *Leah* with a tamed, but naturally savage, animal's devotion to its young mistress. Mr. DEVEREUX gives us a remarkably impressive representation of this character, and in the strongest situations his art is invaluable. Mr. J. G. GRAHAME is well in the picture as *General Berton*, the straightforward soldier in authority, who has no sympathy with fads concerning the reclamation of criminals. But all are excellent. There are spots on the sun, and if there are defects here, they belong to the piece, and are not to be attributed to its present representation, which I strongly recommend to the attention of all whom the perfection of acting on the English stage delights and exhilarates.

IN BERLIN.

I AM writing this on May 9, the hundredth anniversary of the death of SCHILLER, and here in Berlin, as well as throughout Germany, the day is being celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. I notice that the writer of an article in the literary supplement of the *Times* doesn't think very much of SCHILLER, who, he complains, had no sense of humour. That may be; though it is well to remember that tastes in humour differ. Eighty millions of Americans are at this moment travelling through life sustained by the proud conviction that, whereas Americans have a keen sense of what is humorous, every Englishman is mere ditchwater for dulness: is, in fact, an abhorred vacuum so far as humour is concerned. I need not pause to consider what an Englishman thinks of the subtle and delicate jokes about Jews and negroes which form the staple humour of the American comic paper. Jest about married life and mothers-in-law, quips on which the flies have gathered and bred for a hundred years, are still honoured and beloved in the dear land of liberty over which Mr. ROOSEVELT presides.

Germany, however, doesn't bother her imperial head with the question whether SCHILLER had humour or not. She honours in SCHILLER the noble poet who in dark days gave expression to great ideals of national manhood and German unity. This, at any rate, seemed to be the motive that inspired a *Kommers*, or social gathering, of Berlin students at which I was privileged to be present the other day.

You, Sir, have of course attended many a *Kommers* in the course of your varied and beneficent career; but to me the festival was a new experience. It was held in the great hall of the *Friedrichshain Brauerei*, and began at half-past eight. The vast expanse of this hall was filled with tables at which were ranged the students, one or two tables being reserved for the professors. On a platform raised well above the assembly sat the chiefs of the various *corps* into which the students are divided, while in the galleries running round the hall were gathered fathers and mothers and sisters and cousins of much the same sort as Cambridge attracts during



INTUITION.

Ethel (to Mary, her bosom friend, who has been admiring the diamonds, and now hears for the hundredth time how it all came about). "I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS; BUT SOMEHOW I FELT, FROM THE MOMENT WE MET LAST NIGHT, THAT HE MEANT TO PROPOSE. SOMETHING ABOUT HIM—SOMETHING IN HIS VOICE——"

Mary. "Ah, I SEE, THERE WAS THE TRUE RING IN IT!"

its May week in June. All the students wore the caps of their different *corps*, red caps, yellow caps, green caps, caps of dark blue and caps of light blue; and no single student, and, for the matter of that, no professor, was without his glass of beer. As one looked down from the gallery one saw what looked like an immense plantation of gigantic and brilliant flowers, all provided with a patent automatic apparatus for irrigating themselves with beer. The flowers were thirsty; the beer was excellent. There may have been a thousand varieties of human tulip, crocus, hyacinth or poppy. I cannot think that less than eight or ten thousand glasses of beer went to their irrigation in the course of the evening. How different from our own studious young men, I can hear you saying. I am assured that only the other day, in the hall of a great college where more than a hundred men were dining, fifteen pints of beer were found enough to mitigate the rigours of University life. *Autres pays autres mœurs.*

In describing the colour of the caps worn by the students, I have not exhausted the variegated beauty of their costumes. There were, as I have said, chiefs who sat exalted on a platform. One or two of these, moreover, were allotted to each table in the body of the hall, and all wore a magnificent uniform. Imagine a youngster bearing on his slashed face the record of his honourable duels. Invest him in a Hussar tunic

of the *corps* colour, white breeches and jack-boots. Perch on the top of his head a little round cap jauntily set to one side; give him a pair of white gauntlets and a long sword, and you have the gentleman complete. When they all unsheathed their swords, rapped them on the table and called for a "Salamander," or united cheer, the effect was terrific.

There, then, they sat, placid, good-tempered, but not without a formal solemnity due to the importance of the occasion. There was music; they sang SCHILLER'S poems, and poems in honour of SCHILLER, and sang them remarkably well and with wonderful animation. A Professor delivered an eloquent address, the *Festrede*; swords were rapped, glasses banged in unison on the tables, and perfect happiness and good humour prevailed everywhere. In honour of the celebration the feuds of the *corps* had been laid aside, and a reign of universal peace had been established by decree for one night only. When I left at midnight the official part of the programme was not yet finished. There was an unofficial part, but how long that lasted I cannot say. Probably it is still proceeding.

CONCISE AND EXPRESSIVE.—A much worried, conscientiously rate-paying, citizen, on sending his cheque in answer to the "Demand Note," headed the envelope, addressed to the Collector, with this forcible abbreviation, "For General Rate, D.N."



RATHER LOUD.

"WHEN I LOOK AT THAT FELLOW'S WAISTCOATS, I WANT TO PUT COTTON WOOL INTO MY EARS!"

"THE SIMPLE LIFE" DAY BY DAY.

THE Simple Life movement is spreading by leaps and bounds. The Guild of the Simple Life, which owes its establishment to a luminous suggestion made by a contributor to the *Daily Graphic*, already numbers upwards of 700 members, including many Society leaders and scores of the best people, and negotiations are on foot with a view to obtaining the lease of a fine mansion in the heart of Mayfair as the clubhouse and rendezvous of the Guild.

In such a campaign much if not all depends on the force of example, and the splendid and self-sacrificing efforts of Lady BLEMENSTEIN, who recently appeared at the Opera with no other

ornaments but a garnet brooch and a tiara of Abyssinian diamonds, can hardly fail to give an immense impetus to the revolt against exorbitant expenditure. An even greater sensation has been created by the fearless announcement of Mr. LEO MCSLANGERMAN, the famous Scoto-African millionaire, that after this season his *recherche* Bridge parties will under no circumstances be continued after 3 A.M. It is also rumoured that Lord ROTHERMERE has given notice to his fourth chauffeur, and reduced his petrol stud to seven cars and two racers.

The craze for economy and the reduction of unnecessary luxury is to be observed on every side. We are assured on excellent authority that several of the leading hostesses of Belgravia have entered into a solemn compact not to

provide claret *ad libitum* for their domestics, and, more remarkable still, to resist the embargo which has hitherto been laid on rabbit in the menu of the servants' hall. Needless to say this Draconian resolve is not likely to be accepted without a struggle by those most directly concerned, and a meeting of protest will be held in Hyde Park next Saturday afternoon, at which several hundred butlers and footmen will be addressed by Mr. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM, Dr. MACNAMARA and other champions of the oppressed.

A drawing-room meeting was held last Wednesday evening at the house of Lady BOXANZA FITZWOODLE, the subject of debate being: Is the cult of the Simple Life compatible with the consumption of caviare? After an animated discussion an amendment was carried to the effect that no inconsistency was involved provided the consumer did not pay for the delicacy. The entertainment was concluded with a delightful concert, at which KAREL CZERNIKOFF, the wonderful boy violinist, Madame CORTINA D'AMPEZZO (of the Théâtre de la Monnaie) and M. PAPADIAMANTOPOULOS, the famous Brocton basso, were the chief performers, their united fees for the evening amounting to no less than £150.

The hostess was most picturesquely gowned in very pale maize soft satin with tiny bouquets of samphire and pimpernels, and wore an imitation cuckoo clock in her hair. Madame GORDIGIANI, who has been rather delicate this winter, was dressed entirely in pale pink, and Lord SIBET created a sensation by arriving in a four-wheeler and a dinner-jacket. Lady GUZIA, in very pale blue taffetas, brought her daughter, Miss FATIMA GUZIA. A wonderful sit-down supper was arranged in the dining-room, with plenty of hot quails, strawberries, Imperial Tokay, and other good things. We understand that, in view of her services to the cause, the Committee of the Simple Life Guild have unanimously elected Lady BOXANZA FITZWOODLE an honorary life member.

A Musical Record.

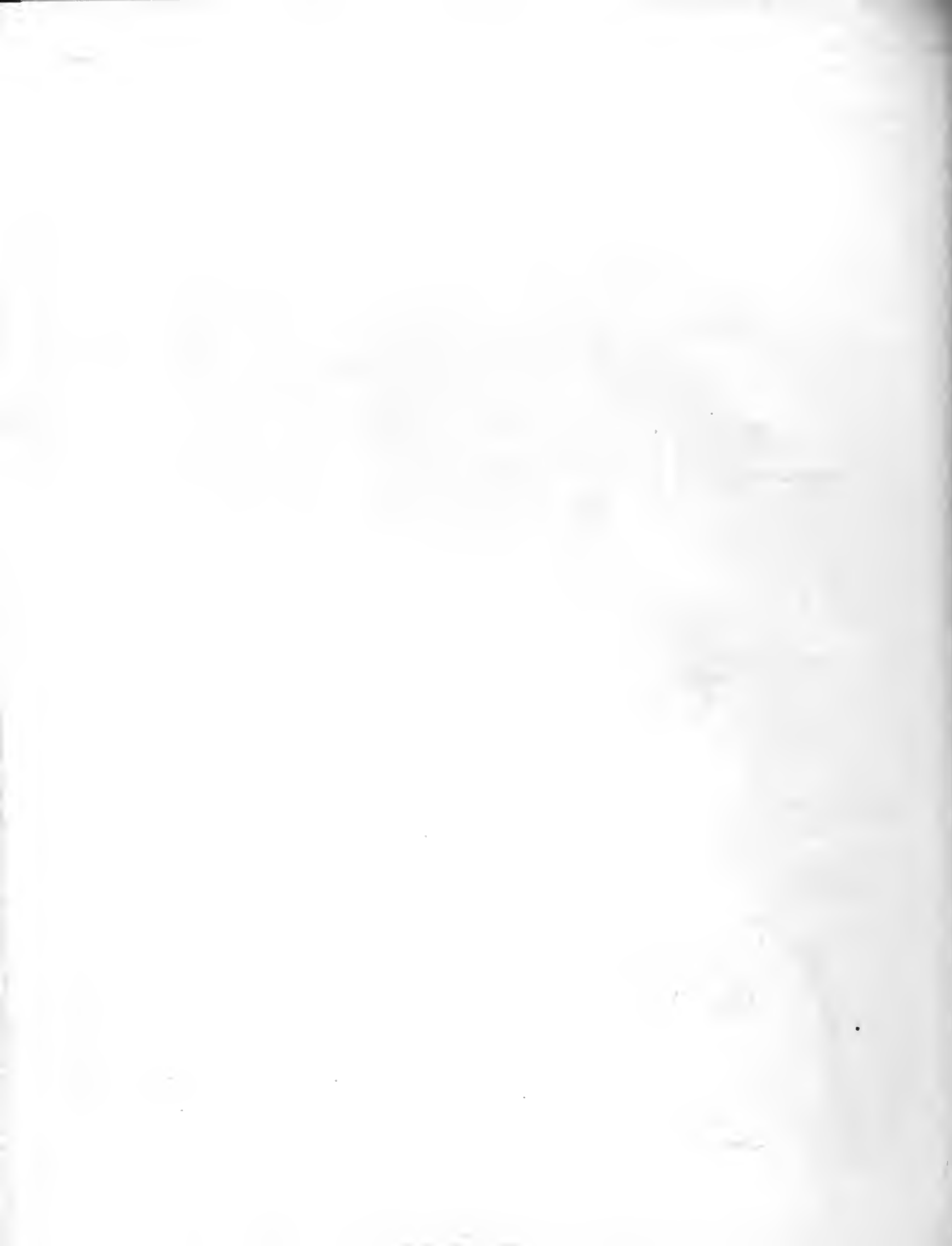
THE London Correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, in reporting the first performance of an "Oriental Balladika orchestra" at the *table d'hôte* of a London hotel, says that it played "so well that the dinners were moved to applaud vigorously—a very unusual hotel incident." It certainly sounds quite exceptional. Even OMNIERS, who charmed living beasts, was never known to draw applause from a roast duck or a saddle of mutton.



Henry Seymour

BELATED NEUTRALITY.

FRENCH GENDARME. "PASS ON, PLEASE. SORRY, BUT THOSE ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS."
RUSSIAN ADMIRAL (conducting Ship of the Desert). "DON'T APOLOGISE. WE FILLED UP AT YOUR LAST PLACE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 8.

For full ten minutes the mere Saxon had opportunity of realising the possibilities of an afternoon in Parliament House, St. Stephen's Green, when Home Rule shall be established in Ireland. Mr. DEVLIN (he does the devilin' for JOHN REDMOND) had improved the shining hours of the week-end by preparing a shorter Catechism designed to stir up Ulster men as with a long pole. Blameless WALTER LONG was utilised for the beneficent purpose.

It appears that on Easter Monday, according to pleasing local habit, the Orangemen and Catholics of Portadown had quite a good time. Incidentally a man was shot and many heads were broken. That only testifies to the general success of the merrymaking. DEVLIN's question prodigiously long; built up of succession of accusations against law-abiding Orangemen. One alleged that, early on all Easter morns, a particular thoroughfare at Portadown is taken possession of by the Orangemen with intent to carry conviction of religious error to the minds of the Catholics through the media of half bricks, paving-stones, and, at close quarters, shillelaghs.

Of course, if the Catholics stayed at home, went to chapel, or took their walks abroad in other directions, the controversialists lying in wait would find the situation tame. But what Irishman would, in such circumstances, refrain from putting in an appearance? Certainly not the Catholics of Portadown. So on Easter Day they trooped to the rendezvous, with the consequence hinted at.

In its way there was a repetition of



AN ADVOCATE OF DISSOLUTION (AN OLD STORY APPLIED).

Joe (the pushing "undertaker") to Arthur B. "Why drag on a miserable existence when you can be comfortably buried for £3 10s.?"

the scene in the House this afternoon. Below Gangway to right of SPEAKER the Orangemen were massed, their pockets full of brickbats, their hearts bleeding with desire to convert their erring brethren to the true faith. Immediately opposite the Nationalists mustered, profoundly moved by anxiety for the welfare of the souls of poor Protestants, and liberally provided with chunks of red sandstone. As soon as Mr. DEVLIN put his question the Orangemen rose in protest against what they described as abuse of the rules of the House committed with the object of getting in the allegation about the Easter morn mustering of devout Orangemen.

With wild shout the Nationalists resented the interference. In vain Mr. JEFFREYS, mildest mannered man that ever sat in the Chair, essayed to speak. Amid the clamour below the Gangway on either side his voice did not rise to the height of a whisper. Half-a-dozen Orangemen were on their legs at the same moment; an equal number of Nationalists confronted them. After some moments of wild excitement, lacking only the actual flight of brickbats to realise the Easter day scene at Portadown, the Deputy-Speaker found opportunity for remarking that the particular section of the Question objected to had better have been omitted.

"Why," screamed Mr. DEVLIN, "it's the very thing I wanted to get out."

Thanks to assistance of the Ulster men, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

After this, debate on second reading of Scotch Education Bill a little tame. Speaker still absent through illness, and now LOWTHER (J. W.) has gone on sick list. Only JEFFREYS left; Parliamentary man of all work, Speaker and Chairman too. If he fell ill the shutters must perforce go up, and then what would the Empire and the world do? As Mr. NANNETTI says, "the Speaker's Chair has now only one leg to stand upon."

Business done. — Scotch Education Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night. — Two reappearances on the stage. The Scapegoat of the Government returns from the wilderness in the person of GEORGE WYNDHAM. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who, as we had all forgotten, was months ago elected for Cork City, takes the oath and his seat.

By comparison with old times the latter turns out to be a respectable-looking, grey-bearded, gentle-mannered person, not without suspicion in the eyes of the casual onlooker of possibly being a churchwarden. This transfiguration evidently resented by the stalwarts in Nationalists' camp. What business has the WILLIAM O'BRIEN they used to



"ONLY JEFFREYS LEFT."
(The Deputy-Speaker.)



THE ETHICS OF FISCAL MOTORING.

"Kick up a lot of dust and they can't make out your number!"

know to wear his Sunday coat on a Tuesday, to sport a carefully-trimmed beard, and to refrain from glaring at the Deputy-Speaker?

Suspicion of going to the bad in other respects confirmed when the once Wild Zebra of the Macgillivuddy Reeks spoke a word of sympathy for GEORGE WYNDHAM, cracked up C.B., and delivered himself of the preposterous, really traitorous, declaration that he did not care for Parties.

"Whoever does good work for Ireland," he said, "is good enough for me."

If that principle be carried into action, what is to become of JOHN REDMOND'S Party, with its monopoly of working out the salvation of Ireland, its Leader, its Whips, and above all, its Parliamentary Fund? Murmurs from back benches broke in on O'BRIEN'S speech, interrupting the rise and fall of its cadence, drawing forth a pitiful appeal for toleration on the ground that his voice had been silent in Parliament for full two years.

As for GEORGE WYNDHAM, he rather amazed than pleased the House by exceeding humility. Here was a Minister, most popular and most capable among his colleagues, sacrificed in order that they might continue to live. In the prime of his powers, in the full bloom of a successful career, he was cut off at the bidding of a numerically small, fanatically strong, section of the Party. There were peculiar circumstances connected with the affair that added to its bitterness. Of three men working in the field, one was taken and two were left. The Chief Secretary was hustled out of

office; the Lord Lieutenant was overlooked; and the Under Secretary—*Deus ex machina*—refusing to go was grudgingly permitted to remain.

Never since Cabals disturbed the political world has there been anything quite equal to the success achieved by the gallant Ulster Members. Here was GEORGE WYNDHAM'S opportunity of taking revenge. Would he do it? the crowded House asked, watching him on the corner seat of third bench above Gangway, nervously turning over the pages of his manuscript.

He refrained. The Scapegoat only bleated—bleated assurance that he had never differed from his colleagues; that if there was ever an out-and-out Unionist, one who out-Antrined Ulster, here he stood. He forgave everybody; bore no resentment even towards a former Private Secretary of his own, now his bitterest opponent. As for the Prime Minister, his loyalty and personal affection, so far from being lessened by what had happened, were immeasurably increased.

It was magnanimous, but it wasn't WYNDHAM.

Business done.—C.B.'s demand for publication of documents necessary to elucidate mysteries on the McDONNELL affair negatived by 315 votes against 252.

Wednesday.—There is about Brother GERALD a look of guileless innocence invaluable to a President of the Local Government Board. He is found on the Treasury Bench in charge of the business of his Department, transacts it when it is forced upon his attention, but somehow, in indescribable manner, sits

aloof from mundane affairs. There is a pretty fancy in an otherwise forgotten poem which pictures a babe in its cot with eyes closed but face smiling. To the unprejudiced male onlooker this seems rather naive. The fond mother explains it all by saying, "The angels are whispering to him."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, not obtrusively an imaginative person, always says when his glance falls on GERALD BALFOUR—noting his far-away look, ethereal by contrast with the countenance of VICTOR CAVENDISH by chance seated near him, "The angels are talking to him."

Perhaps we'd better not ask what they said if they happened to be present throughout the guileless GERALD'S little effort this afternoon. House in Committee on Agricultural Rating Bill. It proposes to renew for four years the Act expiring next Spring. Government would, of course, like to make it permanent, and there an end on't. In deference to scruples of Opposition have, however, consented to limit term to four years. On that understanding Bill passed second reading. Now in Committee LAMBERT, an agriculturist first and a Liberal after, proposes amendment making the Act permanent.

In view of their pledge the Government could not support such a proposal. But there was, by rare exception, a way of eating the cake and having it, which Brother GERALD swiftly perceived. Looking even more guileless than ever, he proposed to leave the matter to the decision of the House, Ministerialists untrammelled by ordinary obedience to the Whips. He begged the supporters of the Government not to put anybody's head under the pump—he meant not to vote for the amendment unless they privily pleased.

Consequence of adopting this proceeding obvious. The country party, naturally desirous of permanently retaining a boon conferred on their class at expense of general taxpayer, would vote for LAMBERT'S amendment. It would be carried, and—dear me!—the Government, in spite of themselves, having done the fair and honest thing, would find forced upon them injunction to make the Act permanent.

Thus the guileless GERALD, upon whom straightway fell HENRY FOWLER, ASQUITH, and a dozen Liberals leaping to their feet with hot indignation at what they roundly called a breach of faith. In the end it turned out that in respect of its relations to syntax the amendment was inadmissible. It was dropped, and Brother GERALD went back to his quiet communion with the angels, who doubtless sympathised with him on his enforced contact with grosser natures.

Business done.—In Committee on Agricultural Ratings Bill.



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 1.

WHAT HAS THE DEALER DECLARED?

OUR "NEW GALLERY" GUIDE.

5. "A Water Frolic." Mr. CHARLES W. WILLIE represents a bevy of girls bathing in a secluded spot. From what Ladies' School or College they come is not clear as no academical caps and gowns are visible. Certainly not from Gorton, as there is nothing gort in about them. Query: where was the wily WILLIE placed to make this drawing?

13. "The Mother." This clever picture should have been styled by Miss FLORA M. REID "The Judicious Mother," as the scene is in church, and she is carrying away the infant who has evidently been disturbing the congregation.

16. The Hon. JOHN COLLIER's handsome sister must have been very much annoyed at the moment when the talented painter caught her expression. She is evidently saying, "It's too bad! Somebody has been chucking white-wash at the wall behind me! Fortunately just missed me! But it does make me so wild!"

23. "Kathleen" Marounen! Mrs. KATE PERUANI gives the little girl her choice between a doll and an apple. True child of Eve she chooses the apple.

25. Mr. TOM MOSTYN shows us "The Travelling Doll," an old conjuring trick. It is wrapped up in a cloak, and its head comes off.

27. "A Real Darling!" Congratulations to JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A., and to Mr. Justice DERRING.

59. "The Arun River." Capital, Mr. PRIESTMAN; Arun's all right; where's Moses?

72. The Hon. Mrs. WALTER JAMES depicts how "The Robbers tied the Princess to a tree and left her" at the New Gallery, carriage paid. "To be called for at the end of the season."

78. A Most Ladylike Mann. Portrait of his Missus by a good Mann and true (i.e. Mr. HARRINGTON MANN).

91. Miss ANNA ALMA-TADEMA calls her picture "Dawn." It represents a charming young person just up (to anything), laying, as GEORGE MEREDITH would say, "finger to nose" to impress upon the spectator that she is very wide awake, and that now the explanation of something that had puzzled her has dawned on her, and she knows all about it whatever it may be. It needs no dawn to set off her pretty features, as she would be a beauty even when unadorned.

95. The White Cottage is a most peacefully rural retreat in a dell—delightful! "Far from the madding crowd," and only to be reached by a Carr (i.e. Miss DOROTHY COMYSS CARR).

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
Motors can't hit on a re-motor spot."

The Chauffeur.

105. Mr. GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A., calls this picture of a lady "The Satin Gown"; evidently meaning "the gown sat in by the sitter."

125. "In Anticipation." Lady ALMA-TADEMA presents a Dutch Marguerite trying on her Faust jewels.

160. "The Cathedral Doorway," or The Joke that Failed. Mr. SYDNEY LEE exhibits a black figure waiting outside a cathedral door to startle somebody whom he is expecting. But there is no one risible, inside. So his little practical joke won't come off.

191. The Morning After. Mr. HAROLD SPEER gives us a remarkable portrait of a pianist who, with his eyes shut and his head evidently splitting, is regretting the mixtures, with variations, of the previous jovial evening. "Oh dear," he is evidently moaning, "I can't play a note this morning!"

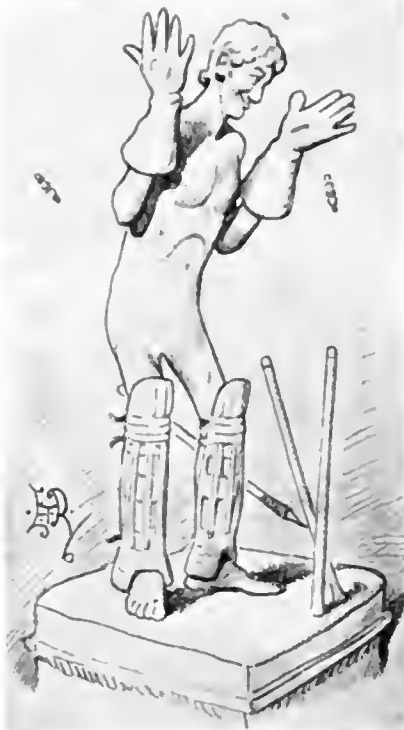
200. Mr. GEO. HENRY, R.S.A., sends a record

portrait of WILLIAM MORRISON as "Pistol." Both artists have made a hit with this pistol.

201. The Queen Fish, or the Goggle-eyed Dourly Dolphin. Mrs. RABBIT tells us how "Mischance" was puzzled by the appearance of a baby freak floating on the water.

211. Mr. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., signals "The Night Express Crossing the Border." This should have been at Burlington House, and, of course, "on the line."

216. Trying to keep up Appearances. Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., introduces us to a charming lady who is ready to take all the blame on her own exquisite shoulders.



ANOTHER INTERPRETATION OF "LYCIDAS."

Wicket-keeper, "Bowled him!"

230. "Nouronihar." What's in a name?

"She's all my fancy painted her!"

"She's lovely, she's divine!"

"But, alas! she's WILLIAM WONTNER'S,
And (though I'm willing, Want'n her)

"She never can be mine!"

(Old song adapted by Silas Wegg,
"dropping into poetry.")

235. "The Middle Marches," by the Hon. WALTER JAMES. Nothing to do with Middlemarch. Will talented artist follow it up with "The Firsts of Aprils," "Mid Augusts," and so forth?

250. La Dame Blanche, par J. E. BLANCHE. After the ball, or too tired for anything, even to pick up that orange which they say is so refreshing before going to bed at 4 A.M. No matter, let the cat and dog have it. Bon soir!

Mr. Punch is obliged to a correspondent who directs his attention to an article in the Bazaar headed, "The Effects of Travelling on Eggs." Pressure of business prevents him from reading the article, but he can easily picture the results for himself.

ON CHOOSING A HOUSE.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

AN ARCHITECT TALKS ABOUT CRACKS, ETC.

IN choosing a house, as in most matters, it is always well to be suspicious.

How many commencing householders, we wonder, have been forced to confess themselves bitterly disappointed after a few weeks' enjoyment of what they had described, in the first pride of possession, as the "sweetest teeny weeny little house."

A badly built house will sooner or later develop cracks, and for these you must constantly be on the look-out. The importance of a crack cannot be estimated by its apparent size; a small crack may in time be transformed into a

YAWNING CHASM IN YOUR DINING-ROOM.

big enough to post a letter in. Should this occur after you have signed the agreement, it is as well to face the thing boldly, call in a local builder, and actually make a letter-box of it, or if the size of the crack warrants it convert what would be an eyesore into a picturesque garden-entrance.

Always beware of pretty little rough-cast villas. Remember that rough-cast can be made to cover a multitude of sins, and insist on having it completely stripped off, in order that you may be assured that there are no cracks underneath. Many builders will refuse to comply with your request, and you will be able to draw your own conclusions.

One more piece of advice. Never think of taking a house without

GOING CAREFULLY INTO THE DRAINS.

A simpler way of testing them, however, if you prefer it, is to put in at one end a rabbit (of the diameter of the pipe), then put in a ferret and go and wait at the other end of the drain. If the rabbit comes out you may safely assume that the pipe is free from obstruction.

COMPLIMENTARY TO A LOCALITY.—Mr. H. B. IRVING, who has for some time past been an outlying Hamlet, has derived so much benefit from his recent sojourn at Herne Bay as to have seriously contemplated identifying himself, out of sheer gratitude, with that salubrious sea-side resort, by announcing that in future his initials "H. B." would stand for the name of the place, and that he would henceforth be known as "Herne Bay Irving." He has, however, been dissuaded from carrying out this plan in consequence of the strong remonstrances made to him on the subject by all the other watering places along the Kent coast. [We have this on the undoubted authority of our old friend Ben Trovato.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, May 9.—Notable Night in Merry Musical Month of May. Saluta-

recovered its power of giving vent to its bottled-up and corked-down sensations of pleasure. But enthusiasm will out; the Wagnerian wires were cut, corks flew, and by the time we had reached the delightful chorus, admirably rendered and acted by the "Butlers and Maids," in the second tableau of the Third Act, all hands were applauding. But for a misty cloud of decorous dulness that had not as yet been entirely dispersed, this chorus, tuneful and dramatic, would have elicited a genuine *encore* as truly hearty as it was thoroughly well-deserved.

All in to begin. MANCINELLI'S tap turns on Overture. House hushed. Rapt attention given to the solo in orchestra, "*Com' è gentil*," not to be heard again until opera nearly over. It is kept as a great

and musically represented, by that sterling operatic comedian, M. GILBERT.



One of the Hits of the Opera.
Don Pasquale and Norina.

tions and heartiest welcome to *Don Pasquale*, back to the land of Light Opera in our Garden. Old times and old tunes revived! Fresh as ever they were when gay GAETANO DONIZETTI wrote them for LABLACHE, TAMBURINI, MARIO and GRISI in eighteen forty-three. Needless to say that at that date the present scribe and his *aquales* were, to quote the ever witty words of the worryingly wearisome Wagg, "left by their Pa's, squalling in the nursery," while they, the Parents aforesaid, joyfully went to hear *Pasquale* at Her Majesty's Theatre. How they made the tunes hum! Again, in 1855 (LABLACHE, the original *Don*, died in '58), and once more—with what cast this deponent has not been able to ascertain—in 1882. From that time forth till now the *Don* has been resting. Now, in 1905, he comes out as sparkling as ever, most refreshing to all who have been somewhat over-dosed with Wagner and Rhine-water. Even to those who had never seen it played in London DONIZETTI'S charming music is thoroughly familiar—"familiar, but by no means vulgar." A fortunate few, in the course of their travels, having made the *Don*'s personal acquaintance in Italy, longed to meet him again and "as a stranger to give him welcome." Though



Cutting out the Matinée Hat.

unfettered to-night by Wagnerian conventionalities, which punctiliously repress any outward expression of delight, the house only gradually



VALUABLE REMINISCENCES.

First Ancient Habitué. "This brings to mind old times."

Second A. H. "Yes, and old tunes."

First A. H. "Ever see the *Don* before?"

Second A. H. "Never!"

treat in reserve, and let me here say that, when it did arrive, Signor BRAVI, as *Ernesto*, sang it so well nigh to perfection that but for the still lingering formality of stiffish Wagnerian etiquette, coupled with the lateness of the serenade's arrival at about 11.15, the modest tenor would have been compelled to come out of his ambush behind the scenes, and might have been induced to give us just one verse of it over again, as a specially sweet *souvenir* to take away with us.

The melodious overture finished, the curtain rises, and we are face to face with *Don Pasquale* himself, represented, and be it at once said, most humorously



Duet *Con Amore*.
Ernesto-Bravi. Norina-Bosetti.

To him *Doctor Malatesta* (family name associated with tragic deeds in a sombre opera), who at once feels the pulse of the House, and well knows, as he commences his "*Bella siccome un angelo*" (words that, substituting "*Pura*" for "*Bella*," recall the first line of a well-known air in *Traviata*) that from now, up to the end of the evening, the entire audience have become the confiding patients of *Dottore Malatesta*, whose practice, on the stage, is carried on by M. MAUREL. What fun—that is the word—it all is! How droll is the *Don*, that dear old stout party, when he sings of hearts and darts, and anticipates with senile rapture the prospect of being a husband and a family man! To frivolous old age enters manly youth in the person of *Ernesto*, the *Don*'s nephew, brightly played and perfectly sung by Signor BRAVI, to whom all are ready to cry out "Bravo!" Then follow aria, duet, trio, carrying us along on a stream of sweetly flowing melody until the curtain descends on the First Act. It is raised



Doctor Maurel-Malatesta.
A Night Call—before the Curtain.

again to the plaudits which will grow in heartiness as, bidding Wagnerianism for a while far-well, we return to our old very natural Anglo-Italian methods of giving vent to our feelings.

Impatiently we wait—and these waits are not to be lightly borne—until the electric bell is answered and we are ushered into the private apartment of *Norina*, "a young widow" (surname unknown), who must have been left by her late talented husband uncommonly well off, judging, that is, by the palatial appearance of the flat in the palazzo where we find her reading a book. She is quite ready to sing to us; and this Mademoiselle ROSETTI does sweetly, and with rare artistic finish. The part suits her better dramatically than does that of old *Doctor Bartolo's* ward *ROSINA*. M. MARELLI and Mlle ROSETTI have a fine comical scene to themselves, throughout which flows a sparkling undercurrent of delicious orchestral melody that would inspire even WAGNER's ponderous dwarfs, dull demi-gods, blundering giants, and heavily armed matrons, to attempt tunefulness. What a relief for the merry musicians! Demizetting away for all their worth under the *baton* of Masterly MARCINELLI!

Listen to the orchestral accompaniment. It illustrates the emotions and actions of the parties to the signing of the contract of marriage (Act II., Sc. 3). And then the humour of the situation when, after *Norina* has become nominally *Madame Pasquale*, the *Don* discovers the truth of the old adage:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man's married
His trouble begins!"

How brilliantly does the fifth scene of the Third Act finish with the great duet admirably sung by *Don* and *Doctor*. Immense!

But this enthusiastic scribe is outrunning the limits. When *Don Pasquale* is repeated, let not a single lover of melodious light comic opera fail to avail himself, or herself, of so exceptional an opportunity.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Vagrant Englishwoman* (SMITH, ELDER) takes for her motto the shorter catechism from *Lore's Labour's Lost*: "How hast thou purchased this experience?" "By my penny of observation." Miss CATHERINE DODD's observation is keen and sympathetic. She notes the salient points alike of men and women, town, river and country, and has a pretty way of presenting them. Acquaintance opens in a German Pension kept by "a short dumpling of a woman with a wide mouth, thin grey hair, a smart cap, and a purple bow, and eyes that looked into you and felt for you, and somehow divined your woes." The *Fran* is, in a few other lines dropped here and there, admirably portrayed, as is her small but varied circle of paying guests. The Englishwoman is at her best in a trip down the Danube, bound for Belgrade. Her narrative is full of light and colour, flashing on the canvas moving pictures of lustrous life. Not the least effective detail in a clever book is its plan of narration. Instead of the inevitably obtrusive appearance on the scene of the story-teller with his or her recurrent first person singular, we have "the Englishwoman," demure, generally in the background, but ever keenly observant, round whom the narrative centres. My Baronite finds her character, unconsciously delineated, the most interesting in the little picture gallery.

The unhappy fate of the writer of a successful book is akin to that of *Frankenstein*. His creation remains anonymous, but to the end of his life he was unable to rid himself of its influence. Mrs. HEGAN RICE's child of fancy is uni-

versally known as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. When she tries her hand again and gives us *Sandy* (HODDER AND STOUT), the unreasoning mind straightway institutes comparison between the two. On that score my Baronite is content to say that *Sandy* should have been published first. Standing alone, without deterrent influence of comparison, the book would have made its mark. It is the story of a bright, dauntless Irish boy who crosses the Atlantic as a stowaway, falls in love with a girl of whom he catches a glimpse on the saloon deck, follows her to her home in Kentucky, wins his way to equality of estate, marries her and lives happily ever after. The difference between the two books is that whilst *Mrs. Wiggs* was unconventional, *Sandy* is not. The chasm is wide; but of its class the tale is pleasant reading.

Strained Allegiance (JOHN LONG), by R. H. FORSTER, will strain attention and patience pretty considerably. It should have been bound in a cover of bright orange, as the story is distinctly of that political tone. Some of the old materials, not unskillfully worked up, will probably please a certain class of readers not particular as to facts where they can get plenty of romance.

The Wise Woods is the title of a novel by Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY (HEINERMAN). Why the authoress selected this title for her work is somewhat of a puzzle: perhaps she may be contemplating a sequel to be called *The Other Wise Woods*. The heroine of the tale is the daughter of an ultra-ritualistic Anglican clergyman, who falls in love with a regular Romany, a wild gipsy girl, and, being himself of Romany-ising tendencies, he marries her. The Romany-ising clergyman dies when on an African mission, and his gipsy better half, who has stayed at home, also dies, leaving the baby, hebraically named *Vashti*, to the care of the parson's good sister *Elizabeth*. Thenceforth *Vashti* is the heroine of the story, which in certain portions descriptive of squalid Bohemian life suggests that Mrs. DUDENEY's method has not been uninfluenced by ZOLA. As, for instance, where the gipsy-blooded girl throws off decorum, and impersonating *nuda veritas* scampers about "the woods," which are "wise" enough to be silent. There seems to be some sort of moral underlying the story, of which not a few excellent persons might avail themselves should they wish to illustrate the possible dangers of what may be termed the amateur confessional in certain given cases; as, for example, when there is an enthusiastic, impressionable parson playing the confessor, with a beautiful, ingenuous and irresistibly fascinating dark daughter of Egypt as his heathen penitent, whom the aforesaid confessor, not being bound to celibacy, converts at one and the same time into a daughter of his church and his wife. Apart from these peculiar people—who, as the authoress herself says of the imitation nuns in her story, "were all a little childish: they loved to play at make-believe"—the other characters in the story are well-drawn, carefully individualised possibilities. The authoress's style would be on occasion strikingly powerful, were it not so frequently marred by evident Zolaisms. Mrs. DUDENEY makes an odd mistake in spelling, which cannot possibly be a "printer's error," when she writes, "There was a beggar on the curb; always beggars at the curb." Had the beggar also a snaffle in his mouth? Of course Mrs. DUDENEY meant "the kerb," the abbreviation of "kerb-stone." There can be no doubt about it, as the context is, "On the pavements, flower-like women."



CHARIVARIA.

NAN PATTERSON, the American chorus girl, has been released, and she will, after all, be able to play *Hamlet*.

King PETER OF SERBIA, it is said, will abdicate at an early date in favour of his son the Crown Prince GEORGE. It is not known in what way the youth has offended his father.

The KAISER has despatched one of his officers to Mukden to confer on General NOGI the Order "Pour le Mérite," and General NOGI will shortly have the right to head his note-paper, "Under the distinguished patronage of H.I.M. the German EMPEROR and King of PRUSSIA."

We live in revolutionary times. The representative of the War Office in the House of Lords has declared that a letter written by the Duke of WELLINGTON on the subject of national defence cannot now be considered up-to-date.

The Army Council, too, is awake to the danger arising from our shortage of officers. King ALFONSO of Spain has been appointed a British General.

The provincial journal which, the other day, published the following paragraph:—"Private letters from Madagascar state that two cyclists have visited the island, causing the loss of 200 lives and immense damage to property," and followed it up with a leader virulently attacking motor-cyclists, now informs us that the word should have been "cyclones." The printer has been warned.

Some members of the House of Commons are of the opinion that that institution is greatly under-assessed for rates. On the other hand there are outsiders who think it is very much over-rated.

Publicans are complaining of great depression in their trade. It is not, however, a fact that universal sympathy is felt for them, and the proposal that several heavy drinkers at present in gaol shall be released until the arrival of better times is only receiving lukewarm support.

Those who like to be up-to-date in what is the fashion and what is not will be interested to hear that Lady WARWICK proposes to give up wearing white kid-gloves when shaking hands with other Social Democrats.

Mr. BALFOUR has declared the invasion of England to be impossible; but, to make assurance doubly sure, the Aliens Bill will be persisted in.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Miss Jones. "How came you to think of the subject, Mr. DE BRUSH?"

Eccentric Artist. "Oh, I HAVE HAD IT IN MY HEAD FOR YEARS."

Miss Jones. "How WONDERFUL! WHAT DID THE PAPERS SAY?"

Eccentric Artist. "SAID IT WAS FULL OF 'ATMOSPHERE,' AND SUGGESTED 'SPACE.'"

Personally, we think it would have been much better fun if Mr. BALFOUR had not let it be known that a successful invasion is impossible, but had allowed the invaders to come, and then defeated them.

Another boot strike has happily been averted. A woman fined for drunkenness at Hull made the attempt, but the magistrate just ducked in time, and the boot missed his head by an inch.

The latest rumour about *The Cheat* is that it is just a portrait group, and that the happy title (a picture ought always to have some sort of title) was only thought of at the last moment.

In reference to the theft of miniatures from the Royal Institute, some pain has

been caused to the artistes concerned by the assertion that the pictures were obviously stolen for the sake of their valuable frames and settings.

Answer to a correspondent: Yes, formerly the House of Lords was our final Court of Appeal, but now there is the *Daily Mail*.

It is intimated that Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER is about to establish a fund of £2,000,000 for the benefit of superannuated ministers, and the hopes entertained by Liberals that the present Ministry will shortly resign have once more been revived.

"The Russian Army has worked like a machine," remarked a Russophil, the other day. A flying machine?

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

[As Mr Punch goes to press, signs are not wanting that Admiral BOMBASTICUS is alive to the journalistic situation exposed in the following lines.]

This to your new address, I can't say what.

Some where off Coochin-China (*avis cura*),

Either Honkobe or another spot

Along that Oriental Riviera,

(Not knowing more precisely where you lodge
Under the chatty *nom de guerre* of "Roi.")

This friendly note I forward—*verbum sap.*

While thus you dally up and down the tropics,

There is a danger lest you overlap

The limit set to journalistic topics;

Except you go at once to face your doom

You will, I warn you, cease to be a Boom!

You had your chance a few brief weeks ago

During the precious Eastertide vacation;

Our founts of crystal fact were running low,

We had to live on mere imagination;

The House was up, the football season done,

And cricket (blessed theme!) not yet begun.

The Press could then have spared you ample space;

Her columns gaped to get a nine days' wonder;

But you from watering-place to watering-place

Pottered about—a most amazing blunder!

The vital hour that seldom comes again

You spent in filling up with sweet champagne.

For now the Tests are on us; in a week

Their opening round will claim our purplest patches;
From down to dewy eve the air will reek

Of COTTER's lightning hops, and JESSOP's catches,

Of FRY's intrepid nerve, of TRUMPER's charm,

Of WHERRED's curlers "coming with his arm."

Thereafter, with the Ashes still at stake,

Taxing the Pressman's every mental sinew,

No self-respecting Print would undertake

To show a more than casual interest in you;

Until, in fact, the rubber's won or lost,

Even the fiery Roi must be a frost.

Barely a week in which to take your knock!

Therefore, unless you much prefer the notion

Of being shelved among our Autumn stock

Of monstrous snakes careering round the ocean,

Now while the hour invites, good Roi the Rover,

In Heaven's name go on, and get it over! O. S.

Sympathy between Two Dumb Animals.

"On Saturday morning" May 13 "a fire broke out in a mule at — and spread rapidly. The Corporation Fire Brigade turned out under Superintendent GER, and extinguished the flames after about an hour's work. The damage is not stated, but it is estimated at some hundreds of pounds."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The high figure at which the damage is placed makes us fear that the mule may have been permanently disabled, or even utterly consumed. At the same time we sincerely congratulate the Gee on his efforts (of which we can only roughly estimate the h.p.) to save his poor fellow-creature.

The Archdeacon of LONDON was announced to preach at Milford Church last Saturday to brethren of the Beauropes Lodge of Freemasons. We are very glad to learn from the *Derby Express* that "a dispensation to wearing clothing was granted by Grand Lodge." The weather has certainly been very warm.

IN BERLIN.

Is the *Thiergarten* there is a broad avenue known as the *Sieges Allée*, the Avenue of Victory. At the end of it rises the huge column, topped by a gigantic figure of Germania, gilded and winged, which commemorates the triumphs of the Prussian soldiers in the wars of 1861, 1866 and 1870. As you approach this avenue you are surprised by flashes of brilliant white which dart out, as it were, from the young green of the trees that flank the paths on either side, and when you investigate the cause of these glittering appearances you find that they proceed from the thirty-two statues which line the avenue like so many marble sentinels. There in battle array, fronting one another, sixteen to each side, stand for ever the Margraves, Electors, Kings and Emperors of the great house of Brandenburg, from Margrave ALBERT THE BRIAR, who died in 1170, down to the Emperor WILLIAM THE FIRST, whom many men still young can remember to have seen. The conception of this marble embodiment of all his princely ancestry was that of the present EMPEROR. The execution of it was entrusted to many eminent German sculptors. The work began in 1898 and was finished in 1901, and from that moment to the present the people of Berlin, who are a light-hearted and—it must be admitted—an irreverent race, have spent no small part of their energies in showering epigrams, witticisms and sarcasms on the sculptured effigies of those who formerly held rule in Berlin. They have been represented as duelling in pairs, as playing a football match against one another, as rowing races, or as avenging themselves by tortures (to which their swords and battle-axes and chain armour lent a considerable truculence) upon those who by carving them had condemned them to pose before the ridicule of later generations. At a certain *cabaret*, in which I was among the audience, the most highly-appreciated item of the programme was the solemn recitation to appropriate music of a parody of the *Erkönig*, which represented the father and his child riding home late through the night and wind, and also, as it chanced, through the *Sieges Allée*. The child goes from terror to terror at the sight of the various statues, and finally, on coming to *ROLAND* of Berlin, he dies in convulsions.

Now to anyone coming fresh from the ideal glory of our GEORGE THE THIRD in Cockspur Street or our GEORGE THE FOURTH in Trafalgar Square, there is something almost graceless and wanton in the scorn devoted by the Berliners to their sovereign statues. *ROLAND* of Berlin, terrific and prodigious as he is, has not the solemn ineptitude that is inseparable from JONS STUART MILL and ISAMBARO KINGDOM BRUNEL on the Embankment or from SIR ROBERT PEEL by the Palace at Westminster. As a self-respecting child I could meet *ROLAND* on any dark night with composure, but I should prefer not to come within the scope of the Duke of WELLINGTON on Constitution Hill. At the same time it must be admitted that among many finely conceived and nobly executed statues in the *Sieges Allée* there are some that do not err, let us say, either through excess of beauty or by a studied avoidance of the grotesque.

The Elector JOACHIM THE FIRST NESTOR appears to have ruled from 1499 to 1535. It is to the credit of his subjects that for thirty-six years they should have been able to endure the authority of a gentleman who, if his statue may be trusted, was the most supercilious and contemptuous monarch that ever drew a sword. His successor, JOACHIM THE SECOND, has bags under his eyes in which he could have carried a week-end kit with ease; and JOHN SIGISMUND, in profuse knickerbockers, is a Dutch delight of fatness. Another of these gentlemen, whose name I forget, is represented with a pair of well-curved legs crossed in an attitude of repose which is not unnatural, seeing that his heavily-moustached face is at least two sizes too big for him.

On the opposite side of the Avenue is the Margrave OTTO



AN OFFICIAL SEDATIVE.

JOHN BULL. "SLEEPING DRAUGHT, EH? WHY, I THOUGHT THEY WANTED ME TO WAKE UP!"

[Mr. BALFOUR's statement that "the invasion of England is impossible" threatens to discourage the development of the Home Defence movement.]





"FATHER, IT'S RAINING."

"OH, WELL, LET IT RAIN."

"I WAS GOING TO, FATHER."

THE LAZY. He has evidently been to bed in his steel cap and suit of mail, and having been roused much against his will he has been forced to stand for his portrait. There is a heavy air of sleep in his eyes, his lips droop as though he was just about to yawn before ordering his sculptor off to execution for waking him. He was deposed in 1365, and since then has doubtless beaten the Emperor BARBAROSSA's record for sleep. I can think of no better cure for insomnia than an inspection of this yawn-provoking statue. It is a public opiate.

And now I bid farewell to Berlin, the pleasant city where life is easy and cheerful; where the beer is good, and the parade-step of the soldiery is prodigious. In future years my memory will turn to the Spree with all the more fondness for having heard it reviled by those who knew not its charms and were ignorant of the hospitable welcome that the dwellers on its banks are accustomed to extend to a stranger who visits them.

TOM THE TOURIST.

DRAMATIC NOTES OF THE FUTURE.

[A little child is the hero of *Everybody's Secret*; the curtain rises upon four little children in *Her Own Way*; there are children of various ages in *Alice-Sit-by-the-fire*.]

Mr. BARRIE's new play, *The Admirable Crèche*, will be presented to-morrow. We understand that there is a pretty scene in the Third Act in which several grown-ups are discovered smoking cigars. It may confidently be predicted that all the world will rush to the "Duke of York's" to see this novelty. *The Admirable Crèche* will be preceded at 8.30 by *Bassinette—A Plea for a numerous family*, a one-act play by THEODORE ROOSEVELT and LOUIS N. PARKER.

wonderful rendering of *Perdita* in the Haymarket version of *A Winter's Tale*. As soon as Actor-Manager WILKINS realised the necessity of cutting the last two Acts (in which *Perdita* is grown up) the play was bound to succeed. By the way Mr. E. H. COOPER's new book, *Perditas I have known*, is announced.

Frankly we are disappointed in Mr. PINERO's new play *Little Arthur*, produced at Wyndham's last week. It treated of the old old theme—the love of the hero for his nurse. To be quite plain, this stale triangle, Mother—Son—Nurse, is beginning to bore us. Are there no other themes in every-day life which Mr. PINERO might take? Could he not, for instance, give us an analysis of the mind of a young genius torn between the necessity for teething and the desire to edit a great daily? Duty calls him both ways: his duty to himself and his duty to the public. Imagine a WILKINS in such a scene!

The popular editor of the *Nursery*, whose unrivalled knowledge of children causes him to be referred to everywhere as our greatest playwright, is a little at sea in his latest play, *Rattles*. In the First Act he rashly introduces (though by this time he should know his own limitations) two grown-ups at lunch—Mr. JONES the father, and Dr. BROWN, who discuss JOHNNY's cough. Now we would point out to Mr. CROPPER that men of their age would be unlikely to have milk for lunch; and that they would not say "Yeth, pleath"—unless of Hebraic origin, and Mr. CROPPER does not say so anywhere. Mr. CROPPER must try and see something of grown-ups before he writes a play of this kind again.

We regret to announce that CECIL TOMKINS, *doyen* of actor-managers, is down again with mumps.

Little Baby WILKINS is making quite a name with her

MARCH OF MUSICIANS ON LONDON.

STRANGE SCENES IN EAST ANGLIA.

(Exclusive Report.)

MUSICIANS being proverbially highly strung and sensitive people, it is not to be wondered at that the example of the Army Boot Strike should have met with speedy emulation. It will be remembered that an exceedingly successful meeting of village choirs was recently held at King's Lynn, at which hundreds of vocalists took part. Unfortunately a premature and inadequate account of the Festival appeared in the columns of a well-known London weekly, and this aroused such indignation amongst the choralists that it was unanimously resolved to march on London and demand an explanation from the editor. Arrangements for the journey were speedily made, knapsacks were packed containing sandwiches, sponges, tuning-forks, pitch-pipes and other necessities, and at 6 A.M. on Thursday morning a start was effected from the Corn Hall, King's Lynn.

Before this, however, Mr. W. H. LESLIE, the popular chairman of the Village Choirs Committee, addressed the demonstrators in a rousing speech, appealing to the tenors to maintain their pitch, whatever happened, and recommending them, if all other means of obtaining redress should fail, to serenade Mr. ARKES DOUGLAS with the "*March of the Men of Harlech*," arranged for double mixed chorus and drums. The children's choirs had begged earnestly to be allowed to take part in the march, but the County Inspector of Police, himself a *bravo cantante* of no mean powers, was reluctantly obliged to intervene, and eventually no one under eighteen years of age was permitted to join in the march.

Telegrams received on Friday announced that the demonstrators had reached Cambridge on Thursday night. Their original intention had been to walk all the way, but on arriving at Ely in the afternoon, and finding a train in the station, the choralists decided on a *coup de main* and, overpowering the station-master and porter, boarded the carriages and forced the engine-driver to start. The authorities at Cambridge, however, were advised by wire of what had happened, and on the arrival of the train a *poorce* of police arrested the entire body.

Fortunately, however, Dr. ALAN GRAY, the colossal organist of Trinity College, and other leading Cambridge musicians, got wind of what had occurred, a hasty appeal to the generosity of undergraduates was made, and the episode was closed by the payment of a lump sum of £20. The night being fine, the singers decided to camp out on Parker's

Piece, having previously given an open-air concert in the market place, at which the Brancaster Caddies' Junior Choir greatly distinguished themselves by their touching rendering of "*The Wearing of the Green*."

An early start was negotiated next morning, and excellent progress was made for about ten miles, when an unfortunate incident occurred. The Norfolk Minstrels were walking ten abreast in a serried mass singing STEVENS's noble glee "*The Cloud-capt Towers*," when they encountered some thirty athletic stockbrokers who were engaged in a walking race to Cambridge, and on their failing to realise the need of at once making way for the plutocratic pedestrians the two forces became inextricably entangled, blows were exchanged, and the leading tenor of the Heacham Senior Choir sustained a confused nose. Numbers, however, prevailed in the long run, the Dersingham basses in particular distinguishing themselves by the vigour of their attack, and after administering first-aid to the financiers, already somewhat exhausted by their exertions, the singers marched on with renewed courage to the strains of "*O who will o'er the Downs so free*."

Little doubt was entertained that the demonstrators would have reached their goal on Saturday night, had it not been for the extraordinary event which occurred in the neighbourhood of Stratford. This was nothing less than their encountering another and larger body of vocalists who were also engaged on a marching demonstration.

These turned out to be a majority of those who had taken part in the recent competition at Aylesbury, and who, being dissatisfied at the verdict of the adjudicators, had determined to march to Stratford-on-Avon to appeal to Miss MARY CORLETT to espouse their cause. Unfortunately Mr. HENRY BUD, who had kindly consented to accompany them on their march, confused Stratford-atte-Bowe with Stratford-on-Avon, and thus precipitated the collision which brought the march of the Norfolk demonstrators to a disastrous close. They cannot, however, be fairly charged with pusillanimity, for the Buckinghamshire forces undoubtedly presented a most formidable front. First of all came 100 sopranos singing "*With Verdure Glad*;" 78 altos followed rendering "*Voi che sapete*" in an impressive unison; then came 84 tenors chanting "*Deeper and Deeper Still*," and, lastly, 67 basses, all sonorously interpreting "*The Wanderer*," Mr. HENRY BUD with masterly ubiquitousness accompanying all four detachments on a portable pianino.

After a brief parley—which made it clear that the Buckinghamshire vocalists

had now also determined to march on London—the leaders of the Norfolk forces decided that it would be hopeless to gain the ear of the London public in the face of such overwhelming rivalry, and regretfully resolved to retrace their steps to East Anglia. This determination, we learn, has since been carried out without any further casualties, the Borough Council of King's Lynn having contributed liberally to the repatriation of their heroic fellow Norfolkians.

ADVANTAGES.

By Luke Tapley.

A WOODEN LEG.

THERE is a curiously wrong-headed idea prevalent that a wooden leg is an inconvenience, an obstacle, a blemish, an eyesore, a limitation, a sign of incapacity, a confession of failure. Quite sensible men have been betrayed into this view; but how shallow and superficial it is a moment's careful thought will show. So far from a wooden leg being any deterrent, one might almost say that only the wooden-legged really know what living is. The profound student of life can see a thousand merits in a sound leg of good honest timber impossible to the fragile, transitory limb of flesh and bone upon which so many unenterprising mortals are content to shuffle to the grave.

The mere fact that one has a wooden leg at all is in itself a proof that the original limb, the clumsy flesh and bone affair, was a disappointment. Where is it, anyway? Gone, cut off, buried. Why, how was that? one asks. Wasn't it strong enough? Couldn't it resist the machinery, or the bullet, or whatever it was? No? What a poor, made-in-Germany concern! And you couldn't grow another, and so had to fall back on a poor old tree! It speaks well for trees anyway. Trees are best. You can count on a tree. If anything goes wrong with a wooden leg you can have another one on in a minute; but the supply of the real article gives out at once.

The usefulness of a wooden leg! Its resources! You can't take off a real leg and knock down a man with it. Long JOHN SILVER when in difficulties had his wooden leg off in a twinkling. You can't mend a real leg with glue. In a truly sensible world all male babies would be born with wooden legs, and so save half our trouble; especially babies who were going to be soldiers. You can't catch cold in it; it is subject to no rheumatic twinges; it reduces the number of blisters by fully fifty per cent. It halves one's boot bill. The wooden-legged man need never do such a boring thing as dance any more. He will be excused from being best man.

He is not likely to be asked to play lawn tennis. Some one will be allowed to field and run for him at cricket. When there is a good arm-chair it is odds but it will be offered to him. He can enjoy at once the pleasures of youth and the privileges of old.

There was once a wooden-legged man who was lost in the snow. He fought his way to a hut where a woodman had lived; but the woodman was dead and the hut was deserted. He had some matches and he found some twigs on the hearth, but no other firing. He lit the twigs and broke up a chair and burned it, and so got warmth into him. Then he broke up the only other chair. Then he burned the table. Still no one came. He ate nothing for hours and hours, hoping for relief. Then he ate his boot. At last all the furniture was burnt, but if he let the fire out he would die. So he took off his leg and burned that, and went on eating his boot. Just as he was swallowing the last piece of the upper, and the last fragment of the leg was smouldering in the fire, the search party arrived and saved him.

A critic who heard this story said that it proved little, because if the man had had two boots he could have held out longer; but then he would not have had a wooden leg at all, and would therefore have frozen to death in the midst of his plenty. One wooden leg is better than many boots.

There were once two men who met after each had returned from a solitary expedition far from civilisation. One was a wooden-legged man. When they came to compare notes they found that each had broken an arm. But whereas the wooden-legged man still had the use of his, the other's was gone. The circumstances were the same in each case. Each had shot a tiger, who had then sprung on him from behind and shattered an arm before he died. The man with two ordinary ineffectual legs had had to stagger to a native village many miles distant before he could be assisted, and then it was too late. The other man had quickly taken off his wooden leg, held it between his teeth while he cut splints from it, bound up his arm, and was now as well as ever. How beautiful this is, this instant altruistic readiness of one limb to come to the service of the other! But possible only where the limb is of wood.

A wooden leg can play a thousand parts. It is a hammer, as well as a club; a cricket bat on occasions; a hod for bricks; a camp stool; a support for the drowning; a jury mast for the shipwrecked; a flagstaff for a retired sailor; a soup ladle; a conductor's baton. It may be made hollow and filled with useful commodities, such as gold, ink, pemmican, testimonials, whiskey. No



TO KEEP HIS MEMORY GREEN.

He. "I WAS AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND. CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HIM BY?"

She (shyly). "How would I do?"

man with a wooden leg is ever wholly destitute: he has his leg. I. T.

A FRANK APPEAL.

[The Petitioner is not sure of the pronunciation of the Great Name.]

PLEASE, wealthy Mr. CARNEGIE,
Give fifty thousand pounds to me.

But fifty thousand pounds to me gie,
And I will praise your name, CARNEGIE.

Dear charitable, kind CARNEGIE,
Do give me fifty thou., I beg 'ee.

Just fifty thou., for duns are plaguy,
And I "will ever pray," CARNEGIE.

THE *Petersburgski Listok* announces that General KUROPATKIN is about to retire to his country seat. This craving for a final and uninterrupted retreat is, perhaps, not unnatural.

The Advertisement Literary.

THE high example set by Printing House Square in the matter of the advertisement literary (as Miss CORELLI would call it) is finding imitators in the Provinces. A Sunderland tailor issues the following prose fancy:—

"Progressiveness is the realization of success and from the inception of our Men's department a year ago, healthy expansion has been our forward movement. Up-to-date goods of superior quality at the keenest prices was its life germ which needed but the nurturing conditions to spring forth into withstanding strength. These have been employed: visibly by successively increasing space and service accommodation; diametrically by intelligent and continued supervision."

"BREVET-MAJOR W. J. FOSTER, D.S.O., one of the well-known Worcestershire cricketing family, has been posted to the 100th Battery, R.F.A., at Deepcut." Seldom have our military authorities shown a finer sense of the fitness of things.

WHY I HAVE GIVEN UP WRITING NOVELS.

(A Personal Explanation in Two Parts.)

PART I.

I HAVE presented the world with but one work of Fiction—and yet I have already come to the irrevocable resolution that my first novel shall be also my last! Such a decision is so unusual that I feel the Public is entitled to some explanation of the circumstances which have left me no other alternative.

First let me say that my reason was not that *Poisoned Porridge* (BELLONS AND BÖHMEN, Gc.) was a failure in my sense of the term. Far from it. It was referred to as "the Novel of the Week" by so high an authority on literary matters as "Tosey Tose"; both the *Clacton Courier* and the *Peebles Post* gave it notices so flattering as to be almost fulsome, while the *Gigglexwick Gazette* pronounced the opinion that it "would serve to while away an idle half-hour which could not be better employed." I have preserved these and many similar press-cuttings, in case I should be called upon to prove my assertions. Moreover, I know of several friends who inquired for the work at more than one Circulating Library and were informed that it was "out." This being so, I have every reason for anticipating that my Publisher's statement of accounts, when furnished, will be found a highly satisfactory document.

But indeed I had never a doubt from the first that *Poisoned Porridge* would thrill the Public as intensely to read as it thrilled me to write it. Each successive Chapter, as it flowed like lava from my pen, came as a further revelation of the wondrous creative force that had till then been latent and unsuspected within me. Athene is recorded in the *Classical Dictionary* to have sprung in complete armour from the head of Zeus, but one character after another came out of my brain, and all endued with such super-abundant vitality that I was quite incapable of controlling their sayings and doings, which I could only record with breathless admiration.

This, I am aware, is quite a common experience with all novelists who possess the priceless gift of imagination, but the sequel in my own case was, I venture to think, rather more exceptional.

I should explain that I am a person of studious and literary habits, with a fixed income, and that I occupy a semi-detached villa-residence in a quarter that has acquired a considerable reputation for social exclusiveness. I allude to Upper Balham. It was here that *Poisoned Porridge* was composed (though the proofs, or at least the major portion of them, were revised in temporary lodgings fronting the Marine Parade at Bognor, Sussex).

Well, on a certain evening shortly after the work was published, I was seated in my study at Helicon Lodge, Upper Balham, when I heard the front-door bell ring violently, and presently my housekeeper announced that a young gentleman, who declined to give his name but declared that he was well-known to me, requested an interview.

I decided to receive him—not without misgivings that he had already absconded with the coats and umbrellas; but, when he was shown in, my first glance at his countenance told me the injustice of my suspicions. I could not be mistaken in that open brow, over which the chestnut hair fell in a crisp wave, that smooth-slaven face with the firmly chiselled lips and the square resolute chin—it was Cedric, the hero of *Poisoned Porridge*!

He was far too strong a character, as I realised at once, to be long confined within the covers of any book; he had burst his bindings, and naturally he felt that his first visit was due to the author of his being.

I gave him a cordial welcome (for I could not help feeling proud of the boy), and soon he was in a chair opposite mine,

enthusiastically pouring out all his youthful ambitions, dreams, and speculations into my sympathetic ear.

He continued to do so for several hours—until in fact the suspicion that he was a bit of an egotist (he never once mentioned *Poisoned Porridge*) had crystallised into the conviction that he was no end of a bore. At last I had to hint that it was long past my usual hour for retiring, and that I must not keep him any longer from his own home. It then appeared that he had no home of his own, and no resources, which was why he had come to me.

I wished then that I had provided him in the novel with some regular occupation, or at least a competence (which would have cost me practically nothing), but I had avoided such prosaic details with an artistic reticence which I now recognise was overstrained. The result was that I had to put him up in the spare bedroom and finance him till he could find employment of some sort—which he never did.

The very next day a dear old lady, with snowy side-curly and cheeks like a winter-apple, drove up in a four-wheeler, which she left me to pay. She was Cedric's mother—and I might have known that she never could endure her son to be out of her sight for long, because I had made rather a point of this maternal devotion in the book. Obviously the only thing to be done was to resign my own sleeping-apartment, and put up with a folding-bedstead in the dressing-room. Even this, though, I never actually occupied

for that afternoon there was a fresh arrival; an attached old family domestic named Martha, who would not hear of parting from her mistress, wages or no wages. And, as the old lady liked her to be within call, Martha had to have the dressing-room, and I slept, fitfully, in the bath. In the novel, Martha had been one of my favourite characters, rough and uncouth, but with a heart of gold. She spoke a racy dialect which I had vaguely described as "Clodshire," a sort of blend of Dorset and Lincolnshire, with just a dash of Suffolk. I cannot say I always understood her meaning myself. She had a characteristic exclamation—"My tender kitties!" which had struck me as quaintly humorous, in print. In actual life it soon grew slightly tiresome—but then I do think she overdid it.

Cedric's mother, too, was addicted to smoothing his rebellious locks as he sat at her knee, with a hand that Time had left as smooth and dimpled as ever. It was pretty and touching at first, but the mannerism ended by getting on my nerves. So did Cedric's habit of addressing her as "Mother mine!"—which was quite the correct expression, I know, and one I had (I believe) invented for him myself, but I didn't like the way he said it.

However, I was getting fairly accustomed to them—when Yolande turned up, quite unexpectedly. Yolande, it will be remembered, was the heroine in *Poisoned Porridge*. The poor child was homeless; I was responsible for her existence, so I could not well refuse to take her in—especially when Cedric's mother generously offered to share my bed-room with her. So there we all were—quite a happy family, so to speak. That is, we might have been, if Yolande had only shown a particle of common-sense. She was all that was adorable and enchanting, or she would have been no heroine of mine—she had a trick of raising a slim forefinger in arch rebuke which (for a while) was extremely engaging. But, with all her sweetness and amiability, she was a trifle trying at times. She had a positive genius for misunderstanding the simplest statements, and acting in consequence with an impulsiveness that was little less than idiotic.

For instance, she loved Cedric fondly, and he was passionately devoted to her. Yet, as often as he sought to declare himself, she would perversely conclude that he was announcing his engagement to another, and that it was her bounden duty to suppress her feelings under a mask of indifference or disdain. In the book this was all right, because otherwise I



UNCLE JOLLIBOY'S TOWN NIECES.

KEEPER SAYS PLACE OVERRUN WITH RABBITS. SUGGEST TO NIECES THAT WE MIGHT THIN THEM OUT A BIT. ABOVE PICTURE REPRESENTS EFFECT ON NIECES OF FIRST RABBIT KILLED! SUGGEST PICKING FLOWERS INSTEAD!

could not have kept the lovers estranged and apart through the necessary number of chapters. But in real life I had never expected that she would write a blotted note of formal farewell and leave the house for ever about every other day! It cost me a small fortune simply in rewards to the Police for her recovery.

Though, mind you, I blame *Cedric* almost as much. He invariably expressed himself with such ambiguity as absolutely to court misunderstanding, and his excessive modesty rendered it impossible for him to believe that *Yolande* could ever regard him with any sentiment but loathing. He would lament the fact to me, night after night, till I was nearly dead for want of sleep—but nothing I could say would convince him that his despair was wholly unnecessary. As if, forsooth, I didn't know the state of my own heroine's feelings!

But I am sorry to say that *Cedric*—in spite of his lofty brow and his strong jaw, and of the fact that in the novel I had invested him with an intellect far above the average—was, not to mince matters, a most particularly exasperating young ass. And this, although I had expressly stated in the book that he had received a liberal Public School and University education—blessings I myself had never enjoyed! Then he was so totally wanting in backbone, too, as to be utterly incapable of supporting himself in any walk of life.

I thought our little party was about complete, but it was soon reinforced by yet another addition in the person of old *Mr. Deedes*, the highly respectable family solicitor of *Poisoned Porridge*, with a peculiarity of wiping his spectacles and

blowing his nose vigorously to conceal his emotion before pronouncing any legal opinion. He did not know much Law—which was hardly surprising, as I knew none myself—and I had, again from a mistaken regard for artistic reticence, purposely refrained from assigning him an office in any specified quarter.

Consequently he came to *me*, and I could hardly object to allow him to use the breakfast-room for professional purposes, though the japanned tin boxes full of musty precedents and parchments that formed his stock-in-trade, so to speak, seemed a little incongruous in such surroundings. Have I mentioned that the heroine always called him "*Daddy Deedes*?" She did.

Still, I confess that I could not repress a certain elation. So unique an experience as mine could not be other than gratifying to the self-esteem of any author. For—without intending, without even being conscious of it at the time—I had created a set of fictitious characters who were so real and actual that they were literally living!

The one drawback I could see to such phenomenal mental fecundity was that they should all be literally living on *me*!

The hour was at hand when this would seem but a trivial worry indeed, in comparison with what I was next called upon to undergo. But let me not anticipate! F. A.

CANNIBALISM IN SCOTLAND.—"Lady in Sandyford district would like 2 gentlemen for dinner daily."—*Glasgow Herald*.



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 2.

WILL PUNCH GO SPARE?

ODE TO SPRING.

By A. GOURMET.

Hail, Heavenly Spring,
To whom the poets sing,
Chanting thy praises each returning year!
I too,
That have more cause than they to hold thee dear,
Am moved to raise
My voice in praise
Now that I see thee here,
It is not merely that thy skies are blue,
Thy fields aglow
With cowslips and the flaming marigold
Though that is so,
But other joys are thine
(And mine)
Still more deserving to be told,
For oh, Sweet Spring, thou meanest unto me
Far more
Than poets (a lean tribe at best)
Have ever properly expressed
Before,
Thou bring'st to us
The succulent asparagus,

The new potato and the early pea,
Thy gooseberry,
Lurking, divinely green, within a tart,
Makes glad the heart,
The swelling heart of me.

Thy lark that soaring high
Her liquid strain
Again and yet again
Pours forth in ecstasy
Maketh an even more ecstatic pie,
Thy little lambs
That frisk and bleat
Beside their dams
Are excellent to eat.

While in thy limpid streamlets lurks the trout
(I like him even better out!)

Therefore, Sweet Spring, thy name
Ever will I acclaim,
And while thy food
Remaineth good
I will exalt the same.

The Trail of the Motor.

"COLLECTOR. Young Man wants collecting."—Advt. in Provincial Paper.



Sidney S. Newman drew.

FISCAL JIU-JITSU.

FIRST MOVEMENT.—*The Friendly Approach.*
ONCE YOU CAN PERSUADE A MAN TO TAKE YOUR HAND, AND LET YOU SLIP YOUR
ARM UNDER HIS (FIG. 1)—

SECOND MOVEMENT. *The Chuck-out.*
IT IS QUITE EASY, BY A LITTLE ADROAT LEVERAGE, TO REMOVE HIM FROM
THE PREMISES (FIG. 2).



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 15.

Apparently there are few Sabbath afternoon exercises that give the Irish Constabulary purer joy, greater comfort, than rolling in the roadway one of the Representatives of the People. To set upon an ordinary shop-keeper or farmer may serve to fill up time; 'tis poor sport compared with the handling of one of the hon. gentlemen who go to Westminster and, in the sanctuary of the House of Commons, speak disrespectfully of their fellow-countrymen who answer for law and order in Ireland.

There are few Irish Members, even of the Party as at present constituted, who have not from time to time told a sympathetic House how on such occasions they fared. Under GEORGE WYNHAM'S rule there was surcease of this kind of diversion. Disposed to kill Home Rule by kindness, he discouraged Sunday afternoon athletics by the constabulary. A new era, or rather revival of an old one, appears coincidentally with the succession of WALTER LONG to the Chief Secretaryship.

Anyhow Mr. ROCHE this afternoon up and told how, paying a Sunday afternoon visit to his constituents in the musically named hamlet of Cappataggle, co. Galway, he was swooped down upon by the constabulary, who lifted him bodily out of the cart, dragging him along the road for fifty yards. "Me askin' thim to lave go," Mr. ROCHE added by way of making it clear that he was not a consenting party to the performance.

Owing to natural excitement, rapid utterance, and something quite novel in the way of brogue, it was difficult to follow Mr. ROCHE through the full details of the Sabbath afternoon scene. The conversation opened in dry, formal manner by a question on the paper. It invited the Chief Secretary to state whether he was aware that at the place on the date named "the Member for the

Division, while addressing his constituents, was dragged and pulled about by the police?"

This fashion of framing the question endowed it with a certain peaceful, prim formality. It appeared that Mr. ROCHE had no personal interest in the matter, was merely making inquiry on behalf of another Member. That was, however, a matter of style. Just as when Royal Proclamation is made the Sovereign is alluded to in the third person as "His Majesty," or as under the ancient French monarchy announcements were made *de par le roi*, so Mr. ROCHE, still smarting from his pummelling in the highway of Cappataggle, alluded to the victim of the outrage as "the Member for the Division." Later, when he supplemented the question by a speech, he disclaimed this courtly circumlocution and, fiercely facing the blushing Chief Secretary, challenged him to deny that "I was dragged about, me askin' thim to lave go."

That was ever Mr. ROCHE'S strong point. An ordinary man, say a Unionist Member, thus dealt with by the police, might have quietly reconciled himself to participation in their Sunday afternoon service, might even have affected to have enjoyed his share in it. Not so Mr. ROCHE. He was not going to leave the criminal constabulary any loophole of escape on the ground that "the Member for the Division" was a consenting party. Several times during his fifty yards excursion down the main street of Cappataggle he "asked thim to lave go." Was the right hon. gentleman aware of that?

WALTER LONG, his blushes more than ever completing his resemblance to a maiden of seventeen, showed a disposition to rise and state the extent of his knowledge on this particular. But the Deputy Speaker was on his feet by way of indication that the incident had closed. By indulgence of House, Mr. ROCHE had been permitted to make a personal statement. No debate could follow.

Thereupon the unrelenting advocates of law and order in Cappataggle burst all bounds, turning House of Commons into den of wild beasts. The Deputy Speaker stood with copy of the Orders of the Day in hand waiting to name the first. Below the gangway on his left the Irish Members, tossing like the salt estranging Channel in a westerly gale, incessantly bellowed "LONG! LONG!" For fully two minutes the tumult lasted, the Deputy Speaker standing mutely waiting for an opening. At times the turbulent throng surged towards the Treasury Bench as if with intent to seize the Chief Secretary and afford practical illustration of the way things are managed at Cappataggle on Sabbath



POPULAR SONG NEW VERSION.

Warder. "Bad-Elia! I'm goin' to steal ycr,"
"Bad-Elia, Bad-Elia dear!"

(Sir Henry Fowler asked what authority was responsible for the refusal to allow the Rev. Charles Jennings, Passive Resister, to retain Lamb's *Essays of Elia* for private reading in Worcester Jail.)

afternoons. Short of that, it seemed that the scene must have violent end.

It was WINSTON CHURCHILL who came to the rescue, adroitly suggesting that if the Chief Secretary desired to make a personal statement surely the House would hear him. The Deputy Speaker promptly followed this friendly lead. He had ruled, in accordance with unbroken precedent, that there could be no debate on a personal question. If the Chief Secretary had a statement to make on his own account he should be heard.

It was delightfully in keeping with the scene that WALTER LONG prefaced his remarks by emphatic declaration that he had no personal statement to make. Of course he accepted the hon. Member's narrative of what took place. His own was based upon the reports of the police.

"Then someone's a liar," cried Mr. KILBRIDE. With which incontestable summing up of the situation the storm cleared away and the mere business of the Budget Bill was taken in hand.

Business done.—Not much.

Tuesday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR really annoyed. Haven't for some time heard anything about that plaguy Fiscal Question. To this desirable condition of affairs he has personally contributed a prodigious interval of silence. Before the Easter recess, as all the world knows, DOX JOSÉ approached him with proposal of fresh terms, involving continuance of friendly relations on the basis of doing nothing just now. PRINCE ARTHUR politely received his right hon. friend and his comrades of the deputation, promising an answer "byne hy."

That indefinite term not arrived. People beginning to forget the matter,



"ME ASKIN' THIM TO LAVE GO."

(Mr. Roche and his electoral anxieties.)

when up gets Soams and abruptly introduces the sore subject. Worst thing about it is that Sir JOHN BOORMICK is used as the instrument of attack. Been making a speech down in Surrey and, Army Corps and New Regulation Caps being now out of his line, must needs talk about Colonial Conference meeting next year, whereas PRINCE ARTHUR has repeatedly stated—one of the few definite declarations made by him on the matter—that during the existence of the present Parliament no steps shall be taken in direction of giving effect to Don José's Tariff Scheme.

How can the two things be reconciled? Liberals instantly on the alert; want to move the adjournment in order to have field night. This amiable effort LOWMEYER (J. W.) frustrates. But there is angry talk, embarrassing questions, renewed necessity for saying nothing in round phrases that sound as if something were meant.

Worst of this kind of thing is that Leader of House, publicly questioned, cannot, as in case of loyal, loving friends, promise reply "bymeby." Must say something right off, the "something" to be as far removed as possible from answer to question.

So PRINCE ARTHUR airily said he "saw no inherent improbability in the hypothesis that before the last day of 1906 the Party now in power will be again returned at the head of a large majority."

That had calculated desired effect. The Liberals went off on fresh scent cunningly laid. Whilst they roared derision, PRINCE ARTHUR sat down and next question came on. As usual in kindred circumstances, he had been equal to the occasion. But why was the task forced upon him by a peripatetic colleague?

Business done. Drear dull day in debate on Budget Bill.

Wednesday night. A big day this for HERBERT CLAIKSTONE. BARRY SPENCER has resolved to add a cubit to the stature of his shirt collar. After long labouring in a fruitless wilderness, coming up to the Table time after time, taking place to the left of the Ministerial Whips in token of fresh defeat in the Division Lobby, this afternoon HERBERT receives from the Clerk the paper in token that his side have won the day. Gulping down his emotion, leaning slightly on the stalwart form of BARRY proudly erect on his left, he reads the figures. "Ayes to the Right, 266. Noes to the Left, 80." A majority of 186!

HARRY CHARLIN, who had gallantly led the forlorn hope, "telling" for the minority, beat hasty retreat. Things not going well with him just now from any point of the compass. Told a sympathetic House an hour ago how he had reduced the rent of his tenants by steps leading up to—or down to—70 per cent.

"You must have overdone it at one time," said JOHN BRUNSER, who pays his shareholders only thirty-five per cent.

CHARLIN's heart too heavy to retort on the jibe. Rents his private affair; the condition of the Tariff Reform crusade lay close by the nation's heart. Withdraw it, shattered by relentless foes, undermined by faithless friends, and the great heart, if it did not actually stop beating, would suffer grievous shock. Incidentally came this amendment to the Agricultural Rating Bill.

LAMENT having from the Opposition benches moved an amendment continu-

ADVICE TO THE RHEUMATIC.

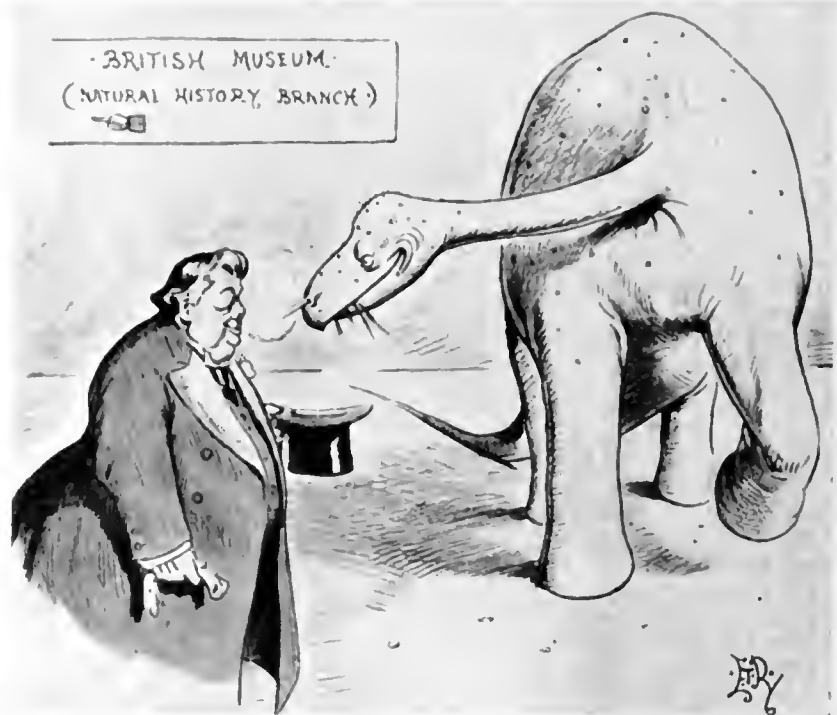
("The diet must be light . . . no wine should be taken, except, perhaps, a little dry champagne. Rubbing or shampooing the affected joints is beneficial, though painful.")

WARR against the pains of rheumatiz

You undertake a campaign,
Be sure that light your diet is,
And very dry your champagne.

And when the joints that ache and swell

The nurse proceeds to shampoo,
Be temperate in words as well,
And say (instead of "D—") "Pooh!"



QUITE UNIQUE; OR, WELCOMING THE DIPLODOCUS CARNEGII.

Prof. Roy Link-at-r. "Dear me! Most remarkable animal! You are very welcome."
The Diplodocus enthusiastically. "Wal! If he ain't a daisy!! Quite 'n interesting specimen of the British Pro-fessor! Carnegie'll just have to send a cast o' him over to the States right away!"

ing in permanency the Act that will expire next year, had run away, leaving his lantling on the floor of the House by Brother GERMAL's feet. CHARLIN picked it up, pressed it gently to his capacious bosom, carried it through the Division Lobby with the result recorded.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who last week dallied with the infant, encouraging expectation that Brother GERMAL would officially adopt it, now discarded it. Led the bulk of his forces to swell the numbers of the Opposition, and so gave the long-suffering Liberal Whips one wild moment of triumph.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill read second time.

Adding Insult to Injury.

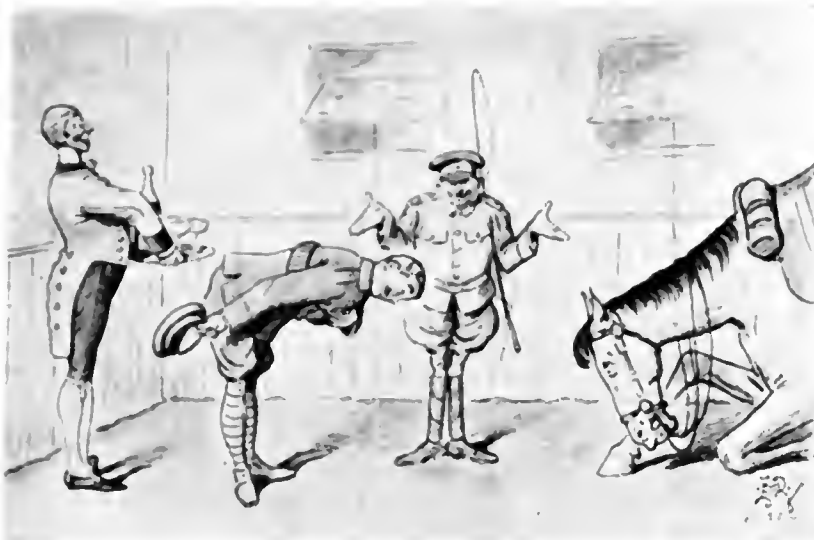
FROM the Official "Rules for Sub-Postmasters":—"Free medical attendance is allowed in respect of injuries sustained on duty at the hands of the Department's Medical Officer."

FROM a notice at the Cambridge Union Society:—"A debate was held on May 16, Mr. J. K. MOZLEY, President, in the chair. At 9.54 the President vacated the chair, being taken for the remainder of the debate by the Secretary." Another most unfortunate case of Mistaken Identity.



WORD-PAINTING.

Sportsman (who has just lost a good fish). "THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, TIM."
Tim. "DEED THEN IT WAS! HE WAS AS LONG AS AN UMBRELLA, AND HAD A SIDE ON HIM LIKE A SHOP SHUTTER!"



THE NEW RECRUIT TRAINING-SYSTEM FOR THE CAVALRY.

THE RECRUIT WILL BE INTRODUCED TO HIS HORSE UNDER COMFORTABLE CONDITIONS WHICH INSURE CONFIDENCE."

A QUEER PIECE OF BUSINESS.

MR. TREE's impersonation of *Isidore Izard*, Financier and Newspaper Proprietor, in Mr. GRAY's carefully executed adaptation of OCTAVE MURRAY's play, *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, entitled *Business is Business*, recently produced at His Majesty's, is a marvellous *tour de force*. There is but one way of rightly representing this odious character, and that way is Mr. TREE's. Artistically true in every detail to the type he has chosen as the original of the portrait, Mr. TREE spares no pains to make this highly charged picture of a coarse vulgar millionaire repulsively attractive. There are bright gleams of natural affection for his spoiled son, as also for his unsympathetic daughter, nor does he appear to be anything but ordinarily kind to his attached and timorous wife, a part played by Mrs. E. H. BROOKE with such domestic pathos as touches the heart and elicits the most sincere applause. Except for this *role of Mrs. Izard* the play is a one-part piece of a somewhat sombre tone, relieved by a few excellent bits of such character-acting as fall to the lot of Mr. ROME HARWOOD impersonating the artfully silent German *Professor Grugg*, to Mr. COOKSON as the cunning solicitor *Mr. Deenish*, and to Mr. FISHER WHITE as *Jennings*, the head gardener.

Mr. BEN GILL, representing *Hubert Forsyth*, "a chemist in *Izard's* employ," has a difficult task to render the character either interesting or sympathetic. *Forsyth* owes his position to *Izard*, who, of course for his own ends and purposes, has rescued him from starvation, and not only does he fall in love with the millionaire's daughter *Inez* (a very trying part, by the way, for any young actress, even if possessed of greater experience than has Miss VIOLA TREE), but he marries her secretly, and these two, by remaining under the same roof with *her* parents and *his* employer, thus living a life of duplicity, court the punishment that discovery of the fact must sooner or later entail upon them. An audience can have no sympathy with such underhandedness, especially where there is an excellent old mother in whom the girl ought to have confided.

As *Cyril*, the spoilt son of *Izard*, spendthrift and snob, Mr. GEORGE TROLLOPE gives us a first-rate bit of character-acting, representing the gilded youth as a common heartless little beast, deficient even in ordinary gratitude to his father

for favours received. When the sudden death of this objectionable young man is announced, the only sentiment felt is one of curiosity as to the effect this shock will have on his father.

The millionaire has our sympathies when he turns the artificial and compound-interest tables on the two swindlers who have combined to cheat him; we quite appreciate the millionaire's gutter-snipe double-shuffle, expressive of triumph, so reminiscent of his earliest days in Bernersday; so natural too in such a man are his exuberant spirits exhibited in wackings on shoulders, and horse-play with a huge paper-knife, which he digs point blank into his companions' ample waists, thus indicating the friendliness of his humour, much after the manner of *Mr. Quilp* when playfully encouraging his miserable slave *Sampson Brass*, attorney-at-law of *Bevis Marks*. His admiration of his own portrait; his confidential winks at it; in fact, all his utterly bad and disgusting manners, caudish in the extreme, are just part and parcel of such a man as the dramatist has

wished to describe, and the actor has determined to depict. His utter fury, when thwarted by the secret marriage of his deceitful daughter with the equally deceitful *employé*, is awful to behold.

Most artistic is the contrast between the aristocratic, but unfortunately impetuous, gentleman the *Earl of Hathersage*, played with great distinction of manner by Mr. DAWSON MUWARR, and the extra-vulgar, caudish, *nouveau riche*, as portrayed by Mr. TREE. The strong scene between these two is admirably played; and equal praise is due to the rendering of all the great scenes in the piece. Throughout, Mr. TREE's by-play is very striking, never out of the picture; in fact in dramatic parlance "his 'business' is business," and such exceptionally "good business," that if the front of the House does the same, the financial results ought to be exceptionally satisfactory.

A LITTLE WONDER.

MASTER MISCHA ELMAN is a wonderful boy. Only thirteen, and doesn't look a day older than that; if anything a little younger. A bit too old for toys, he plays with the violin, and his performance on this instrument is absolutely marvellous. We are not, as a rule, favourably inclined towards infantine phenomena, but Master Mischa is the exception. All that he does is just perfect, without effort, quietly, no posturing, no sham exhaustion. Master Mischa just takes his performance as part of his day's work, or play, then bows his thanks for plaudits, and retires, probably to a good and well-deserved "tuck in."

"So Orpheus played of old, or poets lie,
And as the beasts were charmed —"

But I will not continue the quotation. Certainly JOHN WILKES' motto will never be adopted by Master Mischa, "*Areni meo non confido*," Musically armed, he will go out conquering and to conquer, bringing in captives, even among the Philistines, to his bow and his Strad.

We are sorry to see that the *Westminster Gazette* is becoming tainted by the bloodthirsty instinct which characterises some of its evening contemporaries. What else can be the meaning of these headlines?—

THE MOTOR-BOAT FIASCO.

NOT A SINGLE LIFE LOST.

OPERATIC NOTES.

May 17.—Memorable for MELBA. Grand reception by *femmes, les femmes, il n'y a que ça!*—but in this instance "the



Alfredo collared. Papa Germont expostulates with his son on his reckless extravagance in boots and linen.

crowded house; and our ever welcome soprano quite at home to any number of callers. *La Traviata* is the opera, and MELBA as *Violetta* is in fine voice, singing like the sweetest warbler of wood-notes wild, and trilling us through with pleasure. *À propos* of trilling, why is not *Trilby* turned into an opera? It has all the humour and pathos of *La Bohème*, while to a dramatic artist and vocalist the character of *Scengali* offers chances not to be despised. Could Madame MELBA be *Trilby*? If she can play and sing *Mimi*, why not Du MATRIER's *Trilby*? No extra charge for the suggestion (copyrighted), and libretto undertaken and supplied "while you wait," at the shortest possible notice.

Signor SCOTT comes out strong as old *Georgy Germont*, the father "with a past," but Alfredo his son, as represented by Signor CONSTANTINO, does not act like his father; had he done so he wouldn't be in his present difficulty—"O les

donation of CONSTANTINE" signifies that this CONSTANTINE has been gifted with a grand voice and does full justice to VERDI's music.

The ladies and gentlemen invited by *Violetta* to her "at home" were not in their very best form, but Signor MANCINI and his merry men in the orchestra made up for most deficiencies.



Melba in her new Umbrella Hat.



ALFREDO MAKES THE MONEY FLY.

Melba-Violetta (aside). "He can do what he likes with the property coins. I've always got my own notes, and no one can touch them."

The ancient tradition of the opera as to costume is still adhered to, the characters all appearing in such cavalier-like attire as is popularly associated with the play of *Don César de Bazan*; the only exception being the principal, *Violetta*, who is in advance of her time by some centuries. She is distinctly modern, attired in wonderful gowns, Worth providing, well Worth seeing, Worthy of the occasion.

Our record of the singings and doings of Madame MELBA in this and other operas must be "continued in our next."

DRURY LANE DRAMA.

IN no character is Sir HENRY IRVING seen to greater advantage than as *Thomas Becket, Chancellor of England and Archbishop of Canterbury*, in TENNYSON's play of *Becket*, as arranged for the stage (of which the poet knew very little) by the actor for whom it was written. It is indeed a fine, a masterful performance, and from beginning to end Sir HENRY grips his audience. No wonder that Act after Act the curtain is raised at least five times in answer to the enthusiastic plaudits of a crowded and intensely interested audience. Mrs. CECIL RALEIGH as the injured *Queen Eleanor*

commands our sympathy, and it is difficult for us, even in most charitable mood, to make any excuse for the lax conduct of the Second *Henry*, well represented by Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE, who neglects the handsome *dirorée* of *Louis* of France, now Queen of England, for *Rosamund de Clifford*, however prettily played the part may be by Miss MAUD FEALY. But we quarrel not with history: *chacun à son goût*, and as the incident has helped to furnish Sir HENRY with one of the finest parts in his *répertoire* it is not for us to be captious critics of established facts. *The Merchant of Venice* is now on the bill, and between the Merchant and the Martyr the honours, for Sir HENRY, are equally divided.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FARCES.

It would not be an easy task to find a better company for a smart, give-and-take rattling, knockabout Three-Act farce of a type made familiar to us during the time of the two CHARLES'S, WYNDHAM and HAWTHORN, than that now being "presented" to the public by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN at the Comedy Theatre, where *The Dictator* is being played, with the agile, neat-handed and mirth-provoking artist, Mr. WILLIAM COLLIER, in the leading part of *Broske Travers*. His effects are made without apparent effort, yet he works hard, and is ably seconded by Mr. EDWARD AMES representing his valet Simpson, and he is strongly supported by the talented members of the company, individually and collectively; by JONN BARRYMORE, as *Charley Hype*, by *petite Mame*, DORA as *Lucy Sheridan*, by lively GRACE HANSAU as *Mrs. Bowie*, whose husband, *Colonel Bowie*, is strongly individualised by Mr. GEORGE NASH in the shape of a most truculent and designing personage, and by LOUISE ALLEN, whose *Señora Juunita Arguilla* is a fine specimen of genuine burlesque acting.

Mr. McGRATH as *Duffy* the detective, and HENRY WEST as the *Rec. Arthur Bootick*, assist in "keeping the tambourine a-rollin'," as does FRANCIS STEWICK who, as "the Health Officer at Porto Rinos," is not less amusing than is LOUIS EYAN as *Señor José Dravo*, "Proprietor of the Hotel del Prado." This piece, described as "a Comedy in Three Acts," is simply a rattling farce of the ultra-farcical order, reminiscent of many previous plots and characters which have all done good service in their time since the early days of *Housior Signior Pantaloni*, and *Twice Killed*. We know that *Señora Juunita* and her dagger; we know her and that blade which "comes from Sheffield;" in fact, we have the happiness to reckon pretty well "all the persons in the play" among our "old acquaintance" that "should not be forgot;" and while admiring the audacious cleverness of the author, Mr. HARRY DAVIS, we heartily congratulate him on his great good fortune in having placed his cards with such skilled players that they appear to be all trumps. The *jeu de scène* never flags, the steam is kept up to highest pressure, and the dialogue is given so well and so clearly that not only is no single point lost, but many are made which might otherwise have been entirely missed.

Truly this author's "lines have fallen in pleasant places," and the popularity of the piece, as played by WILLIAM COLLIER and present company, is assured beyond all question.

The "curtain raiser" must come in for more than a mere word of praise. It is a dialogue entitled *The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard*, by E. HARCOURT WILLIAMS, from a story by ANTHONY HOPE, and it is perfectly played by Miss LILLAS WILDEGRAVE and Mr. NORMAN McKISSEL. It does not commence until 8.30, and plays for just half an hour, and to this slight piece the term "Comedy," misused as descriptive of *The Dictator*, can be honestly applied. The two characters are in capital dramatic contrast, and amateurs in search of a dialogue requiring little scenery and no expensive costumes might do worse than turn their attention to this story of a pair among the apples.

A Parti-coloured Monlater.

THE Magpie Madrigal Society will give a concert this (Wednesday) evening at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Square, in aid of the Westminster Hospital. Among other attractions will be a very piquant costume worn by the Colonial Secretary. The *Daily Mail* is our authority for the statement that "the lady members of the Society, who include . . . Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED LATTELOX, are all attired in white dresses with a black zouave jacket to give a magpie effect." Did Mr. LATTELOX ever play for the famous Clown Cricketers?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EIGHTEEN months ago Sir HORACE PLANKETT published, through Mr. Murray, a disquisition on *Ireland in the New Century*. It evoked an outburst of resentment which incidentally sent it through three editions in as many months. Amongst its earliest and most influential condemnners was a Father of the Church, who, whilst placing the book in the *Index Expurgatorius*, confessed *more Hibernico* that he had not read it. My Baronite has, and admits that he is not surprised at the outcry. In temperate, and therefore effective, manner, Sir HORACE frankly discusses his fellow countrymen, extenuating nothing but setting down naught in malice. It is the talk of a wise, loving, but honestly implacable parent with a favourite child.

He took him by the collar,
Cruel only to be kind, | And to his exceeding dolour
Gave him several whacks behind.

Of course the child does not like it, but he would do well to consider the counsel, take to heart the friendly warning. To this end a cheap edition of the book is issued, with addition of an epilogue in which Sir HORACE shrewdly replies to his critics.

There is insuperable difficulty in the way of writing a sufficient and satisfactory biography of a man whilst the subject of the work is still alive. At best it cannot, save in length, differ greatly from the style and character of an entry in *Who's Who* or an interview on behalf of a newspaper. In *Mr. Asquith* (METHUEN), Mr. ATTENSOX has done the best possible, producing an admirable account of a successful life. It principally takes the form of record of the ex-lionne Secretary's political and Parliamentary career, with summaries of his principal speeches. The most interesting chapters in the book are the first four, which deal with his boyhood and college life. To these his old tutor and headmaster Dr. ANSTOT, and Mr. HERBERT WARREN, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, contribute personal reminiscences. Quotations going back nearly twenty years testify that our Tony, M.P. from the first recognised the genius and foretold the pre-eminence of the brilliant Member for East Fife. When a man's name is in all the churches, appreciation becomes commonplace, and applause a matter of course. It is at the outset of a career that such encouragement is valuable, and is most gratefully remembered by the recipient.

Roger Trevelin, by JOSEPH HOCKING (WARD, LOCK & Co.), is a well-written but somewhat old-fashioned style of romance, dealing with strange family legends, weird scenes of witchcraft, phantoms, lights, and fantasies. The familiar story of the strife between younger and elder brother, the mother's pet *versus* the father's pride, is here used to some purpose, and a rather colourless heroine is treated in such a manner as, in the mistaken opinion of the author, to require a foot-note that guarantees the startling incident as a fact not to be gainsaid by the most incredulous. This foot-note would have come in with far more authority had it been placed, as Sir WALTER SCOTT used to give his authority for anything peculiarly strange, at the end of the novel, or at the close of the chapter, on a page apart. The earlier portion of this story is so excellent that the reader is encouraged in expectations which are never thoroughly realised. There is repetition of incident which abates the interest. Yet those who love legendary lore, who know the ropes and the art of skipping, are sure to find themselves interested in this romantic tale.



A REMONSTRANCE.

(By an Indignant Liberal.)

["IBSEN's political plays probably suggested the subject of OTTO ERNST's drama, *Bannermann*, the politician whom a career of uninterrupted success has converted from a statesman of genuine and Liberal principles to a merely tyrannical and corrupt party leader. The piece has some merit, but is marred by a conventionally happy ending."—*The Times*, Lit. Sup.]

SIR! Mr. Punch! Can what I read be true?

And has some Teuton dramatist indited

A shameless play (inspired by IBSEN, too!)

In which our Liberal Leader's fame is slighted,

His character and principles aspersed?

Of all base outrages this is the worst!

Is it a slip of the Reviewer's pen,

Too much engrossed in one great Politician

To realise there may be other men

With other names holding the same position?

No, if the printed title-page you scan,

The name undoubtedly is *Bannermann*.

Who is this ERNST, this monster that has dared

To take the name we venerate in vain?

Had it been BALFOUR I should not have cared.

I should have laughed had it been CHAMBERLAIN.

But BANNERMAN.—To choose that sacred head!

No wonder that I doubted when I read.

Teuton, a score of damning facts disclose

Your ignorance of him whom you defame.

Three "n's" in all (not four as you suppose)

Go to the making of his honoured name;

While other obvious errors make it clear

You haven't really studied his career.

Tyrannical? The epithet's absurd.

No Party chief ever deserved it less.

Nor is "uninterrupted" quite the word

Best fitted for describing his success.

While, if it was sarcastically meant,

That I should almost equally resent.

There have been times when even Liberals deemed

The Party's leadership might well be altered,

There have been moments when it almost seemed

As if his followers' allegiance faltered.

The dramatist who fails to note this fact,

And set it down, is worse than inexact.

Teuton, one fact alone can save your play,

Which otherwise were wholly past defending:

It has one merit nought can take away—

It has, I understand, a happy ending.

In the last act—this half redeems your sin—

A Liberal Government is really in!

SHOULD MOTORISTS BE SHOT?

(OR, THE NEW QUEENSBERRY RULES.)

As the result of two narrow escapes within ten days, an inquiry was made last week by the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY of the West London Police Magistrate, as to whether he was at liberty to carry a revolver or rifle in order to defend himself and his family from being run over by the motorists of the Hammersmith Road. We sincerely trust that matters will not reach such a pitch as to necessitate the frequent production of lethal weapons from the hip-pockets of the Far West. The inhabitants of West Kensington are not all adept shots at the "running deer," which in this instance takes the form of a scorching road-hog. If the thoroughfares of that



A JU-JITSUOUS HINT.

Fair Victim. "PARDON, MR. SNOBBARTS, THIS IS A WALTZ, I BELIEVE, NOT A BOUT OF JU-JITSU!"

neighbourhood are to be transformed into local Bisleys, we fear that there will be a speedy shortage of ratepayers and other occupants of the side-walk. The butchers and grocers of the North End Road will have to wear bullet-proof cuirasses, and the other tradesmen will need their subterranean shelters when the quarry runs amok and the fur begins to fly. We must at any rate entreat the paterfamilias and the nurse-maid, great though the provocation may be, not to whip out six-shooters or level fowling-pieces until they have had some practice at clay pigeons or hard-driven partridges. It would also be unsportsmanlike to take pot-shots at motorists sitting, in the case of a break-down, unless recognised as dangerous specimens of *feræ nature* and even then a game licence should be taken out.

On the whole, we do not recommend this method of dealing with rogue chauffeurs who have turned Turk, and cannot be corralled in a blind alley. A Texan lasso or Patagonian bolas might be introduced with advantage, and possibly harpoons or knobkerries would do at short range, but the present crowded state of the London streets will not permit of firearms, for anyone but BUFFALO BILL to shoot folly as it flies at double the legal rate.

HIS 29TH "TIME ON EARTH?"—"The tall Australian (KERMODE) was in rare form on the opening day, which happened to be the anniversary of his 29th birthday."—Mr. L. O. S. Poidevin in the "*Manchester Evening Chronicle*."

CICERO DE ORATORE.

[Lord ROSEBERRY's Derby candidate is here supposed, on the eve of the race, to indulge in institution upon his owner's career.]

To-morrow is the 31st of May,
And they will call me early for a spin,
To stretch my legs against the coming fray,
Which with a bit of luck I ought to win;
And by preoccupations much distraught
I shall have little space for quiet thought;
Therefore to-night before I turn to rest
Let me awhile consider calmly how
That Orator who owns me feels just now —
What sentiments inspire his noble breast
When he compares his Public Form with mine.

Does lost occasion make his heart repine?
Do my prospective chances — far from small —
On these memorial Downs (adjacent to
His own suburban residence) recall
The twin events of *Ladas'* record year,
When Man and Beast secured the Riband Blue
Each in his own peculiar kind of sphere —
Politics and the Turf? No doubt they do.
No doubt he wishes now, a touch too late,
That he had kept in training, done his share
Of morning gallops, whittling down his weight,
Gone through his trials like a Horse of Blood,
And scored a triumph for the Liberal stud,
Largely composed of platers. What a pair
We two had made for history's delight,
That loves repeating tales she told before.
O why, I ask, did he himself ignore
The rules of action he prescribed for me?
For, had he let my labours be confined
To solitary walking exercise
In arable country somewhere out of sight,
And taking, now and then, when so inclined,
An exhibition canter in the Row
Does anyone suppose that I should be
The horse I am to-day in people's eyes,
And backed to bear their bullion? Bless you, no!

Not that I'd have him entertain remorse
On my account. 'Tis true I cannot get
Reflected glory such as *Ladas* got,
He being what he was — a Premier's horse,
That had a Liberal Cabinet in trust
And carried all their hopes, while I am not
A Nonconformist Party's colt, but just
A simple unassuming Peer's. And yet
For worlds I would not stand in *Ladas'* shoes
And feel as he felt ere he went to bed
Upon the night before his classic race,
With such responsibilities to face,
Equal, in extra weight, to two stone dead.
For, if I win, why then I bring renown
On self and Earl; whereas, if I should lose,
At least I drag no Liberal Premier down
And set profanity a-gaping at
Our common ruin. I am glad of that.

O. S.

The Simple Life.

Is a paragraph headed "The Simple Life," the *Yorkshire Evening Post* quotes a witness who said that "defendant walked along the public streets with his arm round his young lady's waist and neck." But surely this serpentine feat is not so "simple" a thing as our contemporary supposes.

A DEADLY PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN SOIL.—The Terror COTTER.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM. It is announced that the Hurlingham Club have decided to abandon pigeon-shooting as an item in the programme of their sports. While it is the duty of those who are the subjects of King Edward at all times to lay before your feet the expression of their homage and affection, it is their privilege at this moment to approach you with a feeling in which gratitude and devotion bear even more than their ordinary share. The shooting of trapped pigeons is a hateful and a cowardly form of amusement, but it has been disguised under the name of sport, and men and women who would otherwise have turned from it in horror have allowed themselves to be deceived by the pretence, and have sanctioned it by their presence. Your woman's heart was moved by the tortures so wantonly inflicted on these bright and beautiful birds, the gentlest and most innocent of God's feathered creatures, and you made known your disapproval. It is for this that we thank you both in the name of humanity, which was outraged, and of sport, which was turned to base uses. Men and women of fashion are strange beings. They will endure for long a spectacle at which their better nature revolts, if only they can bring themselves to believe that the dictates of society sanction it, and that true sportsmanship requires its perpetuation. After your disapproval was made known they could believe this no longer, and thus it has come about that at Hurlingham there is to be no more shooting of pigeons.

In other places in the world, I may be told, this so-called sport will continue. That is true, but the example thus set under your gracious inspiration by an institution so distinguished as the Hurlingham Club cannot be without force or remain for long without followers. When it is known that the sportsmen of England, moved by their QUEEN, have frowned upon a pursuit and abandoned it, that pursuit cannot long remain in the category of acknowledged sports in any other country. But, be this as it may, our thanks to you are none the less fervent and sincere. Henceforth the brightness and calm of a summer's day—and where is it brighter or calmer than on the banks of the Thames?—will not be marred at Hurlingham by the wanton death or the miserable agony of birds. Here at any rate the mercy which it is the privilege of Royalty to exercise has not been without effect. I am, with all loyal devotion, Your Majesty's humble and obedient servant,

PUNCH.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

["Mr. P. F. WARNER, the well-known cricketer, has consented to read the lessons at St. Mary-at-Hill, City, to-morrow evening."—*Daily Mail*, May 20.]

THERE is much in this novel announcement that commends itself to us; for we see in it the germ of a new system of church finance capable of great and profitable development, and one that seems especially likely to supply a want in these days when bazaars are becoming antiquated and overdone, and appear to be getting a little "blown on" in ecclesiastical circles. We anticipate in the near future a series of announcements something like the following:—

The Australian Cricket Team have kindly promised to hand round the offertory bags at St. —'s Church next Sunday morning.

MESSRS. ROBERTS and STEVENSON have graciously consented to act as pew-openers at the morning service at St. —'s next Sunday, and in the evening the Amateur Golf Champion will assist the management in this department.

The *corps de ballet* and lady-supers of the Aphrodite Theatre have promised to sit well forward in the front row of the gallery at St. —'s on Sunday evening next. The church is lighted by electricity.



EXPERT OPINION.

LEOPOLD. "SILLY FUSS THEY'RE MAKING ABOUT THESE SO-CALLED ATROCITIES IN MY CONGO PROPERTY."
ABRAHAM. "ONLY TALK, MY DEAR BOY. THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING. THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME!"





A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"OH, MAMMA, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY SOUND ASLEEP NOW. JUST LISTEN TO PAPA!"

WHY I HAVE GIVEN UP WRITING NOVELS.

(A Personal Explanation in Two Parts.)

PART II.

I HAVE already hinted at a period prior to which the troubles caused by my too fertile imagination can scarcely be said to have commenced. Personally, I should date this period from the ill-omened hour in which *Desmond McAvelly* first crossed my threshold. *McAvelly*, it is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader, was the villain in *Poisoned Porridge*, and even the modesty of an author cannot blind me to the fact that he was a devilish good villain, as villains go.

He arrived in the powerful automobile with which for the purposes of the plot I had provided him in the novel, and, when he threw off his goggled-mask and fur overcoat, he revealed himself in irreproachable evening-dress, which seemed to indicate the drawing-room as the most appropriate place for him. It was accordingly placed at his disposal, and there he sat all day, consuming innumerable cigarettes, as he thought out his intricate and infernal schemes.

At meal-times, however, he joined the other residents at my board—for I was practically running a boarding-house, except that, as they none of them possessed any visible means of support, I made no profits worth mentioning.

I was pained to observe that he completely got round the

hero's mother, who persisted in believing that *McAvelly* was a cruelly misunderstood person, with excellent moral principles—indeed, the only time the dear old lady and I ever differed at all seriously was once when I ventured to warn her that he might possibly be other than he seemed. Considering that I could not give her my grounds for distrusting him, it would perhaps have been wiser to have held my peace. As for the hero (who really was more of a noodle than I ever could have anticipated), he fell at once under the spell of *McAvelly's* baleful glamour, and was absurdly flattered by his slightest notice.

Not so *Yolande*, who, I am proud to record, was true to my conception of her as the embodiment of guileless British girlhood, and shrank instinctively from his insidious advances. He took his revenge by poisoning her lover's mind against her, as of course such a villain would. How he managed it exactly I do not know, as I was not present, but the consequence was that *Cedric* soon began to treat her with marked coldness, if not actual aversion. She quitted our roof, determined to end her despair by suicide, rather frequently about this time.

Honest *Martha* could not, as she frankly stated, "thole" *McAvelly*, who invariably adopted towards her a politely ironical tone that no respectable elderly domestic could be expected to stand. I should have felt easier in my mind if I could have known precisely what he was plotting during the

long hours he spent alone in my drawing-room, because, in the novel, I had thrown out a vague suggestion (merely for effect, as the plot did not turn upon it) that, when not otherwise engaged, he was rather by way of being an anarchist of sorts. It was by no means pleasant to think that, in his spare moments, he might be busy compounding bombs on the chiffonier!

So that, when a middle-aged stranger in blue spectacles presented himself, and, after explaining that he was a chronic invalid with a pet cobra (quite harmless) and a passion for playing the concertina and eating hashish, begged me to receive him into my household as a paying guest, I consented with unspeakable relief.

For of course I knew at once that he could be no other than my great but eccentric amateur detective, *Rumsey Prole*. Some critics have professed to see certain resemblances between this character of mine and one of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S. I can only say that, if any similarity exists at all, it is purely accidental. *Rumsey Prole* is an entirely original creation evolved from my own unassisted imagination. Besides, his methods are so absolutely different from those of the rival specialist. But I can afford to ignore these pettifogging criticisms.

With *Prole* on the spot I felt safer. I fitted up a box-room in the attics for him as a sort of snuggery, where he could play with the cobra, or on the concertina, and chew hashish to his heart's content. I frequently went up to consult him, and generally found him absorbed in reading *Euclid*, which he maintained was more amusing and better illustrated than most of the popular magazines. I regret to say, however, that he seemed to attach but little importance to my suspicions of *McAvelly*, and in short behaved with a *brusquerie* which—had I known him less well—I might have mistaken for offensive rudeness. But it was a great comfort to have him about. That massive mind of his was, I knew, working all—or most of—the time, and the ease with which he had unravelled the rather complicated mystery of *Poisoned Porridge* seemed a guarantee that he would be fully equal to checkmating any fresh devilries *McAvelly* might attempt.

How it happened I can't explain—perhaps *Prole* took a little too much hashish—but *McAvelly* contrived to pull off his crime—whatever it was, for I never ascertained its precise character. I gathered, however, from *Inspector Chugg* (another creation of mine whom, for reasons of my own, I had not thought fit to invest with any excessive brilliancy) that it was something in the nature of Common Barratry—and a hanging matter. With truly diabolical cunning *McAvelly* had contrived to throw suspicion on the innocent and unfortunate *Cedric*, who, believing, though on insufficient grounds, that *Yolande* was the culprit, nobly took the blame on himself—which was only what I should have expected of him. He had done much the same thing before in the book. Naturally *Yolande* misunderstood his motive, and, being a thoroughly nice-minded girl, recoiled from a lover who had openly confessed himself a Common Barrator. But I *was* rather surprised when *Inspector Chugg* arrested them both, and, after subjecting them to a searching cross-examination, warned them that whatever they had said would be taken down and used in evidence against them at their trial.

In fact I was about to make an indignant protest, when, to my unfeigned delight, *Rumsey Prole*, having emptied his box of hashish, finished the first book of *Euclid*, and charmed the cobra into a state of coma by playing all the tunes he knew on the concertina, came down to the rescue.

This marvellous man, by a series of ingenious deductions from cigarette ashes, tea-leaves, a disused tram-car ticket, a marked farthing, and samples of fluff, all of which his trained eye had detected on the carpet, demonstrated beyond all

possibility of doubt that the actual culprit was no other than myself!

I was positively thunderstruck; for, up to that juncture, I could have sworn that I was innocent, and it was a bitter moment when my own *Cedric* and *Yolande*, their faith in one another now completely restored, avowed their conviction of my guilt, adjuring me in moving terms not to suffer this dark stain to blight their young lives, but to confess all, and hope for the mercy of heaven! I adjured *them* not to be a couple of young idiots. Still I could not help recognising that, unless the world at large were more amenable to reason, I was in rather a tight place. In fact I saw the Gallows plainly looming before me!

Fortunately, at the eleventh hour, a deliverer came forward in the homely person of good old *Martha*, who remembered by the merest chance that there were certain documents in a brass-bound desk belonging to her mistress which might possibly throw some light on the subject. These were produced and submitted to *Mr. Deedes*, the family solicitor, who perused them anxiously, spectacles on nose, during a prolonged and most dramatic silence. At last he wiped his spectacles, blew his nose with more than usual resonance, and, in accents husky with emotion, pronounced that, so far as he had been able to interpret the papers, they not only proved my entire innocence and incriminated *McAvelly* (whom I had suspected from the first) but also established *Cedric's* claim to a dormant peerage, and identified *Yolande* as the long-sought heiress of a South African millionaire, who had lately died intestate after bequeathing her ten thousand a year and a palatial mansion in Park Lane!

Altogether dear old *Deedes* trumpeted to some purpose on that occasion! Even I should never have thought of such a way out of the labyrinth in which we were all so inextricably entangled. But it only shows how marvellously an author's characters may be capable of developing if they are only started with a strong enough individuality!

There is little more to relate. *McAvelly*, humming a careless snatch and muttering horrible imprecations under his breath, had already evaded the strong arm of the Law by sauntering out of the house—and out of our lives, for ever! *Rumsey Prole* wrung my hand warmly, with the remark that the result was in exact accordance with all his calculations—after which he packed up his cobra and concertina, and left to lay in a fresh supply of hashish before proceeding to investigate another case that demanded his assistance.

Cedric and his mother, with *Yolande* and the faithful *Martha*, departed to claim the dormant peerage and occupy the palace in Park Lane. I made no attempt to detain them. Only good old *Mr. Deedes* was left on my hands, and, as I could not stand his practising as a solicitor any longer in my breakfast-room, I took an office for him in Bedford Row, where he can wipe his spectacles and blow his nose unseen and unheard—for I can hardly believe that any sane client will ever consult him professionally. I know I shan't.

I think I have now said enough to enable the Gentle Reader to understand how and why it is that, in spite, or perhaps I should say *because* of the unprecedented success that has attended my first humble effort in fiction, I am resolved that it must never be repeated.

Indeed, what I have gone through already has upset me so severely that my doctor has ordered me to take a complete rest, and I am just now staying (though only temporarily) at a Sanatorium.

The Medical Superintendent here is inclined—as I can see plainly, however he may endeavour to disguise it—to regard my strange experiences as more or less imaginary.

However, when he sees them in print, and in such a periodical as *Punch*, he will, I fancy, be compelled to take them seriously.

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has prepared a list of nine reforms which his party will deal with when they come into office, and intends to add others when they occur to him. This is really Liberal.

At the moment when the DEPUTY-SPEAKER closed the sitting of the House on account of "grave disorder," several Irishmen were seriously considering the question put to us by a certain advertising firm, "With what shall we cover the floor?"

It is rumoured that, as an act of grace, on June 17, to celebrate the inauguration of the L.C.C. Penny Steamboat service, *Nelson and his Captains* is to be re-admitted to the list of school-prizes authorised by that body.

Scotland, meanwhile, is indignant at the exclusion of *Burns* from the list, and it has even been suggested that such exclusion is due to the insensate jealousy of a Member of the Council of the same name.

The cold snap ended last week after a short duration, and it is feared that, after all, it may be impossible to hold the Skating Championship of England this summer.

The approaching marriage of the German CROWN PRINCE promises to be an imposing affair. Nor has the amusement of the populace been forgotten. When the bride makes her state entry into the capital, her bodyguard will consist of the Guild of Berlin Butchers, who will be in evening dress, with white ties, white gloves, and silk hats, and mounted on real horses.

The want of facilities for the repairing of ships at Vladivostock is being commented on even in St. Petersburg. This acknowledgment that the heroes of the Dogger Bank ought to have accommodation in the dock is welcome though tardy.

The Russian bomb-throwers, as the result of constant practice, are improving even in their accidents. A premature explosion at Warsaw last week victimised two detectives as well as the owner of the bomb.

The *Daily Chronicle* is usually so careful in its spelling that we were surprised to come across the following paragraph, last week, in its cricket notes:—"It will be seen that, while HILL reappears, ARMSTRONG goes into retirement, with GEHRS, NEWLAND, and HOPKINS. The man who made 243 not out is suffering with a badly bruised toe, the result of his great



GUNNING-KING

Itinerant Musician (to Jones, who has had a bad day). "WELL, GUV'NOR, YOU ARE A WELL-PLUCKED 'UN!"

feat." If, on the other hand, a *jeu d'esprit* was intended, it is an old one.

What is the difference between an Actress and a Chorus Girl? is a question which has been claiming the attention of the Courts. We should have thought that an Actress is one who speaks, and a Chorus Girl one who squeaks.

A picture by VANDYCK has been sold for fourpence. We are pleased to hear this, for we cannot help thinking that this is the way to put a stop to the growing trade in forgeries. If it were to become customary to sell old masters at such prices it would no longer be worth anyone's while to produce counterfeits.

Answer to a Correspondent:—It is considered pretentious to wear motor-goggles when riding on a motor 'bus.

Flogging in our Schools.

THAT at least one trainer of the young has no idea of sparing the rod in deference to popular clamour may be proved by the following excerpt from a prospectus (forwarded by a correspondent) in which the Head Mistress announces her intention to fortify (probably by splicing it) the weapon of correction: "By the Material Strengthening of her Staff Mrs. — hopes to be able to continue her system of individual attention in spite of increasing numbers of Pupils."

OUR CRICKETING SYBARITES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The fact that the Australians have petitioned for shorter hours of play, and the action of one of our own first-class bowlers, who won a recent match for his side by going off the field for a bath, resting in the pavilion for an hour, and finally emerging much refreshed to despatch the tail-end of the opposing team, are sure to establish a precedent. Cricketers are not the hardy race they used to be. We may look for some such items of cricket gossip as the following during the remainder of the season:—

The sensational strike which led to the defeat of England by 386 runs in the last test match has, we are glad to say, at length been settled. A compromise has been arranged. Instead of iced drinks at the end of every third over, for which the professionals agitated, there will be—in addition to the luncheon and tea intervals—a cucumber-sandwich interval at 12.30, a cold snack at 3.15, a doze at 5.20, and a champagne-cup break at 6.30. These reforms having met with the approval of the strikers, it is expected that England will be strongly represented in the next match.

Messrs. CARRAGE AND SONS, Athletic Outfitters, announce a new Short Slip Deck Chair. Invaluable to first-class cricketers when the wicket is dry. Hustle is the curse of the present age. Take it easy. 10s. 6d. (or, with shandigaff fountain, 12s. 8d.). A Leicestershire professional writes:—"I used your Short Slip Deck Chair when we played Derbyshire, and managed to get through a whole innings without my usual forty winks in the pavilion."

Sport or Foolhardiness? Although the weather was extremely warm last Monday, Mr. C. McGURRY successfully accomplished his feat of fielding all through the morning until the luncheon interval without lying down. Interviewed by our representative, he said that he was certainly fatigued, but was glad that he had gone through with it, as it showed that the thing could be done. As a proof of the dangerous spirit of emulation which this feat of endurance has aroused in cricketing circles, we may state that Mr. P. PHAM has announced his intention of fielding through a whole afternoon without a rest. Where will this stop?

Little "STO" GREGORY was quite in his old form at the Oval yesterday. His 9 was marred by no chance, and he had bad luck in not reaching double figures. Exhausted nature, however, gave out, and the gallant little batsman was carried to the pavilion on a stretcher

after having been at the wicket for nearly a quarter of an hour.

I hear they want more Boyvin. A famous batsman writes: "I take nothing else between the overs."—(Advt.)

Considerable amusement was caused on the last day of the Lancashire v. Yorkshire match by the appearance of Haigh wrapped in a long bath-towel. He bowled two overs, dismissing the last batsman and winning the match, and then retired again. It seems that he had been in the act of taking the shower bath which is now looked on as a necessity by all fast bowlers, when he was informed that the last man was leaving the pavilion. As Lord Hawke had asked him particularly to try and get back in time for the finish, he hastily slipped on a pair of boots and a towel, and resumed his place in the ranks of the Tykes. His good sportsmanship was loudly cheered by the crowd.

Yours, &c.,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

SETTLED CONVICTIONS.

[In an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "Tea Drunkenness," Dr. JOHN H. CLARKE says, "Persons addicted to tea do not always drink it; cases occur in which the tea-habitue eats it. In one case of this kind the victim actually developed *delirium tremens*. . . . It is a moot point whether tea does not do more harm in this country than alcohol."]

JEAN, wumman, frae my earliest day
I aye misdocted tea.
In vain ye socht
To change my thoct —
The tea was no for me;
A kind o' instinct seemed to say
Whene'er I saw your wee pot,
"Man, TAM, beware
An' hae a care!
There's Deith within yon tea-pot!"

A'boddy swore I was an ass;
But things are changin' noo:
In Lunnnon town
They're comin' roun'
To tak' my verra view.
I canna but reflex', my lass,
Hoo wondrous wise is Natur'
That said, "Gie oop
The pisoned coop
An' dinna spare the craytur!"

'Tis gey an' ill the tamin sairves
Its foolish devotees.
I'll tell ye what
Is in the pot
Ye coddle on your knees:
There's indigestion, temper, sairves
An' drunkenness an' greetin's —
Ye little think
What sins ye drink,
My JEAN, at mithers' meetin's.
Ye'll soon be seein' rats, nae doot;
But dinna wauken me

In unco fricht
At deid o' nicht
To catch the beasts ye see.
An' dinna preach to me aboot
The dangers o' the bottle!
Na, JEAN; I've heard
The Doctor's word—
Henceforth I'm tea-tetottle.

MORE GASTRONOMIC DIVAGATIONS.

(With acknowledgments to the
"Cornhill Magazine.")

NORMA stimulates memory so potently as the sense of smell. The fragrance of a Salonica cigarette will transport you to the silken East, the land of Turkish delight, of kabobs and kavasses, of lichees and *likin*, of paprika, papoutsia and goulash: the scent of a muskrose carries you away to the shores of the Muskrat Lake or possibly (if you have carefully studied the gazetteer) to the banks of the Muskingum river, formed by the junction of the Licking and the Tuscarawas, which flows S.E. to the Ohio, which it joins at Marietta in about 81° 28' W.: while the voluptuous odour of a Finnan haddie shall waft you as on a magician's cloak to the summit of the Finsteraarhorn, to the sumptuous parterres of Finsbury Park, or perhaps to the bailiwick of Finnmark in the province and diocese of Tromsö, which is situated between the Arctic Ocean and Russian Lapland. With advancing years and concomitant loss of appetite these flights of gastronomic fancy are strangely compounded of pain and pleasure. But away with melancholy, to quote MILTON and Mr. WELLER. The broad fact remains that *ubi tres homines, duo gastronomici*. Dean STANLEY's failure to reach the episcopal bench was, I have little doubt, due to his never caring how he dined or whether he had dined at all, and the inferiority of the weaker sex is amply accounted for by R. L. STEVENSON's luminous generalisation that women, when left to themselves, almost always subsist on tea and cake. As ROSSINI wittily put it, woman is a creature of high C and high Tea.

But a truce to these preliminary meanderings. In gastronomy more than anything else it is necessary to cut the cake and come to the dishes. Earliest recollections take me back to the Scots cuisine, which owes much of its refinement to the French alliance. To quote the admirable CUTHBERT-BROWNE, "Scots wha' hae wi' FROSSART fed;" and obviously, as RUSKIN once remarked in one of his rare but engaging flashes of merriment, in the important sphere of bakery (*ars pistoria*) the Land of Cakes has always appropriated the Abernethy. "We twa hae paddled in the burn," BURNS sweetly sings of his murmuring namesake; and I might echo him with

"We twa hae guzzled i' the burn." I well recall a schoolboy lark when with a truant comrade—one of the McGRUBERS of Strath Tuck—we gave our sorrowing families leg-bail and camped out for a couple of nights in the corries of Quinaig, bivouacking in a friendly shepherd's bothy. Our host contributed mushrooms and samphire pickle, and the *plat* of the evening—the *houplat*! as dear old MacBOOTLE, my faithful gillie, used to call it—was a dish of small brown fresh-water halibut, which we caught by tickling under banks and stones. (The halibut, I need hardly remind votaries of WALTON, is one of the most ticklish fish under the canopy.) They were sprinkled with *sal volatile* from a bottle which we had brought along with us, they were done slowly over a gas-stove with shreds of Bombay Duck which McGRUBER, whose father was an old Indian merchant, had thoughtfully stored in his Gladstone bag, and they had the inestimable advantage of never satiating. My record was just over 700, but McGRUBER, whose equatorial measurement was greater than mine, more than once got into four figures. From halibut to Ballyhooley, and thence to Ballinahinch and Castleconnell, the transition is inevitable, but the salmon of the Shannon are inferior to those of the Tay, and indeed, for the matter of that, to those of the Irwell, which are notorious for their iron constitution, and have a flavour and colour like nothing else in the whole repertory of mundane comestibles. The genuine recipe for making the best of an Irwell salmon is as follows: You crimp him on the bank, you plunge him into a powerful solution of carbolic acid, Condy, ammoniated quinine, menthol pastilles and old brandy, and then send him by swift messenger, wearing a respirator, to the nearest Officer of Health.

Viewed merely as viands, the Irwell salmon must yield pride of place to those of the Tweed, the Tay and the Spey. Of the trout of the Harris Tweed I am not in a position to speak, but I understand that they have a subdued richness which is all their own. Rhine salmon is overrated, probably owing to the romantic associations of the Lorelei, though it is the best of continental fishes, the Bosnian pilchard and the Lusitanian catamaran alone excepted. But none of the foreign trout surpasses in vivacity those of the Dolomites, and in particular of the Titian country, which are remarkable also for their sumptuous colouring. I agree with *BENVENUTO CELLINI* that there is no sauce like a light flavouring of salsify and salicylic acid, which is also an unrivalled accompaniment to second-day sole. But you should never tamper with a sole fresh from the sea. For six months on end I breakfasted daily at Boulogne on a sole—not, of



THE EYE AS AN AID TO THE EAR.

Young Lady (repeating conversation to deaf old Gentleman). "MISS FRILLS SAYS IT GAVE HER SUCH A FRIGHT."

Deaf Old Gent. "EH? I DIDN'T QUITE——"

Young Lady. "SUCH—A—FRIGHT!"

Deaf Old Gent. "AH, YES—I AGREE WITH YOU—SO SHE IS!"

course, the same sole—sent up straight from the brown-sailed fishing-boat, with a simple squeeze of the lemon. But this is not to be confounded with a lemon sole, which is quite another pair of shoes.

The lemon suggests Lake Lemane, the trout of Geneva, Swiss watchmakers, Waterbury watches, cuckoo-clocks, Dent's chronometers, the Temple classics, and other engrossing subjects; but, as the great Napoleon said, *il faut se borner*. It is a far cry from Chillon to Tweedmouth or Alhwick, but a good gastronomer is *capable de tout*. Alhwick always reminds me of Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF, with whom I once foregathered at

the Castle over grilled steaks of grilse and collops of venison. Needless to say, he was as prodigal of anecdotes—may I say Alhwickdotes? as usual. I remember his describing the bathing machines of our noble host at Alhmouth as *Persicos apparatus*, which I thought rather neat.

Much might be said of the woodcock of the sea—the red mullet—with trails as luscious as those of the landbirds, of the eel pots of Hedsor, of the impropriety of dressed crab, of haggis as a mode of *harakiri*, of the hams of Andalusia, and of spatchcocked mongoose——

[Thanks. That will do nicely for the present. —Ed.]



"UNFORTUNATELY POSSIBLE."

Physician Friend. "H'm, CAN'DER BOTH ENDS AGAIN, I SUPPOSE! AH WELL, WE'LL SOON GET OVER THAT. A MAN IS EITHER A FOOL OR A PHYSICIAN AT FORTY, YOU KNOW."

Impatient Patient (not at all friendly). "CAN'T HE BE BOTH?"

THE HORSE.

[From the article on this animal in the 30th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 2105.]

It is amusing to think—and not un-instructive too as a lesson in the steady patience and endurance of man—that for years, even centuries, before the motor-car was invented the horse was the principal agent of transit on English roads, not only for people but for goods. There are still standing numerous old houses in England, every stick and stone of which were brought thither by horse haulage. Perhaps we are apt not sufficiently to remember this; but at this time, so soon after the occasion of the unveiling of the skeleton of the *Equus domesticus* at the Natural History Mu-

seum, it is well to consider the claims which this almost obsolete animal once had on the human species.

A few living horses were still to be seen in England until within the last year or so. There was one in the Zoo and three or four on the estate of an eccentric nobleman in the north; but when he died they were allowed to die too. A very old man living in Wiltshire, who was a blacksmith in his prime, can remember as a youth the visit of a travelling circus to his village and his being called in to assist in making shoes for the performing horses; but his memory is very indistinct. His impression is that these shoes were made in the form of crescents and were nailed on the creatures' hoofs; but the story sounds

improbable. There was also living until quite recently a centenarian at Bridgewater, who recollected hearing his father describe the last race by horses for the Derby Stakes. The curious thing is that according to this ancient man's testimony the horses at the Derby were ridden by little boys in bright colours who were tied to their necks.

Old prints and photographs show the horse as a beast not only of draught but of burden. Both men and women in the barbarous times clung to its mane on occasion, but the usual thing was to sit in a cart or carriage and be pulled. There is, however, a record of some of the more hardy of both sexes riding, as it was called, for pleasure; but it is not easy for us, who are accustomed to the comfortable padded seats of the motor-car, to see where the pleasure was to be found. When used for draught purposes the horse was guided by leathern straps, which the driver, or chauffeur as we should say, held in his hands and pulled to the right or left as the case might be. For heavy loads as many as four horses might be driven at once.

As one may suppose, very little safety was insured with such a rudimentary mode of locomotion, and the records of accidents are numerous. In those days, a certain remnant of the old retrogressive courtesy still existing, it was customary for a driver who had knocked down a foot-passenger to stop and render assistance. With the advent of the motor-car and the reorganisation of the rights of pedestrians came the saving of all time that hitherto had been spent in such idle forms of politeness, and little accidents to walkers soon settled down as a recognised part of the day's routine, of no more account than changes in the weather.

History records that at first some resentment was shown by pedestrians at the loss of the old thoroughfares which for too long they had come to look upon as their property, to be shared with horses and horse-drawn vehicles; but these revolts soon settle themselves, and in course of a few years it was as natural for the roads to be empty of foot-passengers as before it had been for them to cluster there. The roads are of course for wheels. A man who is so eccentric or inequacious as to use his feet must find his way as he can.

An Invidious Distinction.

"To be had of all respectable tobacconists, also from — & Co. Ltd., Strand."—*Advt. in the "Sketch."*

Every Little Helps

"NURSE wanted, good needlewoman, to take charge of infant, who will help in housework."—*Church Times.*



A BIT BELOW HIMSELF.

MR. PUNCH. "ANOTHER DERBY FAVOURITE, MY LORD! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE GLORIOUS DOUBLE EVENT OF '94, LADAS AND THE PREMIERSHIP."

LORD R-S-B-R-Y. "DON'T MENTION IT!" (*Aside*) "HOW TACTLESS!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"ORDER, ORDER!"—OUT OF CHAOS.

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, in an innings of fifty minutes, makes "O, not out."

House of Commons, Monday, May 22.
—ALFRED LYTTELTON, Secretary of State for the Colonies, has beat the Parliamentary record. In the longest time he has made the briefest speech ever delivered by a Minister of the Crown standing at the Table of House of Commons. It consisted of three words: "The Prime Minister——"

He followed in due course Leader of Opposition, who moved the adjournment with intent to extract from PRINCE ARTHUR definition of his latest attitude on Fiscal Question. C.B., rising promptly at 9 o'clock, spoke for twenty-five minutes. His address, reasonable in spirit, moderate in tone, was in no wise responsible for what followed. "All we want," he said, regarding PRINCE ARTHUR with persuasive mien, "is a plain simple answer to a plain simple question."

There was a pause whilst DEPUTY-SPEAKER read terms of motion submitted.

All eyes in now crowded House were turned upon PRINCE ARTHUR, lolling with studied negligence on Treasury Bench. Naturally expected he would promptly rise to reply. It was his affair solely and personally. He made no move, and LYTTELTON, appearing at the Table, laid on brass-bound box notes of speech to preparation of which he had sacrificed his dinner.

A moment of dumb amazement followed. House accustomed by this time to PRINCE ARTHUR's cavalier ways, his airy disregard of precedent and conventionalities. This too much. Before LYTTELTON could open his mouth an angry roar burst from crowded ranks of Opposition. "BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they cried. LYTTELTON looked round with appealing look. Began and ended his speech,

"The Prime Minister——" he said.

The roar of "BALFOUR!" rising with

tornadic force silenced him. He stood for full five minutes facing the music. ELLIS, custodian of Parliamentary privilege, rose from back bench behind Opposition Leaders. It was the turn of the country gentlemen, and they sustained their ancient reputation.

"Order, Order!" they bellowed, "LYTTELTON! LYTTELTON!"

After vain effort ELLIS resumed his seat, hoarse and baffled. Might as well have shrieked remonstrance to Niagara tumbling over its cliff. LYTTELTON again appeared at the wicket. The Opposition, having had useful couple of minutes' rest whilst Ministerialists took up the shouting, resumed with fresh vigour.

"BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they shouted. LYTTELTON stood mute at the Table, with elbow resting on brass-bound box, that in days gone by GLADSTONE used to thump.

"Speak up!" shouted Mr. FLAVIN.

"We can't hear a word you are saying," this is the Mother of Parliaments!" Which was true.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, proposing to offer with freshened energy, as if the idea had only just occurred to him.



Shrieking remonstrance to Niagara.

(Mr. J-hn Ell-s.)

a few remarks, the Ministerialists again took their innings, the Opposition gratefully resting. After battling for a while with the storm WISSTON invented a new procedure in debate. Stepping down to Chair, he bent over the DEPUTY-SPEAKER and shouted his remarks in his ear. This done, he returned to his seat, amid wild howls from Unionists.

With the automatic precision of the figures alternately issuing from either box to forecast sunshine or storm, LYTTELTON once more appeared at the Table. It turned out to be storm.

The Irish Members, taking lead of the performance, gave a new turn to the shouting. A long time since Mr. FLAVIS spent such a happy evening. With recollection of a memorable occasion when he was carried forth on the shoulders of four policemen, his compatriots escorting him singing "God save Ireland," the interference of the police seemed most appropriate to the occasion. Accordingly, at the top of a voice that rose above the whirlwind, he yelled "Police! Police!" Another Irish Member of military tendency insisted on sending for the Horse Guards. Charming idea. Nothing so appropriate for clearing the Chamber as horses prancing up and down the gangways, taking the table in their stride. Still another, in mournful voice indicating a sorely stricken soul, moaned, "And

and with fixed sickly smile LYTTELTON surveyed the turbulent scene. Plainly no hope of cessation on other terms than surrender by PRINCE ARTHUR. He, with gallant attempt to lighten with familiar smile a countenance flushed with anger, stretched his slim form with affected ease on the Treasury Bench.

Evidently there was no yielding there. Equally plain that the Opposition were good for another hour and a half's shouting. At midnight relief would come by automatic adjournment of the debate. Meanwhile, in present temper of House, worse things might happen. DEPUTY-SPEAKER accordingly, citing the new rule, declared the sitting suspended. With a mighty shout the crowded assembly leaped up and surged forth through the shamed glass doors.

"This will be a lesson for ARTHUR," said a jubilant Liberal.

"Possibly," replied a meditative Ministerialist. "But, you see, after all he got his own way. You moved the adjournment in the hope of extracting from him a damaging statement. You insisted on his making it at a particular moment. He declined. Then we had a scene that finds parallel only in the riot we kicked up when in 1893 Mr. G. proposed to closure the Home Rule Bill. And now we are going home without ARTHUR's having said a word explanatory of his present attitude on the Fiscal Question. It's been a lively game. But honours, such as they are, are easy."

Business done.—The Mother of Parliaments goes on the spree. The police are called for.

Wednesday night.—The other day Colonel WELBY, with amiable desire to recapture for the Commons its old

moment for again crying aloud for the police.

It was ten minutes past ten. The scene and the shouting had been incessant for full thirty minutes. PRINCE ARTHUR, responding to appeal made by Leader of Opposition, rose. His

appearance at the Table was hailed with triumphant shout from the Opposition. Comparative silence reigned whilst he deprecated as absurd, unworkable, the demand that he should immediately follow C-B.

"It is," he said, "not consistent with usage or ideas of justice that the criminal in the dock and that is the situation I am supposed to occupy—should offer his defence before he has heard the whole of the accusation."

This said, he sat down, and COLONIAL SECRETARY, with the now familiar automatic movement, emerged on the scene. Stood at the box as before. With renewed vehemence a hearing was refused him.

At end of first half-hour JOHN BURNS suggested, in interest of the dignity of House, that DEPUTY-SPEAKER, in obedience to Standing Order added after the free fight on the Home Rule Bill, should close the scene by forthwith adjourning the House. LOWTHER (J. W.) admitted his mind had turned in that direction, but he was loth precipitately to take unprecedented action.

Another twenty minutes sped; the fingers of the clock pointed to half-past ten. The COLONIAL SECRETARY once more at the Table, dumb amid the uproar. For the fifth time he made his succinct speech.

"The Prime Minister—" he said.

The angry roar burst forth again,



"And is this the first deliberative Assembly in the world?!"

(Mr. M-ch-l Fl-v-n.)



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 3.

WIT DID SHE DECLARE HEARTS?



"The Mother of Parliaments" as seen on the evening of May 22, 1905;
Or, Wanted a "Ducking-chair for Seelds."

position as the most comfortable Club in London, met with a rebuff. In Committee of Supply he told a moving story of the habit of certain, happily unnamed, Members who resort to the Library at an early hour, turn up a chair at the table in token of appropriation of the place, and then go out for a drive in the Park. Without exactly formulating the request, he, in his more mellifluous tones, suggested it would be a nice thing if Lord BULCANNES, as representing the First Commissioner of Works, would take an occasional stroll round the Library, removing these fraudulent evidences of pegged-out claims.

The noble Lord rather curtly dismissed the suggestion. To-day WELBY comes up smiling, with another bright idea.

"Why not," he asks, "arrange to change the colour of the light on the Clock Tower as soon as a division is declared, so as to inform Members approaching the House that a division is about to take place?"

As the question was put, an animated scene was presented to the mind's eye. A Member of comely proportions—say MAPOX or Mr. CROOKS—is strolling down from his West-End Club. Approaching the crossing at bottom of Parliament Street he observes the bright flame that crowns the Clock Tower, in sign that the House is sitting, suddenly suffer a sea change, becoming a sickly green, a rancous red, or a blazing blue. A division has been called. There are still three minutes before the doors are locked. Can he manage it?

He will at least try. Behold MAPOX, with Mr. CROOKS a good second, bolting across the roadway to the danger of his life, taking Palace Yard with a hop, skip and jump, rushing upstairs, bounding across the central Lobby and just finding the door closed in his face.

The prospect is alluring. But BULCANNES has no imagination. Business of the Board of Works could not be carried on if he had. Talked about cost and

difficulty of manipulating the operation. Full of resources WELBY, as alternative, suggested placing in Palace Yard a gong, peradventure a trumpet. Or perhaps HOWARD VINCENT would oblige. His "Hear! hear!" murmured at the psychological moment would, in the matter of range, serve all useful purposes.

BULCANNES lingered over the idea of the trumpet. So many hon. Members would be ready to blow their own. That would, of course, meet the objection as to cost. On the whole he was not encouraging, and WELBY, retiring to the library, and finding a chair conveniently turned up, appropriated it and thought of something else.

Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.

SOLECISMS.

SOLISTRY, or character-reading by the lines of the foot, is quite the vogue in America, and bids fair to out rival the attractions of Palmistry in this country. Not only by the lines on the sole but by the size and shape of the foot can the most unexpected propensities be discovered.

Thus, according to expert solists, the short, plump, rosy-toed specimen is indicative of an uncontrollable gaiety of disposition alternating with rapid gusts of temper, and is generally found among ladies of the lower-upper and upper-middle classes, though also evident in steam laundry circles.

The nervous, sensitive and highly-strung foot indicates indifference for the feelings of others, absence of mental calibre, and an insatiable appetite for unmerited admiration. This type is most frequently found among public school-boys, inspectors of nuisances, and A. B. C. cashiers.

The square, spreading, flat-footed type shows a predisposition for decorum and a tendency to leisure, not to say lethargy. This class is confined almost exclusively to diplomatic circles and the police force.

The long, slim, vanishing-pointed foot denotes an envious, hysterical and repellent temperament, and though met with in exclusive *côteries* is generally identified with better-class burglars and R. A. Bridge-players.

The gnarled, rugged, corrugated description reveals that its owner is the dupe of his party and easily prejudiced in his own favour, and is usually limited to rural deans, motor-bus drivers, and toy-dog fanciers.

The pugnacious, excitable and explosive foot shows an undeveloped tendency to colour blindness, and a weakness for oysters and flash jewellery, and though widely distributed among materfamilias of all classes is frequently evident in boot-strikers and umpires of the national game.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 22.—The very biggest and most brilliant House of the season up to present date. Rich and rare were

the gems that everybody who possessed them, even for this occasion only, wore, so that the contrast between the misery and squalor of the attic story of *La Bohème* and the luxury and magnificence of the front of the House, was a very striking note of this operatic performance. The punctuality of the audience

suggesting comparison between *cocotte* and *grisette*, serves as a strong relief to the sympathetic, amiable, loving but wayward *Mimi*, who, but for her complacency, might have been a happily married *bourgeoise*. With Madame MELBA in this part all opera-goers are by now familiar, but rarely, if ever, has she been in more perfect voice, or given a better impersonation of the character than to-night.

The calls after every Act were overwhelming, but no encores were taken. Disappointing to some exacting persons,



Petit souper. Mimi-Melba chez Rodolfo - Caruso; or, The "Puff Preliminary" to the light blow-out.

able, as within a quarter of an hour of the advertised time of commencement there was not a box empty, and scarcely a seat vacant. The cast of the opera differed in no way from that made familiar to us last season, and Signor MANCINELLI, *molto inrigoato* by a few bars rest and the tonic *sol fa* of the Sea natural at Brighton, appeared up to time, with *bâton*, like himself, in most flourishing condition. The men of his chosen band rallied around their conductor, and the result was all that could be desired by the most exacting critic.

Signor CARUSO was at his very best to-night, and his rendering of "*Chi son? Sono un poeta*," was magnificent, the great effect with which he startled the house and evoked unanimous enthusiasm being obtained without the slightest appearance of effort. And what a costume, what a make-up, what a seedy out-at-elbows suspicious-looking Leicester Square refugee is this Bohemian poet, this unkempt rhapsodist, in whose *amour* with the accommodating *grisette*, *Mimi*, MÜRGER has so interested us that we weep when they weep, laugh when they laugh, and willingly condone their lack of principle, their laziness, and happy-go-lucky conduct, as representing the tricks and manners of a set of amusing "irresponsibles" characteristic of the Quartier Latin in the early part of last century.

Are not M. GILBERT as the musician *Schaunard*, Signor SCOTTI as *Marcello* the painter, and M. JOURNET as *Colline* the philosophic and literary gent, all perfect in their separate pictures of these jovial impecunious "good fellows," to whom

soap and water, and the services of a hair-dresser, must be among the luxuries of life that are for ever denied? What a type too is *Musetta*, played in most sprightly manner and charmingly sung by Miss E. PARKINA, with her vile temper, her slyness, her avarice, her caprice, coquetry, and good nature, constituting a character which,

no doubt: but very wise action on the part of the artistes. By the way, the repetition in the Third Act of the effect created in the First, by the pair of lovers *Mimi* and *Rodolfo* walking off the stage and finishing their duet outside, seems to suggest a lack of invention in stage business.

His MAJESTY, with Royalties and a most distinguished company, was present, and the harmony of our proceedings at Covent Garden contrasted favourably with the turbulent scenes taking place, the very same night, in "Another Place" that would have disgraced even the traditions of an orgie in the real *Vie de Bohème*.



"Nous voici encore! O mon p'tit chou!"

Aleindoro-Dufliche, Marcello-Scotti, Musetta-Parkina, Schaunard-Gilbert.



Mr. Whitehill as Escamillo, a Torrey-addressing an enthusiastic meeting.



CARMEN'S VOICE OF DESTINY.

"No cards" (worth mentioning). "Friends at a distance will kindly accept this intonation."

Tuesday.—Good house, not equal to Monday's. RICHTER conducting Wagnerian *Tannhäuser* grandly; orchestra perfect as ever. Quite a queerly *Boss* is Frau WITTE as *Elizabeth*, singing perfectly and well meriting enthusiastic call at the end of the Second Act. Frau REISEL as *Venus* would not on this occasion have received the golden pipkin from Paris, or from London, as a reward of the first class. Herr BUKIAS as the knightly, or one night only, *Tannhäuser*, is not all our fancy would have painted him. On the other hand, as *Walfrum*, Herr VAN ROOY acts and sings magnificently; a right Rooyal performance. FRANKLIN ALLEN as the shepherd, *Ein Hirt*, is heard to greatest advantage; it is a small part, but she would be Hirt indeed were no mention made of her. As to Herr HINCKLEY, his *Hermann* is dignified, and his singing leaves nothing to be desired, except that he should repeat his success on another occasion.

Wednesday. *Carmen*. Mlle. DESTINY is not destined to make us forget CAMÉ. Sings well, but lacks the "go" and devilry essential to the reckless Spanish gipsy. M. PALMORIS is a first-rate *Don José*, his singing splendid, his acting good. The better this part is played the worse it is for this weak infatuated character of the drama. Mlle. DONALD as the comparatively colourless *Micaëla* makes the hit of the evening. In Act III. her charming voice seems to have gained fresh vigour from the bracing climate of the heights, and the audience is braced up to enthusiasm by the mountain air which she sings so delightfully. M. GILBERT & Cie. are all as lively and as dramatically amusing as ever, and the performance of the orchestra under MESSAGE some way under him is of course first-rate. We do not as yet notice any further announcement of *Don Pasquale*. Wouldn't the King of Spain like to see this gem?

AN ENGLISH NAME FOR CHAUFFEURS.

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR. On dit que vous avez l'habitude, vous autres Anglais, toutes les fois qu'il vous arrive d'emprunter aux étrangers quelque chose d'utile, d'y approprier un nom national et particulier. Ainsi notre *Pas de Calais* se voit-il anglicisé de mon plein gré sous la forme de *Strait of Dover*. De même, la clôture, non bête, se transforme, suivant votre idiotisme, en *closure*, et l'automobile, invention française, se traduit assez convenablement en *motor-car*. Pourquoi donc, Monsieur, ne pas donner aux chauffeurs, une fois pour toutes, le titre honorable de *scorchers*, que vous avez, du reste, déjà sous la main?

Agrez, Monsieur le Rédacteur, &c.,

AUGUSTE FRANÇOIS.

More Cases of Commercial Candour.

(1) At the East Barnet Valley Urban Council a letter was received from a Farm Dairy to the effect that "they had understood that a constant water supply would be provided in the district. They had been anxiously waiting, and would be glad to know when they could expect it."—*Barnet Times*.

(2) From a Bon Marché Catalogue:—

"22 PAIRS OF SUPERIOR TAN GLACÉ BAR SHOES.
Sale price, 10s. 9d.; were 6s. 11d."

"A Little Learning," &c.

It seems that a gentleman at the Parliamentary Bar recently twitted a brother barrister with having "roared as gently as a sucking-dove," and was reported as having said "sucking-pig." The learned comments of the *Folkestone Express* upon this mischance are worth preserving. "I think," says that journal, "it served him right for using such a metaphor. Doves are not mammalia, nor do they 'roar.'" Poor, poor SHAKESPEARE!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ENCOURAGED by the welcome accorded to the *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, SMITH, ELDER issue a new volume, being *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*. They make pleasant reading, but lack the personal and historic interest pertaining to the first series when, as the wife of the French Ambassador, Mme. WASHINGTON visited Russia and was present during the stirring times that followed the assassination of the Czar and the enthronement of his successor. When, in 1880, she visited Italy, her husband had already gone into retirement from Ministerial life. On her later tour she was a widow, and when she went to St. Peter's to witness the ceremony of the Anniversary of the Pope she "took her chance in the Church with the ordinary sightseers," and, worse than all, "wore a short cloth skirt," an untoward circumstance, consciousness of which for her marred the beauty of the spectacle. As in the former work, the reader is frequently taken into confidence on the subject of Madame's frocks, details doubtless interesting to the family circle to which the letters were originally addressed. She records dining one night in Rome to meet a Cardinal. "When I came downstairs to dinner I found all the ladies with lace fichus or boas on their shoulders, and I was told that I was quite incorrect, that one couldn't appear décolletée in a Cardinal's presence." It is well to know that, and gratifying to mere humanity to learn that after dinner the Cardinal had his hand at Bridge. My Baronite gets a pretty glimpse of an old friend in another chance reference. "The young Marchesa RUFINI (née LAMORNIERE) looked charming as a white and silver butterfly, and danced beautifully." There is something incommunicably alluring in the idea of our LAMBY becoming the father-in-law of an Italian Marquis.

Few foreigners know *Home Life in France* better than Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS. The result of her observation and study will be found in a collection of papers published by MITCHELL under that title. Some my Baronite has met before in magazines. The circumstance only adds pleasure to renewal of acquaintance. There is hardly a subject, from the Baby to the Judge de Paix, from the Single Lady to the Conscript, from Brides and Bridegrooms to Wives and Mothers, that is not dealt with in a chatty, informing way. The chapter on housekeeping is peculiarly interesting just now, not only to heads of families but to politicians, as undesignedly throwing light on the influence of Protection upon so prosaic a matter as the cost of daily living.

'Mid the Thick Arrows (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a lively account of doings and sayings in London society, touched with tragedy in Paris and mystery in California. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON'S skit on the *grandes dames* of London society and the feeble folk, the conies, who flutter round some of them, is entertaining. The mystery that underlies *Quentin Cuird's* first marriage and breaks up his home, is, perhaps designedly, increased by the fact that it is not very clearly explained. My Baronite to this day cannot make out the story of the first wife, or understand why, when he wanted to get home to his second wife, *Quentin* was kidnapped, drugged, and carried off in a convenient sailing ship with three masts and a melodramatic captain. But that only gives pause for thinking, and novel-readers like to think they are thinking.



CHARIVARIA.

THE Baltic Fleet, it is true, has been annihilated. Still, as the Russians point out, it was a fine feat to have taken it all the way to the place of execution without mishap.

Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY chose the anniversary of the CZAR'S Coronation Day on which to engage the enemy, and he would probably have won had it not been for the fact that the same date was unfortunately also the birthday of the Empress of JAPAN. A faulty Intelligence Department again?

The Russians have their hands full enough without any additional worries. Much relief is therefore felt in St. Petersburg that the report that, previous to the fight, the Baltic Fleet had sunk an American ship off Formosa should have turned out to be incorrect. It was only a British ship.

Meanwhile, the CZAR, it is said, has pluckily resolved that his subjects shall continue the struggle.

Does War serve a purpose? is a question which is often asked. It has now been satisfactorily answered. "The struggle in the Far East," we read, "has provided Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co. with one or two ideas for the firework season."

In cricketing circles some surprise is expressed that not so much notice was taken in Tokio of the Test Match as was taken in London of a similar event which occurred about the same time near Japan.

The 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Notts and Derbyshire Regiment has received a present of a Derbyshire ram, but this must not be taken as an indication that the Regiment is not so good at the Butts as it should be.

While the Tunbridge Wells volunteer fire-brigade was giving a demonstration last week, a spark from the steamer set fire to a hay-stack. The hay-stack was destroyed, but the fire-engine escaped without damage.

Since the announcement that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER is to be paid £250 a week for playing the *Prodigal Son* at Drury Lane, the management, we hear,

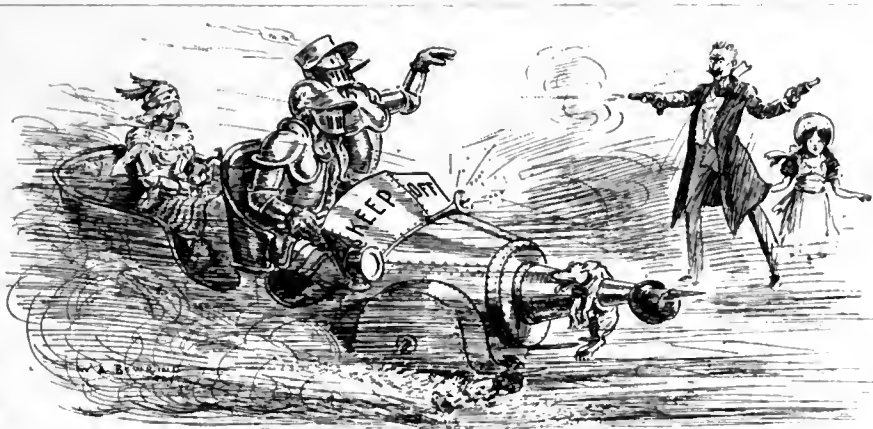
has been inundated with offers from actors who are willing to do it for less.

With reference to an accident which occurred during the motor-car trials in the Isle of Man, when a car drove into a house, we are informed that it was not the chauffeur's fault, as he sounded his horn three times.

Dr. OSLER has arrived, and all persons over a certain age are trying to look as young as possible.

A Brixton publican is said to possess a complete set of the buttons of the British Army. There is a strong suggestion of many violent ejections about this statement which we trust is unfounded.

It has been asserted once more, and this time by the *Spectator*, that women have less sense of humour than men.



WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO IF PEOPLE CARRY FIRE-ARMS FOR USE AGAINST MOTORISTS.

Our own impression is that they have more, the reason being that they know they look their best when smiling.

Turkey has ordered, in France, a torpedo-boat destroyer, three gunboats, two transports, and artillery fittings; and it is rumoured that, as soon as these are delivered, the SULTAN intends to put out his tongue at the CZAR.

Nervous playgoers are now venturing out again. The epidemic of *Hamlet* is almost over—thanks to isolation having recently been enforced.

Close upon the report of a plague of flies comes the announcement that London is shortly to be invaded by motor-cabs.

Complaint has been made at a vestry meeting of a certain parish that the vicar's sermons are too short. Certainly the Day of Rest loses half its meaning if people are to have their sleep curtailed.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE Mermaid Repertory Theatre has arranged to suffer a sea-change during the hot weather, and no more performances will be given till early in September. The autumn season will include the production of the new play to be chosen by the Committee of the Playgoers' Club; also WEBSTER'S *Duchess of Malfi*, CONGREVE'S *Love for Love*, and a new verse play by Mr. LAWRENCE BIRYON. These will be followed by a complete cycle of the English historical plays of SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. PHILIP CARR has merited well of a rather torpid public with his reproductions of Old English plays. Mr. GILBERT'S *Palace of Truth*, with which his season closed on Saturday, was perhaps a little affected by association with a more venerable antiquity. Certainly it had an old-fashioned air, which

possibly accounted for a somewhat amateurish tone in the acting of the very intelligent cast which interpreted its delightfully whimsical fancies.

Mr. *Punch* wishes Mr. CARR, for his future enterprise, the full success which he has set himself so honestly to deserve.

EDITORS.

[“Editors, behind their officialism, are human just like other

folks, for they think and they work, they laugh and they play, they marry—just as others do. The best of them are brimful of human nature, sympathetic and kindly, and full of the zest of life and its merry ways.”—*Round About.*]

To look at, the ordinary editor is so like a human being that it takes an expert to tell the difference.

When quite young they make excellent pets, but for some strange reason people never confess that they have editors in the house.

Marriage is not uncommon among editors, and monogamy is the rule rather than the exception.

The chief hobby of an editor is the collection of stamped addressed envelopes, which are sent to him in large numbers. No one knows why he should want so many of these, but we believe he is under the impression that by collecting a million of them he will be able to get a child into some hospital.

Of course in these enlightened days it is illegal to shoot editors, while to destroy their young is tantamount to murder.

MULTUM EX PARVO.

Dedicated, with compliments, to the "Daily Mail's" War News Editor.

THE brilliant achievements of the *Daily Mail* in extracting matter for the best part of two solid columns out of the first meagre cablegrams which reported the defeat of the Russian Navy, and supplementing this in its next issue with a still longer exegesis based on Admiral Togo's brief despatches, is not without parallel. Limits of space preclude us from giving more than a few miserly extracts from the comments of an African contemporary on its Special Correspondent's cabled reports of the First Test Match.

FROM THE "UGANDA WEEKLY SPORTSMAN" OF MAY 20.

LONDON, May 29. 6.0 P.M.

First Test Match. Perfect weather. England all out 196. Australia, 125 for 1 wicket. *Our Special Correspondent.*

The news which we give to-day from a correspondent for whose trustworthiness we can vouch will furnish a dramatic surprise to those who imagined that the Australian team had not yet finished coaling at Port Said. The fight is still in progress—indeed the above exclusive dispatch was sent off before close of play on the first day; but everything already points to an overwhelming victory for the Cornstalks.

Details are wanting, but from the graphic, if terse, statement of our correspondent on the subject of meteorological conditions, and from the fact that England took first knock, we derive strong, though not absolutely conclusive, evidence that the English captain won the toss. "Perfect weather," in "a certain place" that shall be nameless, spells perfection in the wicket, and a colossal score would therefore be naturally expected. That hope was doomed to be dashed from the very outset; so easy is it for an initial disaster to shake the confidence of an ill-compacted congeries, brought together for the first time, and totally lacking in that machine-like unity of spirit which is bred of habitual cohesion.

The Start is Disastrous.

FRY and HAYWARD would, no doubt, open the innings, and the former, before his eye was in, would probably succumb for the paltry total of 0 to one of HOWELL's off-leg breaks coming, or else going, with one or other of his arms. MACLAREN, his nerves unstrung by this catastrophe and the strain of his duties as captain, would almost certainly put his leg in front of the first straight ball; while TYLDESLEY, with a reflex spasm of Lancastrian loyalty, would follow suit. JACKSON, still under the influence of his South African experiences, would return COTTER's first cannon-ball to the bombardier who delivered it; and HURST, over-anxious to avenge the honour of Yorks, would be immediately taken on the Pavilion tiles and burst his great heart.

A British Rot.

It is given to few to picture the appalling features of a British rot. The iterated crash of the blood-red sphere among the brass-topped timbers; the parabolic flight of the splintered bails; the sickening thud of the straight-flung leather impinging on the interposed pad; the heaven-high bounding of the Marsupial as he pounces the driven missile ere it falls to earth; the abortive return of champion after champion from the fatal crease; the shaken moral of the incoming batsman; the sullen myriad roar of infuriated spectators; the maddened questionings of those behind the bowlers' screens who can see nothing of what is going on—these are the incidents of every British rot on home soil, and they can only be imagined by those—like the present writer—who have never witnessed them.

The "Croucher" to the Rescue.

HAYWARD, alone maintaining his habitual sangfroid, would now, after batting correctly at the rate of one run per hour, be joined by JESSOR. The latter's style affords a remarkable

contrast to the patient methods of the Surrey professor. He remains for not more than six overs, but in that time, by a display of unparalleled temerity, he helps himself to a century. Then the English tail comes in and curls up, leaving HAYWARD to carry out his unbeaten bat for a round dozen of runs.

Desperate Tactics.

The sun is still high in the sultry heavens, and much may eventuate before it sets. The Australians, after their brilliant attacking movement, are in a position to assume the defensive and compel their opponents to take the field. Thither the English repair with flashing eyes, set teeth and clenched fists (opened only to receive the ball). Desperate remedies are needed if they are to retrieve their opening errors; and it would be no matter for surprise if MACLAREN should prove to have adopted the tactics of the famous old Hambledon Club in its match against All England in the year 1781, when the body-bruisers were put on to disorganise the enemy's nerves and prepare the way for the insidious lobster. The conditions would not be absolutely parallel, since over-arm bowling had not been invented at the time of that historic contest, but was first conceived about 1785, and, after fierce opposition on the part of the old under-hand school, was revived in 1805, the very year of NELSON's glorious triumph at Trafalgar. To JESSOR, therefore, with his levin-bolts, and HURST with his fish-like deviators, would be assigned the task of reducing the Australians to pulp and so letting in BOSANQUET and his googlies.

An Historic Message.

Strategy, however, is met by strategy, courage by courage. To each batsman PAULING, no doubt, would despatch a Pavilion waiter with an iced drink and this message, to be delivered in the ringing tones of a MYNN or a LILLYWHITE: "No more of that (counting the enemy); though they outnumber you by eleven to one, let each man hit through them. A victory is very essential for Australia at this moment." The magnetic appeal of this last sentence would be irresistible; and by the time when our correspondent's despatch was sent off the Antipodeans had laid the foundations of victory on a bed of adamant and concrete.

Not till details of the final result reach us shall we be in a position to state the actual margin by which victory will have been won. And indeed, when one recalls the miraculous recovery made by the Orleans Club when playing against I Zingari in the thirteenth year of the Second Empire, one hesitates to claim prophetic infallibility even as to the broader lines of the issue. It may end in a draw. It may end in a victory for England. In cricket all things are possible.

FROM THE "UGANDA WEEKLY SPORTSMAN" OF JUNE 6.

LONDON, May 31. 5.30 P.M.

First Test Match. Great Victory for England by 213 runs. Australia, put in by JACKSON to make 402 runs in 4½ hours, plays for a draw. *Our Special Correspondent.*

(Here follows full score.)

The picture of the First Test Match which was reconstructed in our last issue from the information furnished by such news as was then available proves to have been substantially correct; and our prediction that a victory for England was possible has been verified to the letter. But with the full score before us (and our readers) we are enabled to make good the few gaps in our previous narrative.

Why C. B. failed to Score.

Our statement that FRY made no runs is shown to be accurate, but the fresh news cabled by our correspondent throws a new light upon the cause of his failure. Various theories may be advanced to explain the absence of both FRY and HURST: (1) That they were not invited to play; (2) that,



A WELCOME INVASION.

SHADE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. "ODDS MY LIFE! A KING OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND! AND RIGHT COUSINLY ENTREATED WITHAL!"

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540



SELF-DENIAL.

Farmer. "HULLO, JIM, NOT GOT A JOB YET! HOW 'S THAT?"

Jim (who never would work, and has been studying the Unemployed Question in an old newspaper). "WELL, SIR, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE THE BREAD OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF SO MANY POOR STARVIN' PEOPLE?"

being invited, they declined; (3) that, through inadvertence, they forgot to put in an appearance; (4) that they were physically indisposed; (5) that the omission of their names is due to a clerical error on the part of our correspondent. This last may be dismissed as unthinkable.

▲ Modern Codrington.

The great victory at Nottingham (for there is no longer any obligation to keep secret the scene of operations) may be aptly described as JACKSON'S Navarino. The exploits of other members of the eleven command our admiration: but to the Captain, to the controlling spirit that shaped their individual efforts into one cohesive whole (very essential in a team in which, as was pointed out in our last issue, the inherent elements of unity were sadly to seek) must be accorded the largest palm.

Divided Counsels.

The second innings of the Australians affords a crushing proof of the dangers of a bifurcate plan of action. Two courses were open to them, either to play for a draw, or to go for the runs. The *mot d'ordre*, as our correspondent shows, was to play for a draw. Yet we find two of their batsmen stumped, evidently in an attempt to force the pace. The English, on

the other hand, had but one single object in view: to get their opponents out. Concentration is of the very essence of right strategy, whether in real or mimic warfare.

Heart-rending Scenes.

The feelings of the beaten team may be readily pictured by the expert. Crestfallen and sick at heart, some openly bite the dust, which always collects even on the best of pitches after a three-days' match; others erupt to the Bridge from which the ground takes its title and fling themselves into the Trent, which is not to be confused with the *venue* of the famous Council of that name. Rescue parties put out from both shores, while DAWLING, himself preserving his aplomb in the general *débâcle*, addresses his dripping comrades with these words of memorable irony: "Dry rot is the best!"

The Rubber a Moral Certainty for England.

Practically the news which we publish to-day means the disappearance of the Australians as a factor to be reckoned with in this season's Tests. England's course is plain. She has only to draw the remaining four matches and she wins the rubber. This she can easily achieve by consistently bowling wide of the leg-stump.

O. S.

THE BALLAD OF TARRO MYAKE.

(After Tennyson's "Ballad of Oriana")

You challenged one and all to fight,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 I took your challenge up one night,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 They advertised it left and right,
 Thousands appeared to see the sight,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 My prospects were considered bright,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 A model I of manly grace,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Yours seemed a pretty hopeless case,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 Awhile we danced around the place,
 Then closed and struggled for a space,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 And you were down upon your face,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 Oh, I would make you give me best,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 A thrill of pride inspired my breast,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 Then you were sitting on my chest,
 Your knee into my gullet pressed,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Was this the way to treat a guest,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 You've got me by the neck, and oh,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 There is no rest for me below,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 You're right upon my wind, you know;
 I'm suffocating fast, and so,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 You've beaten me; now let me go,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 O breaking neck that will not break!
 TARRO MYAKE!
 O yellow face so calm and sleek,
 TARRO MYAKE!
 Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak;
 I seem to have waited here a week,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 What wantest thou? What sign dost seek,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 What magic word your victim frees,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 What puts the captive at his ease,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 'Touché,' 'Enough,' or 'If you please,'
 I keep on trying you with these,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Alas! I have no Japanese,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 I am not feeling very well,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 (They should have stopped it when you fell,
 TARRO MYAKE.)
 Oh, how is it you cannot tell
 I am not feeling very well,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 What is the Japanese for "H—!"
 TARRO MYAKE?

The blood is rushing to my head,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Think kindly of me when I'm dead,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 What was it that your trainer said?
 "Pat twice upon the ground instead!"
 TARRO MYAKE!
 There . . . there . . . now help me into bed,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 Somewhere beside the Southern sea,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 All other necks I leave to thee,
 My own's as stiff as stiff can be,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 My collar's one by twenty-three,
 TARRO MYAKE!

"THE WORLD'S APPEAL FOR PEACE."

Mr. PUNCH is anxious that it should not be thought that the remarks of eminent men, published by the *Daily Chronicle* under the above heading, exhaust the opinions obtainable on the subject. By means of X-rays, wireless telegraphy, and other resources of science, he has put himself in a position unknown to the contributors to tickle the ears of the groundlings with similar communications.

Mr. J. Chamberlain. "As a missionary of peace I am ready at any time for a raging, tearing propaganda in its interests. I should be willing for the next election to be fought solely on this question and no other. The war should be stopped—and by force if necessary. Why not tax Russian recruits, and other raw material?"

Mr. A. J. Balfour. "Why blame the combatants? Retaliation is one of the strongest instincts of our nature. And observe—it is quite a different thing from Protection against consequences."

Mr. C. B. Fry. "The war is a crime against Sport. The Great Powers should compel an armistice until after the final test match."

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. "I must decline to state my opinion. I have no sympathy with the catch-halfpenny ways of new journalism."

Mr. W. T. Stead. "I am not sure if the Theatre of War is on my list, but it doesn't matter: even without visiting it I am sure I could go on condemning it for fifty years or so, as I have done before in similar cases."

Sir Oliver Lodge. "If nothing else will stop the fighting I will lecture on it three times a day until further notice."

Admiral Togo (by cable). "Peace quite unnecessary. Can see nothing to fire at."

LONDONIANA.

By JACK O' LONDON.

(With acknowledgments to "T. P.'s Weekly.")

MANY of my readers who are interested in London have written to ask me whether the rates were always as high as they are to-day. The answer is probably "No," for the question of rising rates in London is by no means so new as people suppose. I read in Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE's excellent work on SHAKESPEARE that the poet used the words "rate" and "rated" some fifty times in his plays—a sure sign that he had the subject on his mind; and, according to SMITH's *Book for a Rainy Week*, Dr. JOHNSON grumbled at the parish charges levied against him for the repair of Fleet Street (where he once took a walk), while BOSWELL, his biographer, curiously enough, echoed his sentiments. SMITH says that he was at his barber's one wet day when the younger BOSWELL related the facts as he was having his hair cut. The story runs that BOSWELL the elder called upon the Great Shum of English Literature (as JOHNSON was nicknamed by his friends), and found him fuming with rage after an interview with the rate-collector. With his customary acumen BOSWELL perceived the state of things at a glance. "Do you not think, Sir," he asked the Doctor, "that 8s. 7d. in the pound is a very high rate to pay?" "No, Sir," replied JOHNSON, "I do not think so. I know it." "I am glad, Sir," replied BOSWELL, "to have your corroborative testimony. I have thought so for a long time. Now I know it."

The subject of rates suggests to me that of Kingsway, the street which is to connect the Strand with Holborn by a cutting through a district fragrant with interest for the perambulating Londoner. Kingsway is very happily named, for its northern extremity is only a few minutes by bus from King's Cross, and within about four stone-throws of the King's Library, which was presented to the nation by one of the GEORGES. Close to the middle of Kingsway stood No. 743, Great Queen Street—probably the most historic spot in London. The hearthstone of the sitting-room is the identical slab of granite used as an altar by the Archdruid during the reigns of the Saxon monarchs EDWIN and ANGELINA (A.D. 213-268). During the thirteenth century a house was built to protect the stone, and this house was occupied at a later date by CHARLES DICKENS, a well-known Victorian novelist, one of whose works, *The Mystery of Edwin Druid*, was woven round its traditions. From another house hard by, HUNTLEY and PALMER, the joint authors of *Eat to Live and Learn*, published the first of their popular series of Reading Biscuits.

• The main approach to Kingsway from the south is by Waterloo Bridge—originally called Waterlow, from the fact that most of it was built when the Thames was at low tide. The main approach from the other direction is Oxford Street, which was named after Oxford, the winner of the first inter-varsity boat-race, by way of consolation to Cambridge the loser.

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH.

WHY should music enjoy the monopoly of precocious talent? This is a question which until recently occupied a good deal of attention in scientific circles, but it is satisfactory to learn that a series of experiments are now in progress which will, it is believed, conclusively vindicate the claims of youth in a variety of other callings.

Amongst the names of those recently appointed to be King's Counsel will be noticed that of Mr. ORO CHICK. Mr. CHICK, who is not yet twelve, has not been called to the Bar, and his promotion has caused a certain amount of surprise and even resentment amongst sticklers for the rigid observance of legal etiquette. Happily the LORD CHANCELLOR is not one of those who takes a pedantic view of his obligations. The experience of recent years, moreover, is entirely in favour of the innovation; for, if it is legitimate to elevate to the Bench a barrister who has no practice worth speaking of, only a very modest extension of the principle is required to justify the appointment of a King's Counsel who has not yet been called to the Bar.

Although there is no foundation for the report that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has resigned the office of Laureateship, we have every reason to believe that the choice of his successor has already been decided by a *plébiscite* held by the subscribers of the *Daily Perambulator*. The favoured Parnassian is none other than Mr. OSSIAN BANTLING, who recently celebrated his sixth birthday, and has for several years been known as one of the most formidable exponents of the school of Inarticulate Symbolism.

The vacancy in the Cabinet caused by Mr. BRODRICK's patriotic acceptance of the Governorship of the Falkland Islands, has, we understand, been filled by the appointment of Mr. METHUSELAH JENKINS, the wonderful Kindergarten statesman, whose unopposed election for the Guildford Division is confidently anticipated in Ministerial circles. As Mr. JENKINS is not seven, his colleagues have thoughtfully rigged up a small cot on the Treasury Bench, so that in the event of an all-night sitting the new Secretary of India will be able to secure some repose without leaving the House.

Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH being about to



Bald-headed Uncle. "YOUR HAIR IS MUCH TOO LONG, TOMMY. YOU SHOULD GO TO THE BARBER."
Tommy. "YES, UNCLE. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE JUST BEEN!"

retire, by the operation of the "Too Old at Forty" rule, from the supreme control of the extensive business associated with his name, his place has been filled by the appointment of the KUBELIK TWINS, who will shortly take over the management of 71 daily, 34 evening, and 59 weekly papers.

The Baroness CLIFTON, who was born in January, 1900, has been unanimously elected President of the Society for the Promotion of Proportional Representation, and will shortly deliver her inaugural address, the subject being "Should Dolls have a vote, and if so, how many?"

A View of the Invisible.

"—'s New Patent Invisible Iron Frame Piano, the most perfect made in London. If you doubt this, call and see it."—*South Wales Daily News*.

ROBERT BROWNING would seem unconsciously to have anticipated this rare musical instrument when he spoke of the ambition of the *Old Masters in Florence* to "bring the invisible full into play."

THE heat in London was recently so intense that, according to the *Daily Mail*, "Straw-hats and Panamas could be seen on every hand." This augurs badly for the glove-trade.

ESSAYS IN THE OBSOLETE.

COLLECTED FROM THE ENCYCLO-
PEDIAS OF THE FUTURE.

THE PIANO.

REMARKABLE, as it may appear there was once a time when the domestic supply of music, instead of being automatically produced, was painfully beaten out with the human finger on the keyboard of an instrument called the piano. The piano was of two shapes, the more common form resembling an upright chest; the more expensive, or "grand" piano, as it was called, suggesting a rather lofty table of peculiar conformation, broad at one end and tapering onesidedly at the other. In either case the keyboard was placed horizontally, and occupied about four feet, the keys being made of ivory or one of its substitutes. The operator then took his or her seat on a stool, the height of which was regulated by a screw, in front of the keyboard, and by striking the notes with the fingers elicited more or less accurately the melodies and harmonies desired. The results produced were, to judge from contemporary records, often extremely creditable.

The children of our ancestors were trained to perform on these instruments; beginning with one finger at a time, and gradually acquiring dexterity with the whole hand. When proficiency was attained, it was the custom for relations and even friends to be asked to the house, nominally for refreshment and entertainment, but in reality that the performing child might be inspected and praised, a passion for praise and notice having always been a characteristic of pianists.

Some of the children grew up and forgot their early gifts; others remained children for many years in some cases even after they had acquired a deep bass voice. These were known as prodigies, and they obtained their livelihood by playing the piano for money. Still others were willing to grow up, a few adult pianists, as they were called, being always desirable, and they too played for money, having first however insured their hair against seissors.

In these days of universal baldness the inevitable result of the evolutionary process on the highest types of the human race it will hardly be believed that pianists without exception were furnished with heads of long bushy hair, the shaking and tossing of which formed a regular part of their performance. The last man who ever played the piano with his hands, Herr ESAT SAMSONOVITCH, never wore a wig till the day of his death.

The economic waste involved in the

old system of hand-made music is indeed almost incredible. Our ancestors, it seems, were checked by no folly. At the time of which we write, people of ordinary means would not hesitate to spend 10s. 6d. or even a guinea—money which might have procured a quite passable luncheon at a good restaurant—in order to hear and see one of these long-haired athletes, or musical chauffeurs, pounding the keyboard for a couple of hours, and it is estimated that the most popular performers would occasionally clear as much as £500 by a single performance.

The effects of hand-made pianism were, however, not wholly restful. It is stated that certain professional pianists exercised such a powerful influence on the public that even educated ladies were wrought up into a state hardly distinguishable from delirium. Painful scenes were often witnessed in a building—long since converted into a temple of the sister and perhaps worthier art of gastronomy—called St. James's Hall, where a Polish performer was once rescued by the police from the attentions of a bevy of hysterical admirers. Needless to say, this adulation of the pianists often exercised a most unsatisfactory and degrading influence on their character. In some cases their affectation and eccentricities reached a most distressing pitch, and one Russian artist in particular was in the habit of making such terrible grimaces that he was eventually condemned by the County Council to play behind a screen, whereupon he immediately went mad.

It was not long after that event that machinery stepped in, and the new and wiser era which we now enjoy was inaugurated.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS TO A TOP HAT.

"It is just a hundred years ago since an Englishman of original fancy promenaded the streets of London in a cylindrical hat covered with beaver, and was hissed and hooted home by the crowd."—*"Débat," Paris.*

No loud perpetuating bust,

No tribute raised to native art

Adorns the mite, dishonoured dust

That built thine earliest counterpart;

But poised on man's protesting crust—

Thyself immortal dost retain.

Untarnished by Oblivion's rust,

The fame of that consummate brain.

Thy lithe proportions were to him

The path that led to fair renown;

Thy sensuous elegance of brim,

The contours of thy speaking crown,

Clung lightly round his peerless crest,

A prepossessing dream in brown,

What time he bore thee forth, confessed

The cynosure of all the Town.

I would that I had been about

That blessed morning long ago,

When first the Hero sauntered out,
High hat on head, to take a blow;
Had heard the loud derisive shouts
That hailed the latest thing in lids,
The gibes of those adjacent louts,
The pleasantries of passing kids.

I see him moving down the Mall,
Perspiring anxiously the while,
Searched by the cat's elusive call.
The drayman's hoarse unfettered smile;
I mark him modestly attired
In trousers of the latest style,
And delftly perched on his inspired
Apex that monumental tile.

Yet whence he came or how he spelt
His name that first upon his pow
Enthroned the beaver's lustrous pelt
No man that lives can tell us now;
But roofed by bulbous things in felt,
That sit more lightly on the nape,
Men disregard the hand that dealt
A deathless beauty to thy shape.

Distinguished cylinder! Thy sleek
And prosperous bulk hath not a peer;
Men wear thee proudly all the week,
Whose ancestors presumed to jeer.
Thou dost acquire a comelier grace
As rolling year succeeds to year,
Pronounced by all the human race
The loftiest type of cranial gear.

Or perched upon the topmost knot
Of Piccadilly's odorous dude,
Or casting, for the Hottentot,
A saving shadow o'er the nude;
Balanced above the hairy Scot,
Or Eskimo or Caribee—
In every habitable spot
The sons of Fashion worship thee.

Since man first placed thee on his brow
A hundred rolling years have sped;
I wis the great inventor now
Adorns an aureole instead.
But thou, bright star of matchless sheen,
Roofing our universal head,
Dost keep perennially green
The memory of the mighty dead!

ALGOL.

THE ART OF EATING.

"Why don't we have classes which should instruct people in the art of polite eating?"—*The Lady.*

MR. PUNCH, glad to find that he can be of real use to somebody, presents his prospectus of

EATIN' COLLEGE.

MOTTO—*Ab oro usque ad mala.*

Head Master—LT.-COL. NEWSHAM-DAVIS.
Assisted by a large and competent staff.

The Upper School (under the management of the Head Master) prepares pupils for

- (1) The Carlton.
- (2) The Trocadero.

The courses are nine in number and include the usual subjects, Fish, Entrée, Joint, &c.

The *Lower School* prepares pupils for

- (1) The A. B. C. (under Mr. BRADSHAW).
- (2) The Whelk and Winkle Barrow (under Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER).

In addition to these there is a *Special Side* which enables pupils to hold their own at Lyons' Popular Café. They attend the daily instruction of Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL at the Zoo (Lions' Den Department). The methods of instruction are somewhat delicate; an endeavour being made to impart the polish of the Carlton together with the *diablerie* of the Whelk and Winkle Barrow.

Lectures for the ensuing Term include:

The Upper School.—"How to manage Meringues gracefully with a fork." By the Countess of WARWICK.

"What to do with our Cherry-stones." By the Editor of *The Lady*.

"Hints on translating the *Memo*. With pronunciations." By Mr. A. B. WALKLEY.

The Lower School.—"The knife or the fingers for peas? Suggestions for a compromise." By VICTORIA EUSTON (late of the Strand A. B. C.)

Canon LYTTELTON holds a Vegetarian Class daily.

Special care is taken of delicate pupils, to whom the A. B. C. course is recommended.

Each pupil has a separate table.

There is no charge for attendance.

The Governors are not responsible for accidental deaths.

Among recent successes may be quoted the following:—

Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, after barely two months' instruction in the Upper School, went through a fifteen-course dinner at the Carlton, making no mistake until the very end, when he inadvertently drank from his finger-bowl.

At an A. B. C. the other day Lord REGINALD BERKLYS-QUAIR poured his tea into his saucer, and drank it like a man. Lord REGINALD had only been in the Lower School three months.

Mr. NASALIEIM GORDON-GORDON went to Lyons' Popular Café in evening dress the other night. His careful training at the Zoo showed so clearly in his manner that the chop which he ordered was, without express instructions on his part, served to him raw.

The Duke of PLAZA-TORO, in extracting a winkle at a Commercial Road barrow, bent and rendered useless four pins, but succeeded with his fifth! He had only been under Mr. CHEVALIER'S care for a year.

All these are well-known Old



Sympathetic Lady. "VERY SAD THAT YOUR HUSBAND SHOULD HAVE LOST HIS LEG! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Mrs. Muggles. "WHY, HE GOT RUN OVER BY ONE O' THESE 'ERE SUBTRACTION ENGINES, MISS!"

Eatinians, and their performances speak for themselves. Other less exceptional cases are those of Mr. "ALF." GRIGGS, who entered at the Winkle Barrow stage, and in a fortnight took tea at the Mile End A. B. C. without attracting attention; and of Mr. PLUMLEY, who proceeded from the Trocadero to the Carlton after barely a fortnight's work.

Send your son or daughter Now.

Let them join the Oyster and Asparagus Classes, or (if intended for the Lower School) the Tripe and Black Pudding Courses.

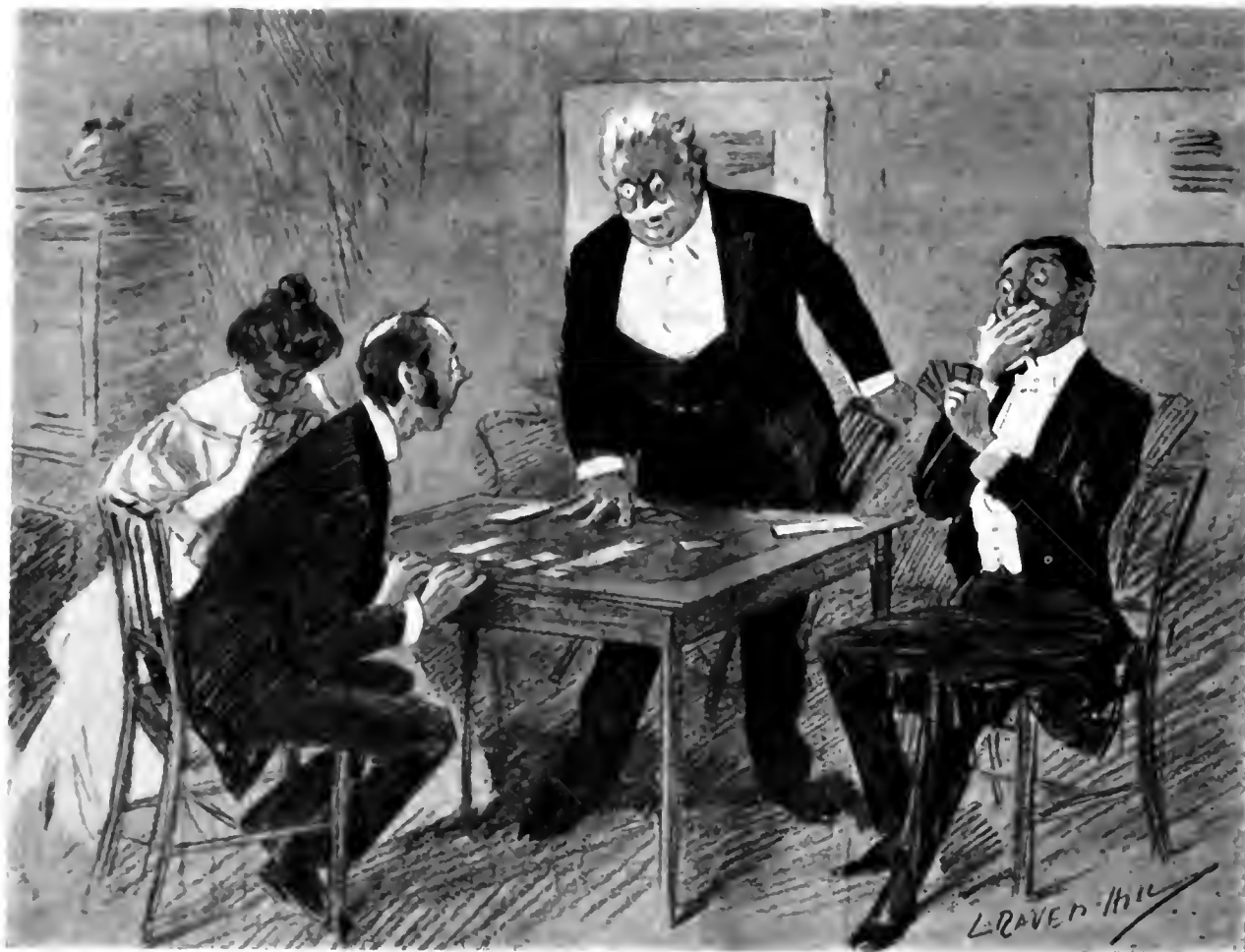
TERMS (payable in advance).

For pupils with no manners at all—intended for:

	Per Annum.
The Carlton	500 guineas.
The Trocadero	300 "
Lyons' Popular Café	50 "
A. B. C.	10 "
Whelk and Winkle Barrow	13s. 6d.

Pupils with the A. B. C. manner who wish to acquire that of the Carlton, or those accustomed to the Carlton who desire to learn the etiquette of the Winkle Barrow, &c., &c., should consult with the Head Master as to special terms.

A HINT FOR ENGLAND.—The best ship in the Japanese Navy:—The Censorship.



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 4.

WHAT HAS DUMMY DECLARED?

MRS. POETICA.

"A new Rhyming Dictionary has appeared
O Rhyme, "invention of a barbarous age,"
Thou that canst make the stoutest heart wax faint,
Of whom great Milton, foiled at every stage
By thy "vexation, hindrance, and constraint,"
Preferred his frank and unabashed complaint,
Thy powers are spent; thou shalt no more evade
The painful hard; henceforth he buys these ready-made.

For lo! 'tis noised that cunning men have wrought
A strange, new, lexicon, where all may find
And by no arduous process of the thought
Rhymes of all sizes, every shape and kind,
In ordered columns visibly aligned;
Here moves the single, trots the trochee here,
While the light-footed dactyl canters in the rear.

Then, oh ye poets, make a merry coil,
And in high fettle march upon the quest;
Not with tired pallor of the midnight oil,
Gnashings of teeth, and beatings of the breast,
But as men confident and self-possessed,
Tackling their task with that peculiar ease
Which some experience, 'tis said, in shelling peas.

Also this Book shall be the written Law
Such as e'en editors may not defy.

Cold persons, ever averse of a flaw,
Who of their own rude dominance deny
The 'stablished usage of the Rhyme-by-Eye;
"Such is our Rule," they say, "to all that sing,
And whoso likes it not can do the other thing."

But now, defiant of such petty jars,
Love shall be proved in groves without a blush;
Food shall be good, and wars result in scars!
What tho' the blue-chalke tyrant thunder "Tush!
These be no rhymes!" him straitly ye shall crush:
"Nay, but I claim Authority. They do—
I mean they *are*! Tush in thy teeth, proud man, and pooh!"

Wherefore, let all that need such low device,
Buy! For, although it hardly seems the game,
'Twill be a help! And what it costs in price
It saves in time, which comes to much the same.
Buy, therefore; and (that none may know your shame)
Bind it anew, and have inscribed thereon
History of Greece, or Works of Avon's deathless Swan.

DUM-DUM.

The Cloth.

From an advertisement in an Edinburgh hatter's displayed
during the Church Assemblies in Auld Reekie:—

CLERICAL SOFTS IN GREAT VARIETY.



“BANZAI!”

FORSTER whether, seeing that Rifle Clubs form no part of the system of national defence, he will take steps to secure that in case of invasion members thereof shall not be liable to be hung as franchise-bearers.

As affairs at the War Office move with bewildering rapidity, it should perhaps be mentioned that Rifle Clubs are the latest device in Pall Mall. They take the place of St. John Brodbeck's Six Army Corps, vanished from sight on Salisbury Plain. Also they make it possible to dispense with services of Volunteers, abolish the Militia, cut off the Yeomanry. With these Clubs swinging in the air, so to speak, Field-Marshal PRINCE ARTHUR, CARROT of the twentieth century, defies the armies of the world. To have it suggested by a man of CHANCE RASCEN's military knowledge and special opportunities of intercourse with the spiritual world that members of Rifle Clubs are liable to be hung at sight is disconcerting.

ARNOLD-FOSTER so affected that his answer was mostly inaudible. Gathered from word caught here and there that, as usual, "it will be all right," he having his eye on the matter.

What added to terror of situation was its meteorological accessories. According to almanack this is May 30, a date at which fair young Spring falls on the plump breast of Summer and bids her sister welcome. Actually in respect of weather it was dark November. A pall as of night fell upon the House. At half-past three in the afternoon the gas streaming through the glass ceiling gave the chamber the familiar look of a midnight sitting. Presently the thunder pealed; the rain fell with tropical force; window was burst open by the storm, and the rain fell upon the just and the unjust seated below Gangway on Ministerial side. There was a stampede for the door, Members blaming their own carelessness in not bringing their umbrellas and goloshes. For full twenty minutes it lasted—thunder pealing, minute guns; lightning paling the artificial illumination; rain beating on the windows with persistent fury.

We have had some "scenes" in the House of late, but nothing to equal this. When in the tragedy of *Macbeth* the curtain rises on the three witches, the scene is described as "An open place. Thunder and lightning." That's all very well on the stage at Drury Lane. But if it is to be an accessory to CHANCE RASCEN's appearances on the stage of the T. R. Westminster it is to be hoped they will not be frequent.

Bad enough to have a Member's ghost occupying his seat in the House when the hon. gentleman in the flesh is snugly tucked up in bed. For the spook to bring his thunder and lightning with him, interrupting McKENNA when he is

probing the mystery of striped tobacco, is a procedure inconveniently excessive in its energy. *Business done.* Budget discussed in a thunderstorm.

Friday. Struggle between Ulster and the Nationalists for supremacy may up to present moment be regarded as a drawn battle. Ulster has succeeded in having GEORGE WYNDHAM sacrificed; but ANDREW MACDONNELL remains in laager at the Under-Secretary's lodge. Meanwhile sniping goes on across floor of House. When Nationalists put to imperturbable WALTER LONG questions cunningly devised with object of indicting a fellow-countryman in the other camp,



Mr. Speaker Lowther takes the Chair.

MOORE or CRAIG give it a twist, whilst SLOAN, mounting his high horse with knees gripping its neck after the manner of his clan when "up," rides them down.

Nationalists make retort courteous in ingenious manner. Question Paper loaded with inquiries designed to show that, owing to lamentable oversight on the part of St. Patrick when he ejected other vermin, Ulster remains a black spot on the Green Isle. One Member blandly invites the Chief Secretary to state how many cases of bigamy were reported to the Irish Police during the past year; and how many of these cases were located in Ulster?

Another comes along with urgent desire to know how many cases of robbery came to the knowledge of the Irish Police last year; how many were worked off in Ulster, and of these how many in the city of Belfast? whose representation is divided between ARNOLD-FOSTER and JOCKEY SLOAN.

A third inquires, How many cases of concealment of birth were reported to

the authorities in Ireland during the past twelve months; what percentage of these were in the province of Ulster, and how does the City of Belfast stand in the matter? Then comes along Mr. REDDY (ever ready), who extends the inquiry in the same terms to cases of burglary and housebreaking. Thus do these Irishmen love one another. Pretty to see WALTER LONG solemnly reading answers prepared at expenditure of much trouble at the Irish Office.

Business done. Second reading of Plural Voting Bill moved.

Tuesday, June 6. "Hats off, strangers!"

For the last time WILLIAM COURT GULLY, wearing the wig and gown of the Speaker, with the Mace carried before him, the Train-bearer following after, walks through the Lobby to take his seat in the Chair of the House of Commons. For ten years he has filled it with uprightness of character and dignity of manner that have added lustre to its ancient renown. Almost unknown when, ten years ago, he for the first time stood in the fierce light that beats upon the Speaker's Chair, he has since quietly, unobtrusively, won his way not only to the respect but also the affection of his fellow Members.

In politics a Liberal of settled convictions, there has during his tenure of office been no occasion when breath of suspicion of partisanship has attained his conduct in the Chair. On the retirement of Mr. PEEL the Member for Carlisle being put forward as the nominee of the Liberal Party, the Unionist Opposition strained every effort to defeat him, and almost succeeded. That made the more striking the testimony to his worth and character forthcoming when, four months later, the Unionists having come into power by an overwhelming majority, he was re-elected to the Chair by unanimous vote.

Mr. GULLY will carry into his ennobled leisure the double consciousness that he has done his duty, and that in fearlessly doing it he won the confidence and the esteem of the most critical Assembly in the world.

Business done.—Mr. GULLY retires from the Speaker's Chair.

A CORRESPONDENT in Assiniboia sends the following extract from the *Free Press* of Winnipeg, reproduced (in the *Times* manner) from its own issue of twenty years ago. This long interval must be our excuse for recalling an incident which at the time must have been painful, notwithstanding the physical consolation expressed in the concluding sentence:

"Corporal CODE, of the 90th Battalion, is in the hospital at Saskatchewan, and is not so well. He will probably lose one of his legs. All the others are pronounced out of danger."



NATURAL SELECTION.

Sir Allbut Caresus. "I SAY, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO COLLECT SUCH A DEVI OF CHARMING WOMEN? I NEVER CAN. WHAT'S THE RECIPE?"
 Quiet Host. "SIMPLE ENOUGH, MY DEAR FELLOW. LEAVE OUT ALL THE FRUMPS."

BERLIN AGAIN.

Sir, we are having quite a blazing sun:

I never felt such torrid heat before.

Down my bronzed forehead little streamlets run;

I'm paying tribute out of every pore

To Berlin's master, WILLIAM I. *et R.*

I bet he's thankful that he's not the CZAR!

It's not so bad, I tell you, to be here:

Music is played in every open place;

Great vats there are of ice-cold *helles Bier*;

There's many a fresh and smiling pretty face;

And children swarming out from heaps of hives,

And beaming burglars with their jolly wives.

And in the restaurants they sit and sip,

Straw-hatted man and muslin-wearing maid;

And all around the little urchins skip;

Ices there are and cakes and lemonade.

Folks of all sorts and sizes, mixed together,

Sit, sip and smile and seem to like the weather.

Or in the Zoo—a most delightful Zoo—

We see the gambols of the baby bears,

Ride on the camel, get to know the gau,

Or watch the couchant lion while he stares

Inscrutably for ever, and delies

Our puny presence with his steady eyes.

E'en as I write all Berlin is astir

Preparing for the Crows' Prizer and his bride;

They have a mind to welcome him and her

Standing and shouting; but a few will ride:

The Berlin butchers ride among the rest,

And have the right to do it two abreast.

I saw them practising two days ago,

Two lines of butchers riding, all arrayed

In horsey suits, and moving very slow,

A solemn and impressive cavalcade.

They had an air that seemed to scorn defeat,

And every butcher had a solid seat.

Their wives were come, *die Töchter waren da*,

A cheerful gathering of young and old,

To glory in the prowess of papa,

Or watch their husband as he caracoled;

And as each butcher passed with dauntless brow,

"*Wie schön er reitet!*" cried that butcher's Frau.

But, lo! a sudden trumpet blew some notes.

Oh, then there was a scattering alar

Of flying hats and agitated coats;

And some there were who, like a shooting star,

Fell to the earth, but quickly rose again,

While some kept up by clinging to the mane.

In fact, Sir, I am having lots of fun,

In spite of absence from my native land.

Think of me, shaded from the summer sun,

In some green garden listening to a band.

And draining something cold that starts with B.

And ends with r, and living on the Spree.

TOM THE TOURIST.

A GENTLEMAN, writing to the *Daily News*, introduces himself as one who has "ridden, driven, and conversed with most of the leading motorists." This statement, if we may accept it as credible, at once raises the motorist at a bound from the level of a road-hog to that of one of the nobler quadrupeds, such as the ass, or the horse.

RURAL FELICITY.

This is the second *Nature* article that has recently arrived at Mr. *Punch's* offices through inadvertence. It was obviously intended for *The Country-Side*, the new Harmsworth-Robinson organ, which is designed to bring home to townsmen the wonders of country life.]

EVENING in the country! A Spring evening! Ah, you dweller in the close perfervid city, how I wish I could have transported you to my side yesterday, while I stood and watched the sinking fire of day (a bright, impulsive fellow this sun) waving me from his Orient window.

A GLAD GOOD-NIGHT!

How I wish you could have lain near me on that pile of fresh-cut hay, redolent of clover and the scarlet vetch, lulled to sleep, it may be, by the low moaning of rats in the stack, or the melancholy hoot of the night-jar! Sleep follows swiftly, sleep such as you denizens of the crowded street can never know—sleep beneath the stars.

Up with the lark! SHELLEY'S skylark! There he is, the blithe unconscious creature, hovering above the plough-share, ready to pounce upon the first unwary field-vole upturned from his

NEST IN THE LUXURANT LOAM.

My heart is full to bursting as I pass onward into the harvest-field and watch the gleaners at their busy toil. For one thing I have my "Topical Quotations" to prepare, and am "dividing my swift mind" between the *Georgics* of VIRGIL and WORDSWORTH'S "Intimations of Immortality" for a suitable selection. Then there are the straw bonnets and rough smocks of the rustics to be sketched for the fashion-plate, and my column upon the *Insanitary Condition of Birds' Nests* to be compiled.

Yet how difficult to fix one's mind upon mere journalism, when on this side and on that the lithe rabbit is popping up from his "forme," and beneath their white blossoms the red strawberries lurk under every springing hedge-tuft. A glass of creamy butter-milk supplied by the smiling lass at the cottage wicket, together with a light and delicious scene

EATEN IN THE STUBBLE

under the sighing alders, has served me for my simple yet hygienic meal. And now as I watch the shepherd lead his flock of lowing kine into the pastures, that stately old bell-wether bringing up the rear, I feel that here is life indeed, and here (had the exigencies of a week-end return permitted) I could willingly have spent the remainder of my days, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," but inexorable Fate with her iron shears forbids. I must

BACK TO THE SMOKY STREETS

once more and my half-finished essay on "Cotton-spinning in our Great Public Schools." Brief dream, farewell!

Save me from my Friends.

MR. PUNCH, as a gallant supporter of Woman's Suffrage, protests against the argument employed by another supporter, who writes as follows in a contemporary, and signs herself "A Mere Woman": "From personal observation I am convinced that a large number of lunatics possess a vote. I do not see, therefore, why women should not be allowed the privilege."

The Ruling Passion.

(1) On the Tuesday evening after the great sea-fight:—

A. Any fresh casualties reported?

B. Yes; AUNOLD has sprained his thumb.

(2) *Medical Examiner*. Where is your heart situated exactly?
Student. Centre, a little inclined to leg.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday Night, May 30.—First visit of HER MAJESTY to Covent Garden, accompanied (the word comes in appropriately on a musical occasion) by the Prince and Princess CHARLES OF DENMARK, to hear *La Bohème*, which went as well as, if not



Eva-Alten. Walther von Stolzing-Herold. "For Eva and for Eva."

better than, ever with Mme. MELBA as the merry or mournful *Mimi*, Miss PARKINA as musical, mercurial, merry-tricious, *Musetta*, and with the tenacious tenor Signor CARUSO—so economical in the employment of his highest notes that he can make one of them go farther and last longer than almost any other prodigal in his line of business—as the Bohemian poet *Rodolfo*. The House was bigger than even it was on Monday the 22nd, which is an absurd expression, as if the house

had been bigger probably it would have held all who had to be refused admission to the choke-full gallery. So far this season *La Bohème* is first favourite and, putting *The Ring* (with its knowing ones) aside, we should be inclined to place *Don Pasquale* next if it has another chance given it.

Wednesday, May 31.—Derby Day. To adapt *Figaro's* song, it is a night of "Cicero here! Cicero there! Cicero, Cicero, everywhere!" Usual opera, *La Favorita*, not given. Evidently the musical jest is played out. Instead of title of opera suggesting the winning horse, on referring to the *carte*, we found ourselves treated to one of the works of the Warbling Wag'nar, i.e. *Die Meistersinger*. Excellent performance, but from 7 till 11.55 is too much of a good thing. VAX ROOY splendid; and the *Beckmesser* of Herr GEIS admirable both in singing and in humour. Just one line of praise for the Fräuleins ALTEN and BEUNXÉ as *Eva* and *Magdalene*, both very good; so was the House. Herr RICHTER as usual the champion Wagner-conductor. Germany well represented in front: Royalty not present, but the *Herr* apparent everywhere.

Thursday, June 1.—*Faust* is familiar, but by no means vulgar. Hem! *Shakspeare*. This Opera, like its hero, requires to be rejuvenesced: it needs new blood. Why not find some music of GOUNOD's, hitherto unused, which would serve as a tenor song wherein *Faust* might describe to the audience how he was smitten by the plump and pretty Fräulein, somewhat after this fashion:—

"When first I saw sweet PEGGY,
'Twas on a festal day,
The pretty lass,
She came from Mass—
I stopped her on the way!"

And so on. No fees. MESSRS. MESSAGER and NEIL FORSYTH are welcome to the suggestion. But to return to business.

We love the music, we know it all by heart, but unless it be sung, as well as acted, to perfection, by an exceptionally great

cast, the old story appears so very old, and the charming music seems to have lost so much of its sparkle. When we arrive at the "Soldiers' Chorus," which for many years created a *furor*, being invariably encored with vociferous persistence,



Sachs-Van Rooy upsetting Beckmesser-Geis's serenade. The Derby night. "Sachs to one, given and taken."

a modern audience languidly listens to the veteran warriors, approvingly perhaps, but with pulse unstirred.

The performance to-night is passably good, Madame MELBA not being at her best. M. DALMORES is certainly not at his

best. M. JOURNET's *Mephistopheles*, with tip-tilted nose, caused us to regret the devilishly amusing yet occasionally terrible M. PLANCHON; while Madame PAULIN as *Marthe* made us rejoice to remember how often we had seen the admirable impersonation of the character by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.

Siebel is capitally played and well sung by clever Miss E. PARKINA, but what has she done, or not done, that her

second song should be omitted? M. SEVEILLAC excellent as *Valentin*. M. DALMORES as *Faust* conveyed the idea of being overburdened by his eccentric "make up" and costume, and seemed to be saving himself for some grand effect that never came off.

Sunset: exterior of *Marguerite's* suburban residence. Time evidently after early German-sausage supper: therefore most wise of Fräulein *Gretchen* alias *Marguerite* to take a gentle spin in



Marguerite-Melba and Faust-Dalmores. "Entre le rouet et le roué."



A New Point. Mephistopheles-Journet.

the garden before retiring to roost in her little room on the ground floor. Is not the *Church Interior* a new "set"? It is effective. When the unfortunate *Marguerite* suffers from distractions during her prayers, the mocking voice of *Mephisto* is heard, but he himself is not visible until at the climax he appears in a pillar, or we might say, seeing that he occupies it entirely, as one of the pillars of the Church. It is effective, this keeping him invisible until the climax of the scene; only, to wall him up in this fashion is awkward, as he cannot get out in time to descend from his pedestal and take the gall, hand in hand with his victim *Marguerite*. M. JOURNET, as *Mephisto*, was just visible and no more, bowing politely from within the interior of the pillar—just the antithesis of a "Pillar Saint"—and no doubt feeling inclined to use a big, big D (quite in character) on finding himself a prisoner for the orchestra under M. ARTHUR MESSIAEN there can be nothing but praise; but, if *Faust* is to regain its place in public estimation, Madame MRAY, should she choose to continue the rôle, must be in her very superbly best form, and the entire cast must be up to that ideal. Then old *Dr. Faustus* will be rejuvenated, and Gerson's opera will enjoy a new lease of life.

Within a few hours of the publication of these notes the Opera House will be in the decorator's hands for the reception of their Majesties, who are giving their guest, his Majesty the King of SWISS, an entertainment so brilliant as, it is hoped, will beat even the magnificent record of Covent Garden for Royal and Imperial Gala performances. But the coming of Whitsuntide imposes on us an earlier closing movement than usual in this present week, and the world for a time will be the loser by the absence, from *Mr. Punch's Operatic Notes*, of any report of this most memorable event. *Chantons, mes amis: "Vivent les Rois et Vive la Reine, et Vive la Compagnie" de l'Opéra.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

With loving, reverent hand Sir CHARLES DUKE has gathered some manuscript found in his wife's desk after her death, and Mr. MURRAY publishes *The Book of the Spiritual Life*. It consists of a series of essays and two short stories. The final word is by undesigned coincidence called "The Last Hour," its opening sentence telling how "a woman, weary with long wandering in the ways of the world, came at last to the gate of the grave and drew near to the steps that led up to it." The essays, discoursing of Love and Sorrow, of Prayer and Praise, of Labour and of Learning, are rich in deep, sometimes solemn, thought expressed in the stately yet simple style of the old writers, English, German, French, and Italian, whose companionship was as familiar and as dear to Lady DUKE as was those of her own household. Sir CHARLES prefaces the book with a memoir from which my Baronite learns much that is fresh of a many-sided character whose charm of manner had a tendency to hide the depths of feeling and character that gleamed beneath it. Lady DUKE was a rare combination of scholar, politician, and *grande dame*. Laying his garland on her grave, Sir CHARLES daintily knots it with ribbon bearing an appropriate quotation from *Sesame and Lilies*: "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps."

The Middle Wall (HUTCHINSON) is an uneven piece of work. As long as Mr. EDWARD MARSHALL is aboard ship he is all right. When he steps ashore, more especially when he yields to the conventionality of introducing a young lady with consequent love scenes, he is, to tell the truth, as wearisome as *Norah* is wooden. Moreover, he adds to the bulk of his volume by telling stories, mostly of chestnut growth. He does not shrink from retailing at length one story, some years

ago pictured by our Dr. MAURER, of a lady seated on a cross Channel steamer in the extreme agony of sea-sickness, with an equally forlorn fellow-passenger laying his head on her knee. "Your husband seems very ill," says a sympathetic passenger. "He is not my husband," responds the lady; "I don't know who he is." The only touch of originality Mr. MARSHALL adds to the narrative is where he attributes it to an American illustrated paper. My Baronite prefers, however, to recall the merits of the book, which shine in the stirring narrative of the voyage of the *Lydia*. The chapter in which, after the ship blows up, *Parton* saves the Captain's life, contains a fine bit of narrative.

Printers' Pic is the title of "A Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension Corporation, 1905," to which many litterateurs, journalists and other story-tellers have freely contributed; while drawings have been generously given by several artists whose names are on the cover, and by "many others."

a modest contingent whose names do not appear on its roll of fame. When this *Printers' Pic Annual* (and if it is to be "an annual," may it be a hardy one!) first appeared in 1901 it was completely sold out, and now, in recognition of the successful efforts of the sellers and agents, a contribution is to be made from the proceeds of this present publication in 1905 to benefit the Benevolent and Provident Institutions of the Booksellers and Newsvendors. Artists, Publishers, Papermakers and Printers, all, as the Baron is given to understand, have contributed work and material *gratis*. The technical title is unintelligible except to the professional "literary gents" and not perhaps to quite all of them—and of course to the trade. *Printers' Pic* suggests a muddle which might be "suitable for Pudding-headed People," but this *Pic* is quite a different matter, being simply a capital medley of all sorts. Any Jack Horner, after purchasing a copy, may take it into his corner, and make quite sure of coming on many an excellent plum of no mean size. One of its best plums is an article headed "Can Compositors be Comic?", "entirely written by the printers" of *Pearson's*. An amusing picture, in colours, by Mr. LAWSON WOOD is worthy of note as the achievement of a promising pupil in the school of "Prehistoric Peeps." Probably at first sight it might be attributed to Mr. E. T. REED, the original and unrivalled "Prehistoric Artist," who took out his patent for this exceptional line in *Mr. Punch's* service some years ago. Altogether, full value for money.



The Weaver's Beam.

"WANTED, a TAPER, for country, accustomed to fancies; one with family of weavers preferred."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

The connection of tapers and weavers is simpler than it seems. It was of the weaver's beam that SHAKESPEARE was thinking when he wrote:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

A Riddle from Colney Hatch.

Q. Why have we reason to suppose that a bee is a rook?
A. Because.

Mr. PAUL has been elected a director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If there's anything in a name he should make them an excellent parent.

LOST JOYS.

[In his recently published volume, *School Teaching and School Reform*, Sir OLIVER LODGE pleads for a strictly utilitarian up-to-date education, thinks the "mental gymnastics" argument in favour of Latin and Greek is largely "fudge," and says many children reach "the age of 16, having never known what a studious life is, nor experienced any of the joys of learning since their babyhood."]

O JAMES, I weep to see you strive,
With blank and ox-like look,
To master proposition five
Of EUCLID's foremost book;
Your tortured brain attempts in vain
The antiquated jangle—
Why vex your head about the dead
Isosceles triangle?

Nay worse, through long, laborious days,
O JAMES, they make you con,
With lexicon and crib, the plays
Of poets dead and gone;
The dead, dead past is round you cast,
And into you they hammer,
Benighted fools, the fusty rules
Of Greek and Latin grammar.

O, had your teachers known or cared
For Education's aims,
Through all these years you had been
spared
This purgatory, JAMES;
And school had been a joyous scene
Remote from all disasters,
Had you been taught in modern thought
By smart young modern masters.

You would have learnt those things alone
Which people ought to know,
And scorned all subjects which were
known
A year or two ago;
The musty lore of nineteen-four
To limbo you would drive, JAMES,
And treat with scorn what was not born
In learned nineteen-five, JAMES.

From Nature-Study in a cool
Green glass-house you'd have snatched
Rare joys—to every modern school
A glass-house is attached,
Where scholars stand, note-book in hand,
'To mark each weedlet's way, JAMES—
How leaves are browned—how Teacher
found
A great big worm to-day, JAMES.

They would have trained your eyes aright
To note the things you'd seen:
You'd know the Putney 'bus was white,
The Atlas gold and green;
You'd take no note of HUME or GROTE,
Dismissing them as stodgy,
But you would read with eager greed
The *Evening Star* on "Rojjy."

Poor JIMMY, had your lines been cast
In such a pleasant place,
Not yours had been the wasted past
That stultifies your face;



A CURE.

She. "TELL ME, BERTIE, IS IT TRUE YOU PROPOSED TO MISS BELSIZE LAST NIGHT? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN LOVE."

He. "OH, IT WASN'T THAT. SHE WAS IN BAD SPIRITS AND LOOKED SO SEEDY, I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY TO CHEER HER UP!"

You had grown rich in lore for which
Your boyish heart was yearning,
Nor had you been at ripe sixteen
Unversed in joys of learning.

THE Oxford Blues Committee has decided to award half-blues to the 'Varsity Boxing representatives, leaving it to the Cambridge team to paint the other half black.

FROM "Gossip" in the *Manchester Evening News*.—"If any article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it, and the scorched part will be entirely removed." Why, in fact, use scissors, when Nature will do your work for you? This illustrates the idea which EMERSON expressed with such infinite delicacy when he spoke of "hitching your wagon to a star."

GENERAL ELECTIONS AND COLONIAL CONFERENCES.

OUGHT WE TO HAVE MORE OF THEM?

AND, IF SO, HOW MANY?

MR. EDITOR.—I may be an idealist in these matters, but I feel very strongly that, before the Fiscal Problem is presented to Parliament, the country ought to have frequent opportunities of recording its views on this vital question. A couple of General Elections seems to me a beggarly allowance. I would first of all have a General Election at once to decide as to when a General Election on this issue should be held. This second General Election should determine on broad lines the attitude to be taken by the Government at the next Colonial Conference, whether automatic or specially convened. As each debatable point arises at the Conference I would have an Extraordinary General Election to determine the particular attitude to be assumed by the Government; and at the end of the Conference I would hold a Supplementary General Election to confirm the conclusions arrived at. In this way we should have the satisfaction of knowing, at any given moment, that the majority in Parliament actually represented what the Will of the People happened, *at that moment*, to be; and we should hear less of Governments clinging to office on the strength of a snap-election, long after their original mandate had been exhausted.

Yours, in the Great Public's cause,
VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—I am glad to observe that Sir EDWARD GREY, Mr. ASQUITH and other Liberals, re-inspired by the true Imperial spirit, are taking steps to protest against the infrequency of Colonial Conferences. I myself should be in favour of holding consultations with the representatives of Greater Britain once in every two months; but, recognising the space of time required for the sea-transit in the case of our remoter Colonies, I should be content if these Conferences were held annually. Apart from other General Elections on exclusively domestic issues, at least two would have to be held per annum in connection with each of these Conferences—one before and one after. Of course it might occur that a Colonial Conference arrived at no conclusions; and a subsequent General Election, to confirm them, would then be unnecessary. But in any case at least one General Election per annum should be the statutory minimum. This, I need hardly say, would be a death-blow to that discredited system of Septennial Parliaments of which the present Government is now taking so unwarrantable an advantage.

The extra trouble which this change would entail for some of us would be lightly endured in view of the public benefits likely to arise from a constant recurrence of General Elections.

Yours very earnestly,
LIBERAL ELECTION AGENT (paid by the piece).

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I am all in favour of this scheme for constantly consulting with the Colonies on matters of mutual and momentous interest. Take cricket, for instance, which is probably the strongest link that binds us to our Australian kin. Mr. DARLING has been criticised for wishing to confine the hours of play in ordinary matches to the period between noon and 6 P.M. My feeling and that of a large proportion of the patrons of the game (among whom I do not include those who actually play it, these being in a contemptibly small minority) is that the hours of cricket should be extended rather than restricted. At present the admirable reports of our evening papers leave nothing new for our morning papers to record on this absorbing topic. Could not matches be resumed after a dinner interval, and continued, say, till 3 A.M. by electric light, so that we might have some fresh news to assuage the breakfast hour? This and the subject of

bowlers' screens are questions which might well be brought before a Conference of delegates from the Federated States of Australia, with or without a preliminary General Election.

Yours enthusiastically, GEOGLIWOG.

MY DEAR SIR.—I write as one who may be said to have initiated the idea of Colonial Conferences. Why, I want to know, should they necessarily be held in England, one of the smallest sections of our world-wide Empire? Could they not meet in rotation at our various seats of practically independent government? I shall be most happy to inaugurate this development and to afford facilities in New Zealand for a Conference of delegates from the Home Country and our Sister Colonies. Details follow as soon as I have held a General Election.

Yours preferentially, S-D-D-X.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I agree, for once, with Lord ROSEBURY, who can conceive of nothing more "contemptible and loathsome" than "that the peoples in the regions beyond the seas should be treated as pawns in the game of party-politics." I feel this the more deeply because the cry of "Our Colonial Empire" is a Tory, and not a Radical, catchword. Let us have as many General Elections as we want (till the Tories are beaten), but my regard for the Colonies is such that I would never have their name so much as breathed on the hustings. Like our Peerage they should be kept apart, isolated from the contamination of the electioneering tub. Even in an age of profanity there are some things that should still be sacred.

Yours, more in sorrow than anger,

LITTLE BRITON.

SIR, I am an Englishman before all else, and I will so far improve on Lord ROSEBURY's *dictum* as to say that, for myself, I can conceive of nothing more "contemptible and loathsome" than that we Englishmen in the regions on *this side of the seas* should be treated as pawns in the net of Colonial Commercialism. Why should this passionate ontery for Preference on the part of the Colonies (if anyone has actually heard it) be suffered to break up a great historical party in England? That party stood solid and unbroken till somebody went and dragged in the Colonies. By all means keep them out of our party-politics, I say.

Yours jealously,

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

HONOURED SIR.—Living in an era whose Tentonising tendencies have left their mark on us, from our military head-gear downwards, we yet seem to have learned nothing from the policy of the KAISER in his relations with that vast overseas Empire for whose protection he is now building two battle-ships to our one. Do you ever hear of Colonial Conferences made in Germany? When does Potsdam open its doors for a consultation with delegates from Kuoko, Mangwangwara and the Cameroons?

Yours, &c.,

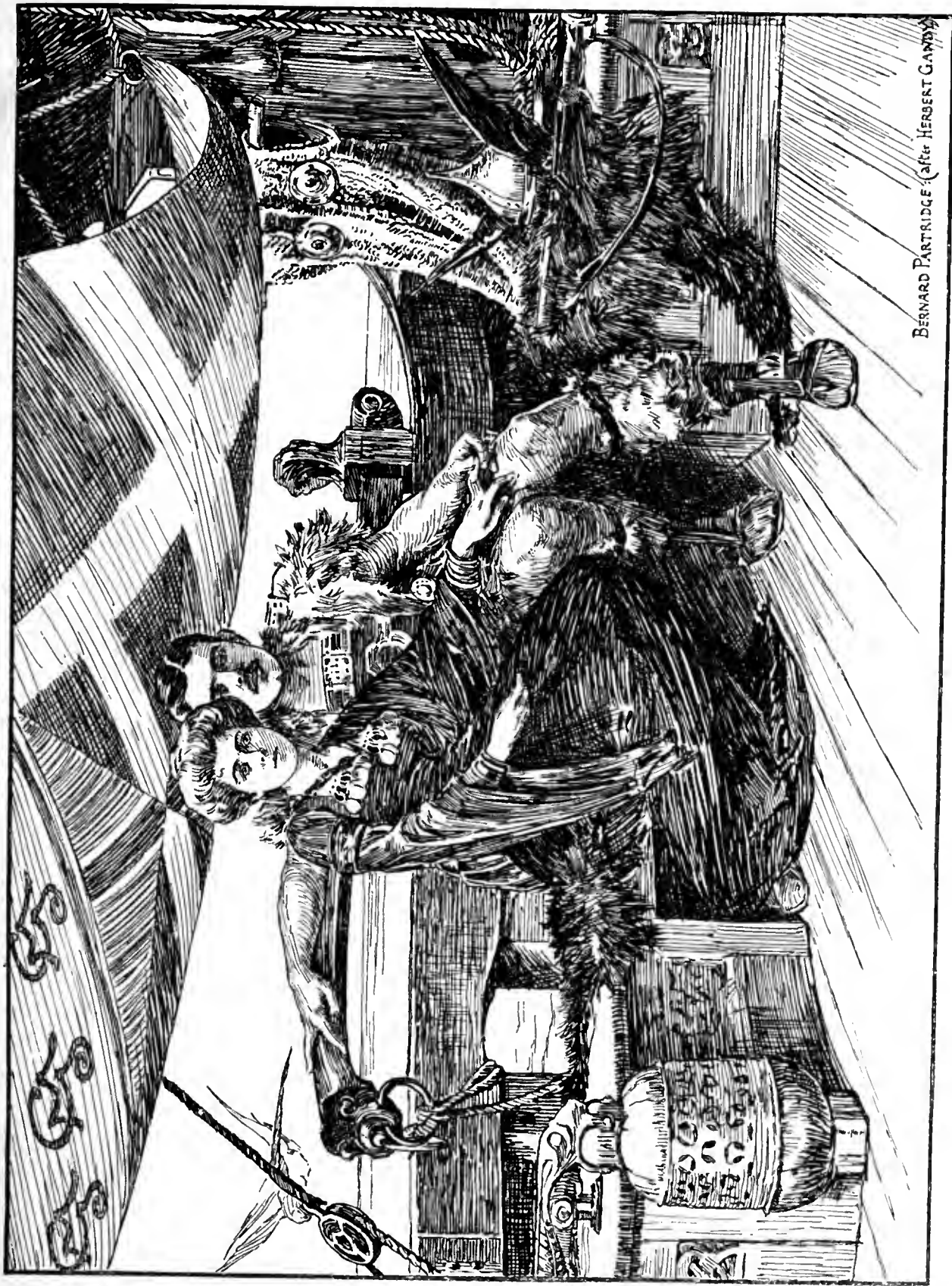
PATERNAL AUTHORITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—What is all this fatuous clamour for more General Elections? If a statesman in the course of half a lifetime sees fit to modify his views by the light of fresh experience and altered conditions he is howled at for a renegade, and his speeches of three decades ago are openly thrown in his teeth. Yet the Public is to be suffered to turn its coat as often as it chooses! If I had my way, I would give the British Elector the chance of changing his so-called mind only as often as Nature renews his ill-washed skin—namely, *once in seven years*.

I am, Your very humble servant, PATRICIAN.

N.B.—Mr. Punch's reputation for impartiality on debatable questions precludes him from expressing an opinion on these. He publishes the above correspondence without comment or prejudice, and must not be held responsible for the views therein exposed.

O. S.



BERNARD PARTRIDGE (after HERBERT GANDY)

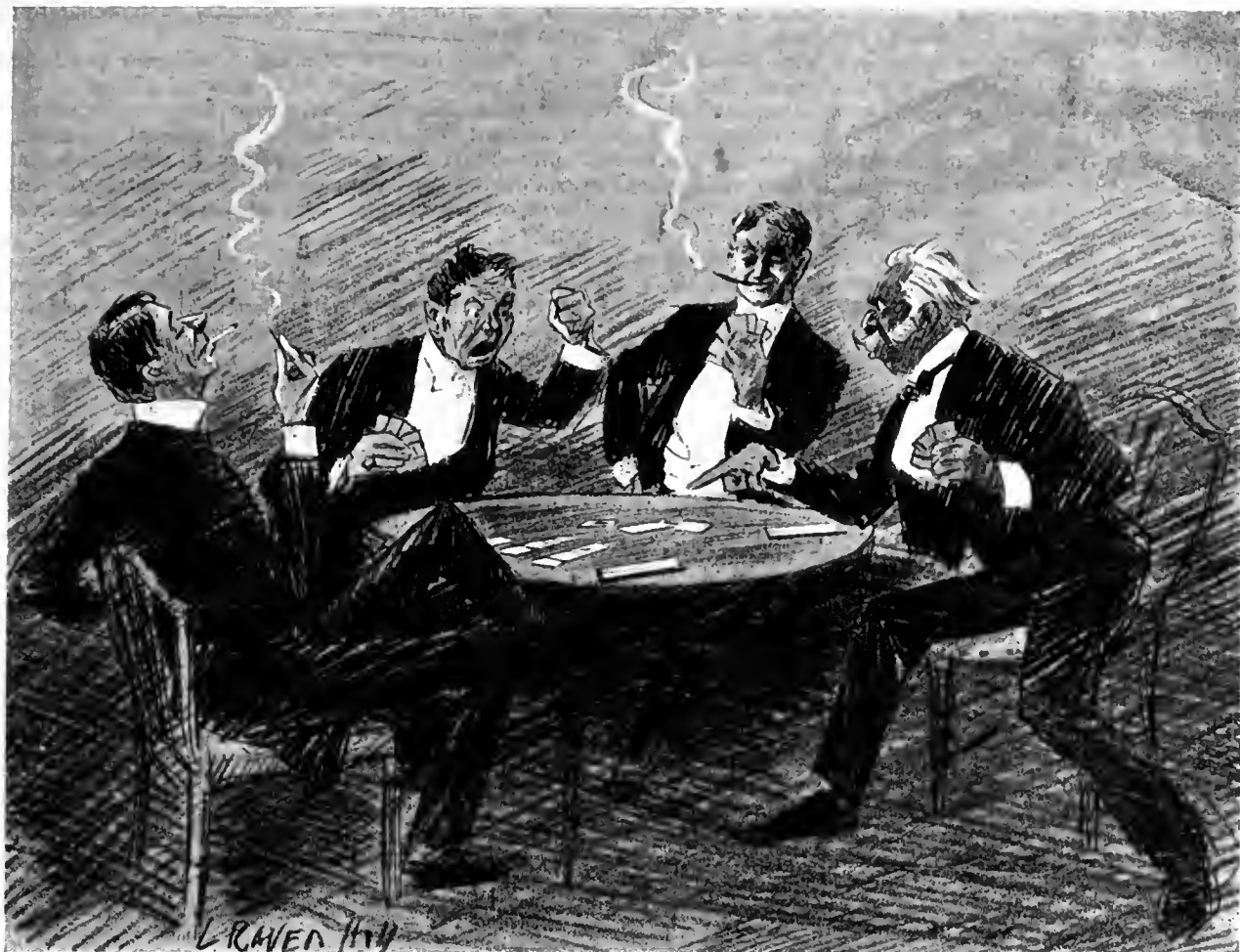
THE VIKING'S BRIDE.

(After the well-known Picture by Herbert Gandy.)

[The marriage of Princess MARGARET of Connaught and 1 Prince GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS of Sweden takes place on Thursday, June 15.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 5.

WHO DOUBLED NO TRUMPS?

A BUSINESS MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF PENGUINS.

(A Study of Elderly Children.)

SCENE—The Garden of a picturesque old Country Inn within easy distance from London. Around the Bowling Green are rustic arbours and sheds. In the largest of these a party of ten or eleven middle-aged gentlemen of intensely serious aspect are seated at a long table, smoking cigars and drinking spirits and water. It is somewhat late in the afternoon. Suddenly the oldest and most solemn of the party rises and raps the table with an air of authority natural to one who occupies the position of a Grand Prime Penguin.

The Grand Prime Penguin. I rise, Brother Penguins order, please. I must ask Penguin PIMBLEY to reserve the conclusion of the anecdote, or whatever it is he is relating to Penguin TITTERTON, until the business before us has been disposed of. (Penguins PIMBLEY and TITTERTON instantly assume a portentous gravity.) I will first read one or two communications received from Brother Penguins who have been unavoidably prevented from being present at our proceedings this afternoon. Penguin SHUFFERY writes: "My dear Grand Prime, your brother Penguin is awfully sick at being unable to support his Prime on such an occasion—but he knows how it is." (Here the other Penguins sympathetically murmur, "Squawk, squawk!" which is apparently the

prescribed form of approval.) I have also a wire from Penguin TOOTELL: "Regret impossible attend. Just starting for honeymoon. Needless say am with you in spirit. May Heaven guide your counsels! Yours in links of Penguinship, TOOTELL." (Renewed squawks.) Other Penguins have been communicated with, but have not written to explain their non-appearance. (Here several Penguins exclaim, "Quonk-quonk-quonk!" which seems to be Penguinesque for "Shame!") Before, as your Retiring Grand Prime, I vacate the rock, I will call on Recorder Penguin MIXCOFF to read the agenda. . . . (They are read by a nervous Penguin in a straw hat, and appear to consist in electing a new "Grand Prime" and "Vice-Penguin" for the coming year.) Voting papers will be handed round. There are three Candidates for the rock—viz. Penguins STICKNEY, IKIN and CRONKEYSHAW. I need not remind you of the fact that Penguin STICKNEY is one of our oldest and most respected Penguins, and has already discharged the duties of Vice-Penguin with singular tact and ability.

Penguin Cronkeyshaw. I should just like to ask this. If we're all asked to pledge ourselves beforehand, what becomes of the secrecy of the ballot?

The Grand Prime (with dignity). I can only answer that if Penguin CRONKEYSHAW insists on impugning my conduct on this rock, I shall treat it as a matter of confidence and offer myself for re-election.

Penguin Cronkeyshaw. In that case, Mr. Grand Prime, I

beg to withdraw my question, and merely remark that I shall hold myself personally free to vote for any candidate I please—be he the youngest Penguin on the list!

The Penguins fill up their papers in solemn silence, fold them, and deposit them in Recorder-Penguin MISCOFF'S straw hat, which is then handed to the Grand Prime.

The Grand Prime (counting the votes). PENGUIN STICKNEY, 4; PENGUIN IKIN, 4; PENGUIN CRONKEYSHAW, 1. Owing to the chivalry of PENGUINS STICKNEY and IKIN in each voting for the other (*commendatory squawks from all but Penguin CRONKEYSHAW*) the election has resulted in a tie. I shall therefore avail myself of the privilege of this rock, and give a casting vote to Penguin STICKNEY, whom I declare to be duly elected.

[Squawks—and a solitary quonk from Penguin CRONKEYSHAW; Penguin STICKNEY then takes the rock as the new Grand Prime.]

Grand Prime Penguin Stickney. Brother Penguins, my heart is too full adequately to thank you for the very great honour you have just conferred upon me by electing me as your Grand Prime. I can only say that I will do my best to prove myself worthy of your confidence during my occupation of this rock, though I fear I can never hope to fill it as ably and—er—energetically as the distinguished and highly popular Penguin who has preceded me. (*Squawks; a new Vice-Penguin is next elected with similar formalities.*) I will now call upon any Penguin who has a motion to bring forward to do so as briefly as possible, since our time is getting short.

A Penguin in a Hombury hat. I—uh—beg to propose that, for all future meetings, every Penguin should adopt a uniform head-covering. I would suggest a straw, with a distinctive ribbon of salmon, purple, and green, in alternate layers. By this means, Penguins would be more easily enabled to recognise one another on a railway platform than is the case under present conditions. (*Squawks.*)

Penguin Cronkeyshaw (whose temper has distinctly not improved during the proceedings). I object to Penguin JEFFCOCK'S proposal *in toto*. Are Penguins in a free country like England to submit to be curtailed and hampered in their choice of hats? Why, I ask, why should I be compelled to wear a hat that I consider eminently unsuitable to myself personally? I no longer—as some here to-day have considered it humorous to remind me more than once—possess a head of hair like some Penguins. If Penguin JEFFCOCK is determined to force a form of head-gear upon me which, viewed from behind, would infallibly render my appearance more or less ridiculous, I shall have no alternative but to send in my resignation and cease henceforth to be a Penguin. I will not make a public exhibition of myself in an infernal straw hat with a tomfool ribbon to please any Penguin alive!

Penguin Jeffcock (diplomatically). I am sure that I voice the general sentiment when I say that I should be sorry indeed to press any motion which would tend to deprive us of Penguin CRONKEYSHAW'S genial presence. For the moment I had forgotten the ah peculiarity to which he has so feelingly referred. I now beg to amend my original proposal by substituting for the straw hat and ribbon a distinctive badge which each Penguin will wear in his buttonhole on occasions like the present. It might be in enamel, and represent a Penguin rampant, which could be executed in artistic colours for a comparative trifle. (*Squawks.*)

Penguin Cronkeyshaw. I object to the badge as, if possible, even more preposterous than the straw! It may be all very well for Penguin JEFFCOCK to talk of the expense as a trifle. Some Penguins may not have managed to feather their nest as he has. I know I haven't. And, speaking as a Penguin, I do not see why I should be called on to put my hand in my pocket for a mere superfluity. I maintain that paying my railway fare and my share of the bill—which, considering it

was a cold lunch, I must say was nothing less than downright extortion—is as much as can reasonably be expected from a Penguin in my position.

Grand Prime Penguin Stickney. I will now put Penguin JEFFCOCK'S amended motion to a show of pinions. (*Every Penguin raises his right hand, except Penguin CRONKEYSHAW, who strenuously uplifts his left.*) The proposal is carried by eight pinions to one. (*Loud squawks.*) I therefore authorise Penguin JEFFCOCK to obtain estimates for executing the badges and to report accordingly. Has any other Penguin a motion to bring?

Penguin Cronkeyshaw (quivering with wrath). I have, Mr. Grand Prime! I beg to move that this Honourable Society of Penguins be immediately dissolved and re-constituted without any titles of office, rules, regulations, or formalities whatsoever!

[Sensation, and loud cries of "Quonk-quonk-quonk!"

The Grand Prime Penguin. I consider that I should be untrue to the traditions of this rock if I were to put such a revolutionary proposal as that before an assembly of Penguins—and I therefore decline to do so. (*Squawks from all, except Penguin CRONKEYSHAW, who rises and retires into an adjoining arbour, where he sits glowering and blaspheming furiously under his breath.*) Brother Penguins, we must all regret that the harmony of our meeting should have been marred by this little contretemps—however, we all know Penguin CRONKEYSHAW—he has threatened to resign on many previous occasions, but has always come round during the return journey. In conclusion, I will call upon you to drink the usual toast. "The Penguins—and may they long flap together!" (*The toast is drunk with enthusiastic squawks.*) And now I think we had better be making a move for the station.

[The company break up and stroll off together in twos and threes; Penguin CRONKEYSHAW sulks in his arbour until the last member of the Society has left the garden, when he hurries after them—to convey, we are permitted to hope, the comforting intelligence that, in spite of all that has occurred, he has decided to remain a Penguin till further notice.]

F. A.

WHAT STOPPED THE HAMLET BOOM.

You 'RE shelved, who boomed a while ago,
Prince Hamlet, with your locks that flow,
Your strangled stride, your head held so,
Your "trappings and your suits of woe,"
(The neck of them cut high or low
In A.'s or B.'s revival);
Your hat, with feathers two—or three,
Your hatred of your Uncle C.
And your "To be, or not to be,"—
You're ousted by a rival.

Another Prince attracts our eyes,
Who also grew 'neath Northern skies,
But who does not soliloquise,
Nor give weird starts and gasps and cries;
Who comes to us with smiles, not sighs,
And prospects fair as Eden;
And so you sulkily withdrew,
Knowing our gaze would turn from you,
The gloomy Prince of Denmark, to
The gallant Prince of SWEDEN.

PURELY SECULAR.—According to *The Record*, "The Irish Association for the Prevention of Temperance, which is formed upon a non-religious basis, has done good work in the past." We can well believe the statement which we have taken the liberty of italicising.

LITERATURE AS A FINE ART.

THE AGENCY.

THE Shelley Literary Agency has for its object the assistance of young, inexperienced, or (more rarely) bashful aspirants towards the pursuit of letters. The advantages of such an institution require, and indeed admit of, little comment. For the comparatively nominal sum of Five Shillings, either in postal orders or unused penny or halfpenny stamps, the manuscripts of our clients are submitted, *with the Society's recommendation*, to at least five-and-twenty different editors, thus ensuring careful consideration, while at the same time avoiding the inconvenience, and in some cases actual risk, that might attend a personal visit on the part of the writers. Moreover it will be obvious that the mere choice of an objective is frequently a matter calling for the exercise of considerable technical skill. Thus, for example, a manuscript unsaleable to the *Athenæum* might conceivably find a ready market in *Snappy-Snips*; and *vice versâ*. The experts employed by us are in almost every case enabled to judge immediately of the most promising destination for any variety of article, and to act accordingly. Our terms for revising (a frequent and most useful branch of the Society's enterprise) depend on the merit of the work submitted, and vary from 2s. 6d. upwards. Our criticism is always strictly candid, a candid critic being (as has been justly observed) a true friend. In proof of this we have only to point to our testimonials, a small selection from which is appended. Any further particulars on application to:—

The Shelley Literary Agency,
Stylo House,
Great Russell Street, W.C.

N.B.—Callers please note that the S. L. A. is the third bell on the top landing.

A Few Unsolicited Appreciations.

"..... Many thanks for your letter. The fact that the vicar's daughter had died of consumption in a chapter anterior to that in which she elopes with the costermonger is a detail that in the stress of composition had escaped my notice. It is in the supervision of such matters of technique that your assistance is of the greatest value."

"..... I note your objection to the habit of the heroine in addressing the wicked baronet as 'my lord.' Still she is not supposed to know him really well. However, it shall be altered. You are probably also right in your remarks about my description of the ducal reception, though in this case I consider that the discharged menial who was my informant simply stole the money. On



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tomkins (whom she has consistently and mercilessly snubbed, and who has long nourished a desire for revenge). "AH, HOW D'YOU DO, MISS ACKRIDD? I HAVE HEARD THE NEWS. I'M SURE I HEARTILY WISH YOUR FIANCEE JOY."

Miss A. (sourly). "INDEED? I FEAR YOU HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED, MR. TOMKINS. I HAVE NO FIANCEE."

Tomkins (lifting his hat, and beating a lasty retreat). "YES—ER—QUITE SO. I—I CONGRATULATE HIM."

the scene at the Carlton Hotel, however, I consider that I am infallible, as when writing the story I made a point of enquiring there for a friend (non-existent), and the chapter was composed from my actual notes taken on that occasion."

"No. You are under a misapprehension. My little romance is not intended to be treated as a study of dialect. Any variations from the accepted methods of orthography are doubtless due to the absence of my dictionary, without which

I seldom if ever compose. It has now turned up again, but I am obliged to you for calling my attention to the matter."

"..... I am delighted that you have been able to place my short story 'The Spectral Doom' in such an exclusive journal as *Comic Chops*. To show the value of expert assistance such as yours I may mention that I had not previously considered the production as a work of humour. Many thanks."

GOLFERS IN COURT.

(Suggested by some recent Police-Court Proceedings.)

THE fracas which occurred between two golfers and some refractory caddies at the Imperial Golf Club, Gipsy Hill, was investigated at the Norwood Police Court on Saturday last, when CHARLES BOJGER, NOAH PIMBLETT and JOHN MANGLES were summoned for assaulting Mr. HAROLD MASHAM, of Emperor's Gate, South Kensington, and Mr. BERTRAM LORTIE, of Queensberry Crescent, Belgrave Square.

Mr. SPRINGALE ARLINGTON, who appeared for the prosecution, said that there had been some dissatisfaction amongst the caddies of the Imperial Golf Club for some time past as to the rate of their remuneration. It appeared that some of the gentlemen frequenting the Imperial Links had been in the habit of giving their caddies, in addition to the usual 1s. 6d. per round, 1s. for lunch and 6d. for shoe-gin, and the caddies had demanded that the rule should be made of universal application. Mr. LORTIE and Mr. MASHAM, who had refused to acquiesce in this suggestion, had, in consequence, rendered themselves very unpopular, and on the day in question, when going to the fifth hole, were set upon and assaulted by a crowd of infuriated caddies. For a long time they confined themselves to expostulating with their assailants, but at last Mr. MASHAM having received a severe lurch in the ribs from a brassie, Mr. LORTIE came to his friend's rescue and, using his niblick with wonderful effect, felled three of the most aggressive caddies by well-aimed full shots at their heads. As in each case their skulls had been fractured and had to be trepanned, the chief offenders were unable to appear, being still detained in hospital.

Mr. MASHAM, in the course of his evidence, said that the language used by the caddies was shocking. He was a scratch player, with a full vocabulary, but found it quite impossible to keep them in check by verbal means. His ribs were still sore from the blow which he had received.

Cross-examined, Mr. MASHAM said that he was a stockbroker. He did not believe in the Simple Life, but he thought shoe-gin had for caddies. It stunted their growth and gave them hiccoughs, and it was impossible to putt accurately when your caddie was hiccoughing. He was perfectly sober at the time of the attack; it was a malicious calumny to insinuate the contrary. He had only taken two glasses of white port at 10.15, just before starting. He never intended to fracture the skulls of the defendants: he just meant to "top" them with his niblick, but their heads were evidently abnormally soft.

After Mr. LORTIE had given corroborative

evidence, Mr. ARLINGTON said that the Committee of the Imperial Golf Club having made an amicable concordat with their caddies his clients had very generously agreed to withdraw the prosecution. The terms of the compromise were that in addition to the usual fee for carrying, 9d. should be allowed for lunch and 3d. for cigarettes. The Club had also undertaken to pay for the cost of trepanning the skulls of the three principal defendants.

A dignified bearded nobleman, who gave his name as SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, K.G., P.C., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., &c., was the subject of an unusual prosecution before the magistrate of the South Western district on Friday last.

The LORD CHANCELLOR was summoned under the Prevention of Over-pressure Act for allowing the Duke, for whom he was officially responsible as chief official of the House of Lords, to play golf after the age of 70.

Mr. HEREFORD BELMER, who prosecuted on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, declared that it could not be said as an excuse that there was not a reasonable opportunity of knowing the law on the subject. The LORD CHANCELLOR, of all men, should have had full knowledge of his duties, and ought to have restrained the Duke. The case, Mr. BELMER explained, came under the section concerning "restrictions," under which it was specifically enacted that no peer should be allowed to take part publicly in any athletic pastime after the age of 70. So long as the performance took place in private, the law did not interfere, but the Duke had undertaken to drive off the first ball at the opening of the new Cobden Golf Links near Clapham Junction, and these links were on a common to which the public were admitted. The Duke, it should be added, was described in the local papers as a "septuagenarian phenomenon," and was stated to be a pupil of BEN SAYERS, and it was announced that he would appear on the occasion in question.

Inspector BURBURY gave evidence bearing out Mr. BELMER's statement. Having received notice that the Duke was going to play golf in public he went to the Club-house on the day of the function and informed the captain of the Club that the performance must not take place. Mr. SLAZENGER, the captain, said it was too late to stop the performance, and that it must go on. Besides, the Duke was not going to play a round, but only to drive off a ball from the first tee.

Cross-examined, the Inspector said that he was present at the performance and was not shocked at all. As a matter of fact he was rather amused, as the Duke missed the ball three times

running, and then kicked it off the tee. He did not seem in the least fatigued, he added, though he looked rather bored while he was waiting. The spectators seemed sorry when he missed the ball for the first time, but afterwards they appeared to have considerable difficulty in containing themselves. Even the Duke himself smiled.

Mr. MAXIMUS SUTTON, who defended, said he was not going to deny that the Duke was over age, but the Act was for the prevention of over-pressure in the case of septuagenarians, whereas the Duke found in golf a healthful relaxation after his exertions in the Fiscal controversy. Instead of doing harm, playing golf seemed to do him good. Besides, on the occasion in question, he was prepared to argue that the Duke did not play at all. Play in golf was defined as striking the ball with the club, and they had the Inspector's own admission that the Duke missed the ball three times, and then kicked it with his foot.

Mr. Garrett (the magistrate). Was any money taken at the gate?

Mr. SLAZENGER (the captain of the Cobden Golf Club) replied that the Duke was paid nothing for his performance. On the contrary, he had subscribed liberally towards the laying out of the links.

The Duke then went into the witness-box, and in a perfectly simple and unaffected way spoke of the great enjoyment he had derived from golf, which he had begun to play at the express desire of his medical adviser. It was true that he was a pupil of BEN SAYERS, who had said that he had the firmest stance of any Duke he had ever seen, and that if he had begun earlier he would have been a much finer player than the Grand Duke MICHAEL.

Medical evidence was called which showed that while the Fiscal abilities of the Duke were abnormal he was quite healthy and would not suffer in any way by playing an occasional round on the links.

Mr. Garrett. Is he neurotic?

The Doctor. No, Sir.

At this question an exclamation of surprise and laughter came from the Duke's friends in Court.

The LORD CHANCELLOR having given a solemn assurance that he would exert his influence to restrain the Duke from taking part in the open or amateur championship, the summons was dismissed, and the Duke and his friends left the court amid loud cheers.

THE Baltic Fleet, after its recent experience of this class of vessel, is now convinced that there were no Japanese torpedo-boats on the Dogger Bank.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHEN the King of SPAIN arrives in London he will receive a truly British welcome," prophesied a contemporary. And he did. It rained steadily.

The memory of Japan's great sea-victory will not soon be allowed to die. A Yarmouth barge has been christened *Togo*.

It is said that the heavy loss in Russian battleships was due in part to the poorness of their armour. The best quality was charged for in the bills, but does not seem to have been actually supplied. This points to carelessness on the part of someone.

A fortnight ago Admiral Togo recalled the exploits of NELSON. But WELLINGTON has not been forgotten. Last week Sir HENRY IRVING revived "*Waterloo*."

Some annoyance was caused at Maidenhead during the theatrical motor meet last week by the number of amateur photographers who took snap-shots of the actors and actresses. It is felt that the profession's well-known dislike of publicity should have been respected.

The musical critic of the *Westminster Gazette* must really be careful. In his account of *La Sonnambula* he declared that M. Boxer "is naturally heard to greater advantage at the Waldorf than in Bow Street, where he appeared in years gone by." We are informed by the police that the allegation is entirely unfounded.

The *Gazette* announces the rescinding of the receiving order made against the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY, the Court being satisfied that all his debts have been paid in full. We understand, however, that his lordship is still under an obligation to the motorists in his neighbourhood, and is hoping for an opportunity to discharge it at sight.

The Truth about Man, which has just appeared, is not from the pen of Miss CORELLI. It is announced as being by "a well-known Novelist who desires to remain Anonymous."

Speaking last week at Oxford, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said that wherever he went he found the same story of reawakened interest in public affairs. In the evening Sir Henry took part in a debate, at the Union, on the motion "That the present Government is unworthy of the confidence of the country." The motion was defeated.

The Liberal Party is much hurt at



AND NO WONDER!

Budding M.P. "THAT'S THE WORST OF HAVING A REPUTATION FOR BEING A HUMORIST. NO SOONER DID I STAND UP AND OPEN MY MOUTH TO MAKE MY SPEECH THAN THEY ALL YELLED WITH LAUGHTER."

MR. BALFOUR's statement that they are a party aspiring to office with no programme at all. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a single Liberal leader who has not a programme of some sort.

How I became a Judge is the title of a book which has just appeared. This is a mystery, however, which still envelopes more than one occupant of the Bench.

A short time ago the diet of the Navy was increased, and it is announced that the men are now being exercised with a new loading apparatus.

"We still believe," says the *National Zeitung*, "that in thought, and in sentiment, we and the English are racially akin." When will the German Press stop its campaign against us?

A clever floriculturist has succeeded in producing a rose with coal-black petals; and the highest professors of this form of culture do not yet despair

of producing a hyacinth that will smell like an onion.

A farmer has been almost stung to death by the bees of a hive which he had accidentally upset. It is only fair to the insects to state that they did not know it was an accident.

With reference to the recent cases of pockets having been picked in the Lion House at the Zoo we are informed that no suspicion attaches to the beasts themselves.

The fact that Admiral Togo's ships were outlined in art-green prompts a lady artist to express the hope that our aesthetic senses will be considered in the design of the new uniforms which are promised for our sailors. There is no reason, anyhow, why Liberty men should not justify their title.

FULL CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—The King of SPAIN'S TOUR.



Old Gent (out of depth in river). "HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!"

American (safe on bank). "WAAH! I GUESS I CAN'T SWIM EITHER; BUT I'M NOT MAKING SUCH A DERN'D NOISE ABOUT IT!"

MOTOR TRAGEDIES.

THE recent calamity in Norfolk, when the burning of a valuable game preserve was supposed to have been caused by a lighted match thrown from a motor-car, *possibly* passing at the time, is another instance of the terrible devastation for which the new locomotion is held responsible. The following tragic accidents, culled at random from an impartial press, will give point to our remarks.

Double Motor Tragedy.—While touring on the South Coast in a 20 h.-p. Pericles, the owner of the car and his companion indulged in a swim in the secluded waters of a cove near Portland Bill. The unfortunate motorists were observed to be in difficulties, and were both drowned before assistance was forthcoming.

Shocking Motor-car Accident.—We

regret to state that about 2.30 A.M. yesterday morning our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. JOSEPH GOODFELLOW, was discovered by his wife at the bottom of the area steps with a sprained ankle and concussion of the brain. We have no hesitation in attributing this catastrophe to the reckless conduct of a large alcohol-driven car of foreign manufacture which had been seen previously in the neighbourhood, as the unfortunate gentleman's clothing smelt strongly of the above-named spirit.

The Motor as an aid to Crime.—Last night an audacious burglary was perpetrated at the residence of General GREENOUGH. The only clue left behind by the burglars was the suspicious expedition with which they removed the stolen property and got clear of the district. The under-housemaid, a person of exem-

plary character, who has served the family faithfully for several weeks, is prepared to swear that between the hours of 1.45 and 2.10 A.M. she distinctly heard a motor-car being rapidly driven in the direction of Mudtown. Surely the prevention of the Automobile from thus facilitating crime should be a fitting subject to be brought before Parliament by the local Member.

Motor Outrage. About 10.30 P.M. on Saturday night a shocking occurrence took place outside Widow BESTLEY's cottage on the Great North Road. It appears Mrs. BESTLEY is in the habit of turning her donkey loose at night when she retires to rest. The faithful animal, wearied by its journey to market, was inoffensively lying by the side of the road, when it was run into by two savage road-hogs, and so severely injured that it has since succumbed. The motorists, however, did not in this case get off scot-free; the chauffeur, who, we are pleased to notice, is a foreigner, being picked up next morning with a broken leg, while the owner of the car is still unconscious and the car itself practically wrecked. The chauffeur alleges that he did not see the unfortunate animal, but in the light of recent events we accept his statement with all reserve, and have much pleasure in opening a fund in our columns for the benefit of the bereaved widow.

Another Motor Outrage.—An audacious motor outrage took place in broad daylight yesterday on the high road between the villages of Foxlip and Duckport. Farmer PEPPER was driving a spirited young horse, the first time he had been in the shafts, when he heard the twitter of a motor bicycle approaching from behind, and reasonably enough raised his arm to warn the rider from coming alongside. In spite of this, however, in less than ten minutes the motor bicyclist insisted on passing, and in self-defence the farmer slashed at the ruffian with his whip as he went by. Leaving his "instrument of Satan" by the roadside the rider sprang upon the trap and assaulted the farmer with great violence. So far he has succeeded in eluding the police, though suspicion rests on a motor bicyclist seen proceeding rapidly along the London road with three large weals on his face. Surely our local J.P.'s should have power to imprison these ferocious savages who make the high road impassable for our peaceful yeoman classes.

FROM "Women's Work," by "ALICIA," in the *Daily News*.—"Yes, we women may have a weakness for talking, but who shall deny that we do not speak to the point?" That superfluous negative is really most unfortunate.



THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

FATE THE SIBYL. "ONCE I OFFERED YOU PEACE WITH THE REMNANT OF YOUR NAVAL STRENGTH! NOW I OFFER YOU PEACE WHILE YOU STILL HAVE AN ARMY! IF I SHOULD HAVE TO COME AGAIN——"





"AS THE ROMANS DO."

(A Romanesque incident during certain manœuvres.)

A.-D.-C. (to Volunteer Officer, who has had orders to hold Cæsar's Camp till a certain time, and then to retire). "THE GENERAL WISHES TO KNOW WHY YOU HAVE NOT RETIRED AS INSTRUCTED?"

V. O. (enjoying an after-lunch smoke). "WELL—ER—THIS IS IT—CÆSAR'S CAMP, DON'TCHERKNOW. AND—ER—I THOUGHT WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR JULIUS CÆSAR'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

MORE JIU-JITSU TRICKS.

IYAMA TERRA, the famous Japanese wrestler, whose recent work on *Jiu-Jitsu* (The Bruiseless Art) has created such a sensation in police circles, has been good enough to supply us with three short chapters which were inadvertently omitted from his book. His valued contribution is accompanied by the following characteristic note:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Jiu-Jitsu, as taught by me and practised by everybody, is the science of defending yourself against every known form of physical attack. The system embraces 417 separate tricks, all of which can be done. In fact, next to its infallibility, the most conspicuous virtue of Jiu-Jitsu is its almost laughable simplicity. Yours, IYAMA TERRA.

RUSES AND FALLS.

TO REPEL THE ATTACK OF A MAN WITH HATCHET.

It is very important to know how to

deal with a man who assails you with a hatchet. There are several ways of making effective resistance, but just a few will suffice. Indeed, it will be better to teach you only two or three, because if you knew them all you would, when putting them into practice, get confused and probably chopped.

Method 1.—Wait until your opponent strikes and then move. Try to move as quickly as possible. Everything depends on that. Activity rather than gracefulness should be aimed at. If your adversary delivers a really violent blow, and you successfully evade it, his hatchet will be partly buried in the ground. While he is endeavouring to extricate it approach him from behind, seize his legs and plait them in the shape of an ordinary lock-stitch. Then firmly bend them up his back and maintain them in their place with your right arm. Your left hand will be free to secure his left arm and wrap it twice neatly round his neck. To complete

the fall you can stand on his right hand, if necessary. He is now practically powerless, and you can hold him in position until he has given a promise to lead a better life.

Method 2.—This is a favourite trick of mine. For its successful performance it is desirable that your friend should be wearing a fur overcoat, a stand-up collar and knickerbockers. Your first business is to make a feint, after which you ought to have no difficulty in taking the hatchet from him. Roll his fur overcoat suddenly up over his head to prevent him from seeing what you are going to do next. Get a firm purchase on his collar from the back, and with the other hand clutch the ends of his knickers. Tilt him over quickly and swing him about with his face downwards. As to how long you need swing him there is no absolute rule. Deal with every case on its merits.

Method 3.—In the event of your antagonist being a big man with a big

hatchet, and especially if it is quite clear that he is annoyed, it is sometimes a good thing to go swiftly away. Return with several friends and bigger hatchets. To COPE WITH A HAT-KICKING HOOLIGAN.

To a quiet, well-behaved man nothing is more vexing than to have his hat tilted over his eyes by the frolicking foot of a hooligan. I have squelched scores of hat-doffers in my time. This is how it is done.

Method 1.—Let him try it on. When his foot is about two inches off the hat strike it (the foot) smartly to one side. This will cause him to whirl on one leg like a top. When the projecting limb comes round again, take hold of it and follow it round in the manner of a sailor at the capstan. Four or five turns and you can leave him spinning.

Method 2.—This is usefully employed when your assailant happens to be intoxicated. In such case his kicking is likely to be erratic and may miss your hat. Seize his foot when it is about opposite your waistband. Keeping tight hold of the foot run rapidly past him. This will probably cause his leg to bend at the knee. To double up his remaining leg and tiddle him on to his back is the work of a moment, or a couple of moments at the outside. Then tie each leg to its corresponding arm in a loose bow-knot. If you have the time it is amusing to stand by and watch him. As he attempts to undo himself tighten the knots.

N.B.—As this second method requires a quick eye and plenty of nerve, it is well to constantly practise it at home before trying it on a stranger.

VINCENT CRUMMLES: NEW STYLE.

THAT Vincent Crummles was no more, and that a new era of theatrical and music-hall management had set in, we had dimly perceived, but a recent article in the *Chronicle* on the personality and achievements of Mr. OSWALD STOLL, the Managing Director of the Coliseum, the Hippodrome, and many other places of entertainment, puts our surmise beyond doubt. The new Crummles is philosopher, too. "His demeanour is grave and subdued, his strong face reveals the reflective temperament, his movements are deliberate, and he speaks softly, weighing his words, without gesture or demonstration. Though so deeply immersed in the whirl of mirth-making, he has a curious power of detachment; when problems innumerable press for settlement he can hold himself aloof, surveying them analytically, dispassionately."

Coming upon such a description, without its context, one would fancy that the Premier was the subject, or a

great Ambassador, or an Archbishop; but it is merely the Crummles of our later day. No more Bohemian society. No more beer and churchwarden pipes. No more astonishment that such things can get into the papers. No more seditious hand-to-mouth existence. No more jokes.

The story of Mr. STOLL's career, as told by the *Chronicle* correspondent, makes as fascinating reading as a book by the late SAMUEL SMILES. "The consciousness of a definite purpose seemed to come curiously enough with the chance purchase of a copy of LOCKE's work, *On the Human Understanding*. The lad, who had left school at fourteen, studied it eagerly, for, as he says, 'I wanted to understand something about understanding.' Then, with expanding ideas, he began to realise the limits of his powers of expression, and he undertook the extraordinary task of reading through WEBSTER's abridged dictionary. This dire ordeal, which he performed twice, did not impair the activity of his brain, and he pursued with still greater avidity his studies among the philosophers."

The evolution of the revolving stage of the Coliseum came to Mr. STOLL, we conjecture, during a fit of giddiness induced by a too protracted sitting at Webster; and thus mechanically answered a question which Mr. STOLL, or Master STOLL as he then was, had been putting to his philosophic mind for some years—"Why is an item on a music-hall programme called a 'turn'?" Henceforward, vowed the philosopher, it shall be a turn indeed.

No career based upon the steady perusal of Webster abridged can fail, and Mr. STOLL now pays salaries amounting every year to £400,000. He never allows himself to be depressed by business worries. "It is sometimes perplexing," these are his noble words, "but when I am confronted with business cares, and cannot quite see my way through, I step aside and read a few pages of JOHN STUART MILL, and after that I come back to the situation refreshed and better able to deal with it. I make a point of reading a few pages of some great thinker every day, but my reading, like my thinking, is spasmodic. It must be so in such a life as mine."

But Mr. STOLL does not merely read philosophy. He writes it. He has enlarged HERBERT SPENCER's doctrine of the relative survival of the fittest to that of the absolute survival of the fittest; and with some justification, too, for HERBERT SPENCER is no more, whereas Mr. STOLL is still young and vigorous. This work, entitled *The Grand Survival*, was written in the train. Had the journey been longer the book would have been longer too.

Such is the kind of man that arranges the programme at the Hippodrome and

the Coliseum; and we cannot be too grateful for the changes that have placed our entertainments in the control of great thinkers. For Mr. STOLL does not stand alone. Since reading the article in the *Chronicle* we have been making inquiries about other Entertainment Kings, as the Smileful journalist calls them, and we find that high thinking and plain living are the rule with all.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, for example, who has just offered the town *The Spring Chicken*, is in the security of his own home deeply interested in patriotic literature, and at this moment is putting the finishing touches to a new edition of *St. Augustine*. Mr. BARRASFOORD, of the Lyceum and a score of other music-halls all over the country, is a poet of no mean order, and a regular contributor both to *Great Thoughts* and the *Expositor*; while Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, the great transatlantic and cisatlantic impresario, varies the monotony of "presenting" plays with recondite researches into the properties of Kathode rays.

Lastly, Mr. ROBERT NEWMAN, the genial manager of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, has long been famous as one of the most fearless disciples of the Tübingen school, his commentary on the Code of Hammurabi having already been translated into eleven European languages.

Stem to Stern.

(A Tale for the Marines.)

"We know at last whither the country is being steered. There is the figure-head with his hand on the rudder."—H. W. M. in the "*Daily News*." We sincerely congratulate Mr. BALFOUR (the "figurehead" in question) on his success in making two ends meet.

A WHITSUNTIDE CHANCE.—To make a profit out of pleasure is a most desirable thing, and, thanks to the Great Eastern Railway, it could have been achieved by any East Anglian who cared to come up to London by a certain excursion train on June 10. This enterprising Company advertised that "*passengers will be allowed 60 lbs. of luggage free!*" Really a most handsome bonus!

To the advice "Ne'er cast a clout Till May is out," Mr. Punch now adds the following piece of proverbial philosophy, suitable for the kind of wintry weather that came in early June: *Ne'er put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-day.*

THE Government's latest issue of political capital in the form of Colonial Conference Stock is the subject of animated discussion in the political market, opinion being sharply divided as to the respective merits of the "Ordinary" and the "Preference" issue.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE IN THE LIFE OF A TRANQUIL TRAVELLER.

SCENE *Coffee room, Riverside. Date Recent.*

THREE tables, occupied. Two of them by couples; the third by a man of good appearance. He is alone. I, the Tranquil Traveller, retire to a fourth table in a corner. Here I order luncheon. While examining the bill of fare and wine list, I become conscious of being stared at with peculiar persistency by the solitary man at the third table. Every time I look in his direction our eyes meet, and his features become more and more familiar: but vaguely, like a face in a dream. Now it so happens that I am chronically haunted by a fear lest I should pass, without acknowledgment, people in the street whom I ought to recognise, and this dread is enforced upon my consciousness by the growing number who smilingly bow to me, knowing me perfectly, and whose salutes I return with considerable geniality, without having an idea who they are. "H," I often say to myself, "this happens so frequently, how many must there be who do not take the initiative, and whom I pass innocently, not remembering them a bit, they saying to themselves, 'Haughty beast, he doesn't care to recognise me, although he was pleasant enough when we met at Blank's! Cuts me direct, does he, the stuck-up idiot! let's see if I can't be even with him another day!'"

With this apprehension ever present to my mind, and the staring of the solitary stranger continuing, I become more and more convinced that I have seen him somewhere before. By a sudden inspiration I rise, walk across the coffee-room, and in the most genial manner, whisper to him deferentially,—

"Excuse me, but your face is very familiar to me; are we acquainted?—my name is—WILKINSON."

The Solitary Stranger (somewhat frigidly). "We were fellow-passengers on the steamer,—five or six years ago, when we made the trip to Sweden, Norway, and St. Petersburg."

Myself (with greatly increased, not to say effusive geniality). "To be sure, to be sure, I remember you perfectly" (which was not strictly in accordance with fact), "I was certain your face was one I knew directly I saw you," and seizing his hand I shake it heartily, saying, "Delighted to meet you again!"

Not another word passes. He seems rather taken aback; but he is a prim man, probably business-like, and hard (or thick) headed. I return to my own table and, after a period of waiting, my luncheon arrives, and I consume it slowly, enjoying the view of the Thames. All this takes time, for I am in no hurry, having spent the morning over, or rather under, the Bushey Park chestnuts, and in visiting the Hampton Court pictures. Moreover, having done the civil thing to the ex-fellow-passenger, I do not look at him again. I have, in fact, practically forgotten his existence, satisfied with having escaped the ever threatening danger of being unintentionally uncivil by ignoring some one I ought to have acknowledged.

Just as I am finishing the meal, over which I purposely dally, the Stranger quits his table, approaches mine,

and, to my amazement, delivers himself, severely, to this effect—

"I have been thinking the matter over, Sir" (mark the 'Sir') "and I am somewhat surprised that you should have addressed me, considering what took place on board the steamer."

Myself (dumfounded and utterly taken aback, putting my hand to my ear). "I beg your pardon, would you mind repeating what you've just said? I'm a little deaf!"

Solitary Stranger (still more severely, and affecting considerable dignity). "I have no doubt, Sir, that you find it convenient to be deaf."

With these words, uttered in a tone of the most biting irony, the Stranger walks slowly away, head in air, leaving me *plante là*!

I shall probably never see him again. And, on consideration, the prospect does not distress me.



BITER BIT.

Man in Fur. "I HEAR YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT?"

Man with Cigar. "YES—RAN INTO A STEAM-ROLLER."

Man in Fur. "WHAT A SHAME! THEY ALLOW THOSE BEASTLY THINGS TO GO MUCH TOO FAST!"

As to what I had done to annoy him on board that steamer, I am as ignorant as the babe unborn. Why he had been offended, who he is, why he should remember presumably a trivial incident of five or six years ago, which has passed from my brain as completely as if it had never been, are, and will probably ever remain, mysteries. By what word, deed, or look of mine his indignation had been aroused, who was wrong and who was right, is, I venture to think, a subject for a prize-puzzle. I ask *Mr. Punch*, as the benefactor of his race, to offer a good round sum* to whoever solves this, to me at least, insoluble problem.

* *Note.*—Oh, dear, no! We couldn't think of interfering. But reward we, on cashing his cheque, will keep the amount in hand till it is earned by somebody.

if the writer will offer a substantial reward we, on cashing his cheque, will keep the amount in hand till it is earned by somebody.

THE FIRST PAYING GUEST.

(A Legend.)

[An attempt is here made to avoid classical pedantry, and to express the facts of antiquity in homely language suited to the needs of future generations of undergraduates, when Greek has ceased to be a compulsory subject.]

ION SMITHOS the Ratepayer rose from his early Grecian couch one lovely morning in April, B.C. 1001, feeling at peace with gods and men. In the first place, Troy had fallen on the previous day after a ten years' siege, and he reflected with satisfaction that he had been one of the first to suggest the employment of guile in order to reduce the city. Under the signature of "INDIGNANT ARGIVE" he had written to the *Aryos Argus*, the popular half-obol paper of the country, exposing the futility of frontal attacks. Then, again, he had worked off all arrears in the matter of sacrifices, and what a comfort that was! In short, as he went for his morning constitutional through the hall he felt that all nature smiled. Two minutes later his pleasure was entirely spoiled by the sight of a suppliant on the hearth.

The criminal law of Greece was at that time in a very imperfect state. Briefly the rules relating to murder and other offences were as follows. If A. killed B., then it became the duty of B.'s nearest relative, C., to kill A. The State declined to interfere in what it considered a purely

personal affair. It was C.'s business, and he must manage it as he thought best. A.'s next move was to fly to the nearest hearth, and then the thing might be considered in Chancery. The Law was very strict on the subject of hearths. Once on a hearth a fugitive could neither be injured nor evicted.

"Morning," said the suppliant brightly, as ION SMITHIOS appeared.

The ratepayer frowned.

"To what am I indebted?" he said.

"The fact is," replied his visitor, "in strict confidence—I'm a god. Er—in fact, Zeus. I know I don't look like it, but this is a disguise. I am doing my celebrated imitation of the young man of the period. The fact is, I hope it won't annoy you or upset your plans in any way, but I love your youngest daughter with all the warmth of a noble nature. The charms of the lovely—Stupid of me! Can't recall the name at the moment."

"I'm not surprised. I have no daughter."

"No, no, of course not," said the suppliant. "Stupid joke of mine. But I see you have a feeling heart. You won't be hard on a fellow. What's really happened is that last night being Troy night, and me rather celebrating it, don't you know, somehow or other—purely by accident—I cut a man's head off. His brother chased me for three miles across difficult country, and—well, here I am, don't you know. What?"

"Well," said the ratepayer, "I wish it to be clearly understood that I in no way approve or sympathise. But—"

"Do you know," interrupted the suppliant, "this cross-country running makes you awfully peckish. You couldn't hurry breakfast along and tell me the rest afterwards, I suppose?"

From that day he became a regular member of the household. He turned out to be an unpleasant young man, and he did not scruple to find fault with the ratepayer's domestic arrangements. Once they offered him cold mutton. He turned pale, and insisted on a devilled kidney.

But at last ION SMITHIOS hit on an idea.

The first the suppliant knew of it was when his breakfast was not brought to him at the usual time.

"Where's my breakfast?" he thundered.

"Where, indeed?" said ION SMITHIOS, appearing from the adjoining room, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

"If," said the suppliant hastily, "that breakfast is not ready in five seconds, there will be trouble."

"And now listen to me," said the ratepayer. "I have been looking up the law about suppliants, and it says the householder may not turn them out. There is nothing about feeding them. You take my meaning? If you like that hearth, by all means stay there. But you will pay from this moment for every meal you take, and also for attendance. Not to mention extras, and—lest we forget—fuel, lights, and washing. So now."

"I'll go this minute. I give you notice. I won't stay a moment longer."

ION SMITHIOS coughed.

"As I was coming through the garden just now," he said, "I met a pleasant young fellow with a very large spear. He seemed to be waiting for someone. I shouldn't be half

surprised, do you know, if that was your man. The brother, you know."

The suppliant's jaw fell.

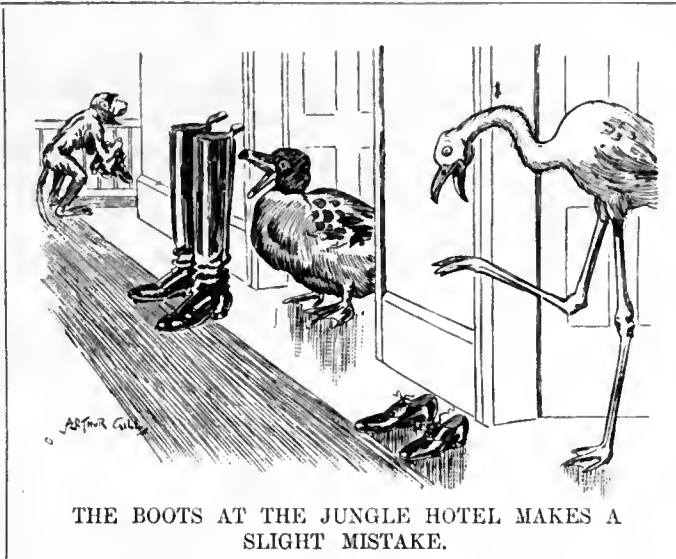
A week later it fell again. That was when SMITHIOS presented the first bill ever made out for a Paying Guest.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 6.—Oh, what a night and what a day we had been having! Even the memorable visit of His Majesty of SPAIN to London was like to have been washed from the tablets of our memory by the rain that, for duration, since Sunday night, well nigh beat all records, save Noachian. "Avec moi, not après moi, le déluge," as King ALFONSO, of course confidentially, remarked to His Excellency the Duke of SANTA MAURO, Grandee of Spain and Gentleman of the Chamber, speaking in French for the benefit of Monsieur PAUL CAMBON, by whom the Royal sally was received with a courtly smile, and an appreciative chuckle that spoke volumes for the *entente cordiale* between France and Spain.

The Royal Spanish visit during the recent rain has caused the above digression, of which advantage may be taken

to complain of the dearth of cabs about Covent Garden on this dreadfully dirty night. *Die Meistersinger* over, the Hall of the Opera House was crowded with unfortunate ladies in brilliant toilets, wearing thinnest shoes, who, not being carriage-folk, were dependent, for their safe return home, on cabs unobtainable by commissionaires (not all of them obliging), either for love (of course this is only a proverbial phrase, as I am unaware of any sweet inducements having been offered by the distressed ladies) or for money, even though untold gold were proffered for the hire of any kind of vehicle. "They're all at Drury Lane," said



one dripping and perspiring emissary, who returned, steaming, from his vain quest. Evidently the tyrant *Louis the Eleventh* had commandeered all the cabs in the neighbourhood, as there was on that night an overwhelmingly big house to see Sir HENRY as the French King, one of his most effective and most popular representations. Only the knowing *habitués* of the Opera who had left before the second scene of the Third Act of *Die Meistersinger*, being as the early birds to the worms, had caught the first cabs, and had got away with their Wagnerian enthusiasm undamped. Colds, coughs, influenzas, rheumatism, and all such-like ills that flesh is heir to, must have been having a glorious time of it since this Tuesday night. Opera programmes followed by doctors' bills. Music first; medicine afterwards. But the weather affected not the singing of VAN ROOY, admirable as *Hans Sachs*; nor did it make any difference to Herr REISS as *David*. Both excellent, as were chorus and Conductor RICHTER.

Herr MENZINSKY, however, had not escaped climatic influences, and his *Walther von Stolzing* was decidedly throaty and a trifle flat. Pretty Fräulein ALTEN won the audience as *Eva*, and with her Fräulein BENNÉ as *Magdalene* divided the honours accorded to the "Spindle Side." Herr GEIS was not side-splittingly amusing as *Beckmesser*, but as all the others on the very long list were in good form the decided success of the *tout ensemble* was not materially diminished.

MUSICAL NOTES.

(With profound acknowledgments to the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

THERE is probably no composer more delicately susceptible to the sights, sounds, landscape, and temper of every country which he visits than the incomparable Professor BILGER. For instance, he comes to London when a Medical Congress is in session, and forthwith presents us with his matchless overture of *Morphine*, the noble *Chlorale* which is so splendidly familiar in its arrangement as a vocal trional; or he visits Italy in its dearest springtime when the bald and brown earth begins to assume its vernal *chevelure*, when the olives begin to show their flower, and when the Mediterranean, greatly daring, seems to purr like a gigantic and genial white cat. Hence BILGER's famous Balearic Rhapsody, in E Majorca [and Minorca, in which the feline amenities of the meridional temperament are reflected with such superlative felicity of distinguished achievement.

Now comes the momentous—we had almost said the soul-shaking—news that it is BILGER's venture to cross the seas to conquer the Atlantic and visit South America with the companionship of Madame BILGER (*née* Contessa GUGLI DI BOSANQUETTA). It is not for us, save in the way of the sheerest surmise, to adumbrate the priceless musical inspirations which will pulsate through the cerebellum of the greatest of living composers during his most memorable and, if we may say so, mellifluous journey.

A contemporary writer has even gone so far as to give publicity to the idea that as a result of this journey we shall possibly have some impressions of Brazil, the Argentine, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan, expressed in terms of music. This is of course a question on which it is impossible to pronounce with absolutely pontifical infallibility. BILGER is eminently a man of moods, and it may well happen that the sight of the Andes or of the Giant Sloth, so far from promoting the flow of inspiration, may act contrariwise as a styptic. Again, the contiguity of an earthquake or a volcano, or the sudden impact of a

boomerang—we think we are right in assuming that the use of this erratic projectile is not confined to the aborigines of Australia—or even the attentions of a cannibal tribe might conceivably exert an adverse effect on the creative activities of BILGER's massive and monumental brain. Madame is a host in herself, but then, as CAVOUR said of one of her ancestresses, *Una Gugli poco fa*.

Anyhow, without transcending the bounds of legitimate conjecture or venturing on any chimerical bombination in

that Mr. JASPER BOGLE made his appearance at the last Enharmonic Concert. We have always had a great kindness for Mr. JASPER BOGLE, who is indeed and in truth a rare and fine artist, and we confess that it was with a feeling almost approaching to the confines of consternation that we noted the fact that an artist on whose superlatively artistic and vital sincerity of accomplishment—unless, indeed, it would be nearer the mark to say accomplished vitality of sincere and superlative artistry—we have so often insisted, had never before sung for this notable and most notorious society. We use the word "notorious" deliberately in view of certain recent happenings, but for the moment, and for reasons which will commend themselves to all chivalrous and patriotic natures, abstain from elucidating our meaning in fuller particularity.

To write with meticulous and categorical precision of a performance which you were unable to attend, and about which you are not certain whether it ever took place or not, is a proceeding which savours of unmitigated tenebriousness. In such circumstances 'twere surely wiser to emulate the mental attributes of the Greeks, *qui amant omnia dubitantius loqui*, and show an exquisitely delicate care in the choice of moods and tenses.

After these necessary preliminaries we may observe that the work of the St. Elizabeth Musical Society, which was to have been expressed the other day by a performance at the Royal Agricultural Hall, must have shown—unless it was unavoidably prevented from taking place—to

what advantage its training had been pursued. Selections from *Carmen* were recorded as to be given, in which Mr. ERIC BOOLE, Miss OLGA TONKS, Miss ALICE LOPER, Mr. ARLEY GAMAGE and others were to take part. Assuming that the artists thus enumerated did actually appear, and were in their normal condition of vocal efficiency, and that the programme was not changed, it is, we think, within the bounds of possibility that they rendered as much justice as could reasonably be expected of them to the captivating idiosyncrasies of BIZET's acknowledged masterpiece.



UNFEELING.

Voice from over the Hedge. "OH, DO MAKE HASTE, GEORGE! YOU ARE A TIME!"

the realm of illimitable inanity it may, we think, be permitted to us to assert that it will be most interesting to hear the result, couched in his own inimitable terms, whatever they may amount to, of BILGER's visit to the most voluminous and voluptuous continent which the world has ever known or seen—voluminous, because of its size and the volume of its rivers, and voluptuous because that melodious quadrisyllable also begins with the same consonant as the epithet with which I have placed it in immediate juxtaposition.

It is very pleasurable to us to observe

LITERARY STYLE IN DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS.

The Report of the Departmental Committee on the Army Stores Scandals in South Africa is marked by a literary flavour somewhat uncommon in this class of brochure. Take the following passage: "*Are the taxpayers of this country to continue to be the sport of the many questionable contractors who are as ready to follow their several avocations in the wake of a war as they are also willing to be its pioneers?*" How nicely balanced is the rhythm of this rhetorical question; how happily inspired, how removed from narrow formality the generalisation of its climax. Again: "*Some clumsy pantaloon in puttees—even some agile harlequin in a helmet—may occasionally be caught*" (observe the colour, the imagery, the unaffected spontaneity of the alliteration!), "*but the oldest member of the Committee has informed his colleagues that in the course of many years' experience he can only call to mind one case where the civil practitioner in a military scandal has been brought to justice, and in that solitary instance the offender, when released from a period of fifteen months' incarceration, was received by his fellow-townsmen with many manifestations of civic triumph.*" Could one ask for a more genial humour, a homelier play of anecdotal reminiscence in a document supposed to be confined to the unrelieved record of dry evidence and the conclusions to which it leads?

Far from echoing the sentiments of the *Times*, which speaks of "extravagant and tasteless rhetoric," and of "the obscurity of certain passages which appear to suggest imputations that either should have been made outright or should not have been made at all," let us extend a hearty welcome to this new literary form, with its arresting style, at once *rococo* and cryptic, lustrous and elusive. Mr. *Punch*, indeed, has been so impressed by the felicities of Sir WILLIAM BUTLER'S document that he has ventured to take it as his model for the editing of this week's Reports from his own Committees of Inquiry into the Scandals of the Hour. He appends a few specimens.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE ARMY CAP SCANDAL.

Are the tax-payers of England to be for ever the playthings of collusion between the War-Office and the military milliner? Must every day bring forth some fresh variation on the preposterous pork-pies of Potsdam? . . . the impenetrable mystery which shrouds the periodical forage-cap refunds, the intangible personality of those dealers, if any, in head-gear at second hand, through whom our discarded patterns filter on to the skulls of city scavengers? And always in the background that nebulous figure of the nursemaid in her Park finery, ever ready to follow in the wake of the military popinjay, whom her allurements first decoyed into the service of his country. What inscrutable consideration does she pay to the officials of Pall Mall in return for those changes in her hero's trappings which are so vital to her rage for variety?

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE MOTOR ABUSE.

. . . intolerable with their dust and odour and roar that make day hideous and night a nameless horror. How long will the ruminative rustic, how long will the patient pedestrian continue to be the butt of these gore-spillers in their goggles, these baby-scrunchers in their bear-skins? . . . And, behind them all, the consenting silence of the makers of macadam, the studied indifference of the patentees of dust-defying sprinklers, who trade on the ruin wrought by these road-swine! And, yet again behind these, the unfashionable passivity of the police, screening who knows what quagmires of corruption!

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE DEARTH OF TUBES.

. . . the impervious mystery of those unseen hands gagging at its very source—the great congested throat of the

Metropolis—our bitter cry for more tubes . . . a curious note of irony in the fact that the Press itself—the very mouth-piece of the public—has no means of underground transit from its work-centre in Whitefriars to its Club in Piccadilly. One is tempted to ask: What is the nature of the sinister relations existing between the Parliamentary Tube Committees and the Association of Pirate Buses? Legal evidence may be lacking through the deplorable hiatus interposed by the destruction of compromising documents; but blackmail is strongly indicated.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE INCREASE OF BALDNESS.

. . . impartial inquiry into the causes of that decadence of the hair which has so injuriously affected our marriage statistics. . . . According to the best scientific evidence which we have at hand the hair of the head has lost its prehensile uses, active and passive; has mislaid, during the Hat Age, its original purpose as a protection for the apex; and by an inexorable law of utilitarian Nature is being evolved out of existence. But under cover of this popular theory and several commercial aliases, we have dimly traced the nefarious workings of a Syndicate of Depilators. Employing his art of hair-cutting as a mere device for inveigling customers, it is from his so-called restoratives that the barber looks to derive the bulk of his revenue. But his scheme is more complex than that. It is a matter of common experience that his lotions habitually promote the very curse which they pretend to combat and to cure. The theory of pardonable inefficiency must yield to that of culpable contrivance. Insidiously and with far-sighted ingenuity, working less for himself than for his posterity, he aims at nothing short of the total baldness of the race—to the end that wigs, once a universal fashion, may become a universal necessity. . . . Though we recognise that it is rather our duty to diagnose the evil than to prescribe a remedy, we may venture to suggest that the Government might be well advised to create, possibly in conjunction with Lord ROBERTS' proposal for Rifle Clubs, a national scheme for promoting capillary exercises, and, without actually compelling the youth of the country, encourage them to practise hanging by their locks from parallel bars, and to engage in tugs of war, using their natural hair in place of a rope.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

Just as the preliminaries of a war may be rigged by the Army Store-contractor, so the present crisis in Morocco is the result of market manipulations. Not content with the spoils garnered from the Manchurian campaign to whose failure his disloyal corruption has so largely contributed, the Russian financier has flung his drag-net across the Mediterranean. It was a question of leather. An international imbroglio at Fez would paralyse the Moroccan output; the Moorish tanner, like his compatriot *Othello*, would find his occupation gone, and the price of rival varieties would harden. The KAISER has been a mere catspaw in the hands of these Russian operators for the rise . . . Yet there are other conspirators whose identities escape investigation. The fatuous middle-man of Muscovy, raking in his roubles, openly signalling on the samovar the success of his greed, is relatively easy to detect. But somewhere behind him, more felt than seen, impalpably beyond the veil, are the elusive shapes of the Crocodile, and the Half-calf. The oldest member of the Committee has informed his colleagues that in the course of many years' experience of the exigencies of the tanning trade he can only call to mind one case of a Half-calf, and one of a Crocodile, being brought to justice for a similar scandal, and in those solitary instances the offenders, after suitable punishment, were received back by their friends, in Alderney and on the banks of the Nile respectively, with many manifestations of civic triumph.

O. S.



Bernard Partridge ./.

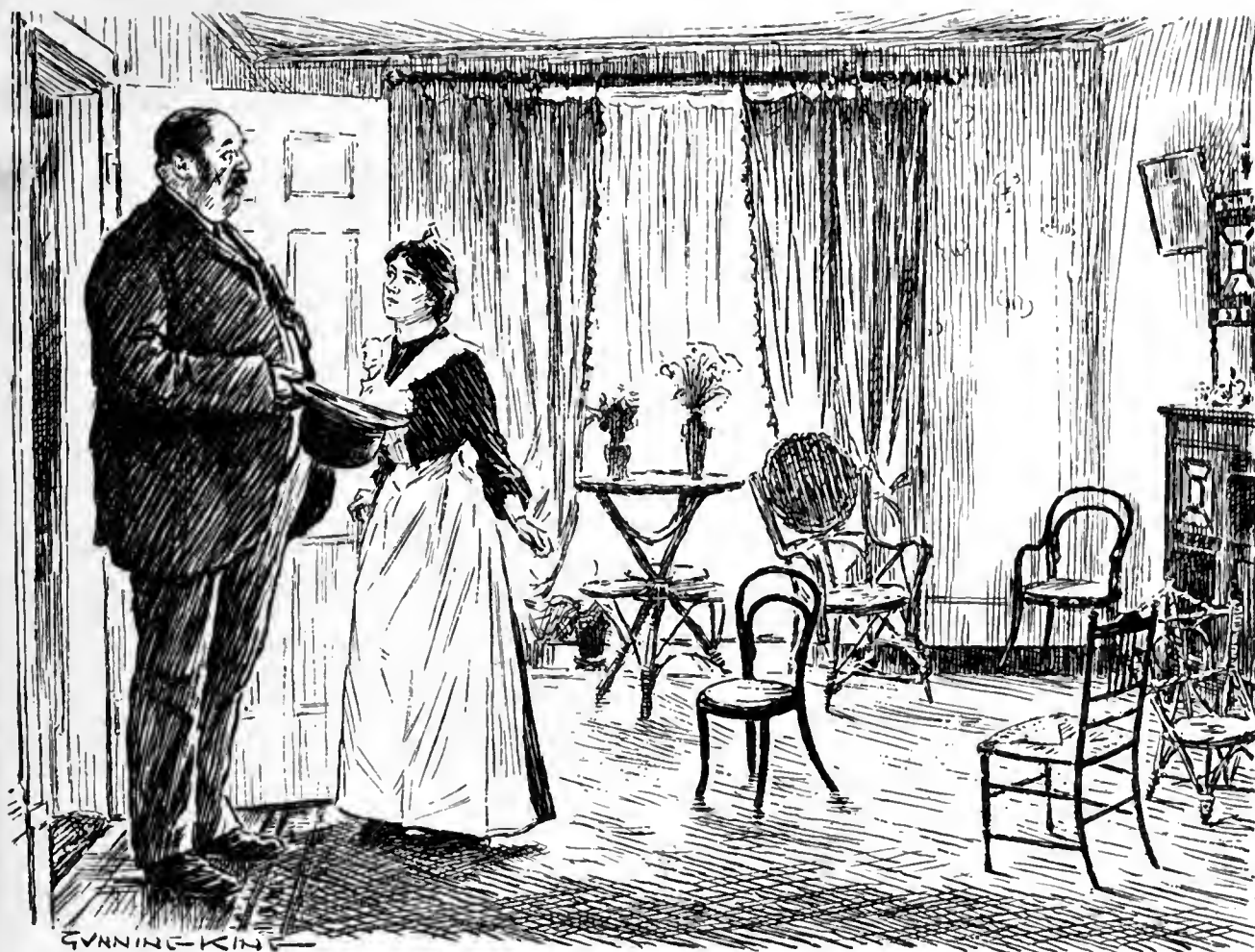
THE BOA-WAR-CONTRACTOR.

TAX-PAYER RABBIT. "TAKE NOTICE! THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME I SUBMIT TO THIS TREATMENT!"

["Are the tax-payers of this country to continue to be the sport of questionable contractors?"

Report of the Committee on the Army Stores Scandals.]





Farmer Twentystone, from Mudshire, visits his recently married niece at Lavender Villas, Brixton.
Housemaid. "WILL YOU SIT DOWN, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR?"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Diableric, in Three Parts.)

PART I.

[I DID not invent this story myself—I should not have dared. Nor will I pledge myself—even in a political sense—for it as being true in every particular. There is much in it that I can only accept under considerable reserve; there are even certain things that strike me as frankly incredible. However, I tell it as it was related to me by a communicative and rather seedy stranger, in the Tube between Shepherd's Bush and Tottenham Court Road Stations, on Saturday the 1st of April last. I am able to fix the precise date, because it was the day I lost my pocket-book. The stranger began abruptly with a remark on the singular value of the letter "h" as a passport to polite society. "I happen," he said, "to know a rather striking instance in point, if you would care to hear it." Whereupon he told me the following narrative, for the somewhat inflated diction of which I must decline to be responsible:—]

"HAROLD HIPPERHOLME seemed, at the time when I first knew him, a young man on whom Fortune had showered her choicest gifts. Of respectable, though not distinguished, origin, he possessed exceptional good looks, a commanding intelligence, considerable accomplishments, and wealth that was absolutely phenomenal. But alas! there was a dash of

bitter irony in the cup of his happiness—he had everything—everything he could possibly require—except "h's." The unhappy young man had never yet succeeded in aspiring even his own name!

"For a while he could scarcely be said to suffer acutely from this infirmity. Indeed, he was scarcely conscious of it. Not till he became acquainted with the beautiful Lady ICILIA CHILWELL, daughter of the Earl of STONISTAIRS, was his deficiency brought home to him in all its full horror. He met her first at a Charity Bazaar, where she was assisting at a stall of fancy goods, and he fell hopelessly in love with her at first sight. After purchasing a 'toilet-tidy,' worked, as she assured him, by her own hands, for the sum of ten guineas, he had ventured to remark that 'the 'eat was simply 'orrible.' It struck him afterwards that she had shuddered—but he thought nothing of it at the moment; and at their next meeting (which took place at a Flower Show in the Botanical Gardens) he addressed her more boldly with an inquiry whether she was 'going to 'Urlingham that Saturday.' Once more he observed her shudder, but, gathering courage as he went on, he ended by making her a formal offer of his hand and heart. No doubt his handsome appearance and faultless attire, together with the fact (which he did not try to conceal) that he was a person of unbounded affluence, prevented Lady ICILIA's refusal from being as harsh as might otherwise have been expected. But she made it abundantly clear that it *was* a refusal. Even

should she herself have been able to overlook such an insuperable barrier as utter "h"-lessness in a suitor, she gave him distinctly to understand that her haughty father, the Earl, would never permit her union with one to whom the very existence of an eighth letter of the alphabet seemed so entirely problematical. . . .

[Here I could not help remarking that I should hardly have thought that any aristocratic parent in these days would reject an aspirant as wealthy as HAROLD HIPPERHOLME for so trifling a reason. For, though I cannot boast an acquaintanceship at first hand with any members of the nobility, I have read the diatribes of "RITA" and Miss CORRELL, and have also frequently seen impecunious peers in Society Comedies welcome proposals from the most impossible outsiders, when sufficiently wealthy, with positive effusion. So that I felt pretty sure of my ground. The stranger, however, replied that my objection merely showed that I must temporarily have forgotten the extreme fastidiousness that notoriously characterises the House of STONISTAIRS. I admitted that I had, and he resumed his story:—]

"Needless to say that HAROLD endeavoured to overcome her decision by all the eloquence at his command. He urged that a true heart could beat as faithfully without its 'h' as with it. He reminded her that the very letter on which she laid such unnecessary stress modestly ignored its own existence, since it is universally pronounced 'aitch'—not 'haitch.' All was in vain. Unless, or until, she told him, he could acquire a complete mastery of the elusive aspirate, he must never hope to call her his! He left her with the fixed resolve to win her, whatever it might cost him.

"He put himself under several professors of Elocution. They taught him to elocute, it is true—but not one of them could instil a solitary 'h' into him, and Elocution without aspirates is as illusory as a puff from which the jam has been omitted! There came an hour when he realised that he had exhausted all human aid, and that henceforth his sole hope lay in seeking assistance from the Powers of Evil!

"By the merest chance he saw on a railway bookstall a volume of one of the admirable 'A. B. C.' series, entitled 'The A. B. C. of the Black Art.' By a Black Artist, with an appendix containing fifteen different formulæ for invoking fiends. He purchased the book—for, to one of his vast means, a shilling net was the merest trifle—took it home, and, locking himself into his study, traced a pentagram on the floor, as directed, and set to work to rouse some unemployed fiend who should help him to attain his ends.

"For whole days and nights he laboured without conspicuous success. Occasionally some evil spirit with nothing worse to do would obey his summons, but no sooner did they hear the purpose for which they had been invoked, than (whether in disgust at its utter triviality, or to conceal their own incompetence) they indulged in demonstrations of fury so violent as almost to frighten him out of his wits. But the fifteenth and last formula produced a more satisfactory result. This time the fiend who answered his call was both less appalling of appearance and more obliging in disposition. In comparison with his predecessors he was almost undersized and, though inky, he was sympathetic and even resourceful.

"I suppress his name for obvious reasons—but he seemed to see no difficulty whatever in the affair. According to him, all HAROLD had to do was to procure certain articles, of which he gave him a list, and be at a given spot by the following midnight. There the fiend undertook to meet him with a magic type-foundry, and together they would turn out as many 'h's' as possible before cockerow. It is conceivable that the fiend may have been inspired by reminiscences of the opera of *Der Freischütz*. Or it may have been his own idea entirely. That we shall never know now!

"After ascertaining that he would not be in any way prejudicing his future prospects by compliance, HAROLD made a note of the appointment, and the demon left. The next day was spent in collecting the necessary skulls and braziers, &c., and, shortly after 11 P.M., HIPPERHOLME chartered a four-wheeler to convey himself and his occult paraphernalia to the midnight rendezvous.

"The precise spot I prefer not to indicate further than by mentioning that it was where four cross-roads met, and just outside the radius. You may readily believe that on that journey HAROLD's heart was not altogether free from apprehensions. He could not but be aware that proceedings which might well escape remark in the seclusion of a German forest would inevitably attract attention in a London suburb. Suppose he and the fiend were brought up before a London magistrate for disturbing the traffic? What an opportunity for, say, Mr. PLOWDEN! However, after arriving at the cross-roads and dismissing the cab with an extra sixpence, he found the fiend punctually awaiting him with a curious contrivance, something between a cauldron and a type-casting machine on the Linotype principle. They set out a circle with the skulls and lamps and sundries, and then the weird labour commenced. But not, as HAROLD had anticipated, without annoying interruptions—from motor-cars, market-wagons, nocturnal hansoms, and the like. Fortunately, the fiend had a short and summary method of dealing with them. Once, at a critical stage in the proceedings, a constable on night duty came up with a request to know 'what they were up to'—but the fiend explained that they were only relaying the gas-pipes under instructions from the Lord Borough Council, and the policeman departed quite satisfied, after wishing them a not uncordial good-night.

"And at last, well before the earliest village cock had shaken off his slumber, the dread task was accomplished. I am unable to furnish the exact figures of their output, but it may be safely estimated at several millions—a sufficient supply of h's to set up the most inveterate and conversational Cockney for eighteen months at the very least!

"I must not forget to mention that the fiend, before taking his leave, remarked, with a diabolical giggle to which HAROLD at the time was too elated to attach any importance, 'By the way, my friend, I had better warn you that six of those h's are "wrong 'uns!"' With which he sank through the soil, and HIPPERHOLME never saw him again.

"But his spirits were high as he hastened home with his ill-gotten acquisitions. I hear you ask" [I had not opened my lips, but the question had certainly occurred to me] "by what possible process a supply of typed aspirates, even from an infernal matrix, could be introduced into any mortal's system? I can only reply that I have not the smallest idea—but that the assimilation undoubtedly took place. For no sooner had HAROLD reached his quarters than he hastened to put his new powers to the test. It so happened that he had accepted a generous offer from the *Times* newspaper to lend him their new *Century Dictionary* for a week, gratis, on approval, and he now went all through the h's in one of the volumes without a single mishap. He was just exulting over the fact when his Guardian Fairy unexpectedly appeared. . . .

[I suppose the Fairy, coming so soon after the Fiend, must have caused me to exhibit an involuntary surprise, for he immediately explained:] "You may or may not be aware of it—but certain individuals do possess a Guardian Fairy, whose business it is to see that they do not get into scrapes, or to pull them through when they have done so. HIPPERHOLME was one of these favoured persons. Well, as I was saying, his Guardian Fairy—"

[At this point the train stopped at Lancaster Gate Station—and this story must follow its example till next week.]

F. A.

THE TUCKSHOP.

[Canon EDWARD LYTTELTON, the future headmaster of Eton, has commended the school "tuck-shop." It taught boys, he said, to some slight extent how to spend money.]

LONG its worth was held in question,
Long the sad, alarming state
Of the national digestion
Stood against it on the slate;
Now, a sage's dictum hushes
Lies that base tradition told;
Whitewashed by his generous brush is
Every shop where "tuck" is sold!

Falsely would Roast Beef take credit
For the strength of Albion's sons;
No! The mystic germ that fed it
Hides in Bath and Chelsea buns!
Youthful souls are fired and metted
In the venerable shop;
Waterloos are fought and settled
By the virile ginger-pop!

Then again—oh cynic, scorning
This encomium—answer me!
Who can tell but every morning
Youths predestined soon to be
Chancellors of the Exchequer,
Members of the Board of Trade,
Haggle o'er a modest "brekker"
In the tuckshop's steaming shade?

So this institution's gentle
Influence, and wholesome joys,
Aid the physical and mental
Progress of our hopeful boys.
Growing gracefully rotunder
They shall gain commercial zeal,
To our foes' invidious wonder,
And the nation's lasting weal!

CONVERSATIONAL PLAYHOUSES.

At a West-End theatre, says the *Daily Telegraph*, where a musical play is now in successful progress, the orchestra have hit upon a plan for counteracting the ennui of the long periods during which it is kept idle by introducing sets of miniature chessmen for the working out of knotty problems. We have here the germ of an idea which might be profitably developed for the benefit of the sociably-minded occupants of the auditorium who wish to amuse themselves, conversationally and otherwise, at the theatre or opera without bothering to attend to what is going on across the footlights. Why not, therefore, lower the floor-space of one half, say, of the stalls a few feet, and roof it over with thick but transparent glass? This would enable the Smart Set, or rather, the Loud Lot, to chatter to their hearts' content without being distracted by the noise on the stage, and yet to display their dresses to the wondering denizens of the upper regions, while they could move about freely all through the piece without being hampered by persons who



T'OTHER WAY ROUND.

He. "THAT'S LADY PASSEH. SHE'S OOT AN ACTION ON AT THE COURTS, ASKING FOR £5000 DAMAGES."

She. "DAMAGES! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE ASKED FOR REPAIRS."

unreasonably persist in sitting tight in their places.

Cosy corners might be made for Bridge parties and flirtation. The roof could of course be "practicable," and slide back occasionally, if any "strong" or suggestive scene were positively clamouring for attention.

Certain of the boxes, also, should be glazed in, with the same praiseworthy objects. Possibly those of the largest dimensions might be supplied with billiard tables or platforms and such-like facilities for amateur theatricals, charity bazaars, &c., so as not to waste the valuable time of Society while the tedious professionals were singing or walking through their business on the boards. There is vast opportunity, too,

for improvement in the foyer—which should be converted into a real ice skating-rink or a ball-room, at least. This would be a godsend to the more gregarious and active patrons and patronesses of the dress-circle. In fact, if these desirable alterations are effected, we doubt if there will be a necessity to mount any plays at all in the more up-to-date houses for the benefit of the mere pittance and gallery-boy.

Anyhow, we commend these suggestions to enterprising theatre architects and West-End lessees; also to the M.C.C. for future Test Matches at Lord's.

THE HATCH OF THE SEASON.—*The Spring Chicken* at the Gaiety.

THE HEALTH HUNTERS.

[With apologies to "H." (Ah! Harold, did you think to escape us?) in the "Daily Mail"]

LET us start with a vivid simile. The soul is a chauffeur, and the body is a motor-car. The desires of the soul are the hands of the chauffeur laid upon the brain, which is the engine of the motor-car. Everybody is an engineer at heart—for the engineer is only the grown child who wants to know—and so the body is always being tampered with for improvements. We cannot leave it alone.

How to get the most out of our engine?—that is the question. Some men can go up life's steep places at top speed, others go slowly, stubbornly, drearily, but with greater security, at bottom speed. Everybody knows the fine fellow who goes round fortune's corners on two wheels, and who has not envied the discreet and quiet soul who travels downhill with the brakes on, and with no appetite for rush? But whether we go fast or slow, whether we make life's journey a furious business or a sauntering pleasure, at every stop we engineers step outside ourselves and examine our engines with curious and anxious eyes.

That's not bad, I think. It has all the requisite qualities: it is up-to-date, everyone now being either a motorist or mourning a relative killed by a motor-car; it is forcible; it is picturesque; it arrests the attention. "What the De Dion is this all leading to?" the reader asks, and to make a reader say that is one of the secrets of journalism. And now for the real matter of the article—Health Hunting.

We all desire health, poor man and rich man, tramp and CARNEGIE alike; and that we are continually trying new experiments the advertisement columns of the papers show only too conclusively. But let me tell you that every pill that is puffed, every bottle that is boomed, is but another nail in the coffin of English sanity.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is a true saying, although I did not invent it. It means, dear reader, a sound mind in a sound body. Note the order: not a sound body with a sound mind; but a sound mind in a sound body. The mind comes first. Let that be a lesson to the health hunters: the mind comes first. In other words, instead of deferring to a drug, think a thought; instead of playing with a palatinoid, listen to a sermon; instead of being vanquished by a varalette, read a book, look at a picture, interview a politician; in short, do something intellectual.

Now let us look at our motto again. How wise was that old Roman seer who first penned the deathless words with his Fons Bandusian stylus on the fragrant

palimpsest! We have few such sages now; we are in the trough of the wave. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. A sound body. And how does one get a sound body? By exercise. Not cricket, of course; I do not approve of cricket; but riding one's horse. I remember chatting to Lord ROBERTS on this subject. "Yes," he said, "H., my boy, there is nothing like riding. I attribute my health to my horse." Let every man then ride. We cannot ride too much. Let us begin at once, forgetting all about that simile of the motor-car with which I began. And yet I suppose there are great difficulties: not only are there not enough horses to go round, but quite a number of people could not afford to keep them. Why are there not more horses? And why are horses so dear? I must write an article about it. Very well, then, take music. I recollect Mr. BALFOUR telling me that he got more genuine useful rest, recreation and refreshment from music than from any other pastime. After a bad night at the House defending his honour, he has but to sit down to his piano and play his favourite airs, to be quite well again. "There's nothing like it, my dear H.," he has often said to me. Let us then all repair our shattered engines at the piano. Yet here again is an obstacle. Even the piano costs money, and requires much time. That is the drawback of taking all one's examples from our wealthy and most illustrious friends.

Perhaps then I had better work in the peroration and stop. Poor and unhappy body, driven to and fro about the earth by the meddlesome and dissatisfied soul of man! It is drugged, exercised, and fed in twenty different fashions a week; it never can tell what its tyrant would be at. A horse so treated would die in a month; a motor-car would collapse in a month. Wonderful, indeed, is the strength of the body to endure all the fiddling and "improvements" devised by its master, the soul!

"The Malaria of Ambiguity."

Admiring Friend (to Captain of College Boat-club). I say, THOMPSON has been slanging you like anything about putting JONES into the Henley boat. He says the fellow's the biggest fool in the 'Varsity.

Captain. Oh—and what did you say?

Admiring Friend. Oh, I stuck up for you of course, old fellow.

The "Simple Life."

FROM the *Aberdeen Evening Express*:

COOK GENERAL wanted for good place in the country; washing, but no dressing.

Is not this carrying the Simple Life rather too far?

CHARIVARIA.

It cannot be too clearly understood that it is solely out of personal regard for President ROOSEVELT, who seems to have set his heart upon the thing, that the CZAR is now willing to discuss the termination of the War.

Now that the Russian papers are permitted openly to debate the question of Peace, fears are being expressed in the outlying portions of the Empire lest the Baltic Fleet may have suffered a reverse.

Considerable satisfaction has been caused in St. Petersburg by the report that General LINEVITCH is at last in a position to defeat General OYAMA. The only fear is that, unless an armistice be proclaimed at once, the Japanese may drive him from it.

Germany will consent to the proposed Conference of the Powers on the subject of Morocco, but there is still some question as to whether they will be able to get together a quorum.

There was a fire, last week, at the Welcome Club, Earl's Court Exhibition, but it is not proposed to change its title to the Warm Welcome Club.

The MULLART has become Mad again. The relapse is due to a statement by the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the effect that adequate measures have been taken to prevent his obtaining arms.

Professor TIZZONI, of the University of Bologna, claims to have discovered a cure for rabies, and dogs are delighted at the prospect of not being shot when their brains give way.

After two years' study a leading nerve-specialist of Philadelphia has come to the conclusion that the fear of cats is a definite disease. Over here it has long been recognised as such, and treated as a special form of Misogynitis.

There is good news for pedestrians. A clever American gentleman is at work on a motor-car which he claims will be so light that it will only make slight indentations on the persons it runs over.

Princess MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT and Prince GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN were prevented attending the second Test Match on Thursday last owing to a previous engagement.

Mr. JOHN BURNS is much hurt at the report published in several papers that Mr. CROOKS, M.P., was the only guest at the royal Garden Party last week who

did not wear a silk hat. As the misstatement is calculated to harm Mr. BURNS politically, we have much pleasure in reporting that he himself wore a howler on the occasion in question.

The CZAR, it is announced, is to have a change of prison. He is to be removed shortly from Tsarskoe Selo to Peterhof.

The Grand Duke ALEXIS has resigned the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Navy. For similar reasons the analogous office is also vacant in Switzerland.

The Army Stores scandal has called forth a flood of indignant protest in the Press. Indeed, the *Evening News* even went so far as to say, "Is anyone to be brought to book? And, if so, whom?"

Mrs. CHARLES WATERLOW's powerful bull-dogs succeeded in carrying off all the prizes at the French Bull-dog Show last week. There must be something in a name after all.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

SOHO.

I LOVE old London's busy streets,
Her teeming marts, her stately palaces;
At sight of them my bosom beats
As entering Wonderland did ALICE'S,
What time she popped, confiding soul,
Into the rabbit hole.

I love the Strand's unceasing din,
The Temple's rare mysterious mazes,
And those remoter squares wherein
The wanton monkey-grinder raises
A futile dole of cast-off pants
From the inhabitants.

But most I love those quaint old haunts
"Twixt Oxford Street and Shaftesbury
Avenue,
Where the Semitic sausage flaunts,
And, if you're poor and chance to
raven, you
Can get a most ambrosial blow-out
And pay your bob and go out.

Delightful region of Soho,
The murmurous home of PIERRES and
GEORGES,
Whereto the Latin races go
To celebrate their artless orgies,
I love you and your fragrant alleys,
Bliethe with potential SALLIES.

Borne on the cosmopolitan breeze
Divinely blended odours trickle;
The louder forms of foreign cheese
Contend against the home-made pickle.
The gross effect, at first a bore,
Grows on you more and more.

There is a shop off Wardour Street—
The merchant's name to me unknown
is—



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

NO: I.—MR. M. HOOKS A HEAVY TROUT.

Where you can purchase Kosher meat
And Bismarck herrings and polonies,
And other awesome foodstuffs dear
Unto the furrineer.

There you can buy a rude cigar
Of beetling girth—no label decks it,
The kind that, lit inside a bar,
Encourages a general exit,
These searching engines of offence
Are five for sevenpence.

Oft armed with such a one I stroll
Along some well-frequented highway,
And puff away with tranquil soul,
Thanking the gods for what comes my
way,

And watch the loiterers disperse,
Breathing the ready curse.

And then I seek such fare as he
Whose means are slightly insecure
may
Find at those cafés "*d'Italie*,"
Or other restaurants "*de Gourmet*";
Where even tuppence can beguile
The waiter's wintry smile.

And going home I envy not
The millionaires their motor carriages,
Nor crave the loud distended hat
Of those who always feed at Claridge's.
These eat too often, I opine,
Ever to really dine!

ALCOL.



A MARTINET.

Peppery Captain. "THE FIRST MAN WHO SPEAKS I PUNISH! EVEN IF IT IS NOT THE ONE!"

THE INVITATION OF VENUS.

["All the bachelors in the universe have been invited to a festival in June by the young ladies of Ecausimmes-Lalaing, in Belgium . . . They will meet you in a public square, show you round the venerable church and the ancient castle, and give you a concert, a ball, and a torchlight procession."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

O BACHELORS of every clime and every sort of hue,
Come hither in your thousands—we are waiting here for you!
Come, dark and fair; come, fat and spare;
Come, youngsters in your teens!
But, most of all, hear ye our call,
O bachelors of means!

O come by third-class carriages, and come by Pullman car!
A galaxy of Venuses will greet you at the Gare.
We'll lead you down our little town
And show you all the scenes,
And chiefly you, thrice-happy crew,
O bachelors of means!

We'll take you round our ancient church, suggesting with
sweet smiles
How charming would a wedding look amid these solemn aisles:
Imagine showers of snow-white flowers
About the altar-screens,
And, at your sides, delicious brides,
O bachelors of means!

We'll serve a dainty *déjeuner* with every kind of dish
To show we are such housewives as a bachelor would wish:
Fresh eggs and ham, mint sauce and lamb,
And turtle in tureens—
And you not least we'll try to feast,
O bachelors of means!

Then while you dally sweetly o'er your coffee and cigars,
We'll trill you songs of Arcady like operatic stars;

We'll sing as sang the Siren gang
To wandering marines,
And chiefly you we'll warble to,
O bachelors of means!

And when we've gently sung you into mood of soft romance,
We'll ask you, gay young bachelors, to come and join the dance;
And gaily dressed in all our best—
Bewitching pinks and greens—
With guileless arts we'll win your hearts,
O bachelors of means!

And lastly, as the shadows fall, our torches we will snatch—
A subtle hint that Hymen's brand is ready for the match.
Come, fair and gold; come, grey and old;
Come, youngsters in your teens!
But, most of all, hear ye our call,
O bachelors of means!

A *Times* Correspondent states that one of Admiral Esquith's officers has telegraphed to the *Russ* "claiming that the Japanese shot wildly" in the battle of Tsushima. It is rumoured that evidence to the contrary is about to be raised by our allies, and that it will be found to hold water.

Nothing, it would seem, is sacred to the Kodaker, neither age nor physical ruin, if we may judge by the following notice culled from the *Southern Daily Mail*:

"Lost, a Cabinet Photograph, an old lady, cracked in two."

It is a bad workman who complains of his tools, yet even the best of them may be justly annoyed when his spanner goes completely off its nut.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

KAISER WILHELM. "MODESTY FORBIDS MY SUGGESTING THE RIGHT MAN TO INTERVENE, BUT"—(bitterly)—"I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE ROOSEVELT AS USUAL!"



DISEASES FOR DUKES.

OUR Scientific Enterprise continues,
And still discovers almost every week
A new disease to sap the Nation's sinews,
And justify her decadent physique;
And close to Science, speedy though her
flight is,

Fashion on polished foot is pressing
fast,
And sees in every novel sort of "-itis"
Exactly what was wrong with her at
last.

And this is why we laugh at rank and
riches,

For choice of malady is really what
Marks, in a world of common people,
which is

The true nobility and which is not;
We've found a new distinction far more
vital,

And far more suitable to modern needs,
Which forms—above the empty claim
of title—

An aristocracy of invalids.

The common man may catch a nervous
crisis,

Pneumonia may meet his vagrant
whim,

Or any other ailment that suffices
To keep his head up in the social
swim;

But there's a *milieu* locked against the
lowly,

Where, as it seems, the suitably *élite*
Contract Bradyphagy by dining slowly,—
Tachyphagy from "wolfing" what
they eat.

These happy ones, as fate or fancy pleases,
Aided by medical experience,

Can riot in the most obscure diseases;
Ad libitum, and blowing the expense;

Till after hours of prandial exertion

They find Hyperphagy becomes a bore,
And somehow feel a horrible aversion
(Misophagy) from eating any more!

THE FORCE OF IMPULSE IN
SPORT.

THE following sensible and temperate
remarks are to appear in one of the Silly
Season issues of the *Spectator* :—

" . . . is, in a word, this—How far
should an athlete permit himself to be
carried away by his feelings? Unless
he throws himself whole-heartedly into
his sport he is, of course, useless. But
there is, in our opinion, a limit, beyond
which a true sportsman should not pass.
Our readers will perhaps remember the
case of the jockey who was alleged to
have struck the horse of a rival two
severe blows on the head during the race
for the *Grand Prix*. Another unpleasant
incident occurred during the Australians'
second innings in the Third Test Match.



"O NOBLE FOOL! O WORTHY FOOL!"

Uncle (to Nephew, who has just come into a fortune). "YOU MUST REMEMBER, MY BOY, THAT
'A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED'!"

Fair Cousin. "OH, BUT I'M SURE SAMMY WILL BE THE EXCEPTION THAT PROVES THE RULE!"
[Sammy is delighted.]

TRUMPER, who had then scored ninety-eight, was shaping at one of RHODES' deliveries, when LILLEY, who was standing up to the slow bowler, stretched out a hand, and, seizing the New South Wales representative by the leg, drew him sharply away in the direction of the umpire. The result was that the Australian 'star' was clean bowled. As this was probably the direct cause of the Cornstalks' defeat by five wickets, it is not to be wondered at that some little feeling was aroused in the ranks of our visitors. Professional cycling has also suffered from the prevailing taint. We can make allowances for excitement, but we cannot but condemn the act of 'JIMMY' PILLINGSHOT, who, when riding a neck-and-neck race with 'BOBBY'

BRADSHAW, of Leeds, produced a pistol loaded with swan-shot, and riddled his rival's back tyre. It is time that the sporting public definitely set its face against these practices. Something might be done by way of starting the campaign if all athletes were compelled to leave their guns, bludgeons, tomahawks, and other weapons in the cloak-room before the race or match, as the case might be. In this way, though damage to a certain extent could still be done with the instruments required for the particular sport, much unpleasantness would be averted. But such reforms, though they may alleviate, will not cure. In the main, the matter must be left in the hands of the athletes themselves, to whose good feeling and love for fair play . . .

THE HIGHLANDER.

TAH { AAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
 { EEEEEEEEEEEEE.....

Up and down a thirty yards' stretch of the hot wood-road marches the kilted Highlander, discoursing traditional music from his national pipes. His cheeks are energetically distended; one eye is fixed and glassy, the other, filled with the cold light of calculation, roves from the pavements to the windows above. As he reaches either end of his prescribed pitch he swings round mechanically, whisking his kilts behind him, and remeasures his beat, deviating only now and again to avoid a passing omnibus or cart, with a marked indifference to the jocund comments of their Saxon drivers. To and fro he marches with automatic precision, filling the air with music.

TAH { AAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
 { EEEEEEEEEEEEE.....

A little group of school children stand in the shade cast across the pavement by the tarpaulin above the butcher's shop, watching this new distraction with all the rapt attention of youth. As my eyes fall on them the proprietor, a little bearded man in a striped blue apron, emerges from the deeper shadow within the shop and jerkily bids them move away.

The children reluctantly move a little further along the pavement and the butcher remains, gazing with disfavour upon the approaching figure of the Highlander. After a moment or two he leaves the shade, and stepping out upon the bright road addresses the musician, just swinging round at the end of his beat.

"Move along there," he cries, waving his arm authoritatively. "Further down!"

He remains standing in the sun, his eyes following the retreating kilts. At the same moment a gentleman carrying an inverted footbath on his head arrives upon the scene, and stops in the middle of the pavement.

"E's a 'Ighlander," he remarks to the butcher with an air of explanation. "Don't you 'ear it's the bag-pipes wot 'e's a-playin'?"

The butcher steps back upon the pavement.

"I 'ear," he observes crisply.

"A 'Ighlander," repeats the gentleman with the footbath. "Don't yer see 'is kilts?"

"I 'ear 'is noise," responds the butcher unsympathetically.

"Noise!" exclaims Footbath in astonishment. "It's the bag-pipes! Ain't you ever 'eard the bag-pipes before?"

"I 'ear 'em now," says the butcher laconically.

There is a pause. The Highlander has halted at the other end of his beat, and turning so as to face one side of the street is blowing with a despairing energy, while both eyes vigilantly scan the windows.

"A 'Ighlander," repeats Footbath, "that's what 'e is. A Scotchman. — My wife's grandfather was Scotch."

The butcher receives this item of information without enthusiasm.

"Hey for bonny Scotland!" cries Footbath with unabated good humour. "Did yer give 'im a penny?"

"I'll give 'im in charge," replies the butcher, "if 'e stays there much longer."

The gentleman in the footbath regards him with a change of expression.

"Ain't yer got no patriotism?" he demands coldly. "Blood's thicker than water, ain't it?"

The butcher turns abruptly and re-enters his shop.

"What about Maggersfontain?" calls Footbath after him. "I s'pose it was *Englishmen* wot got caught on the barb wire was it?"

This is apparently a poser for the butcher, for no reply is forthcoming from the interior of the shop. Footbath turns triumphantly to me.

"Hey for bonny Scotland's wot I say!" he exclaims exuberantly.

Feeling that something is expected of me I observe, "Hoots mon," adding, with some resource I think, "I'm a braw luddie ye ken the noo," which is well received.

"You're like me," he says. "Your blood's thicker than wot water is."

I accept the compliment.

"Wot about Dargai?" he demands corroboratively.

Suddenly mindful of the bystanders I cut short an incipient cheer.

"Wot I say is," he observes sentimentously from beneath his footbath, "Scotland is Scotland, and it always was Scotland, and——" he concludes with inspiration, "it always will be Scotland."

I murmur "Hear, hear."

"Shake 'ands," he responds promptly.

I do so, at the same time expressing a hope soon to hear him at Westminster.

Meanwhile there has been a respite from the music, the only sound that has greeted our ears being the occasional dull clink of a copper thrown upon the road. Now suddenly the bag-pipes begin again. The Highlander is sidling slowly back towards us, cheeks distended, both eyes raking the windows as he comes.

"'Ere 'e is!" cries my elated friend. "Bonny Dundee! — Got a penny for 'im, mate?"

I fumble in my pocket. At the same moment the butcher emerges from the interior of his shop.

"Go on! Move on there!" he cries to the advancing Highlander. Footbath turns.

"Where's yer petriotism?" he demands severely. "Ain't a Scotchman got no right t' earn 'is livin's well as an Englishman?"

The butcher pays no attention to him. "D'you 'ear?" he cries to the piper. "Or d'you want me to fetch a pleece-man to yer?"

Suddenly the Highlander, now almost abreast of us, lowers his bag-pipes and speaks.

"Do are you a-gittin' at?" he demands hotly of the butcher.

The butcher repeats his injunction to move on.

"Dirty tyke!" exclaims the Highlander, mechanically accepting my proffered penny. "Cawn't yer let a man earn a h-onest livin'?"

He lifts the bag-pipes to his lips again and distends his cheeks truculently.

TAH { AAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
 { EEEEEEEEEEEEE.....

Suddenly he breaks off.

"Do d'yer think you are?" he demands scathingly.

He raises the bag-pipes once more, then thinking better of it lowers them again, putting them under his arm.

"You're a meat-seller," he observes, with a manifest joy in the sting of this opprobrium. "That's wot you are. A meat-seller."

He gazes triumphantly at the butcher for a moment, then begins to move off. After a few yards he stops.

"A meat-seller," he repeats over his shoulder. "A dirty tyke wot 'as ter sell meat. A bloomin' meat-seller."

And full of the joy of victory he moves slowly off down the street.

The affronted butcher retires inside his shop. The bystanders are melting away. I look round for the Caledonophile of the footbath.

He is nowhere to be seen.

Sallies in our Galleys.

Of all the jokes the Press reports There's none, for quip or sally, To match our DARLING'S—of the Courts— For filling up the galley!

A Little Behind the Times.

Ancient Village Dame (to Parson's daughter). But tell me, Miss, these 'ere Japs of 'oom I 'ear speak—are they fightin' for us, or for the Boers?

From a speech at a meeting of the Associated Chamber of Agriculture.—"A volcano is simmering under motorists, and when the working classes are thoroughly roused by their behaviour the volcano will break forth." No wonder the motorist is apt to scorch!

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO CRICKET PHRASEOLOGY.



"Bowling 'lobs' with three short legs."



"'Hooking' it to leg."



"Tho Australians fielded well on the floor all day."



"Maclaren and Hayward started for England."



Captain. "Will you take 'cover,' please?"



—Ho takes cover.

MUCH PLEASURE AND LITTLE PAYNE.

The Spring Chicken at the Gaiety has so much spring in it that, having at once sprung into popularity, it is likely to equal its predecessors in length and strength of run. *The Spring Chicken* would be a croupy, superannuated old fowl, were it ever permitted by astute Farmer GEORGE (EDWARDS) to reach such a stage (not certainly that of the Gaiety, where, as at Bath in Pickwickian days, "no one is old or ugly") of existence as would necessitate its being withdrawn from the weary gaze of its last remaining patrons.

The Spring Chicken is avowedly adapted by GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior, from *Coquin de Printemps*, and we should say that, if this be a faithful reproduction of the incidents in the original piece, its authors, Messrs. JAMIE and DUVAL, were indebted to more than one French farce for the use of the two powders that, respectively, possess the power of restoring youth and of inducing somnolence. When the piece starts, such theatre-goers among the audience as may be still prejudiced in favour of a good plot, even in a Gaiety piece, begin to congratulate themselves that *The Spring Chicken* is going to "supply a want." But these too sanguine persons will soon be disillusioned; the Gaiety spirit, that feeds the lamp of extravaganza effectively shining from its place in the drop-curtain, is not to be watered down, nor is the brilliancy of the flame it feeds to be dimmed by anything so banal as legitimate development of a dramatically constructed plot. So "the Office of M. Babori at his residence, Paris," becomes, instead of a place of steady business, a hall of dazzling light, where there is plenty of "stage-business" going on, where we have anybody and everybody *dans le mouvement*, and what they may have directly or indirectly to do with such scenes as these does not matter to anyone as long as the girls are prettily, and the men smartly, costumed, and as long as there is "go" in all of them, singing, dancing, and behaving as is only possible with the Gaiety choruses in musical plays, in whatever surroundings they may find themselves.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior, has in the second scene of the second Act a capital comic topical song, introducing most of the theatrical celebrities of the day, who are impersonated by capital caricaturists, and his duet with Mr. EDMUND PAYNE (who, of course, is the low comedian *par excellence*, keeping the audience in a roar as Mr. Girdle) is one of the best things in the piece.

Miss GERTIE MILLAR is delightful; in the first place she can act, and succeeds in imparting to the character of the maid Rosalie an interest which the slight plot of the piece does not allow her to develop. Her songs are all good, and all sung with the perfect grace and charm that characterises not only her dancing but indeed all that she has to do. Absurd Miss CONNIE EDISS makes the most of Mrs. Girdle, a comparatively small part, as also does Miss KATE CUTLER of the still smaller part of Baroness Pajouche. Miss OLIVE MORRELL, as Madame Babori, sings a piquant song with taking dance and refrain.

That all the songs are encored over and over again goes without saying. "There is no such word as 'fail'" in the Gaiety Dictionary. At this theatre, when any song, or dance, or dialogue, doesn't "go," it goes off, is heard no more, and is replaced by something that catches on.

Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER makes as much as can be made out of an old-fashioned part of a young and impressionable clerk named Boniface, who is always quoting poetry (we have met this party before!); while popular Mr. ROBERT NAINBY as Felix, head waiter at "The Crimson Butterfly," scores a distinct and separate success.

The lyrics by Messrs. ADRIAN ROSS and PERCY GREENBANK are far above the average, some of the rhymes being very original, and, fortunately for the authors, the words are clearly enunciated by the experienced singers.

Messrs. IVAN CARYLL and LIONEL MONCKTON do not rise above

the ordinary Gaiety level in their musical compositions, but they know their business, and wisely give the public exactly what it wants. So the "numbers" and the incidental music are all bright, sparkling, catchy, and there is not a dull moment, musically or Terpsichorically, throughout the entire entertainment.

Altogether, *The Spring Chicken* is not likely to be chuck-chuck'd out for a very long time to come. It is sure to have, what all chickens want, a good run.

THE BRITISH BREAKFAST.

Out, when one has travelled a thousand miles

By land, and a few by sea, Sir,

There's one little treat that always smiles

To an insular man like me, Sir:

It's this:—when the chalk-cliffs loom in sight,

And you're eager to quit the deck fast,

You know that before to-morrow night

You'll have eaten a British breakfast.

They may talk as they like; but I wish to say

That I don't know a fraud more utter

Than the *café* that's usually called *complet*,

With its roll and its pat of butter.

You think it's a breakfast? Much you know,

With your Baedeker book to guide you!

You swallow the lot, and away you go,

With nothing at all inside you.

And before you have landed in the key

Of the room where your modest bed is,

You've a pang of fatigue in either knee,

And your head is as heavy as lead is.

A pestilent buzz invades your ears,

As if from a *soufflet flanqué*;

There's a cold in your nose, and your eyes drip tears—

All due to a breakfast *manqué*.

But think of the sole so fresh and slim,

The sole with his crisp brown coat on;

And honour the cook that fashioned him

For an Englishman's heart to dote on.

What a new strength comes to your arms and legs,

As with appetite still unshaken

You follow the sole with a dish of eggs

On a stratum of streaky bacon!

And someone you know pours out your cup

From a pot she has put good stuff in;

And you sip at your tea, and then close up

Some chinks that are left with muffin.

And I fancy you'll find you are well repaid

If before you have left your post there

You tackle a mountain of marmalade

And an acre or so of toast there.

So I pray that never a change may mar,

Until the old Reaper reaps us,

The meal that has made us what we are,

And as it has made us keeps us.

By the light of the sun that shines above,

Whose rays as he climbed have kissed it,

I pledge you the breakfast Britons love,

Especially those who've missed it.

TOM THE TOURIST.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been reading in the papers about the cheese cure writes to say that he noticed a bit in a horse's mouth in Cheapside last week.

"CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS."

[We are indebted to the Editor of *The Suburb-Side* for the following letters, crowded out of his last week's column under the above heading.]

Hopping the Hoop.—The other day, as I was sitting at my window, which commands a view of the croquet-lawn, I amused myself by watching the strange behaviour of a jackdaw. Gravely approaching the left-hand bottom hoop, the bird hopped through in the right direction for croquet; seizing something in its beak it immediately flew away and I never saw it again.—"LOVER OF BIRDS," *Surbiton*.

[Similar instances of bird intelligence will be welcome.—Ed.]

Is the Frog Slippery on purpose?—It has often been stated that all frog-eating animals invariably scrape, scratch, or scrub their unhappy victim with their bare feet before eating him, with the object apparently of getting rid of the slime. Can you tell me if this is really the case?—J. A. L., *Hammersmith*.

[Observation tending to show that the frog is intentionally slimy will be appreciated.—Ed.]

Fatal Affray at Richmond.—In Richmond Park some time ago a wood-pigeon's nest was found which contained a clutch of eggs belonging to the proprietor, and also another egg which had been left till called for by a starling. Close by was the dead body of the latter. Everything goes to show that there had been a violent quarrel as to which egg the starling was entitled to, and she had sustained shocking injuries in the scuffle which subsequently ensued.—"OBSERVER," *Wimbledon*.

[Authenticated accounts of bird-murder are eagerly solicited.—Ed.]

Can Fish Smell?—With reference to this interesting discussion, about three weeks ago I caught some fish and took them home, fully intending to have them for breakfast the next morning. Business took me away that same night, and I only remembered their existence on reading your excellent little paper in the train to-day. On reaching home I went to my fishing basket, and am now in the position to answer the above query decidedly in the affirmative.—"PISCATOR," *Teddington*.

[Evidence on points such as these would be valuable.—Ed.]

Gruesome Burial Party.—Last Saturday I unconsciously interrupted perhaps one of the strangest ceremonies which any human being has ever been privileged to witness. I was walking on Wandsworth Common when I came upon a small fox-terrier enjoying a nap. Presently I noticed that the dog was slowly sinking into the ground. On closer inspection I saw to my surprise that four burying-beetles were carefully undermining the poor creature with the diabolical intention of interring it alive! The dog woke up

when I whistled, and the beetles quickly made off in the direction of Clapham Junction.—"CAVE, CANIS," *Balham*.

[One would like to know whether others observed this. Corroboration would be invaluable.—Ed.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 10.—Two days after the Fair. Decorations in honour of the King of SPAIN still adorn the house, which shows a somewhat beggarly array of empty boxes, but the stalls are full, and there is a strong gathering to welcome *Aida*, which is superbly done. Mlle. DESTINN delightful, in splendid voice, acting dramatically and, in fact, making a big success. Madame KIRKBY LUNN's *Amneris* is good but not great. Signor CARUSO as *Radames*, excellent: applauded to the echo which, thank goodness, does not exist at Covent Garden. Signor SCOTTI as *Amosro* is a *père magnifique*, "sure such a *père*," &c. M. JOURNET as the High Priest *Ramfis* is not called upon to go higher than the vocal gifts of nature permit him. His Right Reverence has not much to do, but the laity in front and his attendant clergy on the stage, are evidently quite satisfied with his mode of exercising his alto-sacerdotal functions. Scenery gorgeous: orchestra admirable. All old hands playing their trumps skilfully, and Signor MANCINELLI assists in the scoring of one of the big successes of the present season. Opera repeated June 15 with same cast.

In the meantime RICHARD WAGNER still with us. "*O Richard! O mon Roi!*" as some, and a considerable number, loyally exclaim. *Die Meistersinger* and *Tannhäuser*, with HANS RICHTER in the chair. For details see previous records.

Friday, June 16.—MELBA as the Bohemian Girl, and CARUSO as the Bohemian Boy in PUCCINI's *La Bohème*. The Hulloo-Bellow and Regular-

Stock-company Choir of Boys in Second Act. "What price MELBA?" Extra four shillings on guinea orchestra stalls; for which the public is given, in exchange, MELBA's Notes.

Saturday, June 17.—GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*; Mmes. SELMA KURZ and PARKINA being, respectively, *Juliette* and *Stephano* the page-boy, "with a song."

At the Leeds revival, according to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, "there have been a thousand converts, the greatest blackguards being reached. Sceptics, church organists, and lady authoresses had found salvation, and it is stated that one of the Leeds Labour leaders was influenced by the revival."

We anxiously await the comments of Miss MARIE CORELLI and Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

MOTTO FOR THEATRICAL MANAGERS (adopted from certain barn-door methods in the cricket-field).—Always "play for a draw."



First Houlet. "BLOW MY FEATHERS! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A PEACOCK, DEAR?"

Second Houlet. "NO, THANKS. FANCY MAKING LOVE WITH ALL THOSE EYES ON ONE! I SHOULD BE TOO BASHFUL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN spite of the unwieldy length of its title, *What I have seen while Fishing and How I have Caught my Fish* (FISHER UNWIN) has already gone into a second edition. Possibly



Mr. GEEN was right. As an old angler he knows the proper length of line, and has certainly caught the public. My Baronite has never qualified for the Presidency of the Anglers' Association held by Mr. GEEN for twenty-seven years. To be quite frank he knows nothing about fish beyond passing acquaintance made at the dinner-table.

That this breezy narrative, brimming over with fun, should have held such as he in thrall is a special tribute to its attractiveness.

"If it's 'sensation' you want," read *The Scarlet Bat*, by FERGUS HUME (F. V. WHITE & Co.), but the reader is hereby considerably warned by the Baron that, except for the novelty of the ultra-sensational melodramatic situation in the penultimate chapter, there is nothing out of the ordinary Fergus-Hume-ous scheme of story to repay anyone for the trouble of attempting the elucidation of the mystery. Given a wet day in June such as we have lately experienced, and this book may relieve *ennui*. Mr. HUME's method, almost invariably, is to commit a murder in the first chapter, and spend the remainder of the book, barring the two last chapters, in trying to discover "who killed Cock Robin."

Looking back from the pinnacle of his eighty-sixth birthday, Mr. FREDERICK LEVESON GOWER recalls memories of *Bygone Years* (JOHN MURRAY). They were placid but not uneventful. His family relationship with men in the foremost rank of public life gently pushed him to the front. He sat in the House of Commons through thirty-three memorable years. His genuine merit, untrumped by his own speeches, was recognised by Mr. GLAISTONE, who in succession offered him two important posts. One was the Postmaster-Generalship, which to-day carries Cabinet rank. The other, Chief Whip of the Party, an office upon whose due fulfilment the life of a Ministry frequently depends. In knowledge of men and affairs, in tact and in all the qualities that inspire confidence, Mr. LEVESON GOWER would have made an admirable Whip. My Baronite doubts whether his imperturbable good nature, his extreme desire to add to the pleasantness of other peoples' lives, would not have handicapped him in a post at which the late Lord KENSINGTON for some years bristled. To tell the truth there are two episodes in this gentle life that strike one as incongruous. Being in India Mr. GOWER went out tiger hunting. Later in life he joined the board of



direction of the great firm of ARMSTRONG & Co., who make big guns to slay people withal. In the first instance he got up a tree and surveyed the scene from that coign of vantage. As to ARMSTRONG & Co.'s business, he apologetically writes, "I will only say that I abhor every war of aggression, but consider it the duty of every Government to be adequately prepared for defence."

Mr. LEVESON GOWER has known most famous folk who have lived and worked during the last three quarters of a century. His Memoirs make a delightful book, vocal with the talk of a genial, cultured companion.

Lord ELGIN is not so well known as many men who took a less prominent part in the making of the British Empire. Tardy but effective justice is done to him by Mr. GEORGE WRONG in his monograph, *The Earl of Elgin* (METHUEN). He came

to his predestined work sixty years ago, at a time when the necklace of the Colonies hung heavy on the languid throat of England. His first mission was to Jamaica, an island he governed from 1842 to 1845. Thence he went to Canada, where he earned an early tribute of rotten eggs hurled by the Colonists, and after seven years' sojourn left amid salves of regretful farewell, the most popular man in the Dominion. In the meanwhile he had established the principle of Colonial self-government, which bears fruit in to-day's splendid prosperity of a lusty offspring. The handy man of the Empire, whenever there was difficulty at its extremities the Ministry of the day looked to Lord ELGIN for help. He went to China in 1857, the first barbarian Ambassador who appeared in Peking insistent on ratifying a treaty. Forty-seven years ago he concluded a commercial treaty with Japan, foundation of the present intimate friendly relations of the Island Kingdoms. He completed a second mission to China in 1860, and finished a splendid career as Viceroy of India, where at the close of his first year he died in harness. My Baronite finds in the volume the story of a noble life fitly recorded.

In her latest novel, *Just as it Was* (furnished with a brilliant binding by its publishers, F. V. WHITE & Co.), "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" gives us a disappointing story which, commencing well, turns out to be only a commonplace record of generally uninteresting events in the lives of a very ordinary set of individuals, six in number, equally divided, whom we will represent by "A., B., C." male, and "D., E., F." female. "A." is in love with "D." and "D." with "A.," but "A." jilts "D." and marries "E.," who only accepts him out of pique, because, a letter having miscarried, "E." has had no answer from "C." (with whom she is in love, as he is with her) who marries "F." (sounds rather "confoozelum," doesn't it?) The jilted "D." in the meantime has become the devotedly attached wife of "B." When these couples have been married for some years the couple "A. E." turn up unexpectedly in the society of "B. D." and "C. F." Whereupon "A." who is not living happily with "E." and is still in love with "D.," makes an unsuccessful attempt to ruin the conjugal happiness of "B. D.," while "E." would have utterly upset the domestic felicity of "C. F." but for the, in this instance, lucky circumstance of "E.'s" being in a rapid decline, and so, before she can do very much harm, "E." makes her exit from this weary world. Such a story, briefly told, might have proved about as interesting as one of Poet CRABBE's village tales; but, spun out to 290 pages of ordinarily readable-sized print, it is, though beginning well, a stodgy bread-and-butter-missy sort of novel, hardly worthy of the clever authoress of the inimitable *Boodle's Baby*.



From "Messrs. Sawyer, late Knockemorf."

Surgical Query. What is the most simple and at the same time most effectual treatment for any one with water on the brain?

Scientific Answer. Give him a good tap on the head.

From the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*:—

HOTEL PROPRIETORS. — 'Bus, seat eight; also rubber-tired Governess; cheap.

Many governesses have been tired, but not like this.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Russians have not scored so many successes in the War that one would think they would want to hide any. Yet a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent is the first to tell us of a smart little affair in which a body of Cossacks attacked a Japanese field hospital, and practically annihilated all attached to it, even burning the medical supplies and surgical instruments.

Advices from Sahara state that the entire Empire feels deeply humiliated at the recent escapades of its Sovereign.

The sensational reports to the effect that the new Penny Steamboats were turning out to be Twopenny-halfpenny ones prove to be exaggerated.

A member of the Lowestoft Council has complained of the number of stray dogs on the beach, and has declared that they were driving people from the town. The licensed fly-proprietors certainly have a grievance here.

The miscarriage of justice by which a prisoner was made to serve a month's imprisonment instead of a fortnight's is, we hear, to be rectified in a common-sense manner. The victim is to be allowed to commit a further crime for which the sentence would be two weeks' imprisonment, without receiving any punishment whatever.

The constant strain of driving motor-cars is said to be responsible for a form of nervous break-down which shows a decided tendency to increase. One certainly comes across a number of ears afflicted in this way.

Two cars were smashed in the French eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett race. We should have thought that this was carrying the idea of elimination unnecessarily far.

"Eat all the sweets you can, if you would be strong," says HACKENSCHMIDT. The great wrestler will now, we understand, be elected an honorary Vice-President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The *Lancet* has published an article pointing out the danger of talking and eating at the same time, and it is felt that a powerful blow has been struck at the practice of speaking with one's mouth full.

Enigmarelle, an automaton which does several things on the stage almost intelligently, is attracting more attention at the Hippodrome than many similarly gifted actors think it is entitled to.



NO EXCUSE FOR NOT BELIEVING.

"THEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN PHRENOLOGY?"

"NO, RATHER NOT. I ONCE GAVE ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS A SOVEREIGN TO READ MY HEAD, AND, AFTER FEELING IT A LONG TIME, ALL HE SAID WAS, THAT I HAD NO IDEA OF THE VALUE OF MONEY."

The title of Mr. SCUTO's forthcoming play is *The Way of a Fool*. This is clever, as we shall all go to see whether we have been libelled in it.

The Best-Ways Out of London has just appeared. The title strikes us as being gratuitously rude.

We understand that the publishers of *The Masterpiece Library* are being inundated with manuscripts for inclusion in that undertaking. In the same way many young authors, we hear, used to

forward their works to the editor of *The World's Classics*.

As regards the Statutory Commission on the Army Stores Scandals a foreign gentleman writes to point out that the provision that any person who gives false evidence will be liable to the penalties for perjury will press more hardly on some witnesses than on others, and asks if this is our boasted British justice. He suggests that the evidence shall be taken on oath, but that there shall be no penalty for perjury.

AN END OF DANCING.

"Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
Barbaton hic paries habebit."—HORACE, *Carm.*, iii. 26.
"Unarm'd, FROG."—SHAKESPEARE, *Ant. & Cleo.*, Act iv., Sc. 14.

TIME was, a few brief lustres back,
When in the many-damsel'd dance,
Ere I had grown supine and slack,
It was my purest joy to prance
The whole night long,
Returning with the milkman's matin song.

My waist was relatively slim,
And to the waltz's amorous flow
None brought a lustier turn of limb,
A lighter, more fantastic, toe;
It was a treat
Merely to sit and watch my mobile feet.

But now the jumping movement jars
Upon a frame maturely stout;
And when I've borne a dozen bars
I find my wind is giving out;
I wheeze; I puff;
I tell my partner I have had enough.

And while I undergo repair,
And she, impatient, paws the ground,
I ask myself what brought me there,
Why should I go careering round,
Husled and hot,
And talking unimaginable rot?

DEAR JOAN (contemporary flame)
Is now a fixture by the wall;
And JOAN the Second, with the same
Red hair that held my heart in thrall,
Has not, I see,
Inherited her mother's taste for me!

Such, roughly, be the reasons why
At 10 P.M., replete with food,
When o'er a pipe my pensive eye
Betrays the after-dinner mood,
I loathe to rise
And irk myself with choric exercise.

Ah, Ladies, you whose halls of light
Lament the dearth of dancing males,
Have pity! Though my heart is right,
Think of the solid flesh that quails!
Ask me no more
To pound with ponderous foot the shining floor!

And you, Terpsichore, the One
I wooed the most of all the Nine!—
Now that my palmy days are done,
Now, ere my drooping powers decline
By further slumps—
To you I dedicate these pious pumps! O. S.

Should Motors carry Maxims?

UNDER the title "Murderous Magistrate," the *Daily Mail* printed some observations made by a barrister who reproves Canon GREENWELL for remarking from the Durham County Bench that if a few motorists were shot no great harm would be done. The same paper subsequently published an article headed, "Maxims for Motorists." Retaliation in kind is natural, and a maxim is an excellent retort to a canon. But why abuse the canon first?

VEGGERS IN CONCLAVE.

(Special.)

THE International Congress of Vegetarians, owing to the pressure of politics and cricket, was most inadequately reported in last week's papers. Mr. *Punch* is happily enabled to supplement this deficiency by the notes kindly furnished him by some of the principal speakers.

Mrs. WALLACE, the head of the Wallaceite sect, who do not touch salt or white bread, related a curious story of a vegetarian boy of ten who once remarked, "I wonder what my future wife is doing now. I do hope she is not injuring her health by eating white bread." No carnivorous child would ever have exhibited such tender solicitude. Whatever might be alleged against Vegetarians they were never guilty of priggishness.

Mr. J. A. PEASE, M.P., wished to enter a strong protest against the hostile attitude assumed towards beans by certain Vegetarians. It was true that PYTHAGORAS had advised his contemporaries to eschew beans, but as ROTHENBÜCHER had pointed out in his masterly monograph on the Samian philosopher, the phrase was not to be interpreted in a literal sense. It merely meant that they were to abstain from politics, beans being used as counters in the ballot.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW reluctantly agreed with the last speaker. He liked to give everyone beans, as became a conscientious Fabian, a society which derived its name from the Latin word *fabia*. The pedantry of some Vegetarian purists, continued Mr. SHAW, led them to paradoxical extremes. For example, how could a man be healthy if he had no pulse?

Mr. ANDREW LANG said that he was proud of being a Wallaceite. He was in short one of the "Scots who hold wi' Wallace bread." Attic salt was occasionally permissible, but the true aim of diet was to diffuse sweetness and light. As he was no mathematician he never could tell how many beans made five. JOHN KNOX was certainly not a vegetarian, and knew nothing of totemistic eschatology, hence the imperfections in his strangely mixed character.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL emphasised the fact that the Kailyard school of literature rested entirely on a vegetarian basis. GEORGE MEREDITH had written a novel called *Farina* in praise of whole-meal bread, and he had the best authority for saying that when Mr. HALL CAINE was writing *The Eternal City* he lived entirely on spaghetti and Neapolitan ices.

Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON wished to put in a word for pines as the most satisfying and palatable fruit. They could be grown anywhere—he had raised some splendid specimens at Putney—and could be eaten with impunity at any time, preferably before sunrise.

Mr. G. R. SIMS attributed his robust health entirely to having subsisted so long on an exclusive diet of mustard and cress. The Vi-Koko-Kings from whom as an hereditary knight of St. Olaf he was lineally descended were enabled to perform their famous feats on the fjord largely owing to their abstinence from meat. He thought it worthy of note in this connection that BALDER the Beautiful—whose title was a contradiction in terms—was alleged to have a palace in the Milky Way.

Sir OLIVER LODGE said that he varied his food according to the subjects on which he was occupied. Thus for Higher Criticism he took cranberry tart and Stilton cheese, for motoring an abundance of nuts of all sorts and sizes, for skirt-dancing jumping beans, while for Bimetallism he restricted himself rigidly to an 18 carrot lunch.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES finally pleaded eloquently for the berry diet, which he humorously noted was only connected phonetically with the complaint of beri-beri. The nomenclature of some fruits, he added, was not by any means satisfactory, and he suggested that an alternative name should be found for the gooseberry, which had a decidedly carnivorous innuendo.



Bernard Partridge.

SPORT OF THE WINDS.

(The Imperial Weather-vane.)

DIARY OF THE LATE RUSSIAN NAVY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, Now that Russia has, for the last time (if we except certain subsequent occurrences), ceased to exist as a naval Power, it is an opportune moment to consider the extraordinary career of its Navy during the last sixteen months. I cannot claim to be an expert in technical matters, but I have followed the course of the war very carefully in the pages of my *Daily Mail* and *Times*; and have kept a diary of the ups and downs (if I may say so without being thought to jest) of the Russian Fleet. I append this for the benefit of your readers.

February 8, 1904.—War breaks out. *Czarevitch* and *Retrisan* torpedoed, and placed out of action for the rest of the war. *Sevastopol* rendered useless.

February 9.—*Poltava* and four cruisers placed out of action for the rest of the war. The Russian navy practically ceases to exist as a fighting force. Naval light off Chemulpho. Russia definitely ceases to exist as a naval power.

February 10.—Japan virtually obtains command of the seas.

March 9.—Russian destroyer sunk. Russian navy ceases to exist as a fighting force.

April 13.—*Petrovsk* sunk by a mine, and may be regarded as out of action for the rest of the war. Japan obtains command of the seas.

April 25.—Vladivostok squadron suddenly appears and sinks Japanese merchant steamer. Balance of power restored.

July.—British vessels stopped by Russian volunteer cruisers. Russian navy branded as filibusters. More British vessels stopped. Russian navy branded as piratical freebooters.

August 23.—*Sevastopol* again rendered useless for rest of war.

September.—Russia discovers that it has a Baltic Fleet. Baltic Fleet regarded as a cipher.

October.—Baltic Fleet makes several false starts. Japan undoubtedly mistress of the seas.

October 21.—Hull fishing fleet fired on. Russian navy branded as cowards, drunkards and poltroons.

December 3.—*Czarevitch*, *Retrisan*, *Poltava*, and many other ships broken up by Japanese naval brigade, and may be regarded as virtually out of action for the rest of the war.

December 12.—*Sevastopol* again rendered entirely useless.

January, 1905.—Baltic Fleet settles down at Madagascar. Russian navy branded as drunkards and poltroons.

April. Baltic Fleet arrives at Kamranh Bay. Russia discovered to have a slight preponderance in battleships which effectually restores the balance of power.

May.—Russian navy keeps on leaving Kamranh Bay, with excellent chance of victory.

May 27–28. Russian navy sinks, and so loses control of the Eastern Seas.

May 29.—Russian navy ceases to exist as a fighting force.

May 30.—Escaped ship arrives at Vladivostok. Nevertheless Russian navy practically ceases to exist as a fighting force.

June.—Russia sweeps British commerce from the seas.

My diary ceases here, Mr. Punch, but I open my papers in daily expectation of seeing that the *Sevastopol* has again been rendered useless. It is certainly time for it.

Yours faithfully, (Rev.) THOMAS LEMUEL.

FROM a recently published Guide to North Wales:—

"Beaumaris Castle (founded by EDWARD I. 1295) is in splendid preservation, and in the courtyard there are no less than four lawns and grounds.—The massacre of the birds is said to have taken place here. Admission 2d."

We are not surprised at this tragedy. Players in tennis tournaments have before now been put off their game by the band, and lost their temper.

CONSOLATION.

You see man, you have a wild and wintry air;

Strange needs of silence (tempered by profanity)
Drive you aloof; your eyes emit a glare
As of insanity;

Last night you groomed till nearly four o'clock;

To-day you have not shaved; you did not eat your
Herrings; young man, you must have had the knock
From some fair creature.

Well, it's a thing we all of us go through.

These trivial hurts have driven most men frantic
More or less regularly—I, like you,
Am most romantic.

But be consoled. The wound is quick to heal.

Before another month has rolled behind you
You'll be surprised to find how glad you feel
That She declined you.

(Ah, but you say, your love must needs endure:

Time could not make your ardent fires wax colder!
Couldn't he, though, my friend? You wait, till you're
A little older!)

Marriage is no light matter. Once it's done,

It's done for good and all; if things miscarry,
There's no way out of it—and that, my son,
Would be Old Harry.

Just for the sake of argument, assume

That, having donned the matrimonial letter,
You came across another maiden, whom
You liked much better.

(Never, you cry! *CLORINDA* stands alone,

Peerless in charm, unrivalled in her graces!
Yes, we have all said that, but I have known
Some painful cases.)

Think, too, how surely up the female sleeve

There ever lurks that universal dagger,
Which makes each daughter of her mother, Eve,
A latent Nagger!

Potential, maybe; but one never knows!

Even this fair thing, with whom you strove to pair off
So wildly and so vainly, if she chose,
Could nag your hair off.

Young man, there be two teachings of the Wise,

Potent to soothe the pangs of disappointment:—
"Brevity is the Soul of Love"—and "Flies
Can spoil the Ointment."

'Tis not in mortals to command success;

And, if you come to look at matters coolly,
It's just as well; so you need not distress
Yourself unduly.

DUM-DUM.

More Commercial Candour.

"SUITS FROM 35s. TO ORDER.
BEWARE OF FIRMS THAT COPY US."

The Irish Bull in India.

(From the "Rangoon Gazette.")

FOR SALE.—ELEVEN ELEPHANTS, Male and Female, priced low to effect speedy sale. Full particulars from PAT DOYLE, No. 11, Brooking Street, Rangoon. Note.—Four of the above have been sold.

IN the *Daily Mail* a firm advertises "CORRECT BILIOUSNESS—FREE!" "Mine," writes a Correspondent, "may not be the correct kind, but I wish for no other."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 20.

—Admiral HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, K.C.B., Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, knows a thing or two, including value of that half-sheet of note-paper whose agency in political life PRINCE ARTHUR has popularised. HENRY FREDERICK has heard how in recent times a predecessor, despatched to Commons to bid honourable House to repair to another place to hear Royal Commission read, stood speechless by the Mace, his tongue cleaving to roof of mouth, refusing to utter the well-conned lesson.

That might do for the Army; quite in keeping with business ways at War Office. For a man who entered the Navy just fifty years ago, has served his country in all seas and climes, such catastrophe to be avoided. So Black Rod borrows half a sheet of note-paper; writes down the text of his message; tucks across the Lobby; crosses Bar of Commons close hauled; brings up by the Mace; and, taking the half sheet of note-paper from his locker, in loud voice, suggestive of use of speaking-trumpet in westerly gale, hails the skipper in the chair at the Table, who in default of a sou'-wester has clapped a bob-wig on his head.

Message bids the Commons repair to the Lords to hear the Royal Commission read preliminary to the Sovereign's assent to election of LOWTHER (J. W.) to office of SPEAKER. From the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery fourscore-years-and-four look down on the scene in manner modelled on that of the Pyramids observing the march of NAROLEON's army in Egypt. 'Tis the father



THOROUGHLY JUDICIAL; OR, A COURT OF NISI (PAUL) PRY-US.

"Bob" Reid. "What do you think, Bannerman? Suppose we sentence him; he's sure to be guilty—he always is!"

of the new SPEAKER, who took his seat for Westmorland thirty-eight years ago, holding it for just a quarter of a century. When WILLIAM LOWTHER came to play his quiet part in the historic scene over which his son to-day presides, GLADSTONE was in the prime of his strength, approaching with rapid stride the height of his power. The Member for Westmorland heard his most famous Budget speeches; was in his place when he introduced measures for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Emancipation of Irish Land; saw Army Purchase abolished, the Ballot Act passed, compulsory education enacted.

Few of his contemporaries of PALMERSTON's time survive. For himself, he retired from Parliamentary life when GLADSTONE returned to power in 1892. Comes back to-day hale and hearty to see his son installed in Speaker's Chair amid acclamation of all sections of party.

A proud moment for the father; a well-earned prize for the son.

Business done.—LOWTHER (J. W.) inducted in Speaker's Chair. Long known him in lower position at the Table, flouting the afternoon sunlight with dinner dress, worn in capacity of Chairman of Ways and Means. Now transmogrified by full-bottomed wig dazzlingly new, glossy silk gown and shoes with silver buckles. Wonderful how much the stately dress adds not only to dignity but to authority. LOWTHER a pretty hard nut for Irish Members and

others to crack when he sat, white-neck-tied and swallow-coat-tailed, in chair of Committees. In stately garb of First Commoner he, as CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES swears, presents all the difference between a frigate under full sail and a tug-boat on duty.

Members on both sides hear with pleasure of early action of new SPEAKER. Has appointed as his Private Secretary the son of his predecessor, thus maintaining a link of personal connection between the House and one who, through ten years of peculiar difficulty, earned in the Chair its esteem and affection. "TED" GULLY inherits the business capacity, unaffected good nature, and pleasant manner of the late SPEAKER. He knows his business in every detail, and, not less essential to the smooth working of things at Westminster, he knows how to carry it on without making enemies.

Wednesday.—The stars in their courses continue to fight against PRINCE ARTHUR. A week ago things were beginning to look pretty well. That pesky fiscal question had for the moment subsided. Either DOX JOSÉ had squared him or he had squared DOX JOSÉ. Anyhow some kind of a bargain had been patched up. Seated on Treasury Bench, with head forlornly held in hands, PRINCE ARTHUR in silence heard DOX JOSÉ declare that there was in the matter "no essential difference between his right hon. friend the PRIME MINISTER and himself." It was true one had declared in favour of taxing



"Hails the skipper in the chair."

(Black-Rod Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson, K.C.B.)



The "Lard, Advocate" shepherd the Scotch Estimates.

food, whilst the other protested he could never think of such a thing. That seemed vital. It was merely verbal. In fact the more they differed the more it was *la même chose*.

At question time fiscal affairs had retired into the background, leaving room for Mr. WEIR to resume his old predominance. From time to time Mr. BLACK, emerging from his study with marks of a wet towel palpable on his lofty brow, propounded one of his elaborate conundrums, designed to elucidate PRINCE ARTHUR's attitude towards fiscal question in general and the Member for West Birmingham in particular. PRINCE ARTHUR too old a bird to fall into net thus elaborately spread in his sight. In form judiciously brief, acid with satire, or genial with humour, he made non-committal answer.

By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

"Delightful!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "It proves afresh how the poet is prophet. When WORDSWORTH wrote his musical invocation to May he must have had floating in his mind some forecast of PRINCE ARTHUR in a tight place talking to the House of Commons. Can you imagine anything more precisely or picturesquely descriptive of his answers and speeches on the fiscal question than 'curling with unconfirmed intent'?"

That all very well for the fiscal question. Suddenly, from unexpected

quarter of the horizon, fresh cloud gathers. In a moment, after much ominous murmuring, down comes thunderstorm of disclosure of Ministerial ineptitude, administrative stupidity, guilelessness of Hebrew army contractors in respect of stores in South Africa. The wildest fancy of the most bilious romancist could not have conceived stories such as are told in matter-of-fact manner in Report of the Butler Committee. A babe in arms, offered five-pence for its feeding-bottle on the understanding that it should be promptly resold to it for ninepence (plus charges for storage and depreciation) would turn up its infantile nose in scorn. Yet in the undisputed evidence given before the Committee there is a close parallel with this imaginary case. Only the babe in arms would be found shrewder than were the War Office, its heads in Pall Mall, and its emissaries in South Africa.

PRINCE ARTHUR admits the business is very bad, promises inquiry, but is genuinely angry when hon. gentlemen opposite insist on holding His Majesty's Ministers responsible. Just now practical Mr. LOUGH asked "Whether the course adopted towards certain officers implicated by the Report of the Butler Committee would be adopted in the case of Ministers responsible for the direction of affairs. Would they, too, be relieved from their duties?"

"Does the hon. gentleman propose," said PRINCE ARTHUR, glaring upon LOUGH as if he were giving him away with a

pound of tea, "that the First Lord of the Treasury adds to his multifarious duties the supervision of contracts for meat and milk?"

It is really too bad. Hard enough that DOX JOSÉ, having, to serve his private ends, gone mad on Protection, should impose on PRINCE ARTHUR the almost daily necessity of saying nothing in speeches or answers assuming to define his position on phases of the fiscal question. On top of it to come responsibility for the breaking out in fresh places of War Office blunders is more than the gayest courage can bear up against. The business of His Majesty's Ministers is to administer Imperial affairs from snug offices in or near Downing Street, and to keep C.B. out. If things go astray, if millions of public money are wantonly wasted under the eyes actually with the collaboration—of officers of a particular department, it is regrettable. PRINCE ARTHUR will appoint either a Select Committee or a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. But even to imply that the SECRETARY OF STATE, autocrat of the Department, is in any measure responsible for the systematic procedure described in the Butler Report, is more than long-trained patience, cast-iron endurance, can stand without angry protest.

Business done.—Royal Commission on Army Stores scandals promised.

FROM a notice at the Garrick Theatre:—"Owing to loss of voice, Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE will play *Jack Frobisher* at this performance in place of Mr. BOURCHIER." Mr. PUNCH has not the heart to wish Mr. VALENTINE a swift recovery of his vocal organ, if by the loss of it he gains so good a chance.

IN a leader on the sinking of a German steamer by the Russian auxiliary cruiser *Don* (formerly the Hamburg-American liner *Fürst Bismarck*), the *Irish Times* says, "In this case the Germans 'winged' the arrow that impelled the steel."

As a combination of BYRON's lines,

(1) "Winged the shaft that quivered in his heart,"
(2) "Nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,"

this is excellent fooling.

AT the Pan German Congress Dr. HASSE said that the surest means of maintaining peace was "to double our naval armaments." This advice was received with "loud cheers." Dr. HASSE is clearly very far removed from what his name implies. He must be written down a Hasse, but he isn't one. *ff*



Lady A. "HERE COMES THAT DREADFUL MAN WHO SAT NEXT TO ME AT DINNER. HE HASN'T THE MANNERS OF A PIO!"
Mrs. B. "HOW FUNNY! I THOUGHT HE HAD!"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Diablerie, in Three Parts.)

PART II.

"HIPPERHOLME'S Guardian Fairy," continued my seedy acquaintance, "on hearing his account of the lurid scene that had transpired at the cross-roads, naturally expressed strong disapproval of his proceedings. She considered he had acted most imprudently in having any dealings whatever with a fiend, who was almost certain to do him in the long run. HAROLD replied that this one seemed a decent sort enough, and had made no attempt to bind him by any obligation whatever, and that, anyhow, he was several millions of h's to the good by the transaction.

'But I understood,' said the Fairy, 'that six of those h's are—to use your new friend's slightly common expression—"wrong 'uns"?'"

'So they are,' said HAROLD; 'but what are half a dozen out of all those millions?'

'Still,' she said, 'if but a single one of the six were to slip out in the hearing of Lady ICILIA or her father before she has become your bride, it would suffice to undo you!'

"HAROLD said that, according to the theory of probabilities, it was uncommonly long odds against a wrong 'un turning up at all.

"The Fairy retorted that, probabilities or no probabilities, he might take it from her that it *would*.

"In that case," he said, 'I think you might have warned me before, instead of after, I had embarked upon such an enterprise as this.'

"She said that it was his fault, not hers—for, if his previous conduct had not been so invariably discreet that her office was practically a sinecure, she would never have

felt free to take a brief holiday, during which all the mischief was done. 'Fortunately, however,' she added, 'it is not too late to repair it—even yet. Take this talisman,'—and here she handed him a small crystal locket, containing a model of a ladybird coloured after Nature, but lacking in finish—in fact, just such a trinket as you may see in almost any jeweller's window, marked as low occasionally as eighteenpence, though the price will vary according to size. 'Take this,' she said, 'and should any vowel escape you at some unguarded moment unattended by its rightful aspirate, you have merely to touch your locket, and all will be well!'

"Immediately after her departure HIPPERHOLME attached the charm to his watch-chain, though he did not, even then, expect that he would ever be reduced to put its powers to the test. That same afternoon he repaired in rich apparel to the Earl's portals, and, giving his full name to the butler without the slightest effort, was ushered into Lady ICILIA's presence.

"At first she could scarcely credit him when he gave her the joyful intelligence that the sole obstacle to their union was now removed—but when she had the unspeakable happiness of hearing him triumphantly reel off a long string of words beginning with h, and including such compounds as 'hedge-hog,' 'heart-whole,' and even 'hen-house,' her last doubt vanished, and she acknowledged that he could now speak to her parent with no fear of the peppery old peer summoning his menials to eject him from the premises.

"If HIPPERHOLME behaved with some lack of candour in encouraging Lady ICILIA to believe that his proficiency was the result of the lessons he had taken in Elocution, we should not condemn him too harshly on this account. How few of us in his situation would have had the moral courage to admit the dubious means by which such h's had been actually obtained! Rightly or wrongly, he preserved his sinister secret to the end.

"Lord STONISTANS, when HAROLD applied to him for his daughter's hand, consented, though without enthusiasm, to a trial engagement, which, as you will no doubt remember, was duly announced in the *Morning Post*.

"But a formidable ordeal was still to be faced. He had to undergo inspection by ICLIA's high-born and extremely critical relatives. For this purpose the Earl had invited the family to partake of a sumptuous and *recherche* High Tea at his town residence in Belgrave Square.

"The gathering was small but select, comprising as it did ICLIA's aunt, the Duchess of MAR-SAYE and her daughter, Lady FRUSTA DELMONT; the Earl and Countess of NORTHOLTE; Lord NORMAN BEAUCOE (another cousin); Sir BASIL LKKE; the Hon. MEDUSA GLAYRE; Mrs. "JACK" FROST, and one or two others—all names that will be familiar to you, and some of whose owners you have probably met in Society on more than one occasion."

[I could not remember ever having even heard of any one of them—but does there breathe an Englishman with a soul so dead as to confess to ignorance of his own Peerage? I murmured an assent from which almost any inference might be drawn, and the Stranger proceeded:]

"HIPPEMOLME was a trifle nervous at starting; he found them rather difficult to get on with—in fact, they literally paralysed him. But Love put him, so to speak, on his mettle. He exerted all his considerable social powers to break the glacial spell, and he succeeded beyond his hopes. Gradually there came a general thaw, until even the proud old Earl unbent so far as to recommend him strongly to have a second helping of ham and eggs, and to rally him, in an affable good-humoured way, upon betraying some indecision on the subject.

"This set HAROLD completely at his ease: 'Since,' he replied, with a graceful deference that sat well upon him, 'Since your lordship is so pressing, I will take another poached egg—without any more 'un.' . . . The word had slipped out before he could prevent it. He had felt so absolutely sure of that 'h'—and it had turned out a 'wrong 'un!'

"Already the haughty aristocrats around the board were perceptibly stiffening; Lady ICLIA had turned deadly pale; her noble father rose, bristling, with the obvious intention of declaring the engagement 'off'—when HIPPEMOLME suddenly bethought him of the ladybird in his pocket. He touched it with frantic haste, and, as he did so, heard himself serenely finishing his sentence with—'biguity.' He was saved! He regained his former control of aspirates, and by the time the powdered lackeys appeared to clear the table he was now fully recognised as one of the family. All the same, it had been an unpleasant shock for the moment, though the effect soon passed from his memory. He told himself that it was over, and most unlikely to occur again.

"Nor did it, for several delirious weeks—and then, once more, he found himself on the very verge of a similar abyss. He had been invited, together with his *fiancée* and her father, to join certain members of the Smart Set in an excursion to Epping Forest, and the distinguished party was driving in a break drawn by four spanking steeds along an avenue of magnificent beeches. The sense of intimacy with such a company, the charm of Lady ICLIA's society, the azure sky, the glorious sunshine, the surroundings generally, all contributed to render him intoxicated with sheer happiness. He became almost lyrical in his ecstasies.

"'Oh the relief,' he exclaimed, 'the unspeakable refreshment, for jaded worldlings like ourselves, to escape—if only for the day—from the fevered social round to such rural scenes as these! To revel in the scent of bracken, the song of birds, and the 'un——' He broke off in horror; he had intended to say, 'the hum of insects'—for the flies were unusually persistent that summer—but another spurious 'h' had perfidiously betrayed him!

"'Yes?' said the grim old Earl, who sat opposite, in a tone of sardonic encouragement. 'Pray proceed. You were remarking, "the un——"'

"'Brageous foliage!' HAROLD just managed to gasp as he clutched his talisman—and, as before, the danger was averted.

"Another interval succeeded of such absolute immunity that the possibility of ever again omitting anything so obvious as an aspirate seemed unthinkable. . . . And then, like a bolt from the blue, out came a most unmistakable wrong 'un! He had arranged to escort his betrothed to a Gala Fête, which was one of the principal functions of that season, and which Royalty was expected to attend. It was at Rosherville Gardens, and Lady ICLIA, having in a moment of caprice insisted that the party should go down by an ordinary penny steamer, HIPPEMOLME, after arraying himself in a faultless frock-coat, had, very naturally, thought it more prudent to put on a billycock hat as being less likely to blow off. When he joined the others on the landing-stage at Charing Cross, Lord NORMAN BEAUCOE, who, as usual, was in a blue striped lounge suit and a tall white chimney-pot, permitted himself to pass some remark on HAROLD's choice of head-gear. It was not precisely a sneer, but sufficiently so to nettle HIPPEMOLME's high spirit.

"'I would have you to know, my lord,' he retorted, 'that a gentleman can look the gentleman in any kind of 'at!' . . . As the fatal word left his lips he caught the Earl's eye and his talisman at the same moment. 'Tire,' he concluded calmly, and the ill-concealed discomfiture of Lord NORMAN, the milder expression of his uncle, and the proud glow that suffused the face of Lady ICLIA told him not only that his *faux pas* had been successfully obliterated, but that he had actually risen a step higher in their esteem!

"What wonder then if, when the date of their nuptials was fixed and the invitations issued for the ceremony, he ceased to have any further misgivings? And yet, little as he suspected it, beneath the roses which strewn his path to the altar there lurked still another pitfall, and the moment was fast approaching when he would see it yawning in front of him—and *this time*——!"

"Was, I should imagine," I put in, suppressing a tendency to imitate the pitfall, "exactly like the other three. If not, what on earth was the good of giving him a talisman at all?"

"Don't be in such a hurry!" said the Stranger, patting me significantly on the chest (he had a most unpleasant habit of pawing me about in the course of his narrative). "Wait till you have heard the sequel."

We had by this time arrived at Bond Street, and I *did* wait for the sequel. As I was getting out at the British Museum, I could not very well help myself.

F. A.

A REMONSTRANCE.

"AN INDIGNANT ENGLISHMAN" writes to us saying that in the *Times* report of the first appearance of the new SPEAKER when presenting himself before the LORD CHANCELLOR MR. LOWTHER was attired in "Court dress, without any robes, and having a bob-wig on his head." Our correspondent asks what necessity was there to mention the place where the bob-wig was worn? Except "on his head," where could he possibly have worn it? But more important is it to inquire why, with all the wealth that England can command, should Parliament be unable or unwilling to expend more than a shilling on the wig that represents the concentrated wisdom of the House of Commons? Had we been informed that MR. LOWTHER was wearing a five-guinea wig of exquisite texture, or, better still, a superior ten-guinea wig, then the dignity of the office would have been upheld. But a shilling shocker, "a bob-wig"! What next? Will the SPEAKER come to be grudged even a sixpenny wig, or a second-hand one at threepence?

WOOD NOTES TAME.

[Being a summary of Lord AVEBURY's fascinating and erudite speech on Wood at the presentation of prizes to the Carpenters' and Joiners' Exhibition.]

THE life of a tree, Lord AVEBURY began, was often compared to that of a man, not always to the advantage of the latter. A hundred years was a life—indeed, a long life for a man—seldom reached and scarcely ever exceeded. It was nothing for a tree, combining with the strength of age the spring and elasticity of youth.

Solid in its substance, his Lordship proceeded, wood was ethereal in its origin, wonderfully and mysteriously built up from the air of heaven and water derived from grateful rain, worked up by the exquisite machinery of the delicate and lovely leaves.

Into our houses it brought the sunshine of young and summer days, the moonlight of summer nights. It filled them with the sweet scent of innumerable flowers, the freshness of mountain air; it seemed to combine the charms and advantages of the delicious warmth of summer and the bracing cold of winter.

Wood was useful in one thousand ways, and beautiful in one thousand ways; you might destroy it, but you could not vulgarise or degrade it.

When BEN JONSON wrote a volume of poems, what did he call it?—*Timber*. Wood everywhere, "O ancient wood," as the poet said. What was the title of his friend Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's most popular romance?—*The Forest Lovers*. Were those present, his Lordship inquired, not all forest-lovers? Ah yes, indeed.

As the poet said, "Heart of oak are our ships." How true that was! Heart of oak. Nowadays of course iron was exclusively used in shipbuilding; but in the past the poet's words were only too true. Heart of oak. One of the best of the friendly societies was called the Foresters. How nice it was to think of friendliness in the forest! Alliterative too. "Alliteration's artful aid," as the poet said. There were also Buffaloes, but for his purpose, his Lordship remarked, the Foresters were more suitable. Not that his Lordship had anything against the Buffaloes. Far from it. Although inferior in interest to an ant, bee or wasp, the buffalo was yet a noble creature.

In Holland shoes were made of wood; and in desert islands fires were lit by rubbing two pieces of wood together. What lessons we might read here. As the poet said, "You in your small corner, I in mine."

We owe everything to wood. Look at the War Office. Where would they be if their heads were made of any other material? Look at English music. Was



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

No. 2.—MR. M. DISCOVERS THE ONE KIND OF FLY THE TROUT ARE TAKING; BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, HE HAS ONLY ONE OF THE PATTERN, AND THAT IS FIRMLY FIXED IN THE MOST INACCESSIBLE PART OF HIS BACK.

it not mainly in the hands of a Wood? Look at the stage. Was there not a Tree in an exalted position?

Wood is of universal utility. If it were not for wood, what should we sit on? His Lordship could hardly think of cast-iron chairs as articles of indoor furniture, however they might suit esplanades and pleasure gardens. We have wooden chairs and wooden tables. The backs of hair-brushes were often made of wood—far safer than celluloid, which had a habit of ignition. In the

words of the poet, "The mahogany tree!" or, as his friend the late Lord TENNYSON put it, "the immemorial elm."

One of the hardest of woods was called *Lignum vitae*, the wood of life. Was that not an allegory, for is not life hard too? And yet, just as the circular saw can overcome the hardness of *Lignum vitae*, so can a cheerful heart overcome the hardness of life.

Let us then, his Lordship concluded, never despise Wood. Wood has come to stop. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]



OUR FÊTE.

Village Worthy. "It ain't so bad for SLOWCOMBE, MUM; BUT, LOW' BLESS 'EE! 'TAIN'T NOTHING TO WHAT THEY 'UD DO IN LONDON!"

FOR OUR METROPOLITAN MERCURIES.

ON certain rare occasions Mr. Punch ventures to plead for some cause that thoroughly deserves the public's heartiest support. Now, ladies and gentlemen, he earnestly calls your attention to the "*District Messenger Boys' Seaside Camp*." Started just five years ago, the fund has, so far, successfully achieved its object. Within that time nearly two thousand five hundred boys, without any charge to themselves, have enjoyed their annual week's holiday at Felixstowe, being taken there and back by *Belle* steamer. Although it sounds like a contradiction in terms, yet is it true to say that everyone who gives a cheque to these proceedings will thereby encourage the performance. Address your donation to Sir THOMAS H. C. TROWBRIDGE (the very best form of "Bridge"), 7, Drapers' Gardens, E.C., for account of "*District Messenger Boys' Camp*."

N.B.—Be careful, when speaking of this fund, not to omit "*seaside*" before "*camp*," as otherwise "*Messenger Boys' Camp*," as pronounced, might produce a wrong impression. We are assured that, among the whole lot of 'em, there is not "*a Boy Scamp*."

CONTRARY to considerable experience an evening fête at the Botanical Gardens a week ago went off in perfectly fine weather! Was this because the management defied the elements by giving an open-air performance of *The Tempest*? Being an out-of-door show, of course the Pastoral Players did not require "*a drop*" (the technical abbreviation of "*drop-curtain*" dividing the Acts), and fortunately did not get it.

COOK (Plain) wishes situation where deafness is no object.
Advt. in "*Scotsman*."

CONTENTMENT.

GIVE me a lawn that cools my feet,
Close-grown and fresh and soft and clean,
A clump of trees to check the heat,
A flush of roses on the green;
An ancient stream that flows thereby,
With all its thousand smiles displayed;
A hammock swinging not too high,
Well hung within a magic shade;
Three little maids with hair of gold,
Whose laughter scarce disturbs my dream;
A jug of cider icy-cold,
A dish of strawberries and cream;
And for a guardian of our ground,
Well tried through many changing years,
A fond and faithful little hound,
With bandy legs and spreading ears—
And let the world go ringing past;
Let others range from shore to shore;
These simple pleasures bind me fast;
Give me but these, I ask no more.

Is a report, published by the *Manchester Evening News*, of a charge brought against a motorist from Sheffield, we are told that a constable "said he saw the defendant pass a spot where some 76 men were working in a trench laying a cable at 16 miles an hour." Where, now, are the people who talk of the decadence and sloth of the "British workman?"



ON THE TRACK.

BRODRICK AND ARNOLD-FORSTER (to ARTHUR BALFOUR). "YOU 'VE DONE IT NOW!"
ARTHUR BALFOUR. "COULDN'T HELP IT, DEAR BOYS. HAD TO LET HIM GO."





HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

Doctor. "WELL, JOHN, HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?"

John. "VERRA BAD, VERRA BAD. I WISH PROVIDENCE 'UD 'AVE MUSSY ON ME AN' TAKE ME!"

Wife. "'OW CAN YOU EXPECT IT TO IF YOU WON'T TAKE THE DOCTOR'S PHYSIC?"

OPERATIC NOTES.

June 19.—Excellent house for VERDI's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Royalties present. That this should be so must always be highly satisfactory to the present representatives of composer and author entitled to receive "royalties" for every performance. Opera went magnificently. Signor CARUSO, as *il Duca Riccardo*, in magnificent voice and in best dramatic vein. Approbation from Mr. Punch's Representative is praise indeed, and after such a rendering of this part as was Signor CARUSO's, any inferior performance, to quote Sir HENRY's inimitable *Corporal Brewster*, "wouldn't do for the Dook." The *Oscar* of Mlle. SELMA KURZ is as brilliant as it was when she first played it. Signor SCOTT as *Renato* gave the "*Eri tu*" with all that power of sweetness that has made this airy tune one of the most popular arias in this tuneful opera. Are there any wobbling Wagnerites here to-night? If so, they must cease to wobble, and, temporarily at all events, vote for VERDI.

It was a nervous time for Mme. JEANNE RAUNAY, whose first performance, vocally and dramatically, of *Amelia* achieved a remarkable and undisputed success. *Amelia* is a namby-pamby name for an operatic heroine, but, curiously enough, a certain young person, introduced by one HENRY FIELDING some years ago into English literary society, bore this same milk-and-watery appellation, and was also associated with a Masquerade, an Opera House, and additionally a Booth.

The foregoing is merely a note of coincidence, and quite a divergence. Let us return to our Operatic lambkins.

In the last Act Mme. SELMA KURZ was at her very best, creating a trilling effect, and in accepting the encore that would take no denial repeated her marvel of vocalism, going one better than before. That thoughtlessly enthusiastic persons would have tripled the encore is probable, but Mme. KURZ, with a graceful Kurzy, declined the honour.

Miss EDNA THORNTON does not put enough powder (not violet powder, but explosive) into her rendering of *Ulrica*, whom she represents as milder than any of the many gipsy women this pretty gentleman has had the fortune (and been told it, too, over and over again) to meet in the days when "*he went gipsying a long time ago*," to quote the ancient song.

All the rest good. MAXINELLI at the wicket, helping the score and carrying out his *bâton* with honours. Most enjoyable evening.

Once again are we to be rejoiced by a sight of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, for whose last appearance (alas, that it should be so!) generous Mme. MELBA is organising a Grand Operatic Benefit Matinée, on Wednesday, July 12, when the *beneficiaire* is to bid "farewell" to the public whose devoted servant she has been for so many years. Pity it is that for this exceptional occasion we cannot see her just for once, for the last and only time, in all the various characters she has impersonated so inimitably. The list would be too long, the

fatigue too great. As at present announced, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is to appear as *Gertrude* the nurse in *Roméo et Juliette*, Mme. MELBA being the *Juliette*. Without much change the clever *artiste* might have subsequently appeared as the wickedly skittish *Martha* in *Faust*, a kind of twin-sister to *Nurse Gertrude*; then she might have appeared as one of the gambling gipsy girls in *Carmen*, and in some other part, such as a fairy, or in any one of her numerous rôles inscribed on the scroll of her operatic fame which could be exhibited, much after the style adopted by *Leporello* when giving a list of gay *Don Giovanni's* conquests.

For the second part of the entertainment Madame MELBA is to appear as *Mimi* in the Third Act of *La Bohème*, with Signor CARUSO as *Rodolfo*, Miss PARKINA and Signor SCOTTI being *Musetta* and *Marcello*. There is yet time to alter the programme. Could not Madame MELBA find something brilliantly lively to finish with, sending all home as happy as may be possible after a "farewell" to an established favourite? A scene from the *Barbiere* (Mlle. BAUERMEISTER used to play a small part in this), or from *Don Pasquale*, or from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in fact from anything gay and lively that may cheer us up a bit, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER included. Why rub in the sadness? Why depress us with the notes of the dying swan in the top storey of *La Bohème*? Worth consideration. I see it somewhere announced that in this last Act of *La Bohème* Mlle. BAUERMEISTER will sing a duet with Signor CARUSO. "It is not so stated in the bond," nor can I see where it is to be lugged in. Certainly Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's name does not appear in the printed cast of this Act of *La Bohème*. Anyhow, we all wish "a bumper at parting" to this most excellent of Operatic artistes.

Thursday.—The new opera, *L'Oracolo*, by Mr. LEONI, was to have been given to-night after GLUCK's *Orfeo*. The *Oracle* being dumb, or rather not quite ready for delivery, *Orfeo*, by a simple process of subtraction, remained alone. Performance commencing at 8.30. Hot summer night, but audience somewhat refrigerated. Difficult to imagine *Orfeo* without JULIA RAVELLI.

To-night Madame KIRKBY LENN is the *Orfeo*. She represents only half of that classic-operatic character, being apologised for as rather "off." *Orfeo* with a cold, especially on a visit to the Shades, is to be sincerely pitied, but when, in addition to this, *Orfeo* on his return journey has to face a chilly audience, the effect upon this love-lorn young person might be serious. Not so, however, with Madame KIRKBY LENN, who, in spite of the *apologia pro reo sua*, sang magnificently. When next she descends to the Shades may I be there, that is, in the stalls, to hear. Costume perfect. Mlle. JEANNE RAUNAY is a splendid classic edition of the fair *Eurydice*, well worth the risk any true lover would run in going to Pluto for her.

M. MESSAGER personally conducted the distinguished visitors through the Shades. Where there is so much descending to be done, it is pleasant to note that the "mounting" was worthy of the best Covent Garden traditions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Whether trusting to his own invention, or, as here, collaborating with AGNES, his wife, EGERTON CASTLE has never made a better book than his latest novel—*Rose of the World* (SMITH, ELDER). This partnership, as fortunate as it is rare, furnishes the best possible guarantee for an intimate portrayal of character in both sexes. Handled with the nicest reserve, and held always within the limits of the probable (except, perhaps, in the matter of the English officer's disguise as a Pathan amanuensis to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province), it is remarkable how many romantic elements have gone to the making of this delightful

book. Everywhere it shows a vivid sense of contrast both in nature and humanity: as between the glare and glamour of its Indian scenes treated with a sufficient feeling for Eastern colour, but without pedantry of detail—and the half-lights of its Devon landscape about the quiet manor-house; between the rotund pomposity of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the lean hard-bitten taciturnity of *Bethune* of the Guides; between the world-weary *Rosamund*, twice welded before she learns, almost too late, the passion of youth, and the light-hearted *Aspasia*, in the first dawn of womanhood and love; and finally between the racy, detached curiosity of *Châtelard*, travelling expert in feminine psychology (a most happily-conceived type, with his moral deductions, so delightfully French and futile), and the patient, watchful silence of the man brought back from the grave.

The fundamental idea of the story, the return of a husband, long supposed as dead, to find his wife re-married, does not pretend to be new. But here the old story is told with a difference so freshly original that it gives to the whole design an air of pure novelty. For it is from the study of her husband's last letters and diary, written in the beleaguered frontier fort and kept apart, unread, under lock and key, that she learns, with her ripper knowledge of life, to reciprocate in thought the passionate devotion which she had been too young to understand when it was hers to take and enjoy.

The authors' style, though here and there it betrays a touch of conscious rhetoric, and at the close declines a little upon that popular conventionality which seems inseparable from a "happy ending," has in the main a natural ease and dignity of movement. While not attempting any great subtlety of analysis, this book is an achievement of real distinction, and, though assured of popular success, is very far removed from popular standards by the ambitiousness of its purpose, and the artistic restraint with which that purpose is pursued.

The Day's Journey (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by NETTA SYRETT, must certainly be ranked among those rare modern novels that, besides well repaying the reader for every minute bestowed upon their first perusal, can be studied with advantage, re-read with pleasure, and recommended to sympathetic friends. The story of *The Day's Journey* shows on the part of the authoress an intimate knowledge of what is best, what worst, or conventionally indifferent, in human nature. This quality of sharp analysis of character is not often to be found in our modern writers of romance. The scenes illustrating certain phases of life are graphically set out in so clear a literary style, and with such strong dramatic force, that the action is brought before us as vividly as if we were spectators of a powerful drama. The Baron, when reading it, trembled for the *dénouement*. He was anxious to learn whether the authoress would be tempted to her ruin by the suggestion of showy originality, or would be satisfied with the result that, logically, the varied action of her characters must bring about? Fortunately for the work and for its readers, she has chosen well and wisely, and with exquisite art has known exactly when to stop. The Baron will reveal no more than this; not for one instant will he set down aught that could possibly detract from the reader's pleasure. It is a story of modern English life, or, more correctly speaking, of London life; but place it where you will, it is independent of any particular time and of any particular nationality, for it is, and will ever be, an old old theme with skilfully effective variations.





IT was during an idle summer walk amid the pines and heather of a Surrey hill that Mr. PUNCH, on one hot day of this very month of June, found himself suddenly and unexpectedly at the white gate of a spacious enclosure in the midst of which he observed an extensive bungalow and a number of young men in strange garb—hatless, collarless, sockless, and sandalled—going through what seemed to be organised although fantastic evolutions.

One of them, catching sight of the Sage and instantly recognising the unexpected but always welcome figure, came quickly to bid him enter, and Mr. PUNCH forthwith did so, and was for the first time in his life within the portals of the new Utopian College for the Promotion of National Efficiency. Entering the central hall of the College, Mr. PUNCH noted the austere simplicity of its decorations. There were no chairs or carpets, but the walls were hung with portraits of various birophants of the Simple Life, amongst whom he recognised the ascetic lineaments of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, Lord ROSEBERY, CATO, President ROOSEVELT and the Hon. C. R. SPENCER. In the corner was one of the Professors in the undress uniform of a Samurai preparing China tea in a huge Samovar. After a brief inspection of the class-rooms, laboratories and kitchen, over the door of which was inscribed the legend, "All meat abandon, ye who enter here," Mr. PUNCH passed out again by the main entrance and surveyed the pupils still engaged with stoical persistence in the mysterious evolutions which had already excited his surprise.

"And so it is in these playing fields," the Sage remarked pleasantly, "that the battles of the future are to be won?"

The young man looked at him with sorrow mingled with perplexity. "We have no playing fields," he said. "The very term strikes at the root of our scheme. A field, as we understand it, is a tract of land intended for toil and tillage."

"Then you don't play cricket?" Mr. PUNCH replied.

"Oh, no," said his companion. "Professor BEGGIE is opposed to it. But," he added eagerly, noting that the face of his companion darkened, "we skip quite a lot—half an hour every morning—and we have the most charming scientific breathing exercises."

"Indeed," said the Sage; "and do you batle?"

"Very seldom. Since the condemnation of Shower Baths by the Dean of Canterbury our code of ablutions has been revised."

"And have you any indoor recreations? You read novels, I suppose?"

"Novels," said the young man firmly, "are forbidden, as tending to impair the moral fibre and interfere with that control of nature which has recently and wisely been said to be man's destiny and his greatest need."

"I see," said Mr. PUNCH, "that I am touching on painful subjects. Permit me to apologise and to request you to instruct me upon the more serious side of your life in this strenuous Utopia."

"Our curriculum of studies," the young man began with obvious pleasure, "has been arranged by one of the greatest and weightiest of modern scientists, Professor RAY LANKESIER. The time-table is as follows:—From 7 to 8 Geology; from 10 to 12 Physics; from 3 to 4 Chemistry, and from 8 to 10 Biology—thus placing in our hands the four passports to that control of nature which is man's destiny and his greatest need."

Mr. PUNCH experiencing and displaying suitable emotions, the spritely Utopian proceeded: "Professor RAY LANKESIER is, however, only one of the Board of Control. The Chairman is of course Professor WELLS, who called the College into being. Among his colleagues are Professor EUSTACE MILES, Professor BUREAU, Dr. HAIG, Mrs. EARLE and Baron SUYEMATSU. The last-named pioneer of civilisation has recently introduced bracken into the commissariat department; and we shall take it as a high compliment, Sir, if you will join us at a bracken lunch to-day. I might explain, however, that our meals are silent, since we make a point of chewing every mouthful thirty-three times, and it has been noticed that if one talks one is liable to lose count."

Mr. PUNCH politely excused himself, but expressed a wish to hear more. "Do you," he asked, "resort to Japan for any other customs?"

"Oh yes," said his companion, "we take advantage of advanced civilisation wherever we find it. Our conduct, for example, is regulated by the Code of Bushido, and our physical culture is based on the principles of Ju-jitsu. We sleep in the open air on wooden pillows, like the Japanese, and we abstain from cigarettes, like the Esquimaux. In short, our one aim is to allow nothing to prejudice our control of nature, which is, as you may not perhaps know, at once man's destiny and his greatest need."

"But do reconsider your decision, Sir," he added, "and join us over our bracken and China tea."

"No," said Mr. PUNCH, "I must be going. I have stayed long enough. But before I go let me say that you seem to me to be making a great mistake; you seem in the way of overdoing efficiency as completely as it was underdone in, say, the Supply Department of the War Office after the Boer War. Efficiency is to be gained only by maintaining a level head and a healthy body, working hard and abstaining from extravagances of every kind. A few shrill prophets of evil should not cause us to run to such extremes as you have described to me. To acclimatise exotic habits and encourage anti-social ones can never lead to an efficiency worth the name."

"Be English," the Sage continued, "but be sensible. Eat well and drink well; work well and play well; burn your skipping-ropes and throw away your bracken; talk over your meals and sleep in beds; read good stories and forget scientific catchwords. Above all, don't be prigs."

"And that reminds me," Mr. PUNCH added, "that I have here what is probably the very best antidote to crankiness and educational faddism, and the best guide to a reasonable English efficiency in the world, and also the very safest preventive of taking oneself too seriously——"

And so saying the Sage handed to the young Utopian his

One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Volume.





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A HOLESOME IDEA.

*Dulce Domum, Acacia Road,
Upper Tootington.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that all our men and women of light and learning have finished their brilliant suggestions for the erection of a memorial to WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, may I come very humbly forward with a proposal of my own? The great idea has been to collect subscriptions, and with them raise something

in the nature of a monument to our Bard of Avon. Sir, I advocate the exact opposite. With great deference I suggest that the memorial should take the form of a very, very deep hole. In this hole to be buried all SHAKSPEARE-BACON controversial literature, and all those persons who try (for some occult reason known only to themselves) to prove that BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE. The hole then to be covered with a very heavy granite slab, firmly

cemented down round the edges. I do believe the Poet's shade would appreciate this far more than any towering pinnacle. "A CONSTANT READER."

CRICKET NEWS À LA FRANÇAISE.—"À Birmingham les Australiens ont joué un match contre Wanvickshire. Le howling des Australiens était excellent, aussi Wanvickshire fut out pour 161, alors que les Australiens marquèrent 162 runs pour quatre crickets."

"INDEPENDENCE DAY."

(A memory of July the Fourth.)

EUPHEMIA! Had the Fates designed
To weave our mortal webs in one;
Had Love, notoriously blind,
Not let his bandage come undone;
I tremble even now to think
How my career, with yours united,
Might have sustained a horrid kink
And been irrevocably blighted.

We met. My callow heart embraced
What I regarded as a sign
Of dawning literary taste
Fit to respond, almost, to mine;
You had the right artistic bump,
The tact (I said), the intuition
That apprehends a poet's hump
During the pangs of composition.

You may have had. I don't suggest
That youthful judgment read you wrong;
You would, no doubt, have done your best
To help me through my throes of song;
Rather my scorn is levelled at
The hollow hopes a lover nurses
Who dreams that such a type as that
Would tend to lubricate his verses.

I'm wiser now. I've come to know
The kind that holds your writing hand
And smooths your brow and murmurs low:
"Poor darling! How I understand!"
They don't, of course! They cannot see
(Their minds are built with this hiatus)
How one revolts from sympathy
When wrestling with a rhyme-afflatus.

Well, well, EUPHEMIA, I am weaned
From what was once a poignant pain;
And bless his eyes who intervened—
The broker-nun from Mincing Lane;
He won your hand, good honest soul,
And if it still persists in stroking
His flabby paw, or polished poll,
I doubt if that disturbs his broking.

"Why have these thoughts just now occurred?"
It is July the Fourth, my dear,
The day on which he spoke the word
Into your pink and willing ear;
And there is not, I dare to say,
A free-born Yank across the tide who
Keeps up his "Independence Day"
With purer, holier joy than I do.

O. S.

WE are glad to read in the *Post Office Circular* that the Royal Humane Society "have awarded an Honorary Testimonial, on vellum, to GEORGE HARGREAVES, Auxiliary Town Postman at Lancaster, in recognition of gallant conduct on his part in saving a child from drowning in a mile-race at Sherton." We are not certain whether it was the postman or the child, or both, that was, or were, engaged in the said mile-race at the time, but if the child took part in this aquatic contest, with or without the postman, we think that a mile was too long for it, and that the attention of the S.P.C.C. should be drawn to the episode.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NOVEL.

LITERARY gossip-mongers will not have failed to note the piquant announcement in a recent number of the *Athenæum* that Mr. SWINBURNE is shortly about to publish a prose romance entitled *Love's Cross Currents*, satirising certain characteristics of modern society. By the exercise of that clairvoyant anticipation for which he has long been famous, Mr. Punch is able to present his readers with an extract from an early chapter of this momentous work, supplemented by a brief *scenario* of its enthralling sequel:

"Basil Windrush, the most inexpressibly non-respectable Guardsman who had ever established the unequivocal superiority of intrepid self-assertion over moral excellence, was now at the supreme turning-point of his exorbitantly intricate and incomparably fervent career. Of fearless courage and herculean strength, he had also all tender and exquisite qualities of breeding, and all courteous and gracious instincts of kindness. His Apollonian lineaments recalled the superb beauty of his grandfather, Lord Mimram. His slender feet and hands were a living proof of his descent on his mother's side from Lady Sarah Medwin, the Cinderella of the Restoration. He rode like a Centaur, he swam like an inspired conger eel, his dancing would have driven TAGLIANI delirious with insupportable envy; and his moustache, undulating in an ambrosial curve and diffusing an atmosphere of sustained and aromatic ecstasy, was pronounced by no less distinguished an authority than the German EMPEROR to be amongst the noblest achievements of capillary landscape gardening.

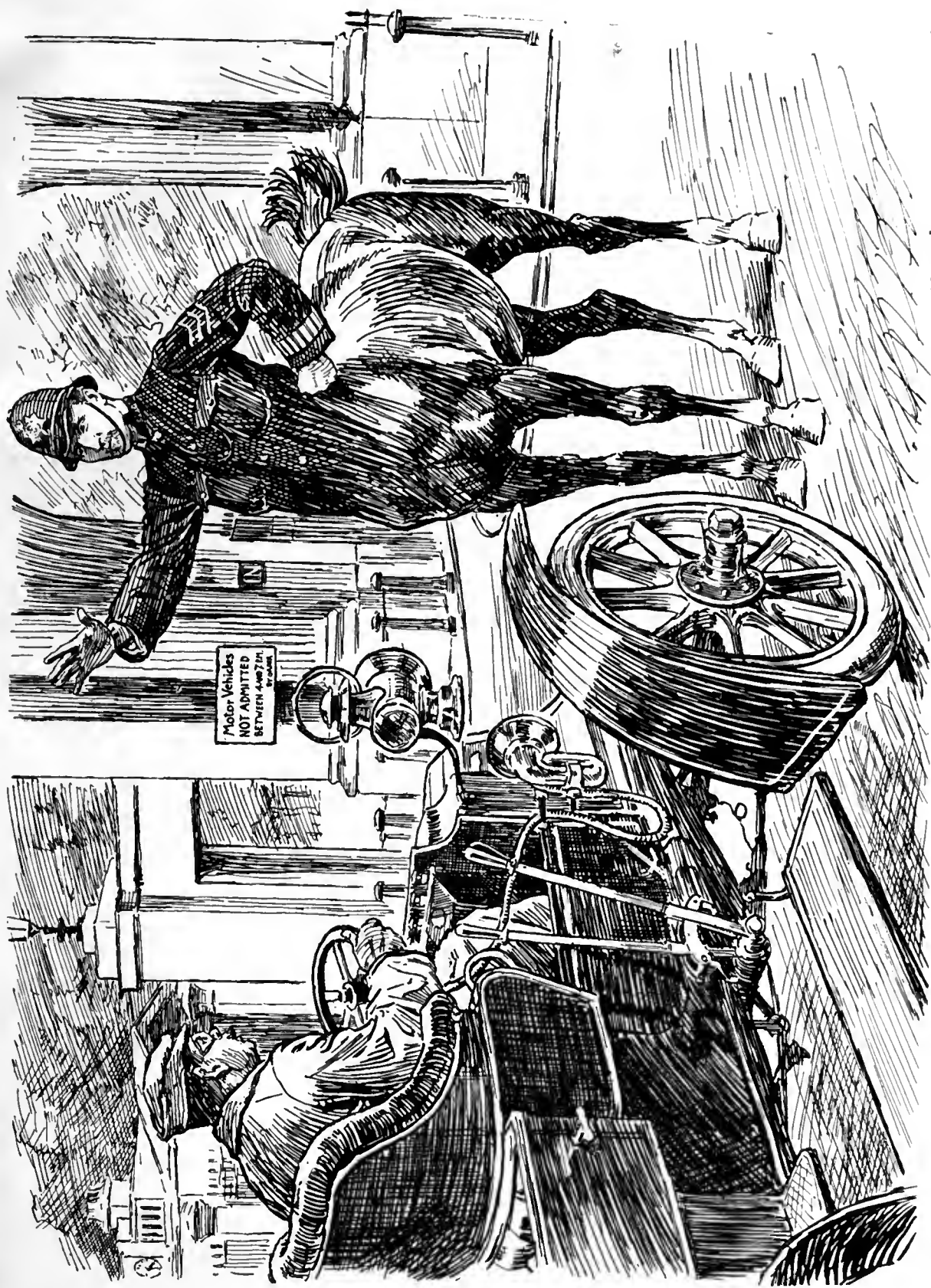
"Basil was beautiful and beloved: impervious to the malodorous calumnies exhaled by the porcine public, serenely indifferent to the rancid homage of professional sycophants. But still his lot was not one of unmitigated felicity. The elementary rules of Bridge had always presented to him insuperable difficulties, and now, after a year's uninterrupted and disastrous losses, it was borne in upon him that he was no longer worthy of association with messmates of such infinitely superior skill. With lightning promptitude he took his decision and acted upon it; sent in his papers, composed his will in tetrameter galliambics, and despatched an intimation to the *Morning Post* that the morganatic marriage arranged between Captain Basil Windrush of the Grenadier Guards and Lady Virien Leicester would shortly take place."

So much for Mr. SWINBURNE's own hand. We may carry on this fascinating romance, one of the gems of the Putney School of Fiction, which began with *Aylwin*, by the following crude summary:—

Exasperated to an incredible pitch of fury by the odious insinuation that she would consent to undergo the ignominy of any matrimonial tie, however lax, Lady Virien seeks refuge in a Vegetarian Sanatorium kept by the notorious bigamist Dr. Lanthorn Black. Revived and exhilarated by the treatment which she there receives, Lady Virien elopes with Dr. Black to his marine pavilion on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, where on the thirteenth anniversary of their elopement they are married in the Mormon Temple.

It is doubtful if, even in these days of lurid narrative, anything more convincing and curdling than Mr. SWINBURNE's romance has seen the light. It will, we need hardly add, be dedicated to Mr. WATTS-DUNTON.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, after giving an account of a collision between a leopard and a small engine on the Victoria Falls Bridge, adds the following statement: "Sir CHARLES METCALFE, Bart., consulting engineer to the Rhodesia Railways, Limited, contemplates the fixing of two medallions, one on each side of the bridge, representing Dr. LIVINGSTONE and Mr. CECIL RHODES." Comment would be invidious.



THE CHAUFFEUR AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.

[Lord Windsor stops the motor traffic in Hyde Park from four to seven p.m.]



"PRIDE IN THEIR PORT, DEFIANCE IN THEIR EYE."

Puny but Patriotic Briton. "I SAY, 'ENRY, 'ERE COME SOME OF THESE FOREIGNERS THAT'S OVER 'ERE FOR 'ENLEY. JUST LET'S PUT OUR BACKS IN IT, AND SHOW 'EM WOT THE BRITISHER CAN DO!"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Dablerie, in Three Parts.)

PART III.

"You implied just now," said the voluble stranger, as the train glided out of Bond Street Station, "that, even should any further disaster overtake HIPPERHOLME, the talisman given to him by his Guardian Fairy could safely be depended upon to extricate him. That was a very natural assumption on your part, and in the main a perfectly correct one. Under ordinary circumstances, it is a matter of common knowledge that a fairy is fully a match for the average fiend. But such calculations are always liable to be upset by some trivial accident which it is totally impossible to foresee. As HAROLD was soon to discover:

"He was at a brilliant evening party given by a certain peeress who shall be nameless, at her magnificent mansion in Park Lane. The Society craze last season, as I daresay you recollect, took the form of Parlour Games—an intellectual pastime for which HAROLD had a natural aptitude, and in which he easily held his own against the very smartest of the Smart Set. That night he outshone even himself, and Lady ICILIA (who with her father, the Earl, was of course among those invited) was the pleased recipient of many congratulations on the gentlemanly deportment and ready wit displayed by the object of her choice. At last, after repeated triumphs, he was required to submit himself to a test compared with which all previous ones were child's play. He had to leave the room while the rest of the company settled among themselves what celebrated historical character on what particular occasion he was to represent, and it was for him to guess, if he could, from the cryptic remarks

addressed to him by each of the players in turn, whom they supposed him to be. Very possibly you have played this game yourself?" . . .

[I had—and had not found it particularly exhilarating, though I did not consider it necessary to say so.]

"Well, HIPPERHOLME came in, and brought all the powers of his mind to bear on the problem—but for once he found himself completely baffled. Nothing they said afforded him the faintest clue.

"I must admit, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen," he owned at length with a genial frankness, "that I'm rather up the stick this time. I'm really afraid I must ask you to assist me a little by giving me just the slightest 'int!' . . .

"He knew what he had done, but he was not seriously perturbed—the talisman would get him out of it as usual, and instinctively his fingers sought his watch-chain. Judge of his horror when he found that the crystal locket was no longer there! He searched his waistcoat pockets in vain—it was not in either of them; he had lost it somehow!

"Just the slightest 'int,' the wretched man repeated mechanically, amidst a silence so intense that, had any patrician present possessed such a thing as a pin and allowed it to drop, it would assuredly have fallen with a sickening thud. Fortunately, this was not the case.

"HIPPERHOLME gazed round the semi-circle in wild despair, as he wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow—and then he caught sight of a glittering object lying just underneath a gilded sofa. He dived for it frantically; with inexpressible relief he recognised his lost ladybird, and, as he resumed the perpendicular with the talisman in his clutch, the conclusion—'erval for reflection'—fell from his lips, and the intolerable strain was instantly relaxed.

"Immediately afterwards it flashed upon him that he could

be no other personage but King HAROLD on the occasion of being hit in the eye by an arrow at the Battle of Hastings—which proved to be perfectly correct.

"But, even amidst the general applause that greeted this display of penetration, HUMPHREY shivered at the recollection of the narrow squeak he had just experienced.

"He had the fastening of the talisman repaired—while he waited—at the earliest opportunity, after which he felt himself once more invulnerable. To be sure there were two more 'wrong 'uns' to be expected—but, even if they did elip out before his marriage with Lady ICLIA, it would not signify so long as he had the charm at hand—and he would take uncommonly good care not to lose sight of it in future.

"When she was once his bride he would be safer still. It would take more than a couple of defective aspirates to sever them then!

"As it happened, during the weeks that remained he was never once under the necessity of employing the talisman, a circumstance which so increased his sense of security that, while arraying himself on his wedding-morn for the ceremony, it occurred to him that he might safely leave the locket on his dressing-table.

"He had always thought it a rather cheap and tawdry ornament for a man of his means to wear; it would be an unsightly blot on the magnificence of his attire on this momentous occasion; it would not be required, since he could hold no conversation with either Lady ICLIA or her parent until after the conclusion of the nuptials.

"Still, he would have to say a few words in the vestry afterwards—and then there was the drive with his bride from the church, and the wedding breakfast. Perhaps it would be wisest to avoid all risks. So, for the present at all events, he decided to allow the locket to remain on his watch-chain.

"The wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square, which was crowded to suffocation by persons of rank, commoners finding it hopeless to obtain admittance, and the vergers being compelled to turn even Countesses away!

"HAROLD, with LORD NORMAN BEACOE as his best man, stood by the altar, awaiting the arrival of the bridal cortège, and, as he heard the Society small talk behind him drowning even the pealing notes of the organ, his bosom swelled with a satisfaction that made him entirely oblivious of the fact that he owed the proud position in which he stood to the instrumentality of a fiend.

"And then—preceded by the choir, and followed by eight bridesmaids, all ladies of title and wearing costly diamond brooches in the form of two interlaced h's, the gift of the bridegroom—Lady ICLIA CHILWELL came slowly up the centre aisle, leaning on the arm of her father, the Earl of STONISTAIRS, and the ceremony commenced:

"It was conducted by the Bishop of MUMBLEBOROUGH, assisted by several of the minor clergy, and, as the venerable prelate, in accents almost inaudible with emotion, dictated the responses, the happy bridegroom repeated them in tones as full as was his heart. 'To have and to hold,' quavered the good old Bishop—and through the sacred edifice HAROLD's resonant voice rang out like a clarion call: 'To 'ave and to 'old!'

"I can only qualify the result as electrical. Never before, perhaps, had that aristocratic fane heard the aspirate treated with such appalling irreverence; the walls seemed to rock, strong men grew pale, the very choristers were visibly concerned, the Bishop was struck dumb, while Lady ICLIA, withdrawing her hand from HAROLD, shrunk from him with a movement of uncontrollable repulsion.

"HUMPHREY alone preserved his composure. He felt that he could hardly have dropped two h's at a more unpropitious moment—but fortunately the matter could easily be set right. How lucky that he had not followed

his first impulse and left his ladybird at home! He fingered the talisman with confidence.

"To his indescribable dismay it failed him for the first time! He could not believe it at first, could not understand how such a thing could have happened. And then the terrible truth dawned upon him. It was useless to expect the talisman to aid him there. Not even a Fairy could venture to introduce any additions to the Marriage Service. What he had said he had said!

"Lady ICLIA had already collapsed—a mere heap of white satin, Brussels lace and orange blossom—into the arms of her principal bridesmaid, the Earl had stepped forward and held a whispered colloquy with the Bishop, who seemed to agree with him that the ceremony could not proceed, as HAROLD rushed madly from the building, bareheaded, for he had resigned his hat to LORD NORMAN BEACOE. And, at the moment he gained the portico, and was descending the steps into George Street, he heard a malicious snigger, which seemed to come from the telephone wires overhead, and a voice he remembered but too well cried out with shrill derision: 'What did I tell you? Six of 'em wrong 'uns!'

"The Fairy knew more about fiends than he did, after all. They were not to be trusted!"

"But surely," I said, as we ran into the next station, "that isn't the end of the story? The Fairy couldn't possibly leave him in such a fix as that. Or why have a Guardian Fairy at all?"

"You are right," he said, impressively, patting me with approval on the chest; "absolutely right! That is not the end. The *finale* is singular, but satisfactory, as you are about to hear. . . . But, bless me, this is Tottenham Court Road! I'm afraid I must bid you farewell, with many thanks for your courteous attention. I get out here."

And he did—so I missed the *finale*. It was not till I reached the British Museum that I missed my pocket-book. It contained a cheque for royalties on the American sales of a certain work of mine for the six months ending December 31, 1904, and was for the amount of three-and-fourpence.

Provisionally I had not endorsed it.

F. A.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Oh, little Boy Blue, won't you blow up your horn?
Though we can't see a sheep, or a cow in the corn;
But we're waiting and longing, so blow it up, do,
For these two little sisters, oh little Boy Blue!

You ought to oblige us: we've painted you in
In a full suit of blue, though the colour was thin.
We have painted you often and know you are true,
As true as the Fairies, oh little Boy Blue.

You're as true as the Fairies, and bigger than they;
And we're both of us waiting to hear how you play.
If you come in your suit we shall know that it's you,
With your hat and your feather, oh little Boy Blue.

And your lace and your bows, and your shoes with their tips,
And your hands on the horn and the horn at your lips.
You needn't be bashful, although we are two,
For we'll both be polite to our little Boy Blue.

We have looked for you, Boy dear, and sent you our love,
As you sailed, so they said, on a white cloud above;
But, although we had rather you walked here than flew,
You can come as you like, if you'll only wear blue.

You can slide on a sunbeam, or ride on a stick,
Or drop like a lark, but we beg you'll come quick.
If you don't come to us we shall search the world through
Till we find you and keep you, oh little Boy Blue.

R. C. L.

CHARIVARIA.

SINCE the Odessa Mutiny, the folly of not having included the Black Sea Fleet in ROZHDESTVENSKY'S Armada is patent to the Russian Government.

In order to avoid service against the Japanese several officers in the Moscow corps have assaulted peaceable citizens in the streets with the express object of being arrested and imprisoned, thus avoiding being sent to the front. The citizens are now begging that an affidavit by an officer to the effect that he is desirous of committing such an assault may be treated as a sufficient offence.

It is denied that the official report of the CZAR'S speech in favour of a constitution was inaccurate. It was the speech itself which was incorrect.

Lèse-majesté is on the increase in German South-west Africa. The natives have again defeated the KAISER'S troops.

At the Pilgrim Club's banquet to Mr. WHITELAW REID, a poem by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN was read, but we fancy that nothing now can shake the good understanding between England and America.

Many reasons have been suggested for the unpopularity of the Park Royal Agricultural Show. For ourselves we cannot help thinking that the method of announcing the prize-winners is calculated to alienate sympathy. The following, for instance, is an extract from the awards which strikes one as being somewhat carelessly framed:—

PIGS.

Three Boar Pigs farrowed in 1905:—

1. Earl of ELLESMERE. 2. T. SIMPSON JAY. 3. DANIEL R. DAYBELL.

MR. LOUIS WAIN has, on two recent occasions, addressed letters to the public Press on religious and medical topics. This bears out a theory we have long favoured, namely, that there is no reason at all why a Comic Cat Artist should not also have a higher side to his nature.

The wife of a fisherman at Hève found a gold bracelet inside a cod she was dressing for dinner. We presume it was a female fish, and that she had begun dressing for dinner before she was caught.

The abolition of the Criterion Bar was not, after all, a sign of the times, as we were told by the newspapers. It has only been removed to another part of the building.

At a recent dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, the opinion

**RAGS, BONES AND BOTTLES.**

(Portrait of a Tradesman, sketched from Nature.)

was expressed by a speaker that pedestrians were the greatest sinners on the road. There is no doubt that they have a way of colliding with the cars, and not infrequently clogging the delicate machinery with pieces of themselves.

"Talking in Theatres. Managers admit inability to stop it," was the heading of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. This is a great pity, for that charming play, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, where nobody talked at all, had a marked success.

Margate has been visited by a French deputation, and it is rumoured that, at a public dinner, a French speaker made a reference to "your beautiful town," which caused great satisfaction.

It is stated that there are now 100,000 children attending elementary schools in England and Wales who are learning

to play the violin. Properly organised these should form an irresistible force for preventing the invasion of their country.

It has not been found possible so to draw the Aliens Bill as to prevent Continental criminals entering this country *via* Folkestone, Dover or Newhaven, but the framers of the Bill trust none the less that this class will make it a point of honour to comply with the spirit of the Act.

The Clyde Vale Electrical Power Company are, it is announced, prepared to furnish motors for rocking cradles. But the millennium will not have arrived, writes a busy father, until an electrical spanking machine is also supplied.

"Pignies in Parliament." Many Members, amusingly, thought that this was a novelty.

"PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT."

The magnificent reception and most cordial welcome given to Mr. WHITELAW REID, the recently arrived American Ambassador, on Friday the 23rd June, by "the Pilgrims" and their guests at the banquet (a snug little dinner-party of three hundred *convives*, held at Claridge's) took place too late in that week to be fittingly reported, as the exceptional nature of the occasion demanded, by Mr. *Punch's* special International Representative, who gladly avails himself of the very first opportunity offered of giving, in Mr. *P.'s* immortal pages, some account of this most thoroughly successful gathering.

Claridge's was the humble hostelry chosen by the gentle Pilgrims for their dining-place, and the arrangements for the simple meal were admirably made and carried out. To feed in perfect comfort some three hundred weary Pilgrims (Pilgrims are always weary) and Pilgrims' hungry guests at various dinner-tables, so that every dinner-table should have its own pleasant little party, and all and sundry should eat, drink, and be merry, without slightest cause for grumbling, is a triumph for Mr. HARRY BRITTAİN, who, true to his name, is nothing if not "a thorough one" in every way; who, though "with heart and voice" he, and others, may declare a fixed determination "never, never, never to be slaves," yet on this occasion is delighted to become a *servus servorum*, and willingly allows himself to be worried out of his dinner in order to attend to his multifarious duties. The introductory melon is being discussed and approved of; our Secretary does not appear. His chair is vacant. Waiter clears away remnants of melons, and disappears with Secretary's portion of the cool, luscious fruit.

The soup is served. When we are half through this, our Secretary, beamingly cheerful, with a lot of telegrams and papers in his hand, and pencils sticking about him, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' suddenly appears and takes his seat as he gives a sigh of relief.

His Guest (sympathetically). Afraid you weren't coming.

Secretary (cheerfully). Lot o' things to see to—(places a heap of papers and telegrams on table)—but shall be able to get a mouthful now. (Commences mouthful, appears much restored. At about third mouthful, a foreign-looking hotel-manager *whispers* to him. Secretary pauses, refers to papers.) Eh? Oh, certainly. Yes. (Foreign manager at his right hand disappears. Secretary is about to proceed with third mouthful of soup when sandy-headed man, appearing suddenly on the scene, touches his left elbow. Secretary turns, listens.) Eh?—well—I rather think—(Sandy-headed party *whispers* with intense eagerness. Secretary considers for a second—then)—Ah! well—perhaps I'd better—I will.

[Decides, evidently, on instant action. Jumps up, nearly overturns sandy-haired man, who disappears among some waiters, rushes off, and is lost to sight for another fifteen minutes or so, during which present course is cleared away; and when the third course is half finished, Secretary hurriedly returns.]

Guest (more sympathetically than ever). Can't you get someone to do this for you?

Secretary (almost fiercely). Impossible. (Genially) If you want a thing well done—eh?—you know—ah—lamb?—good! now I can get a snack in comfort! (Drinks a glass of champagne which has been fortunately poured out for him. As he is settling down to the lamb, another hotel-manager, foreign and dapper, approaches him, speaking mysteriously behind a menu-card, as if he were a ventriloquist giving the Secretary a private entertainment. Secretary starts and turns round; then anxiously) Eh? you don't mean that—(Ventriloquist foreign hotel-manager, still behind menu-card, explains what he does mean. Secretary starts up, exclaiming) Certainly; I'll see to it at once.

[Gathers up his papers, rushes off, and is engaged until the

quails have come and gone, leaving behind them but the name on the dainty silken pink riband whereon the menu is printed.

The foregoing will convey some idea of the pleasures of being a Secretary responsible for everything at a banquet of three hundred Pilgrims and Strangers.

The dinner was well chosen, but not quite up to the previous one at either the Savoy or the Hyde Park Hotel, I forget which it was. Intended for a *spécialité*, the "Olio" by any other name would have been a soup. The "*Délice de Jambon Ambassadeur*" was of course intended as a delicate compliment to the Ambassador, which, on the part of the *Hambassadeur*, no doubt the Hon. WHITELAW REID thoroughly appreciated. The asparagus was served up with *Sauce Divine*, but there is only one sauce for hot asparagus (if in themselves they are perfect), and that is two table-spoonfuls of cold water with an eggspoonful of salt in it. This brings out the flavour to perfection. Of course if your asparagus be indifferent, and you depend on sauce for its flavour, then I recommend *Sauce Divine*, or *Sauce au diable*, or *Sauce à la burette mêlée*.

Toast-master commands silence for our Chairman. Hearty cheering, and Lord ROBERTS drinks to KING and PRESIDENT. National melodies. After the first toast Secretary BRITTAİN reads out, clearly and distinctly, kindly telegrams from Pilgrims at a distance, including one from Mr. CHATE which, needless to say, is received with acclamation. Then Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, in dulcet tones and well-balanced periods, proposes the toast of the evening, to which, after the enthusiastic cheering has subsided, Mr. WHITELAW REID replies in an excellent, straightforward speech which makes the whole assembly kin.

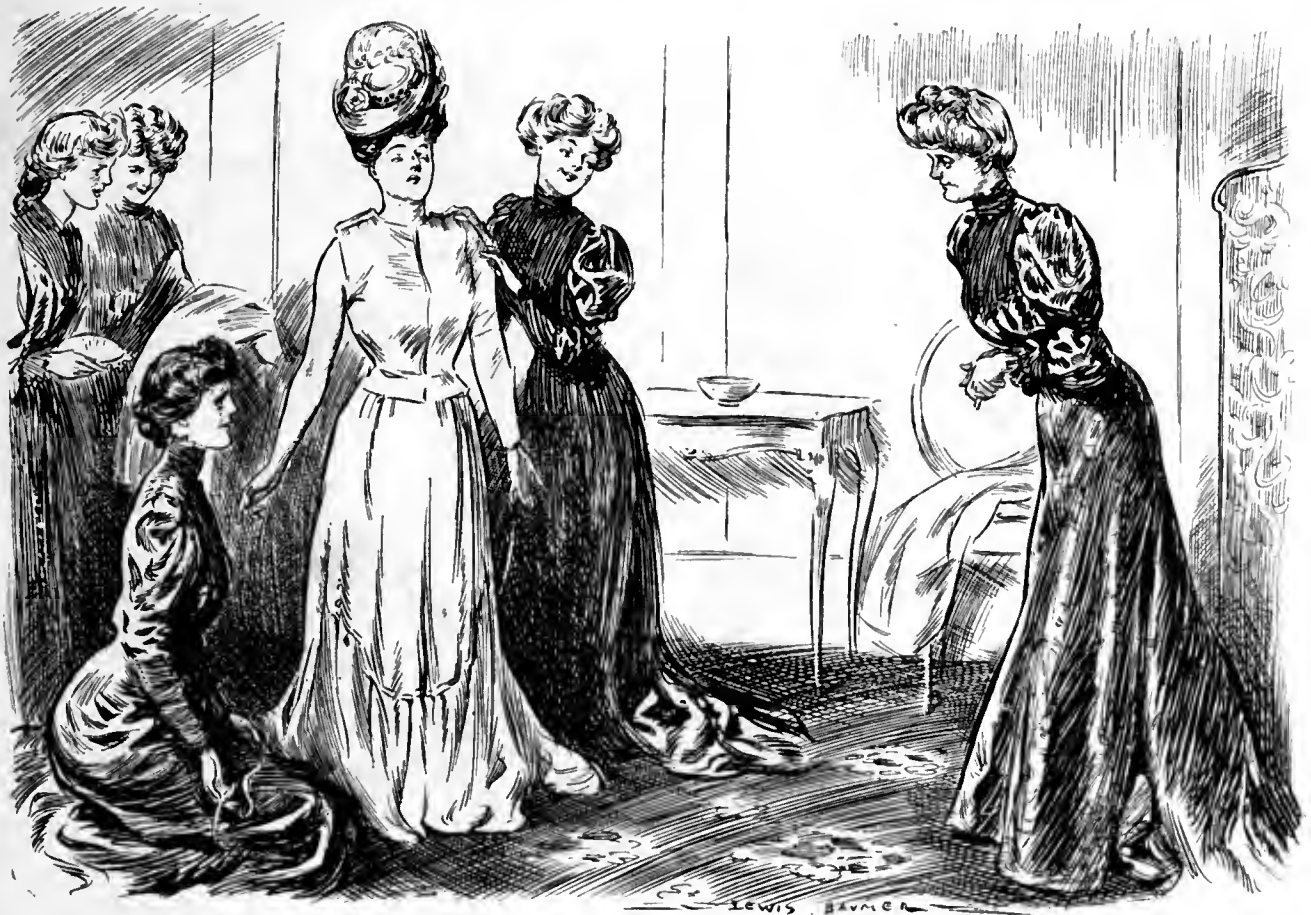
Lest our enthusiasm should wax too hilarious and our joviality become excessive, the toast-master's hammer recalls us to attention, with a sharp rap (as it were) on our heads, and informs us that now Sir HENRY IRVING (*loud cheers*) will read a few verses, specially composed for the occasion by the Poet Laureate.

The Dantesque figure of our leading tragedian gradually elongates itself upwards, and but for a slight stoop indicative of the gentle bent of his amiable disposition he stands erect. Our first tragedian, or, as he may be correctly described on this occasion, our rising actor, had but to make a brief speech of his own composition which he intended should serve as an introductory prologue to the verses of his "dear and valued friend the Laureate." No wonder that he stooped, seeing what an almost unspeakable burden had been laid upon his shoulders. But manfully he did it. Printed poem in hand, the author as prompter at his elbow, how could he fail to arouse our enthusiasm? Those who had read the verses wondered how he would deliver the line—

"The April-sent swallow circling round our eaves."

But he did it magnificently! Mounted on the poet's Pegasus he cleared the obstacle by a clear foot. Some irreverent *convives* wished to know what the Adams were doing while the swallows were thus annoying their Eves. But to such silly talk deaf ears were turned. In gratitude "our dear and valued" ALFREDO will no doubt present Sir HENRY with a little trifle of his own in Five Acts, containing a fine part for our leading tragedian.

This being over, nothing remained but for Sir GEORGE WHITE, with all his blushing honours thick upon him, represented by rows of medals, to propose long life and success to our hosts the Pilgrims, to which the names of the Hon. STEWART L. WOODFORD and Sir A. CONAN DOYLE were down for replies. For these gems of oratory I was, alas, unable to remain. And so about 11.30 the proceedings came to an end, and WHITELAW REID's entire company retired to their various domiciles. A Big Success!



STRICT!

Dressmaker. "AND WOULD YOU HAVE LEG OF MUTTON SLEEVES, MADAM?"

Customer. "MOST CERTAINLY NOT. I AM A VEGETARIAN!"

NEX', PLEASE.

ACCORDING to the recent statement of a high medical authority, the human neck—especially the male variety—is gradually lengthening. This is a curious biological fact which requires investigating, and as a result of careful and conscientious observation we have been able to trace a few of the causes underlying the same. We find in the first place that giraffe-like development is due to the masculine habit, so largely on the increase in recent years, of standing five or more deep in the endeavour to watch cricket and football championships and passing spectacles in the streets. Careful measurements have indicated an average elongation of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millimetres among the standing public at Lord's and elsewhere after each Test Match. Every "googly" and leg-glance, therefore, add, however infinitesimally, to the general stature, and the Australians, in thus helping to elevate the Anglo-Saxon race, are bowling and batting better than they know.

The same phenomenon has been noted with regard to the *habitués* of the

theatre, and especially the frequenters of the back rows. It is with pain that we allude once more to the Matinée Hat and Matinée Hair, but these also have undoubtedly helped to bring about the vertebral prolongation of the pittance. You may at once tell the ardent playgoer by his telescopic neck—the result of the last ten years of "picture" head-gear coupled with the true feminine instinct that uplifts the otherwise grovelling male. In this way even Fashion, too, sings an Excelsior to the city clerk that comes after and sits in her wake.

Another contributing cause is the annual invasion of England by Yankee "rubber-necks." The stolid British phlegm has disappeared, and we are now chronically in a condition which may be described as "agog"—ever craning after some fresh excitement, and hustling after novelty of the approved American type. No bullneck can survive that is perpetually twisting itself in order to acquire a "sense of traffic" in a motor-ridden land. Each hoot of the horn startles it still further from its collar-bone.

Mr. CARNEGIE besides has helped on the Extension Movement by presenting the nation with a Diplodocus whose head is poised some thirty feet in front of its body. This has caused much envy among the devotees of a long drink. Collars have been worn two inches higher in consequence by the thirstier visitors to the Natural History Museum, while the wayside inns and laundries of the neighbourhood are equally looking up.

Such are, in fine, the causes of the present up-grade tendency, which are patent to every observer with a head upon his shoulders. They were indeed foreshadowed long ago by VIRGIL, when with wonderful insight he penned the prophetic and remarkable passage, "*Nec mora nec requies*," alluding to the restless growth of evolution. We would fain add, "to be continued in our necks," but the prospect gets appalling, and we ring off.

ZIG-ZAG.

CHEAP! A BARONETCY FOR A POUND.—Long life and happiness to Sir JOHN POUND, Bart., "J.P." Chief Magistrate as Lord Mayor of London.



OUR VILLAGE.

Nephew (on a visit to the "Old Country"). "Ah, Uncle, in Canada we don't do our RAT-MAKIN' in this 'ERE OLD-FASHIONED WAY."
Uncle. "WHY, YOU BEAN'T NEVER GOIN' TO TELL I AS YOU 'VE BIN AN' TURNED TEEETOTAL?"

JUMBOMANIA.

(By a Musical Reactionary.)

ONCE, of sheer sonority enamoured,
Steeped in sumptuosity of sound,
Chiefly for immensity I clamoured,
Only in excess enjoyment found.
Music of Gargantuan dimensions,
Music full of diabolic din,
Music of exorbitant pretensions
Could alone my approbation win.

With unceasing ecstasy I revelled
In the blare of trumpets and trombones,
Grieving if the score was not bedevilled
By a group of sixteen saxophones.
On the shrieking piccolo I doated,
Hailed the cornet bleating loud and long,
O'er the cymbals' brassy clangour gloated,
Welcomed every entry of the gong.

Bands below a hundred in their muster,
Bands that were not doubled in the brass,
I condemned as lacking life and lustre,
Relegated to the lowest class.

Once, in short, with size infatuated,
I believed the biggest was the best;
Now, with elephantine uproar sated,
Jumbo-worship wholly I detest.

If you ask what, after long immersion
In the joys I've striven to unfold,
Has precipitated my conversion
To the paths and principles of old—
'Twas a new concerto for the tuba
(Written by an enterprising Dane)
Proved, if I may say so, the Majuba
In my megalolatrous campaign.

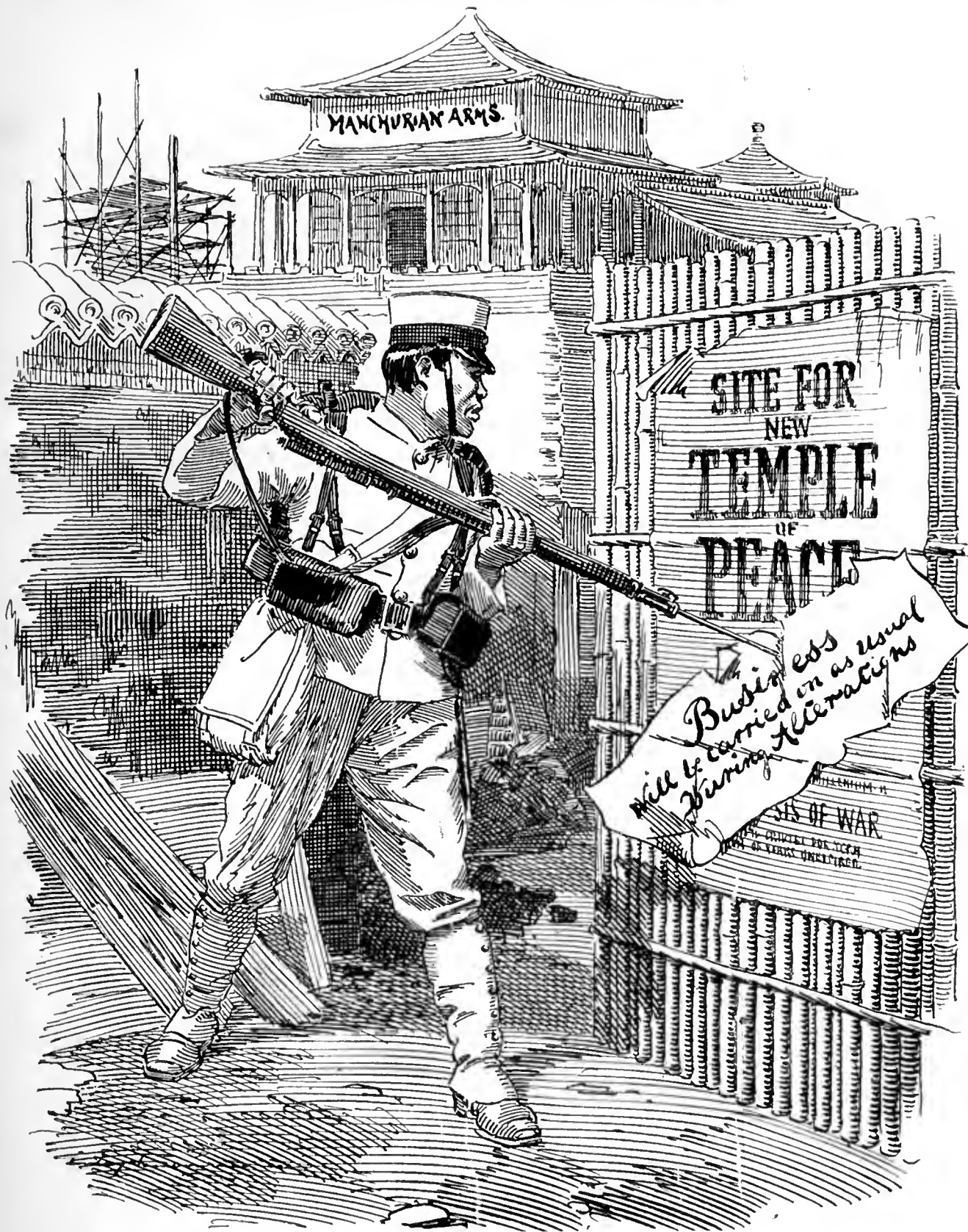
I declared, in my triumphant folly,
That without injurious results
I could stand the most terrific volley
Slung by instrumental catapults.
It was very rash of me to crow so,
As I found when things began to hum,
And the awful *Scherzo strepitoso*
Caused a puncture in my tympanum.

Now, though many reckon me a loony
For rejecting the stentorian style,
I no longer crab MOZART as "tunny,"
Or pronounce BEETHOVEN infantile,

Finding in a single CHOPIN study
More of pure essential delight
Than can be distilled from all the muddy
Sea of transcendental blatherskite.

Musing therefore on my former blindness
In the light and freedom of to-day,
I declare I almost have a kindness
For the guides who tempted me astray.
For the more they drive us to distraction,
Boycotting all beauty as inane,
All the more they foster the reaction
Tow'ards the pure, the lovely and the sane.

In a special article entitled "The Clubwoman" in the *Daily Record and Mail*, the author observes that "woman is not a clubbable animal." This is not the view accepted by married Hooligans. Later he asks, "What does any married woman, whose husband does not beat her, want with a club?" The answer is obvious. *She may want to beat him.*



LAST WEEKS ?

JAP. "BETTER STICK THIS UP TO PREVENT MISUNDERSTANDING."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PUNCH AND (THE SUB) JUDY(CE) SHOW.

Sir William Butler comes down on the War Office.

The ex-War Minister doubles up Sir William Butler.

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.—Most interesting episode in debate on Vote of Censure based on Butler Committee Report was the companionship on Treasury Bench of the late Minister of War and his successor in the Office. A flush of natural pride mantled the brow of PRINCE ARTHUR as he surveyed them. One of his charms is innate modesty. He is, perhaps, too proud to take pride in himself. But in this episode of his Ministerial career he really thinks he has made his mark. One man of something exceeding average capacity could have discovered ST. JOHN BRODRICK and, at a time of sore peril, put him in charge of the Army. Another might, in moment of inspiration, at a later time have placed ARNOLD-FORSTER in the same supreme position. None but PRINCE ARTHUR could have discovered both and in succession throned them in Pall Mall. No wonder that as his eye fell upon them seated at convenient distance on the same Bench his glance softened, his lips murmured something that sounded like benediction.

As for the young veterans, their pleased reflections on combined effort during the last five years at the War Office were ruffled by contemplation of the Report of the Butler Committee. As ARNOLD-FORSTER said, with a tear in his voice that evoked a roar of laughter from unsympathetic House,

"Sir WILLIAM BUTLER has not produced the Report the Government wished for."

On the contrary he, or rather his

Committee, has been exceedingly rude. They have proved Marplots of a design calculated to produce the fullest measure of comfort to the largest number—excluding of course the British tax-payer, whose hard-earned five millions sterling, of which restitution was two years ago definitely promised by War Office to trustful



COACHING CROOKS IN LATIN ("IN PARI MATERIA").

"These swells, you know, call the place Paree."

(Mr. Keir-Hardie.)

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, has vanished like snow on the river.

Departmental Committee appointed to take evidence on the matter. It turned out to be of character unprecedented since Crimean War. This awkward; but publication delayed, thing might blow over. Then Public Accounts Committee step on scene and insist on immediate issue of Report and evidence, with consequence of fulfilling OOM PAUL's historic threat to stagger humanity. Opposition insist on debating subject through summer night. So here we are.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren

We keep this solemn feast.

All seems lost, even honour. But, as at the battle of the Lake Regillus,

Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren

Came spurring from the East,

CASTOR ST. JOHN BRODRICK from the India Office; POLLUX ARNOLD-FORSTER from the War Office. Whilst POLLUX bemoaned the perversity of BUTLER in not bringing in the Report the Government wished for, CASTOR, with fiercer energy, fuller courage, ready to tear the flesh of captains, to peck the eyes of kings, dashed at his accuser, savagely beating BUTLER about the head.

In the end it turned out that the late Minister for War and his successor, so far from being culprits, were martyrs. The real sinner was Sir WILLIAM BUTLER. He was accordingly held up to reprehension.



All hail to Sir Augustus Helder, Knight.

sion of a scoffing House, to execration of an angry country. The Twin Brethren exceedingly reticent in their references to each other. POLLEX varies the habit by more than once precisely naming the date he succeeded to the War Office. CASTOR and POLLEX were one in denunciation of Sir WILLIAM BUTLER.

"Odd evil fate for PRINCE ARTHUR," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "that in a single Session his blameless Government should find its authority undermined by two officials appointed by as many Departments. But, whereas in Home Rule difficulty ANTONY MACDONNELL was alluded to in debate in almost reverential terms, WILLIAM BUTLER is publicly flogged. Wonder if there can be anything in the personality or position of the two men that makes that attitude safe in one instance, undesirable in another?"

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government moved in respect of Army Stores Scandals in South Africa. Curious thing happened. Through long debate beginning in afternoon, closing at mid-

night, not a single Ministerialist rose to say a word in extenuation of the Government, but on division gave them a rattling majority of 74, being the full possible poll.

"O Gemini!" said PRINCE ARTHUR, beaming on CASTOR and POLLEX, "and they want me to dissolve. I think not. I am not quite certain we shall come back with a majority of 74. Anyhow, it will do for me to go on with through another year."

Tuesday night.—A little difficult to shut up Mr. CROOKS. In the family circle is understood to have a pretty wit of his own. Likes to air it on larger platform at Westminster. To-day PRINCE ARTHUR, temporarily at least, achieved the apparently impossible.

LAMBERT inquired when Redistribution Resolutions would be brought in. Not Mr. CROOKS's funeral; but opportunity of letting his 'orny-anded brother, engaged in less agreeable circumstances, know that he is around not to be slighted. So he ups and, by way of

supplementary question, asks whether the Unemployed Bill will take precedence over the Redistribution proposals?

"The questions," answered PRINCE ARTHUR dreamily, "are not in *puri materia*."

"What's he givin' us?" growled Mr. CROOKS to DON'T KEIR-HARDIE.

"I fancy," said the hon. Negative, "he means that it's not in Paris. These swells, you know, call the place *Parce*."

"Who's a-talkin' about Paris?" said Mr. CROOKS, increasingly angry. "And what does he mean by *materia*?"

"That's clear enough," said DON'T KEIR decisively. "It's French again. He means 'material,' only they don't pronounce the last letter."

Mr. CROOKS glanced suspiciously in the region of DON'T KEIR-HARDIE's many-hued neck-gear.

"Don't you go a-pullin' my leg," he remarked threateningly.

"Who's a-pullin' your leg?" inquired DON'T KEIR, not for the moment having anything more pointed to say.

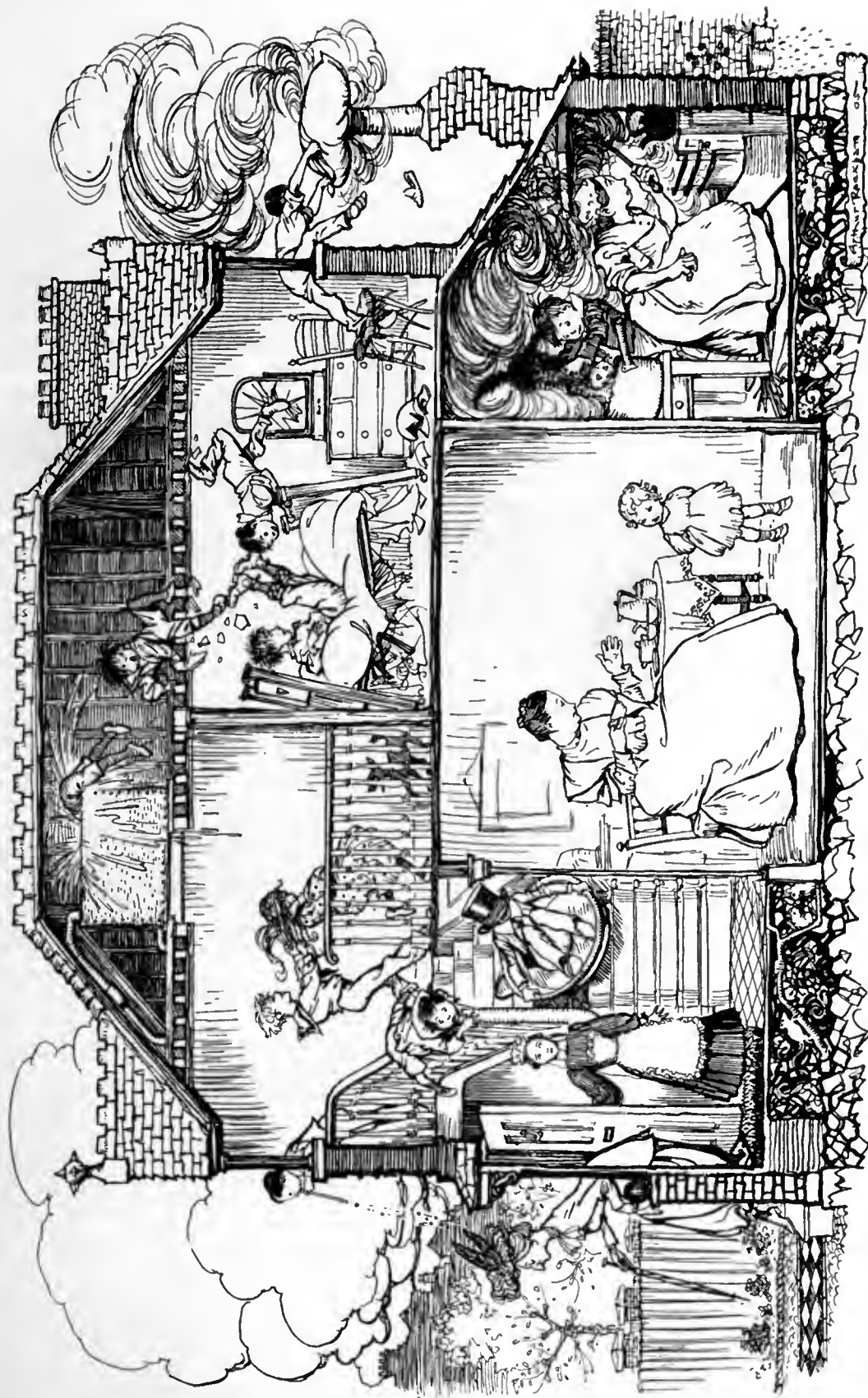
This conversation, audibly conducted below Gangway, attracted pained attention. It is significant of the growing restlessness under the Leadership of PRINCE ARTHUR that disposition was displayed to resent his part leading up to the incident. He has, Members say, been guilty of infringing various House of Commons traditions. He has ostentatiously withdrawn from his place in debate, taking his Party with him. On other occasions he has altogether ignored sittings of the House. Where it was possible he has, in interest of Government business, gagged the Opposition. He has systematically declined to enlighten Parliament with regard to his personal position on Fiscal Question. He has abused the ten minutes' rule; he has sneered at C.B.; has spoken disrespectfully of CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES. If he is going to answer questions in the Latin tongue it is time effective protest were made.

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*," says Doctor MACNAMARA, who wasn't at St. Thomas's School, Exeter, for nothing.

Business done.—Aliens Bill in Committee.

Friday night.—Trouble for PRIME MINISTER has broken out in new, unexpected quarter. Nothing to do with the War Office; no connection with DON JOSÉ; does not touch the fringe of Empire in India, where GEORGE CURZON is growing restive under the iron rule of ST. JOHN BRODRICK. It is over the Irish Office the black cloud bursts.

Years ago a witty Irishman, RONAYNE, at the time Member for Cork, scornfully described the Chief Secretary of the day as "circumnavigating Ireland on an outside car." WALTER LONG, going through an analogous process of educa-



SCENE—A Suburban Drawing-room. A Lady Collector for a Home for Incurable Children has just left.

Phyllis (aged three, the youngest of a large family, mostly boys). "WHAT DID THE LADY WANT, MOTHER?"

Mother. "SHE WAS BEGGING FOR POOR CHILDREN, DEAR."

Phyllis. "AND DID YOU GIVE HER THE BOYS?"

tion, has availed himself of the motor car. No objection to that, but, according to testimony brought forward by Irish Members, he has not intermitted his educational (motor car) course on Sundays. A Protestant Bishop has denounced him from the altar steps, forasmuch as his flashing along the highways on motor cars has interfered with the comfort, even threatened the safety, of peaceful congregations wending their way to their parish church.

WALTER LONG says it only happened once, and there is no evidence to show that his destination was not a place of worship in a distant parish. He also hints that his esteemed Chief has himself been fined for riding at a speed in excess of statutory limitation.

"*Abusus non tollit usum*," said PRINCE ARTHUR, abstractedly dropping into the new habit that proved so irritating to Mr. CHOOKS.

"*Erin go bragh!*" sharply retorted WALTER LONG, not to be out of the fashion.

Here the conversation ended. But it has left regrettable traces of strained feeling between old colleagues.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I LOVE the ornamental lake
That laps St. James's leafy glades,
Where amorous milkmen daily make
Frank overtures to kitchen maids,
And press their individual suits
Entwined in amorous salutes.

There sporting urchins pit themselves
Against the hairy tiddler's might,
Till ROBERT'S swart resounding "twelves,"
Approaching, scatter them to flight;
There pregnant poets stand and scowl
Upon the artificial fowl.

I love those green secluded bowers
Adjoining Storey's ample gate,
Paced, it is said, at latish hours
By anxious Ministers of State,
While house-cats from the neighbouring
squares

Improve the night with native airs.

For it was there the thing occurred,
That deepest, earliest romance—
There first this lonely breast was stirred
By LUCY'S coy, responsive glance.
Alas! what lustres lie between
Myself and that romantic scene!

She stood, a roguish dimpled maid,
The sunlight playing in her hair;
One slightly swollen cheek betrayed
The brandy ball that lingered there;
One hand retained a pink balloon,
The other held a macaroon.

A hasty word, a melting look,
Our mutual passion thus began;

Her nurse was buried in a book,

And mine was toying with a man.
Lightly we stole beyond their view,
And broke the macaroon in two.

No tender vows enhanced the scene,

Yet we were all each other's own;
We played at being king and queen,
With Earth's green carpet for our
throne,

And growled from visionary lairs,
Imagining that we were bears.

For forty minutes all was bliss,

No sorrow marred our mutual cup;
Then something seemed to go amiss,

And when our nurses hurried up
They found us both in tears immersed
Because the pink balloon had burst.

Torn from her lingering embrace

And vigorously slapped behind,
I watched her small pathetic face

Vanish from sight, but not from mind;
Then roared aloud, for oh! I felt
The tyrant hand upon my pelt.

We parted, ne'er to meet again:

My punctual tears bedewed the grass
For several weeks, and still the pain
Of mad regret declined to pass.

A broken child I used to brood
Through the long hours 'twixt food and
food.

And even now, though borne to man's

Estate upon a sea of cares,

I cannot pass the pelicans

But longing grips me unawares;
The presence of the upland goose
Sets floods of poignant memory loose.

MORE JIU-JITSU TRICKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—After reading in your columns IVAMA TERRA'S additional chapters on Jiu-Jitsu, I am tempted to give the public the advantage of two of my favourite tricks which I have practised many years with unvarying success.

(1) To protect yourself from a man who presents a loaded revolver full in your face.

At first sight it would appear that the man with the revolver has the advantage over you, but a close study of my method of defence will convince anybody that the man is really completely in your power.

First, with an adroit movement, catch the muzzle of the revolver firmly between your teeth. Then with a quick step towards your opponent get out your matches. Strike one, and set fire to his hair. He will of course put his hands up to extinguish the flames, and so let go of the revolver. He is now at your mercy, and you can do as you like with him.

(2) To protect yourself from a man who aims a blow at your face with his clenched fist.

For the purposes of this trick it is

essential that you should be wearing heavy boots. In the event of a quarrel on the football field you will naturally be forearmed, but should you and your opponent be playing tennis you must tactfully postpone the attack until you have changed your shoes.

The method of defence is very simple. As he hits out at your face, and before he reaches it, quickly stand on your head. He will obviously hit your hob-nailed boots, and his fist will suffer. His next step will naturally be to stand on his head and renew the attack, when you immediately resume your former position and he again hits your boots. This must be continued until your opponent is tired.—Yours, EPIA NORO.

SALIENT POINTS.

(For the July Sales.)

O MAIDENS young and frail,
If you'd patronise a sale,
You must eat a solid meal before you
start;

Chip potatoes and a chop,
At a hasty-luncheon shop,
Ought to stimulate the muscles and the
heart.

You must train for many days,
For athleticism pays,
And to follow MILES and SANDOW is the
plan,
Then projecting life and limb
In the vortex of the scrim
You must tackle low, and collar what
you can.

Like BOADICEA of yore,
Indifferent to gore,
With elbow and umbrella you must
shove;

If insensible to pain,
You'll eventually gain
The shining chines chiffons that you
love.

You must gather to your breast
What you fancy, and the rest
It's *comme il faut* to throw upon the
ground;

And the counter you must leap
On the track of something cheap
If you can't find any way of getting
round.

In the thickest of the fight
There's no time to be polite,
And only very little to be rude.
You'll find on "Remnant Days"
You return to nursery ways,
When your instinct of propriety was
erude.

But at length you make your haul,
And suburbwards you crawl,
Encumbered by the bargains you have
bagged,
And you struggle off to bed
With a palpitating head
To sleep the fitful slumber of the fagged.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 26.—Pretty Mlle. DONALDA. She looked so neat and sang so sweet as ever did Gretchen-Marguerite.

Miss E. PARKINA was not a striking Siebel, and Mme. PAULIN does not as yet make us forget Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. Mr. WHITEHILL deserves honourable mention for not Frenchifying his name (which he might easily have done by substituting "Mons." for Mr., or for HILL) nor compounding it with the Italian fraternity by styling himself Signor MONTEBIANCO. His great success will certainly not at present be as

forgive him. On this occasion he lived happily through a scene and a half, and then, like CHARLES THE SECOND, only without his courteous apology to the crowd about him, he was "a long time a-dying."

Tuesday.—Aida. This Operatic Notist present by deputy. Deputy remarks on crowded state of house, on absence of Royalties, on splendid performance of GIUSEPPE VERDI's opera, now thirty-four years old and therefore just in its prime, on the very effective *mise-en-scène*, especially notable in second scene of Second Act, and, to wind up, on the genuine enthusiasm of a thoroughly appreciative audience.

For Signor CARUSO as *Radames* and Mlle. DESTINY as *Aida* there appear to be no adjectives sufficiently powerful to express Deputy's admiration. In the regrettable absence of Mme. KIRKBY LEXX, the part of *Amneris* is finely rendered by Mlle. OLITZKA, a name reminiscent of Byronic *Olinska* and *Mazeppa*, dramatised for ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, reminiscent also of H. J. Byronic burlesque on same subject, written for that eccentric genius "Little Ronson," who sentimentally sang:—

"Walk in, walk in, walk in, *Olinska*, pray!
O walk into the garden, 'tis a bright and sunny day,"

and then burst into a lively, tuneful measure, and an indescribably nondescript dance which "brought down the house."

Newly-arrived Signor SAMMARCO, as my discreet Deputy informs me, made a big hit as *Amonasro*, the Black King in the game. Why roll two names into one? Surely *Sam* is abbreviated *Samuel*, and *Marco* is Italian for *Mark*, *n'est-ce pas*? Anyway, SAM made his mark (O!), and that's enough



ORPHÉE.

Orphée—Mlle. Gerville-Réache.
Euridice played with much point by
Mme. Jeanne Raunay.

Mefisto. As we miss BAUERMEISTER'S *Marthe*, so do we PLANCON'S *Mefisto*, and the absence of these two from the Garden Scene is specially regrettable. However, to pluralise the old proverb, "What will they do who come after the King and Queen?" By the way, their MAJESTIES were present, but the House was not by any means overcrowded.

"M. HEROLD," says my lady-accompanist to me confidingly, "is the best-looking *Faust* I have seen for some time." The other *Fausts* mustn't be angry: after all, this is but an opinion, and please listen to the discount.—"But," she added, "there is something wanting." Quite so: it was not *the Faust*, though the part, at its best, is not great.

The newly-painted church scene, which has already been mentioned in previous notes, works well. But would it not strengthen the dramatic effect of this situation were *Mefisto* only heard and never seen,—not even at the very last moment? If there be a demoniacal chorus it is "heard without," the demoniacal whispers (*bassi profondi*) are heard within: but the Devil who cannot face a cross-handled sword is hardly the sort of fiend to enter a Cathedral, especially while a *Requiem* is going on, and to monopolise the interior of a substantial pillar. No, *Mefisto's* promptings here should be *vox et præterea nihil*.

Marquerite Mlle. DONALDA improved greatly towards the finish. Brother *Valentin* I had for the moment forgotten; he ought to have stayed at home and looked after his sister *Meg*. Yet, had he done so, we should never have had the story, nor this opera. *Valentin* is responsible for everything; for the sake of the dramatists and composers who have treated the immortal subject we must



L'ORACOLO; OR, A LOT OF TROUBLE DOWN OUR STREET.
(As seen at a glance by Our Special Operatic Artist.)

Ah-Joe—Mlle. Donalda; Hua-Qui—Mme. Paulin; San-Lui—M. Dalmores; Cim-Fen—Signor Scotti; Uin-Sci—M. Marcoux; Hu-Tsin—M. Cotreuil; Indovino—Signor Montecucchi.

for him and for us. Whatever his name be, he has so far evidently succeeded in making a name for himself.

June 28. *Orphée* (not *Orfeo*). An excellent performance. Singing and acting of Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE: first-rate. As to costume, Musical and Artistic Assistant supplies illustrated report. Is this *Signor Orfeo* or *Mademoiselle Orphée*? Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE seems to have been undecided, and to have compounded by attiring the character in what may be described as "a *Reache-me-down*" garment. Spectators, unfamiliar with the opera, wish to know if this individual, so clothed, represents *Orpheus* or *Eurydice*. All doubt removed by entrance of *Eurydice*, a handsome young lady with a very fine voice. *Orphée* is to be congratulated on excellent taste.

Then followed the new One Act opera by Signor FRYCO LEONT entitled *L'Oracolo*. A gruesome story, known previously as *The Cat and the Cherub*. Opera full of life (also death) and action. Music charming. It went with a dash from start to finish. Performers and composer received hearty applause. Signor SORTI, representing *Cim-Fen*, who is altogether a bad lot, made a very big hit; so did Mlle. DONALDI as *Ab-Slee*, with M. DALMORES as her lover *San-Lui*. Messrs. MARVOUX and COTRELL as the two elders *T'in-Sci* and *Hu-Trin*, with Mme. PARISS as *Hua-Qui* the foolish nurse, completed a very strong cast.

Not "completed," for there remains the American policeman, who says nothing, sings nothing, sees nothing, and does nothing. He is the very impersonation of Justice blind-folded. The scene, representing "a street in Chinese Quarter, San Francisco," painted by AL BUCK, is very effective. The orchestra, conducted by M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER, is all that Signor LEONT could possibly desire.

More on this subject when next opportunity offers.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR JOHN FURLEY has spent a long and busy life in administering first aid to the wounded in war. His attention has been directed less to surgical operations than to the Commissariat department. In brief—brevity is forced upon my Baronite in presence of the imposing catalogue of the knight-errant's philanthropic enterprises—he has during the last thirty-five years followed on the track of armies, distributing supplies alike to the soldiery and non-combatants. Beginning in the Franco-German War 1870-1 as Commissioner of the British National Aid Society, he finished (for the present) on the stricken field of battle in the Transvaal. He relates his manifold experience in *Peace and War*. (SMITH, ELDER). Less heroic than other strains on the classic topic of war, his pages cast useful sidelights on the interminable story. He was in Paris during the rage of the Commune, and sketches vivid pictures of its daily and nightly course. Among his companions was LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, then acting as correspondent of the *Times*. The two were looking out of a window in the Place Vendôme, fascinated by the horror of the scene beneath, when a shot passed into the room between their heads, covering them with stones and glass. It was the signal that closed a brilliant career. That vulgar impostor the "prophet" HARRIS had sent a message to OLIPHANT that when a bullet passed through the window of a room in which he chanced to be, he must regard it as a call to America. As bullets were at this time flying thickly about windows in Paris and Versailles it was a pretty safe omen, OLIPHANT promptly accepted it, leaving forthwith for America, where HARRIS gorged himself with his estate.

The Regent of the *Roués* (HUTCHINSON) was the Duc d'ORLÉANS who governed France for a while after the death of Louis XIV. He was so called from his association with a body of the

dissolute scamps who helped to prepare the way for the Revolution which cleared the air and the land at the close of the century. A suggested derivation of the now familiar word is that this select circle were so warmly attached to the Regent that they were ready to be broken on the wheel (*la roue*) for him. My Baronite thinks it is a pity they did not all come to an end justly deserved. In compiling his work Colonel HAGGARD has industriously rooted about the garbage gathered by the memoirists, diarists, and letter-writers of the age, and has produced a series of piquant chapters which illustrate its lurid, almost incredible wickedness. The State was corrupt from its head to its meanest agent; the hapless people, dumb driven cattle, bearing the burden of the cost. The book reveals some gruesome episodes of public and social life in Paris in the heyday of the Bourbons. Colonel HAGGARD has forgotten, or never learned, much authoritative matter about the Man in the Iron Mask revealed since the conjectures of VOLTAIRE, which he accepts as finally solving the mystery.

A Lindsay's Love, by CHARLES LOWE (published by T. WERNER LAURE in Scotch-plaid cover), purports to be an autobiographical account of strange, varied and most romantic adventures prosaically told by a stalwart hot-headed Scotchman possessing small sense of humour, but gifted with a memory for poetic quotations which he has an irritating knack of applying as mottoes for the headings of all the chapters. Whether the author assumes a stolid literary style for the purposes of this story, or whether such style be his own, the Baron is unable to determine, and he can only describe this book as the work of a "Wandering Willie," gifted with Mr. Wegg's weakness for "dropping into poetry," with the additional faculty of lugging in his own pure Scotch, which, to the Baron at least, is as unintelligible as would be a Maori madrigal. At page 352 the hero, such as he is, correctly sums up his own character thus, "'What a fool! what a fool!' I muttered. 'The Emperor?' (asks his cousin *Maryaret*). 'Oh, no, I mean myself,' I sneered in self-contempt." ("Hear! hear!" from the Baron.)

Here is an example of the Scot's notion of humour. *Lindsay* has identified (as he thinks) the corpse of his lady-love *Maryaret*, who has (he concludes) committed suicide. This body of evidence he causes to be interred in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Subsequently he meets his *Maryaret* very much alive, and when walking together he points out to her the Morgue, which place, he tells her, "with a nudge and a grin smile, 'is where I found your corpse,' at which she nearly burst out laughing at the idea, and propped me with her muff reproachfully." If it's humour the reader wants, can he get anything finer than this as displayed in the above quotation? "'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter." Certainly he will not in this book.

That the protagonist of this novel is a muddler and meddler will be the verdict of all who read the book, which, in spite of its dragging its slow length along in the earliest portion of the story, and in spite of its being considerably over-written, is not only readable, but curiously exciting, and as genuinely interesting as should be any personal revelation of the forces at work immediately before, and during, the Franco-German War. "*Patienza! roilà tout!*" says the Baron while certainly recommending this book to those of his friends who still dearly love a good romance.



AVEBURIANA.

THE TEST MATCH.

To begin with, what is a test? It is a trial of strength. The Australians met the English at "cricket's manly toil" (BYRON), to see which were the stronger. The English were the stronger. May it ever be so! And yet we must not forget that the Australians are English too, our own kith and kin, and so remembering we must not be too triumphant. For are we not all of one family, differing only over the advisability, as I am told, of bowling leg-breaks wide of the leg stump, yet not wide enough to be penalised by that ARISTIDES of the pitch, the umpire? Oh the little more, and how much it is, as the poet says. A little more and ARMSTRONG would have bowled (*horresco referens!*) a wide; a little less and he would have been, in the ropes, in the words of a nephew of my own now at school, where language is elastic, carted over the ropes.

The match just finished contains many lessons for us all. Let us look at TYLDESLEY's two innings—how different, and how illustrative of the uncertainties of life! In the first innings this gallant little Lancastrian, who is, I am told, not above five feet eight, in a vain endeavour to defend his wicket—his honour, as they would say in the House of Commons—fell to one LAVER, a lengthy antipodean who, coming with the team to arrange its affairs and pay its bills, is now its best bowler: another instance of the unforeseen. So much for TYLDESLEY's first innings, in which he makes a round round O. But in the second he makes—what? a hundred—the same number of runs as of books in the list which I once compiled.

Is there not a lesson here? *Nil desperandum*, never despair. There's no fault so great that it cannot be amended. Second innings, like second thoughts, are best. And yet, are they? For did not the Hon. F. S. JACKSON make 144 in the first innings and only 17 in the second? Perhaps it is unsafe to generalise even to the least extent on this most elusive of games. There is something curiously interesting about the first innings of the English captain. He made 144. What does that represent? Twelve times twelve. How odd for the captain of an eleven to make twelve times twelve! "The dear and the dumpy twelves," as the poet says.

Let us look at other members of the English team. There is Mr. FRY. Mr. FRY has a household name. His *Magazine* is read far and wide; he heads the average by many runs. But tall and powerful man though he be, he could not make as many runs in two innings as little TYLDESLEY in one. Do we not see



SCENE—Light Lunch, after a Private Function.

Dyspeptic Gent. "H'm, I'M AFRAID WE SHALL HAVE TO PUT A CURB UPON OUR APPETITES."
The Colonel (jovially). "WELL, I INTEND TO PUT A BIT IN MY MOUTH!"

a lesson there? The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

I remember once playing a little stump cricket in the Vale of Chamonix, and being struck by the littleness of the game compared with the majesty of those awful peaks. None the less it is an admirable pastime, eliciting the best of its votaries and subjecting them to severe tests of endurance and skill. A long innings can be fatiguing enough even when one has someone to run for one—as I always do; what must it be when one runs everything oneself? TYLDESLEY no doubt would tell us we were he here, which he is not. I remember how tired I was in making those hundred best books.

Have you ever thought how interesting are cricketers' names and initials. W. W. ARMSTRONG, that is a fine name. And what does W. W. stand for? They are magic letters in Anglo-Saxon literature. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM WATSON, WALT WHITMAN—to name none others. There was also a W. W. READ; but that obviously should have been Read W. W.,

an incentive to the study of one or more of these poets. But NOBLE—how fine a name! M. A. NOBLE—his very initials make a man. I note that this cricketer not only bats but bowls, and it was he who caught out FRY. If I were not myself I would be NOBLE or LILLEY. That is a name of great and delicate beauty. "In the beauty of the lilies," as the poet says. But whose name is this? A peer's son's? No, the only peer's son present is named JACKSON. A gentleman's? No, the gentlemen are named FRY and BOSANQUET. A mere professional then? Yes. This beautiful name falls to a mere professional, one who does not play merely for his expenses, but is paid a trifle more. Is there not a lesson there? Is there not a lesson everywhere? I once met a county cricketer in an hotel at Florence, and we walked round the Uffizi together. I forget his name. Ah, well. "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal," but the goal has nothing to do with cricket. That is a football term. And here I close.

A DOGE POUR RIRE.

[Addressed to an American gentleman who recently gave a dinner, said to have cost about six hundred dollars a head, in a monstrous gondola in the lower courtyard of the Savoy, dosed for the occasion, and hung with painted views of Venice.]

But yesterday an obscure millionaire,

One of a crowd in lands where such are legion,
To-day, careering through the realms of air,

Your name is borne to earth's remotest region;
You have enthralled, by one superb collation,
The Universal Snob's imagination.

Fleated upon a four-inch-deep lagoon,
Recalling *Hadria* by the help of hoses,
A mighty gondola was your saloon,
Embowered amid a priceless line of roses;
And on a smaller boat the great *Cataseo*
Sang, being adequately paid to do so.

The wave was dyed a pure Italian blue;
With pictured palaces the walls were garnished;
There stood the Campanile raised anew,
And all was Venice to the life, re-varnished;
Bar ducks and golden fish (exotic creatures)—
These were original Savoyard features.

Venice in London! She was here before,
But never such a ducal commissariat
(Three thousand pounds, they tell me, paid the score)
Staggered the haunt of London's proletariat;
Never has Earl's Court (charging for admission)
Made of itself so loud an exhibition.

The simpler Doges of an earlier day
Dropped wedding-rings into the Adriatic;
But, though it meant good money thrown away,
The episode was always most dramatic;
They never sank their wealth, as far as we know,
In *your* preposterous brand of water-beano!

Sir! if, with dollars as your leading claim,
On notoriety you have your heart set,
It should be easy work to earn a name
And be a boom in what is called the Smart Set;
But why not choose some method (such as charity)
Less open to the charge of mere vulgarity?

Your arts are new to our benighted shores,
Yet now and then we read a Yankee rumour
Of some portentous meal like this of yours,
And say, "We hoped they had a sense of humour!"
Shall that belief, which fond tradition hallows,
Be drowned in shin-deep imitation shallows?

O. S.

The Envy of the Gods.

Small Girl (to Governess). Miss THOMSON, have you ever taken too much to drink?

Governess. Good gracious, child, of course not.

Small Girl. No more have I. (*Touchee wood.*) *Unberufen!*

From the *Cork Constitution*:—"The friends of a respectable young widow want to get her housekeeping in a respectable widower's family; understands her business." There seems a certain want of *finesse* in this latter statement.

School-Inspector. Correct the following sentence: "To procure a pair of boots without squeaking outside London is impossible."

Pupil (son of local shoemaker). "To procure a pair of boots without squeaking outside London is not impossible."

THE SUB-EDITOR'S AUNT.

"I always buy your paper, my dear Horace," said the old lady, "although there is much in it I cannot approve of. But there is one thing that puzzles me extremely."

"Yes, Aunt?" said the Sub-Editor meekly, as he sipped his tea.

"Why, I notice that the contents bill invariably has one word calculated to stimulate the morbid curiosity of the reader. An adjective."

"Circulation depends upon adjectives," said the Sub-Editor.

"I don't think I object to them," the old lady replied, "but what I want you to tell me is how you choose them. How do you decide whether an occurrence is 'remarkable' or 'extraordinary,' 'astounding' or 'exciting,' 'thrilling' or 'alarming,' 'sensational' or merely 'strange,' 'startling' or 'unique'? What tells you which word to use?"

"Well, Aunt, we have a system to indicate the adjective to a nicety; but—"

"My dear Horace, I will never breathe a word. You should know that. No one holds the secrets of the Press more sacred than I."

The Sub-Editor settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"You see, Aunt, the great thing in an evening paper is human interest. What we want to get is news to hit the man-in-the-street. Everything that we do is done for the man-in-the-street. And therefore we keep safely locked up in a little room a tame man of this description. He may not be much to look at, but his sympathies are right, unerringly right. He sits there from nine till six, and has things to eat now and then. We call him the Thrillometer."

"How wonderful! How proud you should be, HORACE, to be a part of this mighty mechanism, the Press."

"I am, Aunt. Well, the duties of the Thrillometer are very simple. Directly a piece of news comes in, it is the place of one of the Sub-Editors to hurry to the Thrillometer's room and read it to him. I have to do this."

"Poor boy. You are sadly overworked, I fear."

"Yes, Aunt. And while I read I watch his face. Long study has told me exactly what degree of interest is excited within him by the announcement. I know instantly whether his expression means 'phenomenal' or only 'remarkable,' whether 'distressing' or only 'sad,' whether—"

"Is there so much difference between 'distressing' and 'sad,' Horace?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt. A suicide in Half Moon Street is 'distressing'; in the City Road it is only 'sad.' Again, a raid on a club in Whitechapel is of no account; but a raid on a West-End club is worth three lines of large type in the bill, above Fry's innings."

"Do you mean a club in Soho when you say West-End?"

"Yes, Aunt, as a rule."

"But why do you call that the West-End?"

"That was the Thrillometer's doing, Aunt. He fell asleep over a club raid, and a very good one too, when I said it was in Soho; but when I told him of the next—also in Soho, chiefly Italian waiters—and said it was in the West-End, his eyes nearly came out of his head. So you see how useful the Thrillometer can be."

"Most ingenious, Horace. Was this your idea?"

"Yes, Aunt."

"Clever boy. And have the other papers adopted it?"

"Yes, Aunt. All of them."

"Then you are growing rich, HORACE?"

"No, no, Aunt, not at all. Unfortunately I lack the business instinct. Other people grow rich on my ideas. In fact, so far from being rich, I was going to venture to ask you—"

"Tell me more about the Thrillometer," said the old lady briskly.



NOT IN THE PICTURE.

SCENE—On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

MR. PUNCH (Photographer, suavely, to the KAISER). "JUST A LEETLE FURTHER BACK, PLEASE, SIR. YOUR SHADOW STILL RATHER INTERFERES WITH THE GROUP."





GIVING HER AWAY.

Youthfully made-up Spinster, over forty, just engaged, proudly introduces her Young Betrothed to the Family Gardener.
Family Gardener. "Ah, Miss LETTY, I'M THAT GLAD! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!"

TO WOULD-BE WOMEN WRITERS.

(Being a few notes supplementary to a recent article by ELL-N TH-RN-GR-FT F-WL-R.)

"If you wish to be effective in literature you must learn the art of putting yourself in another person's place: not only in that of your characters, but also of your readers." I used these remarkable words in a recent article, and doubtless you would like to know why I used them. Well, there were two reasons. I wrote them because they contained a good thought well expressed, and had real literary beauty despite the grammatical construction. As to their truth, that surely is sufficiently proved by the fact that they appeared in print. When I wrote them I put myself in the place of the editor of the great morning paper for which I intended them. That is why they were duly published. I feel quite certain they wouldn't have been if

the editor had been in his place instead of me.

But there are other things besides changing places that contribute to literary effectiveness, and the chief of these is domestic usefulness. There is, as I stated in the article, "a general idea afloat" (and also, let me add now, ashore) "that a woman's literary success makes against her domestic usefulness"—that she cannot "wield the poker as well as the pen." "Why not?" I asked. "She has two hands: therefore, why cannot she hold both pen and poker at the same time, using each as she thinks fit?" Having rubbed in that point with characteristic humour in the article, I went on to urge you, the would-be women writers, "to give your whole attention to the matter in hand." This, perhaps, needs further elucidation. You will ask "Which hand?" Ah, dear would-be women writers, there is the secret. I had that difficulty to deal

with when I began—when I was a would-be. And what did I do? Exactly what I am advising you to do. When I wrote that article I had a pen in one hand and a poker in the other, and I used each as I thought fit. In fact I wrote it with the poker. It is simplicity itself.

And it is this very idea—to quote again from the article—that induces many a girl who is bored, as I aptly remarked, by "the trivial round, the common task," to fly to literature and to make up her mind to write. Let her write a book if she can—and must: but let her remember that doing the one is no excuse for leaving the other undone. Those were my very words. The meaning, I think, is obvious. When a girl has made the fire there is absolutely no excuse for her not writing the book.

One last word of advice. If you cannot write anything else, write a washing book.

CHARIVARIA.

It is officially denied that, when the crew of the *Potemkin* formally declared war against the Russian Government, the Russian Government formally called upon France to fulfil her treaty obligations on the ground that her ally was now being attacked by two Powers.

It is evidently realised even in Germany that the Kaiser's Morocco policy has strengthened the *Entente* between France and Great Britain, for a leading German paper now states that it was never sought to weaken those relations.

As a result of the new War Office Regulations it is thought that twenty-five per cent. of the Volunteers will be weeded out on account of being physically unfit. But they will not necessarily be lost to their country. A good many of them will no doubt enlist in the regular army.

Since a gentleman wrote to the *Daily Mail* to say that he had found digging for an hour or two in stiff soil a cure for worry, a huge demand has arisen in the City for offices with a little back garden, into which the principal can run each time the office-boy makes a mistake.

The Parliamentary Return on the assessment and payment of income tax shows that there are only twenty persons in Great Britain in receipt of incomes exceeding £50,000 a year. This is a scandal which calls for an immediate remedy.

At the attempted inauguration of the electric system on the Underground, "the Metropolitan Railway," we read, "was affected by the breakdowns on the District Railway." This is very touching.

The members of the Yorkshire Automobile Club last week took sixty patients from the Huddersfield Infirmary for a drive, the members having decided to lend their cars for this purpose on one day in each year. It is pleasant to remember that the relations between motorists and hospitals have always been close.

At the Congress of Medical Officers of Health Dr. HERBERT JONES, of Hereford, pointed out the usefulness of motor cars to medical men in enabling them rapidly to reach their patients. The more daring the driver, in fact, the more quickly he comes across a patient.

Other doctors expressed the opinion that motoring undoubtedly benefits public health. It is certainly reducing the number of deaf persons.

As a result of the visit of the KING and QUEEN to Harrow the boys are to have an extra week's holiday, and their parents' feelings of loyalty are strained almost to breaking point.

The Summer Sales started last week, and it has been calculated that already 1,000,000 odd ladies have purchased 2,000,000 odd articles which they do not require.

The Cartoon Gallery at Hampton Court has been closed until further notice. In some quarters this is believed to be due to pique at the success of Mr. F. C. Gott's show in Bond Street.

A medical commission in Puerto Rico is, it is stated, applying with success a newly-discovered cure to the "lazy worm" disease, which afflicts with absolute idleness about 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the interior of the island. The fact that the commission is meeting with no opposition is said to be due to the fact that labour is not yet properly organised in those parts.

It is comforting to learn that England is not the only country where mis-carriages of justice take place. At Leinberg in Austria, last week, a taxidermist discovered, in the stomach of a pet monkey which he was stuffing, a diamond brooch, for the alleged theft of which the owner's valet had been sent to prison. In this case, we understand, there was not, as in the BECK case, the mitigating circumstance of resemblance between the actual and the supposed thief.

The Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, showing that fewer coins were issued last year than in the previous twelve months, confirms the popular view that the supply of money has recently been unequal to the demand.

The statement that West Ham is infested with mosquitos, and that many persons have been badly stung by the insects, is untrue. We are informed that they have been very well stung.

A public-house at Deptford which claimed the honour of having entertained PETER THE GREAT when he visited England has had its licence cancelled, and they are asking in St. Petersburg, Could Russophobia go further?

From advt. in Provincial paper:

TO be Let, Good GROCERS and BREAD SHOP; large Oven; lived in it nearly six years; satisfactory reasons for leaving.

We can well believe it.

THE PLACE OF WILD NONSENSE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Bart Kennedy of the "Daily Mail.")

I.

They had let me out here in a lone place of rocks and mountains and wind and water and grey sky. The wind blew from the west. A west wind. It blew with one soul-searching force. A west wind blowing with a whole soul-searching force. A wind in my face. A west wind blowing in my face. A west wind blowing in my face with one whole soul-searching force. This is the house that Jack built.

Mountains.

Mountains all around me.

Surely the mountains were all around me. Mountains to the East. Mountains to the West. Mountains to the North. Mountains to the South.

Mountains also to the N.N.E. by E.

(I was once a sailor.)

II.

Wind and water and mountains and rocks and sky and a wild west west wind. Alone and going along a lone, lone road in the lone silence by my wild lone.

Alone.

Without my keeper.

And I was at one with the wild loneliness. Strangely at one with it. As a limpet. As a limpet with its rock.

Rocks.

One with the rocks! An infinite all-force!

III.

Why had they let me out? Why had they let me out to be one with the rocks and the mountains and the sea and the grey sky and the wild west wind?

Why had they let me out before my time?

I had passed from outside the ken of man. I had passed from outside the ken of time. I had passed from outside right. Across the mouth of the goal. Why did they not shoot?

IV.

Who is it who writes like this? Surely there is someone who writes like this.

A man! An infinite all-force!

WALT WHITMAN!

Surely this is the style of the WHITMAN.

V.

It is not difficult.

Anybody can do it. In short sentences.

Like this: Rocks.

Rocks and a grey sky. A grey sky palpitating with the birth of some unknown all-force. Have you the pen of the gardener's daughter?

VI.

Spots. Spots off HAROLD.

RIPPLES FROM THE PIERS.

["Now that the Prince of WALES has shown the way, Society may take to the Thames in London as a fashionable resort." — *Daily Paper*.]

STEAMBOAT parties have been notably gay and many this week, and the floating piers were quite six inches below the normal level on Sunday morning as the result of the "rush to the river." At Westminster, during the fashionable hour for boating, the crush was exceptionally great. Nothing more serious occurred, however, than the loss of Lady LACKGEAR'S Maltese toy. Fortunately Lord LACKGEAR, who was trying for porpoises off Old Swan Pier, was able to gaff the mite as it passed.

There is a stage whisper that a short season of floating plays is to be tried with a drama especially written by Mr. W. W. JACOBS, entitled *Mud is Thicker than Water*. If the idea is matured it is possible that the Savoy Theatre, once the home of light opera, may itself find a home on a lighter.

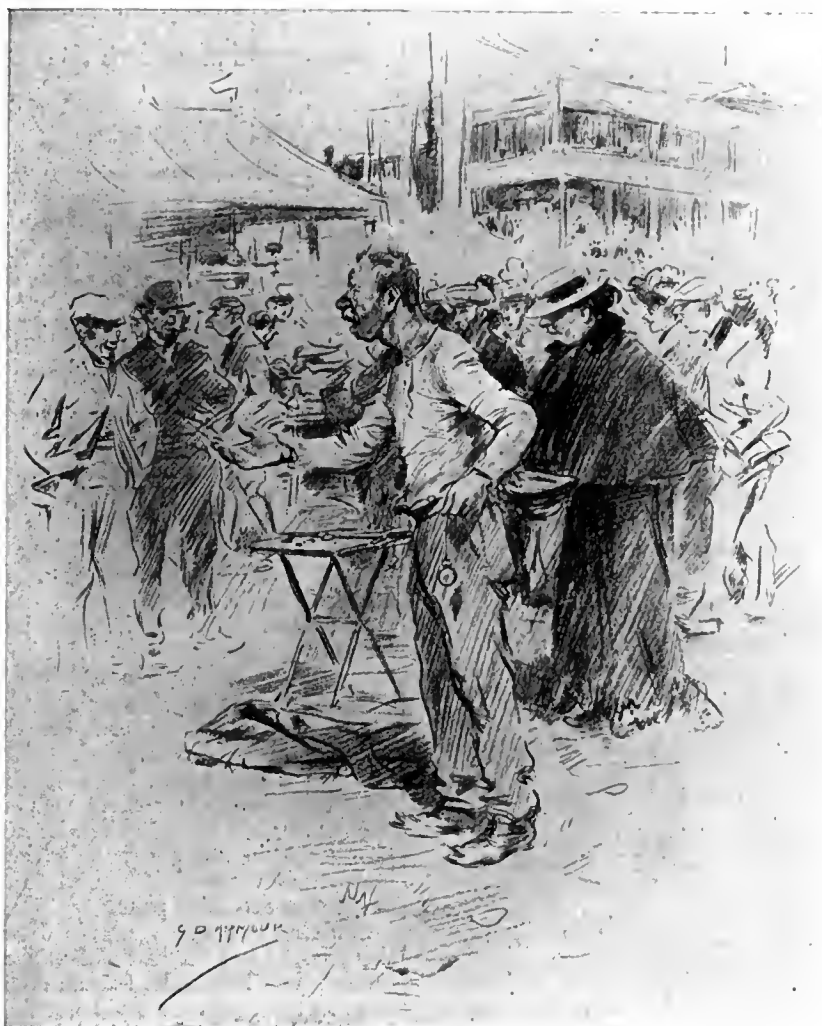
Quite a charming innovation was recently carried out by some members of the Smart Set. Upon the delightfully cool and shadowy buttresses of London Bridge a number of small card-tables were cunningly elamped, and here Society was to be seen indulging in the game of the hour. Between the rubbers, the members of the Mayfair Otter Club gave a display of life saving, while as a final surprise, at twelve o'clock, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN appeared upon the parapet and sang, "*I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight*."

The next show of the Ladies' Kennel Association is to be held on the Isle of Dogs, provided that the Barking authorities are willing.

The new promenade piers in connection with the Savoy Hotel are to be commenced at once, and it is confidently anticipated that shrimp and winkle teas will become a feature of the season.

It was almost impossible to obtain steamboats on Tuesday when the Guards held their aquatic sports at Pimlico. A Duchess, who is noted for her pluck and energy, was enthusiastically greeted when she arrived on a life-buoy. An unfortunate gloom was cast over the proceedings later, owing to the sudden disappearance of Captain AVOIR DU POIS during the mud hunt.

Lord ELMRWIG'S eldest son, who last year nearly carried off the Amateur Punting Championship at Maidenhead, has been out on the Long Reach with a



"OFFERED AND (NOT) TAKEN."

Heard at the Races. (Not in the Royal enclosure.)

Sword Swallower. "NOW, IF ANY GENTLEMAN PRESENT WILL LEND ME 'IS GOLD WATCH, I'LL SWALLOW IT!"

sixty-foot punt pole. It has been decided not to attempt to raise it.

The father of our most recent American bride has taken the gull-shooting between the Tower Bridge and Blackfriars for the coming winter.

VI ET ARMIS.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present system of collecting the Income-tax have at length finished their labours and drawn up a Report, advising, *inter alia*, that additional Parliamentary powers should be applied for, to enable collectors to carry out their duties more effectually. We venture to suggest that the following powers should also be added to those recommended by the Commissioners:—

1. Power to enable a collector to enter the shop of any trader, reasonably sus-

pected of under-rating his income, and to carry off his books and rifle the till.

2. Power to enable any Police Constable (without the necessity of applying for a warrant) to arrest anyone, in any public highway, who may look as if he was the sort of man who, if he had an income, would be likely to make a false return concerning the same.

3. Power to enable the said P.-C. to reverse any such person as aforesaid, and stand him on his head, so that the money (if any) shall fall out of his trouser-pockets.

4. Power in all cases to collect the Income-tax with a club.

5. Power to extract all arrears of Income-tax, from any person reasonably suspected of owing the same, by any known means of persuasion; the said means to include the rack, thumb-screws and boiling oil.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ROBERT.

WHEN we recount with proper zeal
Our love of legal institutions,
How Britons lose the public weal
On laws and not on revolutions,
That where the British Standard waves
You note an instant slump in slaves;

Our souls are punctured by a sense
Of well-deserved superiority,
And, should our neighbours ask us,
"Whence

This firm obedience to authority?"
We heave an unctuous smile and praise
The Englishman's inherent traits.

We bid them note how down the street,
Where cabs and 'buses wildly jostle,
Guiding them deftly with his feet
Stands Discipline's alert apostle;
Ay, robed in unpretentious blue,
The man to whom the credit's due!

The highway's autocrat, he stands
Amid the swollen tide of traffic,
And waves a pair of awesome hands,
And grunts his orders, terse but graphic,
And lo! the headlong stream stands fast,
While two old fogies trickle past.

As nought to him the cabman's rage,
The shibboleth of foreign chauffeurs,
The costermonger's persiflage,
The idle jeers of casual loafers,
The gross but not unkindly wheeze
Aimed at the man's extremities.

In vain the drayhorse paws the air,
The flow of low abuse grows brisker;
He never turns an injured hair,
Or lifts a deprecating whisker,
For he knows well enough that they
May gibe, but dare not disobey!

Whether in dark, secluded walks
He flouts the schemes that bad men
work us;
Or maiden ladies, screaming "Lawks!"
Hang on his neck in Oxford Circus;
His mien displays an abstract calm
That soothes the fractured nerves like balm.

Who spoors the burglar's nimble feet,
And spots the three-card man's devices?
Who hales before the judgment seat
The vendor of unwholesome ices?
Who's apt at any time to have his
Complexion spoiled by hob-nailed
navvies?

It is indeed our ROBERT, or,
As some prefer to say, our "BOBBY";
The civil servant, paid to floor
The wiles of those who'd kill or rob
'ee;

Who keeps our premises secure,
Our butter and our morals pure.

And when we hear of fresh alarms,
Of bombs and mutiny and massacre,
Of citizens dispersed by arms.
In countries where such things, alas,
occur,
Well may we urge our ROBERT's claim
Alike to gratitude and fame.

LOVE À LA MODE.

["According to a French physician, the hand contains over 80,000 microbes to the square inch, and in shaking hands these microbes are conveyed from one person to another. He advocates the substitution of one of the more dignified and distant Oriental modes of salutation.—Daily Paper.]

Her mother had significantly left them together in the conservatory. The moment had come to make her understand how much he loved her. He had been in a similar situation once or twice before, under the *ancien régime*, but then it was comparatively easy. Now, under a code of etiquette founded chiefly on the latest fashion in bacteria, he felt his position embarrassing. A kiss had long been considered a criminal proceeding, on purely hygienic grounds. Impassioned speech was but the setting free of millions of microscopic prisoners desirous of a change of lung. He must not even press her little hand, well knowing what malignant hosts science had placed within its few rounded square inches—not to mention those that lurked in his own extensive palm.

Standing at a safe hygienic distance, therefore, he stretched out his arms towards her, longingly, like an anorous tenor at the Opera. He did not sing, of course. That had long since been forbidden, as putting more microbes into circulation than even impassioned speech. He did not speak, feeling that the level, more or less sterilised conversation, which alone science still permitted to be sparingly used, would be out of place on this occasion. But he gazed upon her so ardently that the few thousand bacilli temporarily resident amongst his eyelashes were seriously inconvenienced by the rising temperature.

She smiled, and shook her head very gently. Everything was done very gently now, by persons with the slightest pretence to civilisation, in order to avoid disturbing the circumambient legions of the enemy. But whilst he admired her discretion he doubted her meaning. Was it "No"? Or that she did not understand? Or that he was going the wrong way to work? Or that she deemed herself unworthy? He carefully sat down at his end of the conservatory and thought it out.

Then she frowned—frowned so unmistakably that he shuddered to think how many hundred thousand germs,

happy tenants of the arches of her brows, would be dislodged by so alarming a dislocation of their dwelling. As, however, he still remained motionless, her behaviour became even more foolhardy and unscientific. With a primitive impulsiveness calculated to despatch every microbe in the conservatory upon a new predatory errand, she rushed to the antiseptic fountain that played amongst the palms, and filled a watering-can from its cool disinfectant. The last thing to be civilised, he reflected, will be woman, but he had barely time to finish the quotation. For with the rose of the watering-can she was tracing in pinkish spray upon the tiled floor the three letters Y E S.

LATIN ON THE LINKS.

IN view of the proposed revival of Latin for conversational purposes Mr. *Punch* has drawn up the following specimen dialogue for the benefit of golfers. The advantages of Latin in this context will not have escaped the notice of even the most superficial observers. Thus the bad effect on caddies of using strong language in the vernacular is entirely obviated. Again, when the ball is lying dead, only a dead language can render justice to the situation.

Tarde retrorsum.

Oculum in globo fige.

Puer, da mihi ligneum baculum.

Globum more solito in apice percussisti.

In annem, puto, globus meus condemnatus delapsus est.

Quid faciam?

Dejice alterum globum a tergo, perdens unum.

Possumne hiatum ferro attingere?

Cum ferro tutissimus ibis.

Proh Jupiter! aggerem superavi.

Heus tu! Quid in nomine Mehistophelis facis? Non lusi secundum.

Nequeo ludere pro nucibus hodie.

Puer meus singultu semper affligitur cum difficilem ictum facturus sum.

Me miserum! mortuus jacet.

Quot lusus sum?

Unum de duobus: impar ludis.

O recuperatio nobilis! Globus tuus saxeus jacet!

O me putidissimum! ictui nimium peperci.

Tollere licet globum in leporis rasurâ jacentem.

Puer, da mihi lineam.

Fortunam infernam habeo. Globus ex hiatu exsiluit!

Quemadmodum stamus?

Dormio per tres hiatus.

Dimidium ergo solum requiris.

Quid dicis de poculo Scotici spiritûs cum aqua aerata mixti?

Homo tuus sum: nunc loqueris.

SUGGESTED ALTERNATIVES FOR CRICKET SCREENS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of recent events, it is a matter of urgent gravity that the subject of screens for test matches should be kept before the public eye, but I have an alternative proposal to make, which will, I am assured, meet with approval from player and spectator alike.

You will remember that in a recent match of national importance a famous batsman was clean bowled in consequence of a lady spectator, attired in chocolate brown, rising from her seat in the immediate background of the ball, and waving her match-card to an acquaintance. Another brilliant innings was nipped in the bud, on the same occasion, entirely owing to the fact that the sun's rays struck an uplifted ginger-beer bottle in the shilling seats, and so dazzled the unfortunate batsman that he unintentionally placed the ball into the hands of short slip. In both these cases, as you will remember, the umpire was obdurate in his decision, and as it seems probable that the effervescent sympathy of the halfpenny press will lead to no definite results it is incumbent on all lovers of true sport to come forward and protect the flower of our British batsmen and their averages.

Now, Sir, I wish to put forward a proposition which, while not in any way interfering with the view of the game on the part of that necessary nuisance the spectator, will enable the batsman to see the ball with perfect accuracy from either end of the pitch. I suggest the erection of six rows of patent seats of my own invention, for the accommodation of those who wish to view the play from the point of vantage behind the bowler at each end of the ground. These seats must be painted a uniform buff colour, and furnished with a mechanical contrivance which will render any movement on the part of the occupant absolutely impossible. As he takes his seat, steel grips, suitably padded, spring mechanically from the arms and legs of the chair and securely pinion those of the spectator, while a similar contrivance gently but firmly encircles the neck and supports the head in an easy but upright position. The attendant in charge then proceeds to fasten a long buff-coloured apron and combination hood and cape garment of the same colour round the person of the seat-holder, so that the whole scheme of colour is immovable and unbroken, and provides a perfect background for the flight of the ball. At the lunch and tea interval and the close of an innings, the attendant touches a secret spring at the end of each row, when the grips will fly back again, and the spectator is at



SPEEDING THE STAYING GUEST.

Hostess. "WOULDN'T YOU SING SOMETHING, MR. BORELY?"

Mr. B. "YES, IF YOU LIKE. I'LL SING ONE JUST BEFORE I GO."

Hostess. "WELL, DO SING NOW, AND PERHAPS MISS SLOWBOY WILL ACCOMPANY YOU."

liberty to move if he feels inclined. He may either leave his cape and apron behind or take it with him to lunch, but in this case a small deposit must be paid. The charge for the seats, however, will not be raised above the usual amount, unless the rush on them is so great that a prohibitive price is deemed advisable by the management.

Trusting that the adoption of this idea may be a source of satisfaction to all concerned, and foster the fraternal feeling between player and spectator so necessary for the lasting success of our national game,

I am, Yours faithfully,
A LOVER OF SPORT.

ACCORDING to the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness to Cardiff, "the villagers of St. Fagan sang 'God bless the Prince of Wales' in Welsh. A cornet also rendered the same stirring air in English." We have always regarded the cornet as a speaking instrument.

"LOST, June 17, . . . black and white mongrel male puppy, rather longish hair, looks a little like King Charles, answers name Fido."
—Advt. in "*Daily Mail*."

It will be seen that the resemblance to King CHARLES is only superficial. The deceased monarch would, of course, never have answered to the name Fido.



A LITTLE LEARNING.

He. "A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY, MY DEAR LADY! THAT LIFE CAN BE PRODUCED IN STERILISED BOUILLON BY THE ACTION OF RADIUM. WHAT TRAINS OF THOUGHT IT GIVES RISE TO! WHY, THIS MAY HAVE HAPPENED IN THIS WORLD OF OURS, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO!"

She. "ER—YES, OF COURSE! I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN RADIUM THEN, BUT—ER—WHERE DID THEY GET THE BEEF TEA?"

THE NEURASTHENIC BEE.

[“It is now known that successive generations of working bees will go on all through the summer, every bee toiling itself to death in about six weeks. Instead of being models for stimulus and instruction of youth, the busy bee ought rather to be used as an example of the shortsighted folly of sacrificing life for the sake of a livelihood.”
Manchester Guardian.]

O BEE! O busy Bee!
From earliest years I have mistrusted thee.
When in my copy-book I had to praise
Thy model ways,
Scrawling vain pæans of thy virtuous traits;
When, for my boyish sins, they made me write,
By day and night,
Lines from the *Georgics* till my head was light,
My hand quite ruined, scribbling repetitions
Of thy confounded tricks by way of impositions
I loathed thee, Bee! Deep in my inmost heart
I cursed the art
Which with a monomaniac ardour burned
Still to improve the seasons which were sunny,
Until my spirit at thy virtues turned,
As did my tummy from thy nauseous honey.

But now, O Bee,
After long years sate thy priggish pride!
The boyish instinct which mistrusted thee
Is more than justified.

Thy industry is but a mad desire,
The passion of the miser to acquire,
At any cost to heap up hoards of wealth,
Regardless of thy soul's and body's health.
Some nervous trouble robs thy wretched breast
Of any thought of rest,
And drives thee evermore to slave and slave,
Then sink exhausted to an early grave.

O futile Bee!
Why waste the shining hours in drudgery?
Come, learn a lesson in thy turn, and own
The larger wisdom of thy brother drone.
His is the life of leisure: no wild flurry
Keeps him forever in a hurry-scurry;
He lingers round a rose to con its beauties
Unvexed by thoughts of honey-making duties.
And all the time he does not spend in drinking
He may, if so he choose, devote to thinking.

O over-rated Bee!
Give up thy strait-laced virtues! Try to see
That thou art cursed with a most narrow mind,
To all the nobler things of life stone-blind!
Adopt this broader view—
Remodel on the drone's thy life anew,
And even yet thou mayest find in me
A follower of thee,
O neurasthenic Bee!



THE TEMPTRESS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LOBBYING AGAINST THE ALIENS BILL.

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS THAT THE HUMOUR THAT THE "UNDESIRABLES" INTEND TO DO A BIT OF LOBBYING THEMSELVES IS INCORRECT.

House of Commons, Monday, July 3.— Since on a historical occasion Mr. J. G. TALBOT was present in the House when GRAND CROSS "heard a smile" he has not been so distressed as to-day, when he learned that on Saturday the SPEAKER took part in a cricket match. He is not to be comforted even by the fact that the right hon. gentleman in the first innings by masterly play carried out his bat, having added four to the score.

"It is too risky," J. G. insists, sadly shaking his head. "Suppose a ball smartly driven to limb—or, as I believe they say, to leg—had caught the SPEAKER'S eye? GRANT LAWSON an excellent Chairman, I admit, and T. P. has testified to his musical skill with the triangle. But he is too new to the post to take the SPEAKER'S Chair in the absence of its incumbent. LOWTHER ought to think of these things, and restrain his week-end yearnings for excessive exertion. If he wants exercise let him walk to church on Sundays." These lamentations happily un-



TALBOT THE LACHRYMOSE.

Mr. J. G. Talbot hears that the Speaker has been playing cricket.

founded. SPEAKER at his post, brisk and blithe, all the better for his Saturday run between the wickets. In the first over he bowled SWIFT MACNEILL l.b.w., which is, indeed, that statesman's customary Parliamentary attitude. This hot weather has marked effect on a temperament habitually at bubbling point. Questions cut off by discovery that it was five minutes to three. MACNEILL rose with tempestuous tossing of coat tails; announced that on point of order he desired to put a question to SPEAKER. Led up to it by discursive remarks accompanied by much shaking of fist in the direction of WALTER LONG, who, presumably, had been either again breaking the Sabbath on the motor-car, or secretly receiving members of the Orange Society in a dark room at Dublin Castle. At the end of five minutes, these alternative points becoming increasingly involved, SPEAKER interposed. "I understood," he blandly remarked, "the hon. gentleman desired to ask me a question."



WRESTLING WITH HIS NOTES

The Postmaster-General has to do a little "sorting."

(Lord Stanley.)

"Yes, Sir," shouted SWIFT MACNEILL, grateful that there was at least one man in the House who understood him.

"Then will he kindly ask it?" said the SPEAKER.

SWIFT MACNEILL gasped. Why, he was coming to the question by-and-by! He hadn't been more than five minutes offering a few preliminary remarks. So upset by the turn given to things that, without more ado, he put his question. It turned out to have nothing to do either with motor-cars or secret conclaves, but related to alleged nonappearance on the paper of Ministerial answers to questions which had not been put.

Business done. Aliens Bill in Committee.

2.20 A.M. Thursday. A quaint place, this House of ours. With close of Session almost in view, work is in hopelessly backward state. Not too much to begin with. Conducted on ordinary business methods might have been practically accomplished. As things stand it is already evident that several Bills must be dropped. Whereupon PRINCE ARTHUR gaily announces intention of grappling with great Constitutional question of Redistribution.

That by the way. Question at the moment is, How is the Aliens Bill to be got through Committee? Ingenuous unimaginative man of business would reply, "Sit down and get to work at it." An eight-hour day would suffice to dispose of the remaining amendments if they were taken in hand by Committee primarily and solely anxious to make the best of a Bill.

Is that what we do at Westminster? No, my friend. We spend the eight hours with eighty minutes thrown in, in wrangling round a proposal to set to work. PRINCE ARTHUR puts his shoulder not to the wheel but to the guillotine. With its assistance he undertakes to turn out a brand-new Aliens Bill by a given hour on a certain day. Literally, orders will be executed with Punctuality and Despatch.

Through the hot summer night the hosts contended. From the beginning no doubt about issue. The PINK 'T'S, perspicacious and perspiring, had whipped his men in line. There was just the off-chance that, lured by sense of false security, Ministerialists might be caught napping. Such opportunity seemed to present itself shortly after 9 o'clock, when Members, more hurried than HIRSH at the Vatican in Dizzy's day, came back grumbling from prematurely broken-up dinner parties.

There followed one of those little ironies too familiar to attract attention. PRINCE ARTHUR's proposal was to apply the closure with intent to hurry on the Aliens Bill. Opposition, affronted at this attempt to tamper with the privileges of free speech, denounced it at length. But if they were to reduce the Government majority it must be done at once, before Sybarites, dallying at the dinner table, trooped in. Ministers, conscious of the perilous situation, put up the faithful EVANS-GORTON to say nothing at prodigious length. There are on the Ministerial side several convenient taps that may at moment's notice be turned

on with the design of filling up time till the clans muster. BASBURY's good. The one labelled "EVANS-GORTON" even more certain of sustained supply.

Opposition, hungry for a division, impatiently murmured. The waters of Tower Hamlets, tepid, inexhaustible, flowed on till the PINK 'T'S, hurrying hither and thither counting heads, assured himself that danger was past. The tap abruptly turned off in the middle of (so to speak) a pint, DALZIEL jumped up and moved the closure with the object of bringing to an immediate issue his own amendment directed in indignant protest against PRINCE ARTHUR's Closure Resolution.

Yet no one laughed, cried "Ha, ha!" or wagged his head in commentary on this application of the homoeopathic principle. On the contrary, Ministerialists supporting PRINCE ARTHUR's closure scheme angrily shouted "No!" when the SPEAKER submitted DALZIEL's motion for immediate application of the closure, the Opposition, blanched with horror at PRINCE ARTHUR's attack on freedom of speech, lustily approving it.

Business done.—After nine hours' debate, House resolved to begin to debate on Aliens Bill under closure rules.

Friday night.—Among the dainty morsels served up before the KING and QUEEN at Harrow on Speech Day was a translation by RODOLPH'S MUSEUR WHITE of the following lines:

οἶμα τόδ' Ἡρακλέους, ξέν', δι' οὐκ ὅτι, πάντα
κράτῃσιν,
ἥλπισε νικᾶσθαι τὸν δ' ἐκράτει θάνατος.

The MEMBER FOR SAUK presents a varied reading of MASTER RODOLPH'S effort. It is headed "After the General Election," and runs thus:

Here ARTHUR lies, his toils complete,
And all his conquests past.
He never thought to know defeat,
But C.-B. wins at last.

Business done.—Compensation for Damage to Crops Bill.

A MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANT.

ALTHOUGH 'twas years ago we met,
I still recall her form divine,
And still in fond remembrance set
The night I took her hand in mine.

I watched her where at Bridge she
played:

As twelve o'clock was struck, she
rose;

A mother's wish must be obeyed
(The latter's state was comatose).

With cards outstretched, she murmured
low

A plea which I could scarce decline.
Two pound eighteen it cost me, though,
That night I took her "hand" in
mine!



THE VERY SIMPLE LIFE.

Our young friends, the Joneses, having taken a country cottage for week ends, become enthusiastic gardeners.

Mrs. Jones. "WHAT A LOT OF POTATOES WE SHALL HAVE, JACK. I'VE BEEN COUNTING THE FLOWERS, AND IF——"

Mr. Jones. "DO THE POTATOES COME WHERE THE BLOSSOM IS, THEN?"

Mrs. Jones. "OF COURSE THEY DO, JACK!"

EXPATRIATION ON THE CHEAP.

OWING to the unfortunate necessity that British hotel proprietors and landladies should make hay of the holiday-maker while the sun shines in July, August and September, the *Daily Mail* has discovered that this practically spells Exile in a foreign land for the average rate-payer who seeks change of air. We must therefore pull ourselves together and see what is to be done. If Great Britain is barred, and a Channel crossing deters the timorous from invading Brittany, there is still hope left for the tourist and the paterfamilias at large. We have it on the authority of the Mayor of Pwllheli that his town has been relegated to the foreign section at a public dinner owing to the unpronounceability of its name. Mr. *Punch* begs the natives, therefore, not to carry out their threat of changing the same to

Jonesborough-on-Sea, but to remain foreign—and reasonable in their summer charges. We will then migrate thither *en masse* next month. If there should prove to be insufficient accommodation, we propose to overflow into Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl-llantysiliogogoch, where there should be ample room.

Those whose purses are not long enough to carry them to the foreign health-resorts to which we have given the above free advertisement need not despair. The Aliens Bill has not yet become law. There are many acres of foreign territory in the East-End to which the jaded Londoner may exile himself and his family for the price of a threepenny fare. The khaki steamboats are making arrangements to transport all such to a Thames-side port within contagious distance of these delightful Alsacias, where you may have Russia

without fear of the *Potemkin*, and Finland without fear of Russia, and a complete change of air and smells may be encountered.

All further information for intending Exiles will be gladly tendered them on inquiry at our Cheap Expatriation Bureau.

FROM the *Free Press* of Winnipeg:—"ARTHUR JOHNSON, a youth with an English accent, was arrested here, &c." We trust that the Canadian jury did not allow this unfortunate defect to prejudice them against the poor alien.

THE Press has perhaps been a little hasty in its conclusions as to the result of the mutiny which began off Odessa. Certainly the *Manchester Evening News* seems to have overstated the facts when it printed the following scare-line:

BLACK SEA CEASES TO EXIST.

THE NET PROPHET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH:— Deeply impressed by a great halfpenny paper's reports of the lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon, I venture to send you an account of a game played here at the Puddleton Tournament. I cannot flatter myself that I have equalled the brilliance of my model, but I have done my best.

"With peremptory significance the neighbouring clocks struck three. The hour had come, and as the last stroke rang out Mr. SLASHER stepped fearlessly on to the level sward, where BISQUE—the inimitable BISQUE, unrivalled master of the three-quarter volley—was calmly awaiting him. With a single superb gesture Mr. SLASHER flung aside his coat, parted his hair neatly down the middle, adjusted his tie, and whirled his 48-oz. racket into position. A frown of rugged determination sat firmly on his brow. Mr. BISQUE was a trifle pale, but he whistled a bar or two of 'The Decent Lover,' as he flung his weapon fearlessly towards the skies. 'Heads!' cried his opponent, and a close scrutiny of the racket, now fallen to the ground, showed that heads it was. Accordingly, BISQUE selected the left-hand court and began to serve. First he put in a series of brilliant yorkers, each of which, however, was triumphantly volleyed by his dauntless enemy. But nothing could disconcert Mr. BISQUE. He merely snapped his teeth with a loud explosion, cleared his throat, carelessly flung a ball full at the umpire's head, and sneezed twice. And then he delivered a string of top-screw back-handers which curled three ways and quite perplexed his rival, with the result that after the score had thrice been called 'half-thirty, fifteen,' it was noted down on the credit side of Mr. BISQUE's account. But Mr. SLASHER was by no means done with. Placing his cap inside out on the back of his head, he ran jauntily in to his opponent's drive, twice in succession placing it cleverly beyond the boundary. Another game, and 'vantage-set all' was the umpire's verdict.

"The excitement grew fast and furious. Ladies nervously pulled out their hairpins and strewed them on the ground. The men waited, tense with emotion. Could BISQUE by means of his drop-hooks from the base-line out-mancuvre his foe? SLASHER alone was calm. He drank two cups of tea, with three lumps of sugar in each, placed his tie on the centre of the net, and sent in the most wonderful cross-shots right down the middle line. Not even BISQUE, with all his skill, could make headway against such tactics, and with a sigh of resignation he hauled down his flag, and acknowledged defeat by eleven games to four. How will he fare in the next round, against Mr.

LOWERY? Thousands are asking that question to-night—but time alone will answer it."

THE MILK OF KINDNESS SUPPLY.

AT Bath a burglar, finding the master of a house he had entered ill in bed, shook hands with him, and offered his condolences. It is to be hoped, said the *Evening News*, that this nice feeling will spread. It has spread.

"Broke a rib, did it?" said the Australian express trundler sympathetically, calling at the hospital on "Cotter's Saturday Night" out. "Two ribs? Bless my soul! But we must look on the bright side. If you had stayed in, you might have broken a record."

After sentencing a prisoner to seven



"KHAKI CAPS.—The two patterns of the new Khaki cap will be worn side by side, and O.C. units will report, &c., &c."—Extract from *Brigade Orders*.

[Private "Spud" Murphy is trying to solve the problem!]

days without the option of a fine last week, Mr. PLOWDEX looked him up in his cell, shook hands with him, and made a pun upon his name, which he had forgotten to make in Court. The prisoner laughed heartily, but said that this was the first intimation he had received that his sentence included hard labour.

We wish that all members of the Force displayed the kindly spirit of X94 of Surrey. Having stopped a motorist near Guildford for driving at excessive speed, he drew him to the side of the road, presented him with an illuminated card bearing the words, "More haste, less speed," and explained with great patience and attention to detail the workings of the stop-watch. He concluded the *séance* by advising him

to go to a certain firm for petrol, theirs being the best in the market.

CRICKET.

PAST & PRESENT.

"Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores."

A Modern Cricketer speaks:—

Oh shades of FELIX, LILLYWHITE,
MYNNS, OSWALDESTON, PAUL,
Look earthward from your wickets bright
In some thrice happy star!
Look down and tell us, Is the game
We mortals play to-day the same
As that which won you deathless fame
When you were what we are?

Shades of the Old Cricketers reply:—

We look down and mark with derision
Your matches abandoned and drawn;
Your pitches of perfect precision;
Your outfield as smooth as a lawn;
Your leisurely midday beginnings;
Your pauses, Great Heavens! for tea;
Your totals knocked up in an innings
Which we could not equal in three.

But little of mowing and rolling
Made ready the wicket we loved,
Yet we feared not the swiftest of bowling,
But hit it unpadded, ungloved.
We laugh at good length-balls deflected
With bats horizontal; we groan
When half-volleys pass wholly neglected,
And long-hops left blandly alone.

Straight bats to straight balls we presented,
Not legs, in defence of our sticks;
The loose ones we were not contented
To look at, we hit them for six.
You think that your bowlers are 'cuter
Than ours, with their leg-breaks and swerves,
But one deadly old-fashioned "shooter"
Would shatter your stumps and your nerves.

Play the game for itself, as we played it,
And not for the money you make:
Gates, boundaries, records, degrade it;
Your picnics are all a mistake!
Play the game, in a spirit more sporting,
For your side, not yourself, or the Press;
Let onlookers do the reporting,
And think of your average less.

So then when, the last over ended,
You quit your terrestrial sphere,
You haply may find yourself blended
With the true "Band of Brothers" up here,
Where we play, in the field, at the wicket,
By one common jealousy bound,
For the honour and glory of Cricket,
And "The Asphodel C.C. and Ground."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 1.—We open the operatic month with our ever-young favourite the immortal *Don Giovanni*. As good a cast as ordinarily you could wish to see. Mlle. DESTINX is a distinguished *Donna Anna*, and Miss AGNES NICHOLLS is the other fateful person, *Donna Elvira*. Signor CARUSO appears as their melancholy companion, *Don Ottavio*, personally conducting the two injured females. He finds his compensation in the concerted pieces, and in his *Dalla sua pace*, sometimes omitted, but now given with admirable effect, and in *Il mio tesoro*.

Mlle. DONALDA is a sprightly *Zerlina*, and M. GILBERT the traditional old loutish *Mazetto*.

M. JOURNET is as good a *Leporello* as the stupid old traditions of the Opera allow him to be. Was there ever such absurdity as the "business" of the scene where *Leporello* is supposed to disguise himself as *Don Giovanni*, and *Don Giovanni* to play the part of *Leporello*? How can it be for one moment possible that a lady, deeply in love with the seductive Don, could ever mistake the low-comic servant for the high-comedy master, especially as the servant makes no sort of attempt at concealing his face, and only a partially successful effort to simulate his master's tone of voice? This traditional stage business is too childish, as also is the pantomimic "thwackings," as GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., would style them, with which the Don, armed with an old property padded stick, belabours *Mazetto*. Why does not stage manager M. ALMAREZ step in and reform it altogether?

The Don must evidently have a giant's strength to produce from the strings of his guitar such a *fortissimo* tone as almost to drown his own sweetly-sung melody. The coster's concertina might as well be substituted for the stringed instrument. M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER could rectify this.

Monday, July 3.—The new opera *L'Oracolo*, of which my distinguished Musical and Artistic Deputy expressed his opinion last week, I have now seen on its second performance. I agree with him to a certain extent, but should like to hear it twice before positively asserting that it is only a bizarre work, not for a moment to be placed in the same rank with *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, though here and there, as it seems to me, it is pleasantly reminiscent of both. *L'Oracolo* is a better title than that of the original play, *The Cat and the Cherub*. The word "cherub" is associated with pictures by the old masters representing sacred subjects, and the association of the cruel cat with one of these angelic beings in an irreverent story of, I believe, American origin; so that it was certainly a happy thought on the part of the adapting librettist, bearing the Bulwer-Lyttonish-romanesque name of ZANONI, to substitute for it *The Oracle*. A more fitting title, on the same lines, for the original tragedy, would have been either *The Wolf and the Lambkin*, or *The Fox and the Gosling*. It is not only most effectively placed on the stage, but excellently acted as well as sung. The action is strikingly

dramatic; but, as to the music, except for one duet between *Al-Joe* Mlle. DONALDA and *San-Lui* M. DALMORES, the opera will not at present be robbed, by me at least, of any of its melodies, as there was not one that, on a first hearing, I could carry away with me.

Signor SCOTT's villainous *Cim-Fen* was repulsively powerful. M. MARCOUX a calm, dignified and determined *Uin-Sci*. Had the librettist been a trifle more lively he would have changed the names and have called the lover *Win-Shee* and the pretty little Chinese girl (Mlle. DONALDA) should have been *Win-sum-Shee*.

L'Oracolo was preceded by *Orphée*, with same cast as on the previous occasion. Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE was the *Orphée*, and on this her second appearance as the love-lorn musician, or wandering minstrel, made a graceful concession to the necessary masculinity of the character by cutting, not the part, but the tunic, and artistically lessening its length by perhaps an inch or so. Lovely old-world opera is this of

GLUCK's, first produced in 1762. The librettist, M. MOLINE, was very tender-hearted. He could not bear the separation of the lovers, and so he introduced Master Cupid, who restores *Euridice* to life, and off go *Orphée* and his bride in a boat, without a return ticket, being bound for Paphos, where, as they have already received a marriage license from Hymen, they may be presumed to have lived happily on love ever afterwards. This of course is not according to the ancient legend which shows the travelling musician ultimately killed by enraged persons who hacked him to bits,—critics, probably,—and threw his head, after he had lost it, into the river. Messrs. GLUCK and MOLINE took a livelier view of the story, and sent away their audience rejoicing in the happiness of the mythical heroine and hero.

Wednesday.—*Roméo et Juliette*. Mlle. DONALDA as

the sweet *Juliette* sang and acted well. Great applause from appreciative audience. M. DALMORES as *Roméo*, apparently a bit fatigued at first, was a trifle flat, but when "with love's light wings" he had to "o'erperch the wall" and climb up to *Juliette's* balcony, he rose to both occasions and thenceforth sang, as he acted, excellently. Whenever I see this scene of "scaling the walls"—this opera ought never to be out of the bills at *La Scala*.—I am reminded of an absurd couplet that used to be said by the inimitable "Little KEELEY" in a burlesque on *The Alhambra*:

"With love's light wings I did o'erperch these walls,
I fear with serious damage to my smalls."

And I tremble for the trim and tightly-clad figure of the "climbing boy" *Roméo*. Miss E. PARKINA is a charming *Stephano*, one of the most brilliant pages in Operatic history, but on this occasion, after beginning well, she unfortunately missed "*Sister Jane's* top note" at the end of her song. The house was applaudingly sympathetic. As *Nurse Gertrude* Mme. PAULIN seemed rather hard, but how can it be otherwise,



REVIVAL OF EURIDICE AT COVENT GARDEN.

Restoration of the popular Boat Service to Paphos. Captain Cupid steering. Only two passengers on board for the honeymoon trip.

Orphée.—Mlle. Gerville-Réache.

Euridice.—Mme. Jeanne Raunay.

for is it not a hard task to be the perfect *remplaçante* of Mlle. BAUMELISTER? M. JOHNET quite good, as a reverend *Frère Laurent* ought to be. M. DUROCH acted and sang well as the quarrelsome *Tybolt*, but the gay, bold, and whimsical *Mercutio* does not seem to be much in M. SEVENHA's line. Chorus all that could be desired, scenery ditto, and orchestra under the Misses very perfect. Altogether a good performance.

THE MUSIC PIRATE.

How shall we punish the Pirate bold,
Who's not—like his namesake—feared of old
An ocean cracksmen in feathers and gold,
With a skull and crossbones flag unroll'd,
But a wolf around the music-fold,

Who kidnaps people's airs.

Sweet notes, not addressed to him, he'll prig;
Opera, ballad, rag time, jig;
He burgles composers little and big,
For their keys and bars cares not a fig,
And no musician spares.

May the *tempo accelerando* be
When the law can serve him out, and we
Have got him safe at the Old Bailey,
With *Finis* writ to his base glee,
And his stolen marches too, and he
His last, last run has scored!

Prepared and resolved such crimes to slay,
His judge, in the grim black cap, will say,
"Pirate, your doom's to be taken away
To your prison cell, and, on such a day,
To be hanged with a Common 'Hord!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is evident, so my Baronite thinks, that *The Hill* (JOHN MURRAY) would not have been written had *Tom Brown's Schooldays* never been recorded. Mr. VACHELL attempts to do for Harrow what Mr. HUGHES did for Rugby. My Baronite notes a fundamental difference in the achievement. *Tom Brown* and his schoolfellows were live lads of flesh and blood, brain and muscle. Mr. VACHELL's Harrovians are types, puppets elaborately dressed and considerably labelled. The difference may be briefly stated; but it is vital.

In *Edward Fitzgerald*, the latest addition to the Macmillan series of English Men of Letters, Mr. A. C. BENSON has done something more than present a study of the literary work of the adapter of OMAR KHAYYAM. He enables the reader to see and know in the flesh the "lonely, shy, kind-hearted man" whom even CARLYLE, with such capacity in that direction as he possessed, loved. We see him as he lived and worked; a slovenly-dressed man of strange habits, finding in later life a choice companion in POSH, a sailor whose acquaintance he made at Lowestoft. "A gentleman of nature's grandest type," FITZGERALD ecstatically wrote about his man. POSH, black! was prone to drink more than satisfied OMAR KHAYYAM when he sat beneath his tree in the desert. On one occasion, having made the most of the good things provided at his master's house, he lay full length on the sofa. Another visitor, not of the same type, thought this was going a little too far. "Poor fellow," said FITZGERALD, "look how tired he is!" Here is a vivid word-picture of FITZGERALD himself: "With straggling grey hair, slovenly in dress, wearing an ancient, battered, black-banded, shiny-edged, tall hat, round which he would in windy weather tie a handkerchief to keep

it in its place. His clothes of baggy blue cloth, his trousers short, and his shoes low, exhibiting a length of white or grey stockings. In hot weather walking barefoot with his boots slung to a stick." Such was FITZGERALD at sixty. But the man who translated OMAR KHAYYAM might surely dress as he pleased. My Baronite, having read Mr. BENSON's book, seems to have known in the flesh this half mad, altogether lovable man.

Having endowed the world with a six-volume set of Mr. SWINBURNE's collected poems, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS propose to add to it the treasure of a corresponding Library edition of his tragedies. The issue will be complete in five volumes, of which the first, containing the "Queen Mother" and "Rosmond," is just out. Of these works there is nothing new to be said. It suffices to note that the new series is as beautifully printed and daintily bound as was its predecessor. The work is affectionately inscribed to DAVID GARRETT ROSSETTI.

Canon SHEEHAN, with his intimate knowledge of Irish peasant life and character, his strong sympathy with their wrongs, his keen appreciation of their humour, writes this novel *Glenanaar* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) not only with an earnestness of purpose that deeply impresses the reader, but with a fascination of style that rivets the attention. Romance though this story may be, it conveys the idea of the personal presence of the author in the scenes he so graphically describes. Romance indeed it is, but Romance founded on historic facts, as were the novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Awful is the true story Canon SHEEHAN tells us of the distressful country in the early part of the nineteenth century, when DAN O'CONNELL was "The Liberator" of the Irish people; a time when, as the author says, "it was the Red Terror again transplanted from the Seine to the Lee." It was the hour of the "Approver," of whose black deeds no honest Englishman could approve, and of the False Witness, the temporary triumph of the "Informer," against receiving whose evidence Chief Justice O'GRADY carefully warned the Grand Jury. The scenes in Court as here given by Canon SHEEHAN are of absorbing interest and strikingly dramatic. Nothing more powerful in any recent novel has been written than our author's description of the ride for life undertaken by the poor brother of the man about to be put on his trial, and of the bringing back with him of the "Counsellor" who was to be victorious over the Solicitor-General and subsequently to indict him, though unsuccessfully, in the House, for suppressing certain facts in the case. The Baron can heartily recommend this moving story to all lovers of good literature, and more especially to those among them who, having no personal knowledge of the Irish in their own country, may be acquainted with only the farcically humorous side of their character as represented in the amusing Anglo-Irish novels of CHARLES LEVER.



Happy Thought.

Husband (devoted to *spouse and Bridge*).—What shall we christen the little dear?

Wife (still more devoted).—I've been thinking—why not—*Bridget*?

Husband (delighted).—By all means. For luck.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the *Kniaz Potemkin* has been surrendered by the rebels, the Russian Government is determined to act with such severity as will render a repetition of the mutiny impossible, and it is thought that all those members of the crew who had been terrorised by the majority, and refused to escape when they had the opportunity to do so, will be shot.

The exploits of the *Kniaz Potemkin* led to the appearance of a torpedo-boat "manned by twenty Russian naval officers disguised as sailors." A very clever piece of masquerading.

The ships of the Black Sea Fleet, it is announced, now carry soldiers to keep the sailors in order. Should there be any trouble among the soldiers, police, we understand, will also be embarked, and the overcrowding threatens to be terrible.

The Russians have now declared Vladivostok to be impregnable. It will be remembered that some inconvenience was caused to the Russians by their omission to acquaint the Japanese in time of a similar state of affairs at Port Arthur.

It is denied that our War Office has decided to discontinue the manufacture of the new short rifle. It is a great thing to have a weapon which, if it should fall into an enemy's hands, will be of no use to him.

The Thames Conservancy Board has recommended the London County Council, in view of the fact that their steamers cannot be run to the present time-table, to adapt the same to circumstances. We understand that a certain railway company has advised the L.C.C. to stand firm and to refuse to be dictated to.

At Darwen a number of feathers have been extracted from the tail of one of the municipal peacocks, and it has become necessary to exhibit notices, "Visitors are requested not to pluck the peacocks."

Addressing the Canadian manufacturers now visiting this country, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN declared that his party would not meddle with the rest of the British Empire, but would rather concentrate their energies on such reforms as were necessary in this decrepit country of ours. This statement has led to a revival of the rumour that the Liberals are about to choose a new leader.

An Orpington man, acting on the advice of his superiors, has been shooting at motorists. He missed them all,

The Post Office authorities have issued at the price of one halfpenny "A List of the Principal Telephone Call Offices in the London Area." When such good solid reading can be obtained at such a low price, there is really no excuse for those persons who persist in purchasing trashy novels.

The announcement that, with a view to inducing young men to join the Navy, the Admiralty are considering a suggestion that warships shall periodically visit our great sea-ports leads a Birmingham gentleman to ask why the great inland towns should be left out.

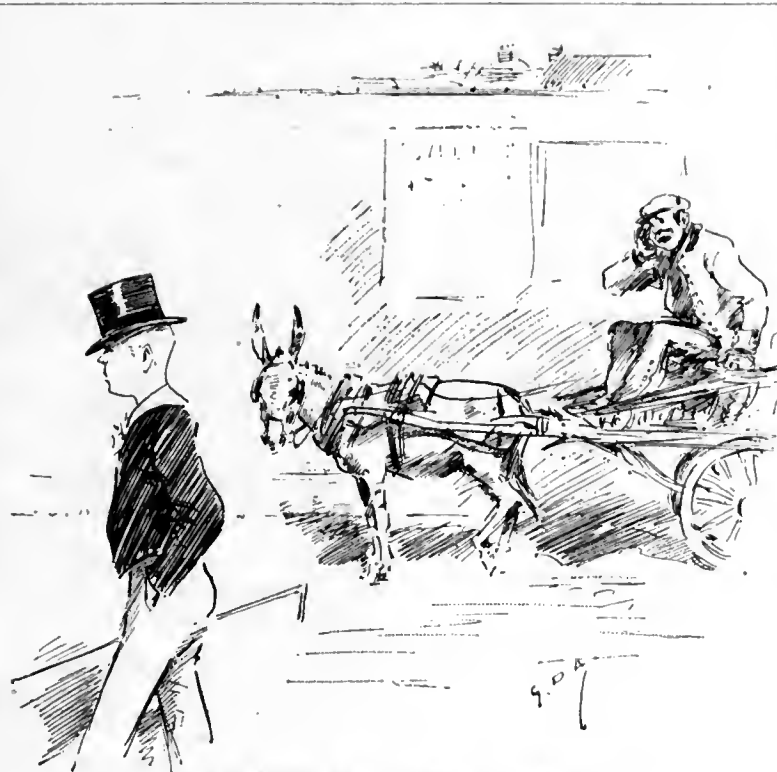
A "Bloodless Surgeon," who has been appearing on the stage of the Camberwell Theatre of Varieties, has been fined for using the abbreviation M.D. instead of his complete title of Music-hall Doctor.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the correspondence in the *Daily Mail* on "Falsehoods in Business." We are afraid that it is not only among the better class of traders that dishonesty is found. It is, for instance, not at all uncommon to hear a hawker in the streets announcing for sale "Gold watch and chain—one penny!" when, in nine cases out of ten, neither the one nor the other is made of that metal.

This is a fraud of which country cousins complain bitterly.

The statements in our halfpenny papers are not always absolutely reliable, but we think that, provided the facts are as mentioned in the first sentence of the following paragraph, which appears in a contemporary, there is every probability that the second sentence also represents the truth:—"In order to amuse his youthful companions, TOM BRAGG, aged thirteen, swallowed nine marbles at Thorverton, Devonshire. He has since been seriously ill."

The invention is announced of a machine which folds, wraps, addresses and sorts magazines. That human beings should still have to be employed to read them seems regrettable.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

Eton and Harrow Match. Sketch outside Lord's.

and one can now understand why motorists as a body are not in love with Lord ROBERTS' scheme of "a nation of marksmen."

Many ladies and gentlemen with nice sets of teeth walk about smiling, in order that as many people as possible may observe the excellence of their ivories. Some inconvenience has now been caused to these persons, with many of whom the proceeding has become a habit, by a dictum of Sir OLIVER LODGE: "The more brains, the fewer teeth."

Mrs. ANNIE BESANT declares that she can now converse with the dead. Hitherto, no one has got nearer than chatting with the members of one of our most exclusive clubs.

INWARD BEAUTY.

[It appears that the fifty American ladies who are over here at the charges of a Cincinnati paper, bitterly resent the rumour that they were selected on the score of external beauty. A *Daily Mail* reporter describes them as possessing, among other remarkable features, the gift of "lightning-like comprehension and a sense of humour".]

When you, AMELIA, trampled on my breast,
And promised to regard me as a brother,
And went—before my wound had convalesced—
Out of your way, I thought, to wed Another,
I WISH TOO SORE TO SEE

How bountiful the gods had been to me.

But now that I have had my fevered brain
Cured of its hurt by Time's reducing blister
I can employ the language, bald and plain,
Which one adopts in dealing with a sister;
I can be almost rude
In analysing what I lately wooed.

For lo' your grace of feature, fairly Greek
(Save for the nose—admittedly *retroussé*),
Your eye of *Eau de Nil*, your cherry cheek,
Your *cherelure*, so like a shock of loose hay,
Leave me no longer blind
To your profound deficiencies of mind.

Compare yourself with yonder female swarm,
Sent here to boom a Cincinnati paper;
Think you they take a pride in outward form,
Red lips, and waxen skin, and waists that taper?
No, they are up in arms
If you impute to them such paltry charms.

On nobler gifts their claim has been reposed—
Graces of *mind*! Of such I wish to mention
One that the *Mail's* reporter diagnosed,
Namely, a rapid power of comprehension,
Which, when he made a joke,
Leapt on it like the sudden levin's stroke.

AMELIA, are you moved by that report?
I am: I recognise down what abysses
I should have stumbled, but you stopped me short.
That day when you declined to be my Missis;
Had you endorsed my plan
I should by now have been a blighted man.

I do not often jest (not by design),
But when I do it, as a special favour,
And it is like a jewel flung to swine,
And nobody discerns its subtle flavour, —
Then for a time, I own
That I mislay my snavity of tone.

But, if I played my wit before my wife
And the effect consistently miscarried,
I fear it might curtail our wedded life,
And therefore I am glad we are not married,
For never yet, I know,
Have you perceived the simplest *jeu de mot*. O. S.

Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

THE following notice appears at "The Tower," Blackpool:

JUST ARRIVED—THREE FEROCIOUS MALE

MAN-EATING TIGERS.

UNTAMEABLE! INSATIABLE!

Animals fed each day at 3.30.

THE CHARM OF THE CHARMER.

INTERVIEW WITH THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ETHELWYNNE L'ESTRANGE.

(With acknowledgments to such papers as require them.)

It was at the Premier Theatre during the interval that our interviewer sought out Miss ETHELWYNNE L'ESTRANGE, the charming lady who is to create the rôle of the heroine in *Little Dulcic* when that diverting and altogether delightful musical medley of mirth and merriness goes to America in the autumn. Miss L'ESTRANGE was just finishing a rehearsal when our interviewer first saw her.

"Yes," said Miss L'ESTRANGE, with a sweet little giggle, "yes, it's simply delicious, my new part. I just *love* it. I hope my friends in America will."

Our interviewer assured her that they could not fail to do so. (Our interviewer has no conscience to speak of.)

"Oh!" she gurgled, "really? That is sweet of you. But, do you know, I feel *dreadfully* nervous."

"Lor!" said our Representative, who remembered witnessing a performance of the lady.

"And then," continued Miss L'ESTRANGE, "it is so *horrid* to leave London. You are such *dears* over here, you're positively *heavenly*."

"On behalf of England I tender gratitude and illimitable thanks for the unsolicited and unmerited testimonial," said Mr. *Punch's* plenipotentiary, unblushingly.

"Oh!" she said, "that's lovely." Then she sighed.

Perhaps it was the heat. Or she, too, may have had a conscience.

"But tell me," said the worthy upholder of our literary dignity, possibly wishing for a change in the subject of conversation, "tell me about yourself."

"Oh," she said with a girlish simper, "actresses don't like telling people about themselves. I never do it."

The guardian of our interests gasped slightly for breath and bowed. "I know," said he, "that such is not your custom,"—he was fairly expert, don't you think?—"but won't you just for once break the rule and let readers of *Punch* have the first opportunity for at least three days past of hearing your views?"

Miss L'ESTRANGE pouted prettily.

"If I must, I must," she remarked resignedly. (One cannot dispute the profundity of this conclusion.) "What do you wish to know?"

"Firstly," said he for whom the angels must weep, "what advice do you give to the stage-struck?" (This was quite an original question to put to an actress.)

"My advice," said Miss L'ESTRANGE decisively, "is most strongly against their doing anything whatever to place themselves among the weekly features of the *Sketch*."

"Life on the stage, then, is not all nectar and ninepins?" queried our Innocent One unabashed.

"No," said Miss L'ESTRANGE, "indeed it is not. It is as much as some of us can do to appear in the supplements once a fortnight. What chance, then, has the youthful actress of gaining an *entrée* to the *Sketch's* exclusive pages?"

"None," was the murmured reply.

"Besides," said Miss L'ESTRANGE laughingly, "there's the work. Many foolish people think that the stage is all play. They forget the drudgery of being always charming, of having to graciously grant interviews to foolish journalists, to—oh! I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to be rude."

"It is nothing," sighed our faithful ally. "I can quite appreciate your feelings. Then your advice is not to go on the stage?"

"That is my disinterested advice," she said thoughtfully. "I and some others have been successful and——"

"You want to keep all the soft jobs to yourselves," said our Representative exultingly. And so fled.



L'AMITIE OBLIGE.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "YOU'LL COME AND SEE ME THROUGH THIS RATHER DULL FUNCTION, WON'T YOU?"
MRS. BRITANNIA. "WELL, IT'S NOT MUCH IN MY LINE; BUT ANYTHING TO PLEASE YOU, MY DEAR."



Lady Visitor. "AND HOW MANY CHILDREN HAVE YOU?"
Mother. "NINE LIVING, MUM, AND FOUR MARRIED."

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

THE ZOO.

WHEN April dries the ready tear,
 And greets the world with smiling air;
 When, in a word, the weather's clear,
 And I've an afternoon to spare,
 I love to spend an hour or two
 Observing Nature at the Zoo.

It lends the intellectual mind
 A wider speculative range,
 To see on every side confined
 Wild creatures, wonderful and strange.
 Each, as Professor DARWIN proved,
 Man's cousin once or twice removed.

Touched by some antic that betrays
 The beasts' affinity to man,
 One visitor will hymn the praise
 Of Nature's well perfected plan,
 Another urge in jocund tones,
 Similitudes to BROWN or JONES.

I have remarked a stoutish gent
 Observing to the Chimpanzee,
 "But for a natural accident
 I had been you, my friend, you me."
 The ape, unskilled in fancy's flights,
 Pursued the search for parasites.

Myself, I own, am not infused
 With proper scientific awe;
 I simply go to be amused,
 To heave the well-provoked guffaw
 At the unconscious but absurd
 Appearance of some beast or bird.

Armed with a bag of cast-off buns
 I roam from cage to cage at will,
 And offer tit-bits to the ones
 I like, and those I don't get nil;
 And that profound but testy wag,
 The Dromedary, gets the bag.

I love to watch the restless run,
 The look of anxious unconcern,
 With which the captive next but one
 Impatiently awaits his turn;
 Just such a look as Counsel wears
 When briefs are coming up the stairs.

I rather like the Hartebeest,
 He wears a melancholy air,
 A countenance sublimely *triste*,
 As one who finds the world a snare;
 And yet the creature seems imbued
 With quite an appetite for food!

I'm fond of *Jack*, the Piping Crow,
 His sense of humour never fails;

You'll see him any time you go
 Pulling the parrots by their tails,
 Or gnawing with consummate joy
 Some too demonstrative small boy.
 Another favourite of mine's
 The Hippopotamus, a beast
 Of solid parts, who when he dines
 Consumes a stack of hay at least;
 He seems to take an obvious pride
 In having so much room inside.
 But there, one has so many friends
 Alike in feather and in fur,
 Some that perform for private ends,
 And some when sixpences occur,
 That one might warble on for aye,
 And still have several things to say.

ALGOL.

THE risks of dining just before a railway journey are insufficiently appreciated. Had the gentleman mentioned in the following passage been distent with food at the time of the accident, it is awful to think what his fate might have been. "At Cannon Street," says the *Weekly Dispatch*, "a passenger and a goods train collided. The former was fortunately empty, and there were no injuries."

"LIFE BELOW STAIRS."*Edited by Lady Faith.*

[Being specimen pages of a rival organ to Lady Horn's new periodical for servants, *The Home Club Magazine*.]

Editorial.

At a time when every class has its well-conducted organ, why should servants be left out in the cold? It is this thought, dear friends, which has led me to devote days and nights and weeks to the preparation of a periodical entirely for yourselves. Hitherto you have had to read the ordinary magazines and papers containing such uncongenial matter as stories and novelettes; but henceforward you will have reading more to your taste. *Life Below Stairs* will be published every week, price twopence. Everyone can afford twopence. It is true that most papers now are only a halfpenny or a penny; but think what large tips you get (when the mistress does not—as I am told she too often does—intercept the coin), and how few your expenses are—no rent, no board and lodging, no washing, no rates and taxes. Some of you also have beer money; which seldom falls to your employers. Do not then grudge twopence for *Life Below Stairs*.

I am promised the best and most generous co-operation. Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN will write in an early number on "Channel Swimming for Domestic Servants"; Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON will review Mr. GLAISTONE's work on *Studies subsidiary to the Art of Butler*; Lady WARWICK will write on "Socialism in the Servants' Hall"; Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS on "Mr. WATTS-DUNTON's Message to Lady's - maids"; Mr. CHESTERTON on "Servants our true Masters"; and there will be a poem in an early number by Mr. HAMILTON ADE entitled "The Tip." I am hopeful also of inducing Mr. SWINBURNE to contribute a serial novel in the form of letters.

Fashion Notes.

BY MRS. AREA.

A charming and inexpensive fan for a cook can be made out of yesterday's *Daily Mail*.

• • •

White caps and aprons are again to be in fashion with parlour-maids this season.
(To be continued each week.)

My Valets.

BY HALL CAINE.

In the first place I should like to say at once I was a hero to all of them. They left me only to better themselves by becoming literary agents, &c.

A good valet is not to be met with every day. He needs to have a number of qualities that are very rare. Personally I do not require my valet to shave me, having adhered to a beard

for some years, and being unwilling now to change an appearance that is not unfamiliar to my warm-hearted friends, the Great British Public; but a knowledge of shaving is very important. A valet should also understand fixing sheets of manuscript together; repairing castle chimneys when they smoke; and the principles of photography.

(To be continued.)

How to Give Notice.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[So much difference of opinion seems to prevail as to this important duty that we have asked a number of representative servants to give us their views. Ed.]

MISS ELIZA GREEN writes: "I always says to them, 'Then I beg to give a month,' quite polite, although not haughty. If they takes it in the spirit in which it was given, well and good; but if they are nasty I can be nasty too. I give you my word."

MISS SARAH TOMPSETT writes:—"The great thing is to give notice first, before you get it; and this means that you must be very quick. You have to learn the missis's eye. The first thing I do when they come into the kitchen is to steal a glance at their eye and act according. If it looks like mischief, I just fold my hands and say, 'I wish to leave as my health won't stand it.' 'I am very glad,' they says, 'as I was just going to give you notice myself.' But I was first. I always am."

MISS HENRIETTA TANTHAMS writes: "How one gives notice does not matter very much, but *when* is important. I always like to catch them when they are happy, and burst it on them then. The young ones cry."

Rules for Waiting in England.

BY WILLIAM COCKHEAD.

1. Never anticipate a want. Make the customer ask in turn for everything he requires.
2. Always say, "Coming, Sir."
3. Remember that all wine should be shaken before taken.
4. Keep on saying, "Coming, Sir."
5. Do not say "Thank you" for your tip if you don't think it large enough.
6. Never ask yourself what you are tipped for.

(Next week: "The Fallacy of French Waiting.")

Areas I Have Explored.

BY SERGEANT ROBERT KITCHENER.

There is not, I suppose, any man living who has descended single-handed and at night into so many areas as I have. Never during my thirty years as a constable have I been daunted by the depth and darkness of these subterranean retreats. Hungry, cold, ay, and thirsty, I have not been deterred; I have gone down just the same, or with even more courage and purpose.

I remember the first time I adventured. I thought I heard a cry of distress and instantly was on my way down the perilous and unlit steps. I peered through a chink in the shutters, and there I saw a fat cook struggling with a cold meat pie. At one time the pie seemed to be having the best of it; at another, the cook. To enter the kitchen and come to her assistance was the work of a moment, and in a few minutes I had the pie well under and in safe custody.

(To be continued.)

Ready every Saturday night.

Life Below Stairs.

Price 2d.

TO A STOUT SHEPHERDESS.

[Watteau, at the present moment, is the only wear, but we should like to remind a certain class of modish people that it is becoming only to the slender.]

DEAR lady, are you open to a hint
As down our sober pavement you display
A costume reminiscent of a print
Of Valenciennes and shepherdesses
gay?
When WATTEAU, master of Rococo art,
Depicted nymphs in pastoral disguises,
His cunning pencil only could impart
A charm to graceful shapes and slender sizes.

That saucy Watteau hat where rosebuds
twine
Is not the sort a florid dame should
wear,
Although tip-tilted at the proper line
Upon your own, or someone else's,
hair.

Those panniers of Pompadour brocade,
That scanty skirt, although no doubt
de rigueur,
That corsage laced, with ruffles overlaid,
Are not, I think, intended for your
figure.

Go home, dear lady, lay your gands aside,
Afflict no more your feet with Louis
heels,
Wear ample garments flowing full and
wide—

Take my advice, and see how nice it
feels.

Accommodate your features with a veil,
And let your hat be quietly trimmed
and shady:
Then, though as *shepherdess* you frankly
fail,

You may be more successful as a *lady*.

A SOFT THING; OR, A NEW SAFETY
METHOD OF SHAVING.—"Try our Soap.
A Boon to those who shave themselves.
You cannot cut yourself with our Soap!"

THE HERO AND HIS PRICE.

[The *Globe* suggests that, owing to the inconvenience caused by the difficulty of hitting upon a suitable reward for one's rescuer when one is saved from death or accident, there should be a scale of payment for heroes.]

IN Mr. Justice MOTLEY's court yesterday, JOHN SMITH, describing himself as a hero, claimed the sum of fifteen shillings from THOMAS BROWN as payment for services rendered on the 16th ult. Mr. ROBINSON, K.C., counsel for the plaintiff, briefly set forth the facts of the case. On the afternoon of the day in question the plaintiff, who was a well-known rescuer, was walking by the River Thames near Henley, when he observed defendant struggling in the water. He proceeded to dive in and bring him safely to shore. On plaintiff's demanding the usual fee (fifteen shillings and a cigarette) defendant had refused to admit his claim. It was more in the interest of his profession than for personal reasons that plaintiff, who was a wealthy man, had brought the action. If rescued men were to be allowed to evade their obligations in this manner, the profession of rescuing could not continue, and hundreds of deserving workers would be thrown into the ranks of the unemployed.

Examined by Mr. JONES, K.C., counsel for the defence, Mr. JOHN SMITH said that it was quite true that he was a wealthy man. He had been a hero for some years.

Mr. Jones. And it is a well-paid profession?

The Plaintiff. Not ill-paid. For an ordinary rescue—that is to say, if the rescuer is in his ordinary clothes—fifteen shillings is the reward. If he is in his Sunday clothes, the fee is higher. Thus, if he dives in to save a man with his frock-coat on and wearing patent-leather boots he receives a guinea and an invitation to High Tea, naming his own day. But if he happens to be wearing brown boots with his frock-coat, the invitation to High Tea is not enforced. In the eyes of the law, patent-leathers are more costly than brown boots.

Mr. Justice Motley. What boots it?

[Hysterics in Court. Officer X 45 becomes limp with laughter.]

Mr. Jones. On this occasion how were you dressed?

The Plaintiff. In my ordinary clothes.

Mr. Jones. How was your attention first attracted to the defendant's position?

The Plaintiff. I am always on the look-out. It is my profession.

Mr. Justice Motley. In fact, with you it is a case of look out and hook out, eh?

[Paroxysms of laughter.]

Mr. Jones. You are not the JOHN SMITH who pushed a little boy into the Round Pond in 1899 in order to earn the fee for rescuing him?



EVIDENT ON THE FACE OF IT.

Young Bride (showing wedding presents to friend). "AND THIS MUFF-CHAIN DEAR HARRY GAVE ME."

Friend. "HOW APPROPRIATE!"

The Plaintiff. I am not. I never rescue boys. It is not worth a busy man's while. Amateur heroes do it, I believe; but while the rate of payment is only seventeen-and-six per half-dozen no professional will touch them.

The defendant then entered the box.

Mr. Jones. Is it true, Mr. BROWN, that on the afternoon of the 16th of last month the plaintiff pulled you out of the river?

The Defendant. Yes, confound him!

Mr. Justice Motley. He found you.

[Prolonged mirth.]

Mr. Jones. Why are you annoyed?

The Defendant. Well, I was just beginning a bathe. I'd been looking forward to it all day. And no sooner had I got in than this fellow drags me out, making me swallow pints of water on the way.

Mr. Jones. You did not need his services?

The Defendant. Not a bit.

Mr. Jones. The plaintiff asserts that you were in obvious distress. He says you were splashing violently.

The Defendant. I was practising the Trudgeon stroke.

Mr. Jones. You were not sinking?

The Defendant. Not a bit of it.

Mr. Justice Motley. You can take a man to the water, but you can't make him sink.

[Loud laughter, during which Mr. Punch's Representative was carried out in a state of collapse.]

THOSE famous makers of ordnance, Lord ARMSTRONG and Sir ANDREW NOBLE, desire it to be known that Messrs. ARMSTRONG and NOBLE, whose partnership was so successful in the recent match against Somerset, have no sort of connection with their Newcastle Batteries.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN OLYMPUS.

One day, not so very long ago, the weather was hot in Olympus. Jupiter had done a good morning's exercise with his thunderbolts, and had afterwards amused himself by throwing off a few stray fumes and pestilences from his stock of these commodities. He had then eaten a heavy mid-day meal and was now reclining in an exhausted condition and the shade of a crag. The other gods, too, had done their various duties and were tired. So were the goddesses.

"Bring me," said the King of gods, addressing the fair Hebe, "a jug of nectar, the '92, mind you, and—but no, I'm tired of nectar. Bring me something else. I want a new drink."

"We haven't got a new drink," said Hebe, who allowed herself a certain liberty in conversation with Jupiter.

"No new drink?" said Jupiter petulantly. "No new drink? And I suppose I'm not a god, and I couldn't wipe the whole lot of you out by holding my head? Upon my word, I'm disposed to do it right now." Jupiter had picked up a few modern expressions from a recent importation of assistant Hebes who talked through their pretty little noses—"I guess I'm tired of nectar anyway," he continued, "and that's all there is to it."

"Was there ever so unreasonable a creature?" whispered Juno very audibly.

"If I'm to be thwarted like this—" began her husband fiercely.

"Is anybody thwarting Jupiter?" asked the Queen blandly. "I've often told you all he's not to be thwarted. It simply ruins his temper."

Jupiter glared round the circle, but nobody answered.

"Mercury!" he suddenly shouted. The messenger approached with evident reluctance.

"Put on your wings at once and go below and bring me back something to drink."

"I can't spare the boy this afternoon," cried Juno. "He's got to—"

But Mercury was already gone.

First he dropped down in Germany, and he saw the whole population drinking beer.

"It's no good for Jupiter," he said. "He's putting on weight too fast as it is."

So he gave a leap, and in a moment he was in New York in a fashionable club.

"Waiter," said one of the members, "take the orders."

The cocktails shortly afterwards appeared on a tray, and Mercury drank a Martini.

"This," he said, "isn't bad, but poor old Jupiter couldn't do with it. He'd want to drink it out of a long glass, and that might ruin us all."

So he leaped again and found himself in Paris, where a smart *garçon* brought him an *absinthe*. He drank it.

"*Absinthe*," he murmured, "make the heart grow fonder. I wonder who said that. Jupiter's quite fond enough as it is. We really couldn't stand any more scandals."

So he leaped again and dropped in a London club.

A tall stout gentleman with a long grey beard was sitting on three illustrated papers and reading a fourth, while he sipped something hot out of a cup. Five other tall stout gentlemen with long grey beards were looking at him angrily and also sipping the same sort of something out of cups.

"They're the very image of old Jupiter," said Mercury. "What suits them is sure to suit him."

So he ordered a consignment of urns and kettles and teapots and cups and saucers and tea and milk and sugar and buttered toast and lettuce sandwiches, and back he flew to Olympus.

And that is how five-o'clock tea became a popular meal in Olympus.

"My dear," said Juno shortly afterwards to Venus, "I

don't know what's come over Jupiter. He's got so tame and mild these last few days that I'd almost trust him to feed out of my hand."

"Vulcan's just the same," said Venus. "I never saw anyone so changed. Thank you. Two lumps, and just a little cream."

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

THE morn is bright, the skies are clear,
The lark awakes and Chanticleer
Explosively proclaims the anniversary
Of the glad day when I was born
This jolly world of ours t' adorn,
And be, I'm told, a terror to the nursery.

There are to whom a birthday brings
The solemn thought that Youth has wings,
Who dream of Old Age closing in around them,
And weep to think that man must grow
Old at the age of so-and-so.
(My own contemporaries, too, confound them!)

And there be those whom such a date
Serves only to infuriate,
Who find existence void, and pleasure hollow;
"Why were we ever born?" they say,
And darkly curse their natal day
As the prime cause of all they have to swallow.

Myself, I do not hold with these.
This Vale of Tears has much to please
A merry soul; if Man be born to trouble,
The fact is neither here nor there;
If Life's the Bubble they declare,
It seems a very decent sort of bubble.

Nor do I, like my craven peers,
Confess to getting on in years
Just when the joys of life are fairly started,
And mourn for my departed Youth
Merely because I'm—no, forsooth!—
I don't acknowledge that it *has* departed.

True, that the carping eye may trace
Some lines on my engaging face,
But what of them? Their cause is very simple;
I've had them for a long, long while:
These are the places where I smile,
And *those*—well, anyone can tell a dimple.

The polished argent of my crown
Has lost its growth of sheeny brown,
But many a head that's prematurely thinned owes
Its losses to the tropic hat.
You could not call me really fat;
Not *fat*—(I know, from looking into windows).

But there, what boots the outer skin?
If jocund be the heart within
The rolling years affect one very lightly;
And a hilarious turn of mind—
That and my innocence combined—
Has kept me young and eminently sprightly.

Wherefore, O pious Morn, to Thee
Be greeting! And I hope to see
Many returns, both prosperous and pleasant.
And, ere the day has gained his height,
I will perform my 'customed rite,
And go and give myself a birthday present.



AN ACCOMMODATING PARTY.

Lady Driver. "CAN YOU SHOW US THE WAY TO GREAT MISSINGDEN, PLEASE?"

Weary Willie. "CERT'NLY, MISS, CERT'NLY. WE'RE AGOIN' THAT WAY. 'OP UP, JOE. ANYTHINK TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

A BARE SUGGESTION.

(For the Hard-worked Diner-out.)

"THE less we wear, the more we can eat," says a medical journal. This epoch-making truth has already been acted upon by the compilers of the up-to-date and well-known "Etiquette for Epicures." We beg leave to cull the following excerpts from the very latest edition of their gastronomic handbook:—

"If you are asked whether you like to take salad undressed, proceed with caution and be guided by what your host or hostess does. It requires the exercise of some little tact to know how far to venture in the matter of sartorial omission, and it is well therefore to wait for a lead and temporise, if possible, by a remark on the weather, until you have discovered whether the undressing is objective or subjective."

"The familiar postscript 'Don't dress for dinner' appended to unceremonial invitations has now acquired a still more hospitable meaning, and signifies that the fare is unlimited, and there

will be no vexatious restrictions in the nature of waistbands, etc."

"The term *Remove* on the modern menu now serves a double purpose. At this stage of the proceedings it acts as a signal for general *deshabillement*. It is not very good form to anticipate such a direction unless undress has been specially suggested in the invitation, in which case a tennis shirt and continuations will be sufficient."

"We do not recommend our readers to attempt to improve upon the refined example lately set them by an American millionaire and dine in the water (of course in University bathing costume) instead of upon an artificially blue lagoon. The newly-established Censor of Banquets may have a word to say. . . ."

"Altogether the subject of Mixed Dinner Parties is rather a ticklish one under present circumstances. There is, indeed, a feeling which is gaining strength, in favour of a reversion to the old full-dress costume. It is certainly more advisable for *débutantes*."

The Silly Season Anticipated.

FROM the following advertisement in the *Times* it looks as if the class of monster which is generally represented by the sea-serpent was already being mobilised.

BILL for the PROTECTION of the VIVISECTION of DOGS, now before Parliament.—PETITION supporting the above, now measuring nearly seven miles in length, can still be SIGNED at the Society's Offices, or will be sent post free on receipt of postcard.

The italics are by Lord STANLEY.

The Heat Wave.

FROM the instructions issued by the Manchester Corporation to those invited to assist at the recent presentation of an address to HIS MAJESTY:—"Morning dress or Uniform. (Mayors are requested to wear their chains of office only.)"

From the 1st Worcester Royal Garrison Artillery Volunteers' Orders for week ending July 15:—"Sunday.—Church Parade, 10 A.M. Dress: Busbies, Tunics, Waist Belts."



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Bridegroom elect (purchasing the usual buttonhole). "I WANT SOME FLOWERS!"
Florist (sympathetically). "YES, SIR. A CROSS OR A WREATH?"

OTIUM MARINUM.

(By a Sea Dog-in-the-Manger.)

Not quite three hundred miles from town,
 Nor yet profaned by week-end trippers,
 Beneath a ridge of rolling down
 With velvet strands for infant dippers,
 I've found a holiday retreat
 Adapted to a small exchequer,
 Where the dyspeptic and effete
 At once regain a healthy "pecker."

We only run to one hotel,
 We have no chef, no German waiters,
 And yet our host amazing well
 For every taste and palate caters.
 His wife's a treasure who displays
 A perfect genius for baking;
 His wines are few, but merit praise,
 And never set your temples aching.

The folk who haunt this favoured scene
 Are eminently inoffensive,

Preserving a judicious mean
 Betwixt the rowdy and the pensive,
 Their stakes at Bridge are not too high
 To lend themselves to punctual pay-
 ment;
 Their daughters do not occupy
 The liveliest day in change of raiment.
 No social problems here perplex,
 No scandals lead to comment scathing;
 No raucous champions of the sex
 Discuss the question of mixed bathing.
 And, if you cannot get your *Mail*
 Before the setting hour of Phœbus,
 Fresh fish replace the serial tale,
 And new-laid eggs the Breakfast
 rebus.

Here are no telescopes, no touts,
 No organ-torturing invaders,
 No steam rotated roundabouts,
 No masked mysterious serenaders.
 Nay, so uncultured is our set,
 So musically antiquated,
 That "*Hiawatha*" has not yet
 This peaceful region decimated.
 The banjo's plunk is never heard,
 The front is void of pseudo-niggers;
 To us quite equally absurd
 Whole-hoggers are and little-piggers.
 Lapped in our lotus-eating ease,
 Far from the bounding advertiser,
 We dress exactly as we please,
 And take no thought of CZAR or KAISER.

Nor does this list by any means
 Exhaust the sum of our resources;
 Golfers have here their choice of greens,
 And both are highly sporting courses,
 Where well-hit Haskells sweetly lie
 Entrapped by scrapes of burrowing
 bunny.
 Where sporting men for victory vie
 And not for medals or for money.
 "Why not reveal," I hear you say,
 "The whereabouts of this oasis,
 And place the readers of your lay
 With you upon a favoured basis?"
 No, no, for here to play the dog-
 In-manger needs no vindication:
 I am resolved to leave *incog*,
 Such admirable isolation.

CYCLISTS descending Henley Hill will have noticed that the C.T.C.'s "Danger" board at the top of the hill is overgrown and the warning almost obliterated. A smart business firm has been quick to recognise its chance, and at the foot of the hill you may read this notice, clear and large:—"Funerals Cheaply and Completely Furnished."

"It is hopeless to expect pronouncements on the subject from War Secretaries of the type which has lately been fostered on the country."
The Globe.

It has been suggested that "fostered" is a clerical error, and should be "foisted." This is wrong. "Forstered" is, of course, what was meant.



Linley Sambourne del.

BREECHES OF PROMISE.

ARTHUR B-I-F-R (small tailor). "A LITTLE TOO MUCH ROOM IN THE SEAT. THEY WANT TAKING IN BY AT LEAST TWENTY-TWO INCHES."

PAT. "TAKING IN, IS IT? I'VE WORN THEM FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIVIL AN INCH WILL I SPARE OFF THEM!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MUSIC FOR THE COMMONS.—No. 1.

THE PROTECTIONIST TRIO.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien has suggested that efficient orchestras should be provided for the Dining-rooms and Terrace of the House of Commons in order to contribute to the general harmony among Members. Why not organise these orchestras among Members themselves?

House of Lords, Monday, July 10.—Unusual gathering of noble lords; evidently something in the wind. Customary incentive for such access of interest is either rent or religion. To-night it is neither. Merely the Army.

Some weeks ago PRINCE ARTHUR delivered memorable speech in Commons, designed to dispel fear of invasion by showing how small is the force that could, in most-favoured-nation circumstances, be expected to land on our coast. Danger is, indeed, so immaterial that Volunteers may be snubbed, Yeomanry disbanded, and the Line kept down to almost imperceptible proportions. When PRINCE ARTHUR was at school he learned the elementary truth that "a line is that which has length but not breadth or thickness." Apply the principle to the British Line, and there you are.

That Young Veteran, WEMYSS, meditating on matter, has come to conclusion that on the contrary there you aren't.

To-night submitted Resolution declaring it dangerous to the realm to trust to the Navy alone for home defence. BOBS followed in speech that made even the LORD CHANCELLOR'S flesh creep. An old story how with light heart we went to war with the Boers, unprepared with men and guns, meat and maps. Paid pretty dearly for the neglect and oversight that made such things possible. Millions of money wasted, thousands of men slain. For a while, through a bleak December week, the Empire seeming to totter.

But JOHN BULL doesn't cry over spilt milk. Has paid the cost of the Boer War; is going on paying it, with Income Tax at a shilling in the pound and War taxes on household bills still levied. At least, JOHN thought, the lesson had been learnt, the costly sacrifice had brought some recompense. And here to-night is BOBS, standing by the Cross Benches, solemnly declaring, on his honour as a man, his

experiences as a soldier, that the lesson of South Africa has already been forgotten.

"I have no hesitation in saying," he declared amid the pained silence of the crowded House, "that our forces to-day, notwithstanding reforms and changes of administration, are as unprepared for war as they were five years ago."

And this, after having meanwhile spent £332,000,000 taken from the pocket of the trustful tax-payer!

BOBS brought to discharge of his task no arts of oratory. When he made his first speech in the Lords he committed it to memory, observing the precaution of rolling up the typewritten sheets in imitation of a Field Marshal's *bâton*, which from time to time he waved in the direction of Woolsack. To-night he frankly read his speech from manuscript, a little too rapidly for full effect, but, there being melancholy overplusage, nobody had ground of complaint on the score of not catching every sentence.



Romping the Division Lobbies with Scott-Montagu.

Habitues of either House grow case-hardened; few set speeches, by whomsoever delivered, affect their spirits, much less their appetites. To-night a cloud of depression, almost despair, hung low over the red-cushioned benches as BONS, with level voice, unimpassioned manner, lamented an Army reduced to the minimum in number, inadequately trained, with musketry practice hopelessly limited, lacking auxiliary forces so organised as to form a sufficient and efficient reserve.

Business done.—BONS makes a few remarks on the condition of the British Army he has occasionally led in battle.

Tuesday night.—Behind a boyish manner SCOTT-MONTAGU hides a shrewd business capacity. Knows a good opening when he sees it; finds one in the loss of time arising out of existing system of taking votes. Reckons that in a Session with its average of three hundred divisions, each occupying a quarter of an hour, bang go ten working days in perambulating the lobbies.

Old ISAAC HOLMES who, in his eighty-fifth year, represented a Yorkshire division, took note of the bearings before SCOTT-MONTAGU left school. The sturdy octogenarian lived on an apple or two a day and, lest he should suffer from the consequences of over-feeding, made a practice of walking two miles every night before going to bed. During the recess he took his walk on the moors adjoining his Yorkshire home. Through

the Session he combined necessary exercise with public duty. Stepping the division lobbies he found the length as nearly as possible two hundred yards. Eight divisions at a single sitting (by no means unusual when the Home Rule Bill was in Committee) meant near enough to a mile. Accordingly after running up his score in the division list he had only another mile to do on his way home.

That is another story. What SCOTT-MONTAGU perceives is opening for a brisk motor-car business in the division lobbies. As soon as House is cleared for a division the car would be backed up to door. Members crowding in would be whisked down to other end and the car back again in a jiffy for a fresh load. Of course it would be a monopoly, with profits according. All the same canny SCOTT-MONTAGU is for cheap fares; say a penny, with bundles of tickets, thirteen to the dozen, to be obtained in the Whips' room at the price of a shilling.

C.B. gravely shakes his head and hopes the Government, who, what with one thing and another, have sufficient business on hand, will not encourage the project. PRINCE ARTHUR evidently attracted by it. As he says, ten days is a period equal with that allotted to Ministers for legislation. If, by the use of means of expeditious transit, half the time taken in walking through the lobbies could be saved, it might be utilised for Redistribution Resolutions,

or some trifle of that kind, for which, at present, he can afford to give only a couple of morning Sittings.

Nothing definite settled; but SCOTT-MONTAGU is to be congratulated on having made a good start.

Business done.—Aliens Bill run through Committee by help of guillotine.

Friday night.—MR. CALDWELL has gone a week ending with light heart. Facing the salubrious sands of Southend he may reflect on the conspicuous service he rendered the House of Commons on a critical occasion. Of generous mind, prompt to encourage budding genius, he has always been tender in his treatment of PRINCE ARTHUR. Towards the end of last session, when the Leader of the House in response to invitation from C.B. set forth certain arrangements for the disposal of accumulated business, he rose and publicly expressed approval. He almost hinted that he would hardly have done better himself had he been in his natural position on the Treasury Bench.

On this later occasion his attitude was minatory. The business arose out of C.B.'s springing upon PRINCE ARTHUR the ghost of EDWARD GREY'S Resolution of Censure on the Fiscal Question. It was dead six weeks ago; thought it was buried, and behold, without a premonitory groan it reappears.

"I hear the right hon. gentleman's reference to the motion with a shock of surprise," murmured PRINCE ARTHUR.

Certainly cannot make room for it now. Every hour up to August 12, on or about which date prorogation must take place if the heavens fall, appropriated. Happily there was a second reading of the Appropriation Bill. Members might talk at large on that, and a division arising out of debate on Ministerial attitude on Fiscal Question would be equivalent to Vote of Censure.

Nothing else forthcoming, Opposition reluctantly disposed to accept the arrangement. Propounded by Leader of the House, it must be in order. MR. CALDWELL knew better. A ruling from the Chair had limited debate on second reading of Appropriation Bill to subjects arising out of money voted in Supply. No public money yet voted in respect of Fiscal controversy. The half sheet of note-paper used at Manchester by PRINCE ARTHUR was his private property. Accordingly discussion suggested could not take place.

Members as usual laughed when they heard MR. CALDWELL'S argumentative voice break in on PREMIER'S discourse. But MR. CALDWELL was right. He alone in the crowded House spotted the flaw in PRINCE ARTHUR'S proposal.

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill.



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.—No. 3.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

MR. M. RENTS SOME WATER FORMERLY FISHED ONLY BY THE TENANT FARMER, WHOM HE UNFORTUNATELY NEGLECTS TO COMPENSATE.

"THE DEVIL! DID HE MEAN ALL THAT?"

Sneer, on Lord Burleigh's head-shake in "The Critic."

A CORRESPONDENT quotes the following passage from an account of the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race:—"In passing the Grand Stand THIÉRY made a sign with his hand which was taken to mean that he had been obliged to change the tyre of one of his front wheels. On the other hand" (presumably THIÉRY's other hand), "it was announced that LANCIA had changed his tyres and would go on changing them in the course of each circuit, preferring thus to lose several minutes

each time rather than risk an accident." This account of the incident does not quite tally with that given by our correspondent's private secretary (a most trustworthy man), whom he sent over with instructions to wire him the progress of the Race every two minutes. He says: "In passing the Grand Stand THIÉRY made a movement with his left eyebrow which was taken to mean that he had run over three hens and an old lady; that the old lady was not badly injured, but that the hens were killed, fortunately instantaneously; that he thought they had not suffered much; and that he was looking forward to being kissed by his engineer if he won."

DICKENSIAN CARR-ACTORS.

(First and, temporarily, last night of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's)

AUTHOR first: actors afterwards, in order of merit. With his dramatic version of *Oliver Twist*, Mr. COMYNS CARR has achieved a signal success. Whether it was self-imposed or suggested to him, Mr. CARR has cleverly accomplished the task which, as every dramatist conversant with the old novel is probably aware, presents to the modern playwright difficulties that, at first sight, seem to be well-nigh insuperable. The first "lacer" is that the story is old-fashioned; and it may be remembered that DICKENS himself, in later years, wished he had the chance of re-writing or re-constructing it. The plot is of the well-worn "transpontine" — as it used to be called when the Surrey and "the Vic." existed — melodramatic type, in which CHARLES DICKENS, though no one enjoyed its absurdities more keenly than he did, actually revelled. The lost child, the missing documents of the utmost importance — always mentioned in a general way as "papers," the wicked uncle, the babe in the wood, i.e., *Oliver* himself, the blood-and-thunder situations, the comic relief, the mild and virtuous heroine, the wicked but repentant woman, are all here — everyone of these and many more out of the old melodramatic store-house of the Early Victorian era.

With such commonplace material for plot, to score so great a success with a representative play-going first-night audience as did Mr. COMYNS CARR, is indeed a genuine triumph for any dramatist. It must have been for Mr. CARR the very dickens of a job. A better cast for his piece it would have been no easy matter to find to hand in any London theatre. The success of the *première* was undoubtedly scored by Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Nance*, and by Mr. LYN HARDING as *Bill Sikes*. These two must be bracketed together. Mr. CARR has artistically treated the awful scene of the murder of *Nance* by *Bill Sikes*. The crime is committed out of sight, like the tortures in *La Tosca* and the terrible scene that Mr. WARNER so thrillingly described as he heard it through the telephone. Only *Fagin* is on the stage, cowering, cowardly, and diabolically vindictive. It was here that Mr. TREE was at his best, forcing upon the hushed audience the unspeakable terror of the scene.

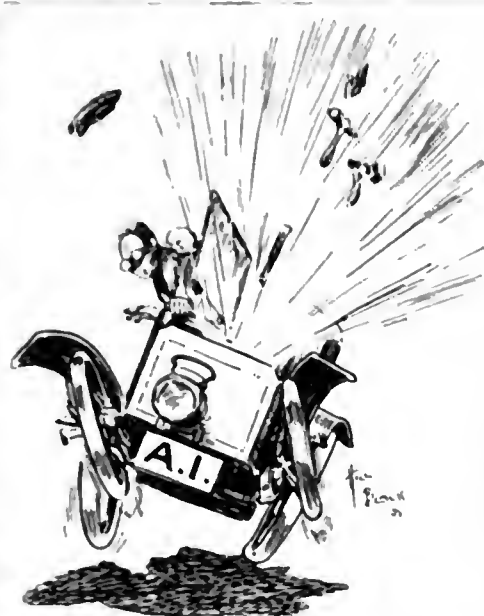
Taken as a whole, however, Mr. TREE's *Fagin*, on this first night, was not what it will be after a few performances, when his managerial nervousness will have passed off, and, being perfect in his words, he will give full meaning to every gesture, every look, and every line. Ultimately his *Fagin* will rank with his *Scengali*.

As we shall have to return to the piece on the resumption of its run, "here break we off" for the present. But a few words more. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN as *Oliver* is certainly the "mealy-faced" boy, as Mr. HILTON, capably playing Mr. *Grimeig*, calls him, just as he is depicted by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK in his illustrations to the novel. The improbabilities of the existence of such an *Oliver* are to be charged to the original creation.

Were the monotonous idiotic laughing of *Charles Bates* considerably toned down, and were the piece somewhat relieved of the "comic relief" supposed (in keeping with the Dickensian tradition) to be afforded by the capers and

eccentric "business" of *The Dodger* and *Chitling*, and were the *Beadle* and *Mrs. Bumble* (well rendered as both these minor characters are by Mr. HAYNES and Miss KATE MULLS) omitted altogether, the First Act would play closer and would be over in forty minutes; whereas on Monday night it lasted, rather wearisomely, for one hour. The "pruning-knife" should be freely used; but whether it be so or not, when once the play has fairly started on its run, the great tragic scenes of *Sikes* and *Nance*, and of *Fagin* in the condemned cell, will attract for months to come, and will live in the memory of play-goers for a life-time.

But stay — one important character I have forgotten to mention. *Bill Sikes's* dog, *Bull's-Eye*. *Bull's-Eye* was the bright particular dog star of this melting July night. It was, we believe, his first appearance, and, therefore, he must be dealt gently with; even *Sikes* was kind to him. Such a clean, well-fed, gentlemanly, sweet-tempered wag-tail dog! Evidently he has not yet learnt the art of "making-up." Not a sulk, not a growl, not the slightest snarl in him, and he set an excellent example in being letter-perfect; he attempted no "gag"; not a word did he say that was not in his part. But he was no more *Sikes's* and DICKENS's *Bull's-Eye* than is Mr. *Punch's* *Toby*.



WHAT'S IN A LABEL?

"OH DEAR! WHERE CAN THE MOTOR BE?"

Sir, I have perused with keen interest the recent correspondence in the Press on the subject of the high-handed course pursued by Lord Winstor in closing Hyde Park (which His Lordship appears to imagine to be Windsor Park) to those for whose relaxation it was originally intended, namely the Great Public, who, by their industry, astuteness and integrity, have saved enough to purchase themselves motor-cars.

Now, Sir, no one has hit upon the compromise which, as it seems to me, would absolutely fit the case. Why not give the motorists *all* they want *and more*? Why not permit them to propel their machines in Hyde Park, and *nowhere else*? Let

them whirl as they will from Marble Arch to the Magazine, from Achilles' Statue to Oxford Street, vying in perfume with the flower-beds, while, beyond the Park railings, hum-drum, pettifogging pedestrians may venture forth again into the streets they used to love.

Under the proposed scheme, it would of course be impossible for the motorist to travel from his mansion to the new Elysium in his machine. But the Knightsbridge Barracks, the Albert Hall, Kensington Palace, and other suitable buildings might easily be converted into coach-houses and *garages* in which the Cars of the Privileged (which association of names is reminiscent of *The Seats of the Mighty* whether by GILBERT PARKER or HYDE PARKER I forget) might be conveniently stored for the night.

Should motorists require the practice and excitement to which they are accustomed in shaving past — or rollicking over — the inadvertent young, the Park custodians could be instructed occasionally to raid the various juvenile angling clubs which frequent the banks of the Serpentine, and drive their members across the track in any direction desired. "*De minimis non curat Lex*." The Law doesn't bother about very little children. Your obedient servant, SCOTT-CAPULET.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 8.—Heat r. House. House, as far as boxes are concerned, not up to the "All-there" mark. Otherwise

satisfactory. Old Friend *Faust*, with whatever may be the new faces, always an attraction. A good performance, with Mlle. SELMA KUIZ, a sweet singing *Marguerite*, and Mlle. ALTEX, a good *Siebel*. T'others as before when last mentioned.

Monday.—*Première* of New Opera in two acts by Puccini, known to fame by *La Bohème* (here we drop into poetry and out of it again immediately), entitled *Madama Butterfly*, which, if first impressions are not deceptive, is likely to become popular. The house,

a jolly tar possessing a wife at every port, Mlle. SIMBOLI, with her powerful *mezzo-soprano* voice, sang delightfully; her acting was as effective as her singing. Signor CARUSO as the gay naval officer U.S.N., in startling gold-braided blue suit, being in excellent voice, was quite the *Captain Crossstree* of old nautical drama. There is in the characters and story a certain resemblance to our light-hearted friend *The Geisha*. Perhaps, as it is a Japanese subject, with American naval characters substituted for English, the resemblance is unavoidable. Signor SCOTTI, attired in cream-coloured clothes, looked as smart as a new pin—a pin though without a point, as his name is *Sharpless*, and he represents the U.S. Consul at Nagasaki, who has to break the sad news to *Butterfly* of her husband's marriage to an American lady. This communication *Sharpless* makes with as little bluntness as possible. He sang splendidly, he acted capitally, and generally made matters as pleasant as possible for the unfortunate *Butterfly* whose wings are thus so cruelly clipped. Clever M. DUFRENE as the *Marriage Broker* was more than satisfactory. There are many minor characters in the opera,—minor dramatically speaking and musically singing,—and all found adequate representatives. It is a sad story, a tragedy; we do not get many lively "plots" nowadays,—“for O, for O the hobby-horse is forgot!”—and therefore it is a real pleasure to record the glimpse of lightness conveyed to the scene in which a little mite appears as *Butterfly's* child, aged about three or four, who was stolidly serious throughout, as unmoved by his mother's caresses and by her grief, and only smiling



"Scotti-Viski?"

Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton—Sig. Caruso.
Sharpless—Signor Scotti.

on this butterfly night, naturally in a flutter of expectation. It had a regular right royal start, the KING and the QUEEN being present. The house choke-full.

As *Madama Butterfly* (*Cio-Cio-San*) Mlle. DESTINN was operatically and artistically perfect. That Mlle. DESTINN may not be quite so *petite* as *Madame Papillon* should be, is only repeating the old objection as to the impossibility of obtaining a perfect *Juliet* of sixteen years old. No better *Madama Butterfly* could just now be found than the lady who has been destin'd for the part.

Mme. G. LEJEUNE, playing the maid *Suzuki*, which is Japanese for *SUSAN*, is known to be so good an all-round singer, that she is instantly pardoned if, on this occasion, she was now and then just a trifle flat.

As *Kate Pinkerton*, the second wife of the volatile *Lieutenant Pinkerton* of the United States Navy, who, though an American, keeps up the good old English tradition of



Sharpless (special messenger of the United States) tells Madama Butterfly of her husband's marriage.



Madama Butterfly introduces her sun-shady relations to Lieut. Sir Francis Blummy Pinkerton.

Madama Butterfly—Mlle. Destinn.



Flagging Interest.

All over! Hooray!

in genuine earnest when he, as a successful juvenile performer, took his call—this sounds like the "child's call" but it wasn't—with all the others before the curtain. Then for the first and only time in the evening he souled pleasantly—for was not a great load removed from his child's mind?—and, as if by sudden inspiration, nodded a cheery good-night to the audience.

The general success of all, including orchestra under Signor CAMPANINI, was decided, and we fancy this *Butterfly* will settle in the Garden.

The scenery, specially painted for this production by Mr. HARRY BROOK, is most effective. But of this and of the excellence of certain musical details, more anon.

Wednesday—Matinee Farewell Benefit of Mlle. BUCKMASTER. Greatly regret inability to be personally present. Reported as an enormous success, this "Big Ben" at Covent Garden outdoing that at Westminster, and the belle of the occasion being the ever-charming lady of "all the talents," Mlle. BUCKMASTER. She began years ago as one of the *Genii* in *Il Flauto Magico*, and a genius she has remained ever since. The operatic selections for this special occasion were not chosen so as to show the *beneficiaire* to the best advantage. The task was admittedly one of considerable difficulty. It is to be hoped that the sum-total of the receipts on this occasion is an exceptionally handsome one. May Mlle. BUCKMASTER-singer, who is probably the most retiring *artiste* ever known on the operatic stage, thoroughly enjoy her voluntary retirement. *Ad multos annos.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron thought that in *A Daughter of the Manse*, by SARAH TYLER (JOHN LONG), he had found a novel superior to many, one indeed after his own heart. Alas! she was *A Daughter of the Manse* but not a child of a Romance, and though during the greater part of the first hundred pages there was much most delightful reading, principally of artistically descriptive writing, and though "The Mystery of Benji" suggested coming struggles and sensational complications, yet these hopes are never realised, and not even by the employment of those faithful and experienced servitors, The Skipper and his Boy, could the Baron's early aroused interest in the story and its characters be sustained or revived. Other readers may have better luck.

Mr. JEROME's *Idle Ideas* (HUIST AND BLACKETT) is an attractive title in this Indian-like summer season to anyone who with time at his disposal is at perfect liberty to lazy away an afternoon *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, or lounging in a boat rocked occasionally by the swell of a swift launch or laborious barge. Some of the "fugitive" pieces, as the Baron supposes them to be, here collected in a volume, are sufficiently amusing for the idle man, who, cradled as above imagined, will not risk being upset by any overpowering outburst of irrepressibly Homeric laughter at such playfully amusing papers as "Why don't he marry the girl?" and "Should soldiers be polite?" In "Are we as interesting as we think we are?" where the style is pleasingly reminiscent of a certain little book entitled *Happy Thoughts*—the author mentions the late Mr. CORNEY GRAIN as wearing an eyeglass. "CORNEY fixed his eyeglass and walked to the window." The Baron, who was on most intimate terms with "Dick" GRAIN from the time of his first appearance in public up to the last, cannot recall any time when he took to wearing an eyeglass. It certainly was not characteristic of him.

In *A Lost Cause* (JOHN LONG) its author, GUY THORNE, writing as, apparently, a strong partisan of the ultra-ritualistic party in the Church of England, depicts certain types of clergymen belonging to that extreme section. As

to whether fact or fancy may predominate in these cleverly and amusingly executed presentments, the Baron, being unfamiliar with the specimens in actual life, is not competent to decide. But he is able to aver, from his own personal knowledge, that the specimen given by the author of the broad-minded Vicar who, being inclined to recognise what is essentially good in all schools of thought, is disgusted with the uncharitableness of certain lay representatives of the ultra-Protestant party in the English Church, is a picture, drawn without exaggeration, that will recommend itself even to those who may care little or nothing about such matters. The author also satirically and amusingly depicts scenes in the *vie intime* of the Low Church or Evangelical agitator, with whose public methods, leading to "brawling" in church, newspaper reports have long ago familiarised us. One of these scenes, where the agitator and his son examine a list of subscriptions to "the Cause," will probably recall to many the signatures to a somewhat similar document that Secretary GASTFORD read out aloud to his patron Lord GEORGE GORTON, the crack-brained leader of the "No Popery" party. The ordinary reader, unversed in the questions that agitate the legally established Church of England, coming upon allusions to and descriptions of the common practice taking place within her pale of such rites and ceremonies as he had innocently supposed to be distinctive of the Roman Catholic Church, will rub his eyes and inquire, "Are there wisdoms about?" As a novel *A Lost Cause* is meagre in plot and lacking in powerful dramatic situations, except in the last chapter, when, accompanied by a self-effacing ritualistic nobleman, His Grace of Canterbury looms large on the scene, and with an awful severity, far exceeding that of LEOGASBY'S Cardinal, who

"with a dignified look
Called for his candle, his bell, and his book,"

asserts his authority over the unhappy leader of "the Luther League," who shrinks "from the terrible old man," and "with shaking hands" takes from his pocket a bunch of keys, which "he dropped from the floor"—presumably a misprint for "on the floor." There is, by way probably of concession to the unecclesiastical novel-reader, a slight love interest which, commencing rather late in the story, culminates in the marriage of the broad-minded (gradually narrowing) Vicar Carr and Lucy Blantyre, who is described as "pure but not virginal in temperament," and as one "whose nature needed the complement of a husband." So Lucy, with her Carr, starts on the Honeymoon road to happiness, a goal which it may be hoped the united couple ultimately reached in perfect safety without so pressing the pace as to call for police interference. We do not have many specially clerical novels nowadays, and, though this cannot be mentioned in the same breath with THORNTON'S dear old *Barchester Towers*, yet, as being brightly written, and, if a true picture of certain very modern ultra-ritualistic Anglican clergy, certainly instructive, the Baron thinks he may venture to recommend it to those among his followers for whom the sensational romance, or the purely sporting novel, offers little attraction.



Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.

FROM a Treatise on Practical Chemistry:—"Chlorine gas has a most injurious effect upon the human system. The following experiments should only be performed therefore by a teacher."

AVEBURIANA.

LAWN TENNIS.

(Being a condensed report of Lord Avebury's recent speech at the dinner at the Sports Club to the International Lawn Tennis competitors at Wimbledon.)

His Lordship, who was received with cheers, began by remarking that, although not much of a lawn tennis-player himself, it gave him great pleasure to welcome the dexterous exponents of the game from over seas. "The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," it had been called by the poet; but for him, the speaker, it was an agreeable element, admirably constituted to buoy up vessels loaded with lawn tennis experts. (*Loud applause.*) Lawn tennis was a game (*cheers*) not only of skill but of endurance and judgment. It brought out a man's qualities. Yes, and a woman's, too. (*Hear, hear.*) "O woman, in thy hours of ease, how much do tennis meetings please," as the poet said.

In his Lordship's young days archery was in fashion and then came croquet: hence, perhaps, his comparative unfamiliarity with lawn tennis, which he could not learn until he had reached middle age and had been badly stung so often that the nicety of his touch was impaired. He could not personally consider that the racket compensated for the loss of the bow and arrow (*Oh! Oh!*), but it was doubtless a useful substitute: In his hot youth his Lordship had frequently scored a bull's-eye; so much so that his nickname in the smart set of that day was Cupid. His was "argent archery" indeed, as the poet says. How different from this patting of india-rubber balls over a net, or rather into a net, which was his usual fate.

[Prolonged disturbance, in the course

of which RISELEY and SMITH completely disappeared.

Resuming, his Lordship quoted two stanzas from one of Dr. WATTS's hymns as an indication that his remarks were meant in no bellicose spirit; and, complete serenity having returned to the meeting, he roused much enthusiasm by offering, just by way of proving his respect for the game, to enter for the

in their legions, and with an unanimous voice, "Love is enough"; and yet, sweet as it was to hear the word amid the distractions of the tennis court, his Lordship felt that a revised terminology was not undesirable. Why "love?" Why not "naught?" or even "nothing?" He begged to make these suggestions to the controlling body, wherever it was. It was not fitting

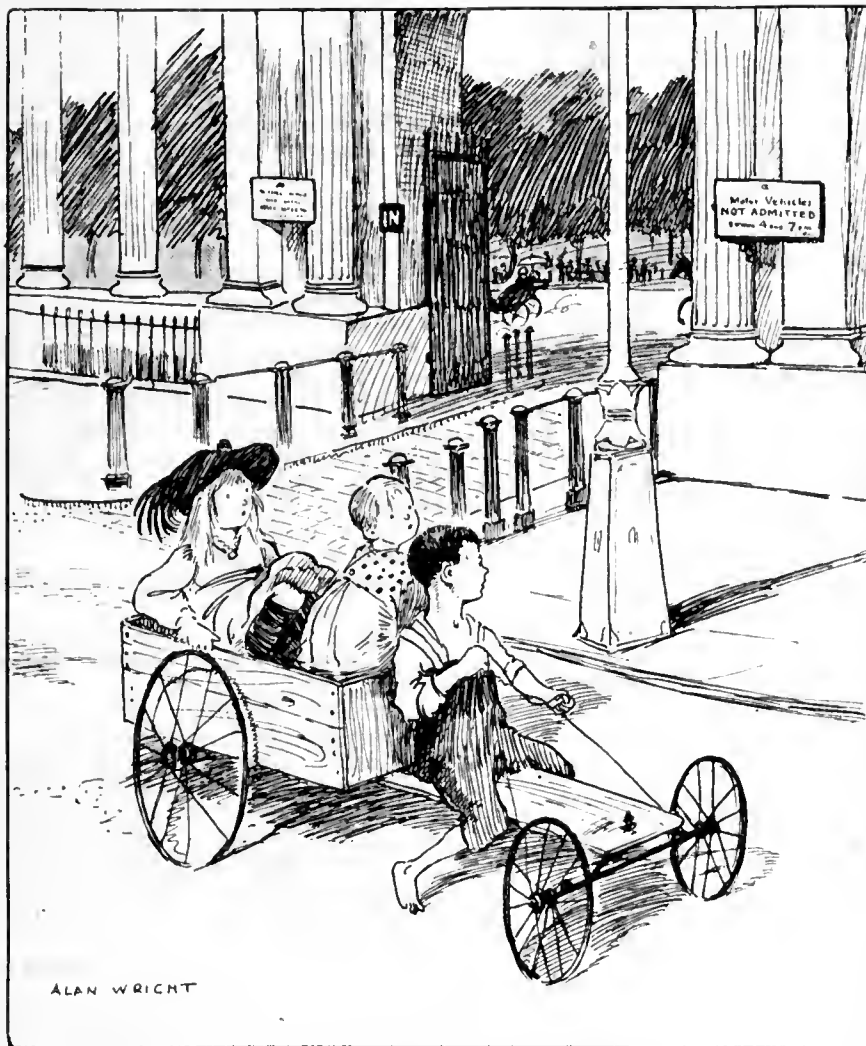
that any opportunity should be given to the mocker or to the casuist. It was unfortunate that to the question, "What is better than love?" the answer could—and truthfully, too—be returned: "15 is, and 30 is, and 40 is, and game is." Nothing really is better than love, and this was mere word-splitting, and yet his Lordship fancied that he saw danger there.

[Sensation, during which Miss SUTTON, the American champion, fainted.

His Lordship, resuming after some agitated moments, next turned to the materials of the game. The balls. He was always greatly attracted by these white and restless spheres. He liked to think that they always wore flannel, for he always wore flannel himself, even in summer, and it gave him a sympathetic feeling for a tennis ball. Like them he found it far safer in the variable climate of this "tight little island," this "precious stone set in a silver sea."

Why the poet called the sea "silver" he could not determine, for to his eyes it was usually green, blue, purple or grey; but SHAKESPEARE had the support of the *Daily Telegraph* in his choice of epithet, and silver after all was a pretty word. His Lordship, however, would not support a silver basis of coinage.

[Riots, concluded only by the ejection of one DOHERTY, BROOKES, and an assortment of twins, which however involved so much effort that the speeches then terminated.



ALAN WRIGHT

AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Urchin Chauffeur (reading notice). "IT AIN'T NO USE, 'ONORIA. THE NOTICE SAYS MOTORS AIN'T ADMITTED!"

Championship next year in the Veterans' class, with a plentiful supply of bisques. Being, however, nothing if not critical, as the poet said, his Lordship remarked that he might say a little with regard to the terminology of the pastime, which was, in his opinion, significant of much. Each game began with love. Ah! A player who failed to score was said to have only love, against his opponent's 15, 30, 40, and victory. Beautiful is it to score, to win; but not less beautiful to retain love. As the poets had said

A TONIC FOR THE DUMPS.

"The difficulty in the photograph post-card business is to find new ideas. The public is tiring of the laughing girls. The demand is for the pensive, the soulful, and the spirituelle." *[London Magazine]*

Wines in my walks abroad, a sombre bard,
I sampled Beauties, unimpaired by age,
Perpetuating on a postal card
The stolid giggle hallowed by the Stage;

When I observed the lips that gaped apart,
The boon expanse of teeth, the dimpled chin,
(Proof of the rapture they derived from Art)
O! how I grudged them that perennial grin!

"Nightly," I said, "they play their lyric scene,
And wag their legs about, and wear a smile,
And even when they've washed their faces clean
It won't come off: they wear it all the while.

"I couldn't do it. Though I had the wit
To hum in tights beneath a picture hat,
Or wave my petticoats to thrill the pit,
I couldn't keep a steady smile like that.

"I follow Art myself in humbler ways,
Where elements of laughter ought to lurk,
Yet, being photographed, I fail to raise
More than the ghostly semblance of a snirk!"

Something was wanting. That was why I bought
These types of grinning Beauty by the gross,
And set them on my mantelpiece and thought
"This spectacle will make me less morose."

It didn't. On the contrary, I wore
An air of worse depression every day,
Till I could bear the dreadful sight no more,
Because in that direction madness lay.

Thank Heaven that saved my reason in the nick!
For Fashion, not before the hour was ripe,
Dethroned the simpering sort that made me sick
And boomed instead the pensive, soulful type.

Now in my gallery, stocked with fresh supplies
(Ethereal creatures, save in point of wings),
I see the spirit gaze through dreamy eyes,
Trying to cope with transcendental things;

Above unearthly brows a vague unrest,
Sign of immortal yearning, darkly broods,
And lo! a weight is lifted off my chest,
And I am purged of pessimistic moods;

Yes, when I watch them doing all they know
To look the part of Intellectual Grace,
Then to the winds I let my megrims go,
And laugh till I am crimson in the face! O. S.

A CORRESPONDENT sends this advertisement from a local paper:—

HOMER found exhausted in the Irish Sea. Ring on the left leg.
—Apply, &c.

At first sight this seems an exceptionally good Breakfast Table Problem. Of course the good Homer sometimes nods, and might have fallen overboard when in a state of physical exhaustion. And, as to the left leg, there is the well-known case of the old man (not necessarily Homer) who never said his prayers, and was taken by this limb and flung downstairs. But the ring still presents a difficulty, and, altogether, we think it best not to keep the answer over till next week. It was a homing pigeon.

THE COMING OF "TOGO."

"My dear," said my wife, "I have made up my mind."

Those who know my wife know that when she makes this tremendous statement anything may be expected.

"Is it much?" I said. "Will the cheque be a large one?"

"That is not as funny as you think it is," said my wife, with dignity. "I have made up my mind that we must have a dog."

"You!" I gasped. "A dog! Why you've always been afraid of the merest puppies."

"Oh, leave her alone," said my wife's mother, who was present at this interview. "It's a mere caprice of hers. She'll forget all about it to-morrow."

"That," said my wife, "is very unjust, very unjust indeed; but it decides me: I'm firmly determined to have a dog. You know, my dear, you are sometimes away from home, and now that we've got baby the house seems more than ever lonely and unprotected, and BYSS, though a most faithful servant, is a sleeper of extraordinary soundness, I believe, and, in short, we ought to have a dog to stay in the house at night and watch over us all—you included, Mamma, though after what you've said you really don't deserve it, but I can afford to be generous."

So it was decided that we were to have a dog.

The next question was—what kind of a dog?

St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, and mastiffs were rejected as being too large. Collies were said to be treacherous. Our dog was to combine the mildness and traditional playfulness of the lamb with the unreasoning and dauntless ferocity of a polar bear. The former qualities he was to exhibit towards his owners and their family and dependants; the latter was to spring into activity immediately upon contact with burglars.

"He will mistake us all for burglars on his first night," said my mother-in-law.

"That shows, Mamma, how little you know about dogs. I think," added my wife, "I should like a bull-dog best."

It happened that at that moment I knew of no satisfactory and available bull-dogs. Having heard, however, that the landlady who had taken care of me in my bachelor-days desired to find a home for a bull-terrier aged seven months, I suggested that he would be the very dog for our purpose—bold, strong, furnished with magnificent teeth, but highly amenable to kindness, admirably faithful and very sportive.

"A bull-terrier," said my wife, "sounds most attractive. In fact, that is exactly the dog I've been thinking of. What is a bull-terrier like, really?" she continued. "Is his hair very long?"

When I had furnished the necessary explanations the bull-terrier was decided upon.

"Mark my words," said my mother-in-law, who has an agreeable gift of minor prophecy, "you'll be sorry for this."

On the morning of the day appointed for *Togo's* arrival I had, as usual, to go to town. All arrangements for meeting *Togo*, conducting him to his home and seeing to his welfare, had, however, been made, and I felt no anxiety as to the result. In fact, I forgot all about the matter. When I returned I found my wife waiting for me at the station, which is but a short distance from our house. She was manifestly in a state of great agitation.

"Good heavens, Emily," said I, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Ghost!" she said. "I wish it was. Oh, we've had the most awful time with that dog. Why, why did I ever yield to you? I might have known that a bull-terrier seven months old was no fit dog for a quiet country house. But I've come armed," and she showed me the butt end of an old revolver concealed in a basket which she was carrying.



GIVE AND TAKE.

BR-DR-CK (Coach). "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE SWING TOGETHER, OR YOU'LL UPSET THE BOAT!"



WILLING TO COMPENSATE.

Mrs. Lightfoot. "OH, WAIT A MINUTE, MR. SHARP—DON'T DRIVE YET. MY HUSBAND IS STILL ON THE GREEN."

Mr. Sharp. "NEVER MIND. I'LL RISK IT. FOR IF I DO BOWL HIM OVER, WHY, I'M READY TO REPLACE HIM ANY TIME!"

"But there are no cartridges to that revolver," said I.

"Hush!" said my wife, looking round apprehensively. "The dog doesn't know that."

Then I gathered the details of all the terrors that had been undergone. *Togo*, having been fetched from the station by the coachman, who was no longer in his first youth, had dragged that ancient and wheezy retainer at lightning speed along the road. They had arrived at the house, where the coachman, having called huskily for beer, had collapsed in the servants' hall. *Togo* had seized his opportunity and bolted, chain and all, into the kitchen, where he had upset the cook by butting her from behind like a ram. The cook had been supported to her bedroom by two housemaids, but had been pursued by the implacable animal and had been again upset, together with her attendants, on the staircase. All three had since these awful events been going from hysterics to hysterics. *Bixns*, after making one futile effort to secure *Togo*, had locked himself into the pantry, declaring (through the key-hole) that he never did hold with dogs, and that bull-terriers who had once tasted blood were especially to be feared. *Togo* had then entered the drawing-room, had leapt lightly over a barricade of chairs erected by my wife and her mother, had jumped at both their throats with his mouth wide open and his eyes gleaming, and had finally disappeared like a tornado into the garden, where all trace of him had been lost. My wife had then taken to the revolver. My mother-in-law, a most courageous woman, was at this moment engaged in pacing the shrubbery with a sword that had belonged to my uncle the Colonel.

"Oh, I do hope he's lost for ever," said my wife. "Fortunately he didn't see baby. Otherwise I tremble to think what the consequences might have been."

As she said this we emerged upon the front lawn, and there a terrible sight met our eyes.

Our nurse was hanging, shrieking, over the lower branch of an apple tree. In the middle of the lawn *Togo* was

standing with a fatuous expression of pleasure in his pink-rimmed eyes, his tail wagging thirty to the dozen, and sitting beside him was our two-year-old hope and heir, with his arms round *Togo's* neck and his head propped against *Togo's* back. At a distance of a hundred yards my mother-in-law was making passes in the air with the Colonel's sword from behind a laurel bush.

* * * * *

Togo is becoming quite a respectable dog. He lives mostly in the nursery, and the heir does exactly what he likes with him.

ANGLING NOTES.

MINISTERIAL waters continue troubled, but here and there a pretty kettle of fish has been landed. There has been no Liberal catch of plaice, but "gentle baiting" is being indulged in with some success.

Japanese waters have been in prime condition for bottom fishing, and large captures of submerged ironclads are reported.

Sport in the Black Sea has been chaney, but on the whole good, with flounders much in evidence. Best killing flies, the "Mutineer" and the "Cossack."

The Neva is swollen and muddy, and with a continuance of the present reign lively times are expected. Artisans and moujiks are rising fitfully. Grand Dukes are a little out of condition.

Although more rain is wanted on the Nile, crocodiles are still on the feed: best bait, Cook's tourists, but fellahen are not refused.

From South Africa reports are conflicting. Contractors are said to have been rising well at Army Stores, but few have been grassed. On the Zambesi the sun is too strong for successful daytime angling; there is, however, a fair volume of water, and in the evenings hippopotami are rising well to the tse-tse fly.

THOUGHTS ON DRINK IN TIME OF DROUGHT.

Is Summer-time when, by the Dog-Star's aid,
The Glass ascends to Eighty in the Shade,
The burning Question of all Questions is:
How can our Thirst be suitably allayed?

I know a Man in occult Lore immersed,
Who says that Christian Science quenches Thirst:
But when I met him in the Indian Plains
In Strength and Length his Drinks were doubly first.

Myself did as a Boy affect a Jar
That held a Drink named Raspberry Vinegar:
But Adults, when they try this Liquid, find
The more they drink the thirstier they are.

What Anglo-Indians call the "Whisky Peg"
One can no longer swallow by the Keg.
Since TREVIS condemned the Use of Alcohol;
And TREVIS is not the Man to pull your Leg.

Cold Tea is cooling, but the Tyrant HAIG,
In Accents wholly the Reverse of vague
Condemns Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate,
And bids us shun them as we should the Plague.

Plain Water, if not carefully distilled,
With pathogenic Germs is mostly filled;
Yet in the Fluid that is filtered best
All Trace of Sparkle is entirely killed.

Our Grandfathers, if I am not at Fault,
Drank freely at all Hours of Home-brewed Malt;
But those who emulate such Habits now
Descend with Speed to the ancestral Vault.

The Wielders of the Willow lean, I fear,
To Gin commingled with Stone Ginger Beer;
But those who covet the "Centurion's" Fame
From this seductive Beverage steer clear.

Champagne, or, for the lower Orders, Rum,
Cheers the Depressed and mollifies the Glum;
But taken freely 'neath a Tropic Sky
Tends to upset the Equilibrium.

Hock, when the Sun is blazing at high Noon,
With Seltzer Water tempered, is a Boon;
Yet we must not forget that decent Hock
Is only purchased once in a blue Moon.

Lime-Juice, when other Liquids can't be had,
Dilute with bubbling Waters is not bad;
And, differing from Gin, which stunts the Growth,
It may be given to a growing Lad.

Good Barley Water, with a gentle Blend
Of Lemon, many Medicos commend;
But, personally, I have found this Brew
Though wholesome, makes for Tedium in the End.

The hardy Denizens of Lancashire
Affect a Tipple called Botanic Beer.
I know a Man who tasted it, but he
In adamantite Boldness had no Peer.

Some Folk the Claims of Lager Beer advance;
But here, as elsewhere, much depends on Chance;
For Pilsen seems in latter Years to have
No geographical Significance.

It needs not to be said that Lemonade
Is always more salubrious when Home made:
And in the golfing Championships is quaffed
By VARDON, TAYLOR, FERNIE, HERD and BRADY.

But Golfers, when inclined their Drives to scuff,
Correct this Tendency with Shandygaff,
A genial Compound much affected by
The famous Yankee Skipper Captain HART.

EDWARD FITZGERALD had a Friend named POSH,
With whom he went a-yachting near the Wash;
And POSH, so Mr. SHORTER now has proved,
Once lived for three whole Days on Lemon Squash.

More could I sing upon the Theme of Drink,—
Why Men see double and when Mice seem pink;
But eighteen Quatrains of this Sort of Stuff
Are ample for the Present, don't you think?
[We do.—Editor Punch.]

FROM A HEART OF OAK AT BREST.

MY DEAR COMMODORE PUNCH,—If you're not a Commodore you ought to be. Don't you let any one say a word against *L'entente cordiale*. It's a first-class liquor. I've been aboard and I've been ashore, *fêted* by all the consuls and captains, and by every man who could do the thing well; and I have had "passes" and "sendings off" and "sendings on" from everybody at Brest, and I've made speeches, in all sorts of languages, after dinner, breakfast, and lunch. I don't quite know now which was which, but I write in the fulness of my heart, and I've made all the jokes I know about "Brest to Brest," "Brest high," "O my bonnie Brest knot," (which I sang in my native language), and "a-Brest with the Times," and so forth, and they have all gone in first-rate style,—in fact, been *entente-cordially* received, and speaking for everyone generally we, as your Special Commissioner (you see I use the *double-entente* "we" for the single "I")—ire, I say, have been done to rights; and if I cannot at this moment sufficiently overcome my emotions to give you a full, true, and particular account of our Anglo-Frenchy doings, you must excuse me. But it's coming, Sister MARY, and when my report does appear you may be able to bet your boots on its absolute correctness. We're all jolly good fellows and so say all of us aboard the Anglo-Frenchy or Frencho-Angly vessels, of which I cannot remember the names, but post this on to you, lest you should think that I am neglecting duty. One thing—whisper—depend on; no war as long as we are all as we are. We're enjoying ourselves. French sailors jolly chaps, speaking English and drinking Scotch, perfectly. There's the *entente cordiale* for you! "*Qui ra là?*" "*Je!*" says I, knowing the language." And that's how we all get on together. As for to-morrow—to-morrow be to-morrow'd! At present, "*Vive le grog français!*"

YOUR OWN SPECIAL SCOTCH.

The Brighton Gazette, Hove Post, Sussex and Surrey Telegraph (all one paper) advertises:—

THREE Comfortable Unfurnished Rooms To Let,
near Redhill Station; also four pigstyes.

Personally, when it is a question of sheer comfort, we have a prejudice for a little furniture in a room; perhaps, however, you get this in the pigstyes, which seem to be of the nature of a *Dépendance*, often the cosiest part of a Continental hotel.

Mr. H. E. CRAWLEY, winner of the Silver Racket in the M. C. C. Tennis Competition at Lord's, was defeated by Mr. ERSTACE MILES, whom he challenged for the Gold Racket. "*Ceteris major, tibi, MILES, impar*" was the Horatian line with which Mr. CRAWLEY had intended to address his conqueror, but at the moment it escaped his memory.

CHARIVARIA.

THE news that the British sailors and the French sailors exchanged hats at Brest has led to an agitation in our Army for a similar meeting between the land forces of the two countries.

With reference to the War Stores Enquiry, we are requested to state that the rat which is said to have eaten certain important documents has been confused with two other rats of the same name.

LORD STANLEY has refused to withdraw the charge of "blackmailing and blood-sucking" which he brings against Post Office employees. It is even rumoured that, not satisfied with the fact that the Post Office vehicles are already painted a blood red, LORD STANLEY intends to have the lettering on the same altered to "The Royal Black Mail."

The young barrister who supplied a party to a recent action with explicit instructions as to how to dress for the jury, has, it is said, received a lucrative offer from the leading legal paper to conduct a fashion column in its pages.

We hear that the finger-print experiments have proved so successful in tracing criminals that the police authorities will in future oppose any proposal for the erection of more public baths and wash-houses, as the cleaner the criminal, the worse the finger-print.

THOMAS DILLON, aged 102, was sworn in last week as special officer in charge of the public swimming pool at Akron, Ohio. He has had great experience in saving his own life.

A lady writes that on an exceptionally hot day last week she distinctly saw the funnel of a Thames steamboat faint while passing under a low bridge.

A contemporary publishes a list of remarkable crimes said to have been caused by the heat, and will be glad to hear of others.

The weather in America was so hot last week that Lieutenant PEARLY resolved to make a dash for the Pole.

"Bathing Costumes greatly reduced," announces a Sale catalogue, and a Mrs. GRUNDY writes to protest.

A man who confessed to a murder committed 23 years ago, and then denied it, has been found guilty. This, anyhow, shows the danger of bragging.

The Westminster Guardians have decided, in order to prevent an inmate



"AD PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM?"

He. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGIVEN ME FOR THAT AND PROMISED TO FORGET IT?"

She. "YES—BUT I DIDN'T PROMISE TO LET YOU FORGET I'D FORGIVEN IT!"

of the workhouse eluding the vigilance of the officials and getting drunk outside, to dress him in trousers of yellow or some other distinctive colour. We understand that the Music-Hall Comic Singers' Association is about to protest against the action of the Guardians, as being calculated to bring a respectable calling into disrepute.

The Admiralty, it has transpired, recently spent £47 10s. on a sun-printing frame when one could have been bought for £6, and the War Office feels sincerely flattered.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE thinks that every child ought to be brought up

impressed with the obligation of living to 100. We have no objection to the proposal so long as someone shall have power to grant certificates of exemption to exceptionally unpleasant persons at, say, the age of 40.

The young ladies of Great Britain are now face to face with one of the most serious crises of their existence. The supply of eunuchs is said to be giving out.

Honour where honour is due. Last week a woman named BACCHUS' was charged before Mr. PLOWDEN with being drunk and disorderly, and the magistrate made no comment.

BY THE ROUND POND.

(A Sketch in Kensington Gardens.)

TIME About 7 o'clock on a sultry July evening. A faint moon, nearly at the full, floats like a tissue paper balloon in the violet sky above the trees to the south, whose summits are tinged with a russet glow by the declining sun. The centre of the Pond is ruffled with golden ripples; elsewhere the water is a glassy olive-green, in which the pale blues and whites and pinks of the frocks of children on the bank are vaguely repeated. The children themselves are of most grades, from the Gutter to the Upper Middle Classes. Amongst, but not of, them are a few elderly men, prominent members of various Model Yacht Clubs, to whom boat-sailing is not so much a pastime as a serious profession. A bronzed Park-keeper regards children and grown-ups alike with an official benevolence.

Barbara (age about 9, and a keen yachtsman, who has just finished adjusting the rig of a smart racing cutter, coloured green and copper and furnished with a centre-board of scientific design to her Nurse, who is seated on a campstool with a volume of threepenny fiction). There, I shall just port the helm a very little, Nurse, and then I think she ought to make a straight course, don't you?

Her Nurse (who belongs to an Older School, with asperity). It's no use asking me my opinion, Miss BARBARA, because I've none to give. Miss ADELA—her in my last place that you've heard me talk of before—never wanted to mess about with no sailing boats, for all the world as if she was a boy. She'd bring out her doll in its pram, and set by me for hours as quiet as quiet. A reg'lar little lady Miss ADELA was, in all respects.

Barbara (without troubling herself to express her private opinion of the exemplary ADELA). Yes, Nurse, I know. I'm going over to that farther corner. I shall get a better breeze there. No, you needn't come—I can manage much better by myself.

[She takes her yacht and a boat-hook, and goes off with the calm independence peculiar to the modern child.]

Sarah (aged 13, who is on the grass, encumbered by an infant in a mail cart, to junior members of the family disporting themselves on the bank). GEOR-JEE! Come aw'y orf the edge, 'jear! ROWSIE, didn' I tell yer to tike 'old of 'is 'and? Give over thet splashin', HALFRID, or I shell 'ave to come and smack yer 'ed in a minnit. If you down't beyave, MYNIE, I'll tell Muvver of yer, my gell! Sid, jist you do that onst more, and I'll tike the lot of yer 'ome. You'll 'ave the Park-keeper on yer if yer gow on like thet. Na-ow, bibby, down't you begin croyin'. You ain't bin doin' nuffink!—there, there, then—did 'e think 'is Sissy was angry wiv 'im, the Ducky Dimons?

[The Ducky Diamonds continues to labour under this misapprehension, thereby creating a diversion under cover of which his brothers and sisters execute a masterly retreat.]

First Small Shipowner (who is taking his vessel on a coasting voyage with a long string, to Second Ditto Ditto, who is similarly engaged). Outer the w'y! 'Ere's my ship a comin'. Goin' a treat, she is!

Second S. S. Garn wiv yer! Whoy, she's topsy-turvy 'arf 'er toime!

First S. S. You needn' tork. Yours yn't no better!

Second S. S. Yus, she is. Moine on'y lays on 'er soide!

A Boy with a desire for information (to one of the Elderly Experts, who is fitting up his boat on the turf). And did you build her yourself?

The Elderly Expert (with importance). No, she was built for me by TORSER—he designs most of the yachts for our Club.

The Boy (impressed). And which should you say was the best boat on the Pond—yours?

The E. E. (solemnly). My boy, there's no such a thing as a "best boat." Each boat has got her day—and that's all the wisest can tell you about it!

[The Boy moves off with a consciousness of having exposed his ignorance.]

Second Elderly Expert (who may be anything over sixty, to First, who cannot be much under that age). Going to make a start soon?

First E. E. Waiting for some of these kids to clear. Directly you begin, they come round you in scores, and you don't get room enough to work in!

Second E. E. Ah, you're right. We want some protection against them. And the way the Pond is getting over-run with weed in some places is a disgrace—it's high time the Government had their attention called to it! (Inspecting the other's vessel.) I say, you're not going to carry a spinnaker, are you? I've struck my jib after the first trial.

First E. E. Well, with the wind as it is, it's a difficult matter to hit on just the right trim. I must think that out.

[He lights another pipe and thinks it out exhaustively.]

Casual Passer (derisively, to a Skilled Artisan who has launched a modern liner of his own construction, which he seems unwilling to trust beyond the reach of his boat-hook). Why don't yer let it go, ole Cock? 'Fraid of it sinkin'?

The Skilled Artisan (after searching in vain for a more withering retort). Nar then, Cocky, down't be silly!

[The model liner takes advantage of the opportunity to steam out into the open sea, which obliges him to plunge in over his ankles and rescue the truant.]

The Casual Passer. You orter tie a bit o' string to 'er nex' time, you ought!

[He departs guffawing, and is out of hearing before the proprietor of the liner, who is evidently a man rather of deeds than of words, has thought of a repartee sufficiently scathing.]

The Skilled A. (to the Bystanders). A bit o' string, indeed! On'y exposes 'is ignorance of mechanics torkin' like thet, yer know!

An Angel-faced Boy (to Park-keeper, watching a derelict vessel that is aimlessly drifting some yards from the shore). Do you think she'll be long coming in now, Sir?

Park-keeper. All right, Sonny, don't you worry. I've got my eye on her. (To a lad who arrives at this moment, and appears to be a sort of amateur coast-guardsmen.) Another job for you, Joe.

Joe (producing weighted line). She's a bit fur out as yet—but 'ere goes. (He casts the line dexterously over the mast of the ship in distress.) On'y just missed her. (Tries again.) Got her—no, it's run off her bowsprit. Next time ought to do it. (After one or two more attempts he lassos the hull, and hauls it to land, where it is secured by the Park-keeper.) There y'are, Mister.

The Angel-faced Boy (with a bright smile of gratitude). Thank you, Sir. May I have my boat, please?

Park-keeper. Your boat, indeed! I 'appen to know the boy this boat belongs to, and you ain't him—not by a long way. Nice conduct, I don't think, tryin' to sneak another boy's boat when he ain't there to look after it! You young limb, you! You'll come to a bad end, you will, if you ain't careful.

[With a stern moral disapproval which does not perceptibly abash the young offender, who accepts his failure with philosophical serenity. After fixing him for a moment or two, the Park-keeper strolls on with the grim smile of a man whom experience has rendered a match for the wildest boy.]

An Imaginative Boy (excitedly, to an older and matter-of-fact friend). Look at the Reliance now, ERNEST! See how she's forging ahead! She's Togo's flagship, going to sink the Baltic Fleet!



Rich Old Aunt (recovering from accident). "I'M AFRAID I SHALL FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THIS FALL FOR MANY YEARS TO COME!"
Nephew (with expectations). "I SINCERELY HOPE NOT, AUNTIE!"

Ernest. What rot you're talking! As if Togo would have a sailing-cutter for a flagship!

The Im. B. She may be a cutter, usually—but she's a battleship just now. And, I say, there's a fleet of destroyers trying to surround her! Do you see?

Ernest. I should call 'em ducks, myself. Where are their smoke-stacks?

The Im. B. (trying to compromise). Well, we'll say they're submarines, then!

Ernest (with the pity of a superior mind). I tell you what it is—if you go on like this when you go to school next half, the fellows will give you a jolly rough time of it, that's all!

[The destroyers quack in ominous confirmation of this prediction, and the "Reliance" is reluctantly struck off the list of the Japanese Admiral's squadron.]

Jim (small shopkeeper's son, proud proprietor of a four-and-sixpenny clipper, to his chum). Blest if that green boat ain't passed my Shamrock! She can go and no mistake, that green 'un can. I shall git one o' them green 'uns some day.

[BARBARA, who owns the "green 'un" in question, overhears this tribute, and flushes with gratification; BILL admits that the two are fairly equal—but thinks the "Shamrock" can sail closer to the wind.]

Barbara (unable to restrain herself any longer). That's my boat you're talking about. And yours is getting a good wind now. Suppose we let it be a race between them?

Jim (flattered but embarrassed). Awright, Miss. I'm agreeable, if you are.

[The three walk round the bank together, and by the time the race is decided BARBARA and JIM are on fairly intimate terms, much to the disgust of BILL.]

Barbara's Nurse (suddenly becoming alive to the situation). Miss BARBARA, come away this minute. The idee of a young lady playin' about with rough boys like them two, as ought to know their place if you don't!

Barbara. They're not a bit rough, and I spoke to them first, and they've very kindly been letting their boat race mine. *[To JIM and BILL.]* Good-bye, I've got to go now. You mustn't mind my Nurse, because, you see, she doesn't understand things quite. And we must have another race some day. *The Shamrock very nearly won.*

[She gives them a friendly little nod and goes back to her Nurse.]

Bill (aggrieved, to JIM). Well, if that gal comes and wants to pal in with us agen, you'd better tell her it ain't good enuff, ay? Gittin' jored at for a kid like that!

Jim (looking after BARBARA and her Nurse as they disappear among the tree-trunks). 'Tain't likely we'll git another chance, so you can shet your silly 'ed! And gimme 'old of the Shamrock. I'm orf 'ome, I am.

F. A.

THE Belfast Newsletter announces a most unfortunate accident by which a motor-tricyclist was "thrown with great force to the ground, sustaining a scalp wound on the right hand."



SLOW AND SURE.

John. "I'VE NOTICED, MISS, AS WHEN YOU 'AS A MOTOR, YOU' CATCHES A TRAIN, NOT THE TRAIN!"

TALKING IN THEATRES.

DEAR SIR, — I am an enthusiastic student of the drama, and I therefore frequently take my husband to the theatre. With regard to conversation during the performance, if I did not carefully explain to him every point in the play as it goes on he would miss a very great deal. It would be useless to wait until the end of an act, as by that time he would have forgotten the appropriate and often quite beautiful illustrations of my remarks that are continually being furnished by the people on the stage. My husband, I may add, is not deaf, nor even really stupid, but he needs educating. It is plainly a wife's duty to do this, and however painful it may be to me (or to others) I must, and shall, continue to do it.

PORTIA.

DEAR PUNCH, — Glad to see that the annoyance caused by the abominable habit of talking in theatres is at last being recognised. Regret to say my wife, who goes to the play more often than is strictly necessary, is a hardened offender in this respect; and whenever I expostulate with her at any length for

talking to me, as I am frequently compelled to do, she invariably retorts with an absolutely uncalled-for *tu quoque*. This, Sir, is a form of rejoinder no self-respecting husband can possibly listen to in silence. Nor do I. But for this unfortunate propensity of hers I have no doubt I could obtain my customary after-dinner snooze at a theatre in spite of the performers. Prefer on this occasion to remain anonymous.

CIPHER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — I am afraid somebody must have been sitting near Dick and me in the pit. I'm awfully sorry, but we only get out together about four nights a week, and naturally we have heaps and heaps to tell each other. But, really and truly, we don't talk very loud.

MAISIE.

SIR, — In my opinion there is not nearly enough talking in theatres. At least, I never get the chance.

UNDERSTUDY.

FROM the *Hyde Reporter* we cull this sinister comment on the fortunes of a local cricket team: — "We are sorry to say that Mellor has not won a match this year. They greatly miss their old umpire."

Euthanasia;

Or, Dying Made Easy.

"PRACTISE the art of deep breathing. After the morning bath take a deep breath, retain it as long as possible, then slowly expire." — *Home Chat*.

A WEARY VIGIL. — "The late Lord PETRE," says M.A.P., "was noted as being the only Roman Catholic priest who had sat for centuries in the House of Lords." Certainly no similar case is on record.

IN the new Guide to the County Council's steamboat service we are told that the cost of the Greenwich Tunnel, "including the formation of the necessary approaches and compensation to ferrymen, amounted to £——." These are startling figures. We wonder how much went to the ferrymen. Possibly about £——.

"THE LONG RESULT OF TIME." — The *Evening News*, in a brief review of gold-finds in Scotland, states that "Dunrobin Glen yielded £20,000 worth of gold in as many years." A very interesting Prehistoric Peep.



THE LORD HIGH OBSTRUCTIONIST.

POLICEMAN PUNCH. "HERE! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?"

LORD HALSBURY. "I'M HORATIUS! I'M KEEPING THE BRIDGE!!"

POLICEMAN PUNCH. "OH! YOU ARE, ARE YOU? WELL, THIS ISN'T ANCIENT ROME. THIS IS MODERN LONDON: AND YOU'VE JUST GOT TO MOVE ON."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

Some Gentlemen to whom the idea of the Redistribution of the Seats they occupy is in the highest degree distasteful.

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.—If this sort of thing goes on PRINCE ARTHUR really will throw up the sponge, hand in his checks, or go through any other metaphorical form that means retirement from office. He can stand continuous hard work and gets plenty of it. Members who sniff at him because he is occasionally absent from the Treasury Bench would find themselves pretty well done up if they got through a tithe of his daily task. That he makes light of. What he can't stand is the unreasonableness of man, also of woman. To-day has had sharp experience of both.

To begin with, the SPEAKER interposed objection, based on antiquated precedents, against his running through his Redistribution Resolutions in a couple of morning sittings. Nothing could exceed his own sweet reasonableness in the matter. He originally proposed one morning sitting for discussion of what is practically a far-reaching Reform Bill. Objection taken, he generously gave two. Now the SPEAKER insists there shall be a second reading debate on the scheme as a whole, which would occupy two or three full sittings; then the House to go into Committee and severally discuss with full flush of amendments eight, possibly nine, distinct Resolutions.

That meant something like eight weeks of Parliamentary time. It involved the alternative of extending the Session into chill October, or adjourning in mid-

August, meeting again for an autumn Session. There was one other method of meeting the dilemma. PRINCE ARTHUR seized it. He dropped the Resolutions.

This bad enough; what followed, worse still. The East End has risen in its despair; this afternoon marched to Westminster, wanting to know about the promised Bill providing workmen with employment. It is the women who have undertaken the mission, and they come to Westminster with puny babes in their arms, wailing enquiry as to what's going to be done for their husbands. They stream into PRINCE ARTHUR's private room and put the question to him face to face. Many interviews taken place in this chamber, some epoch-making; never anything like this. A score of gaunt, hungry-eyed women clustering round the PRIME MINISTER, clamouring for bread, or the means to buy it. New precedent this, by the side of which those quoted by SPEAKER an hour earlier, with result of tearing to pieces the Redistribution Resolutions, grow mustier and mustier.

To the heated imagination there is something in it reminiscent of episodes closely preceding the French Revolution. Wasn't there an aristocrat who, when the people asked for bread, retorted with inquiry, "Why don't you eat grass?"



"A picturesque figure rarely seen."
(The Duke of Rutland.)



THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

(The Government were defeated by four votes, July 20, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman demanded an armistice with a view to the surrender of the garrison.)

In the grim story of what later took place in the streets of Paris there lives for ever the picture of a well-dressed man dangling from a lamppost, his mouth stuffed with grass.

PRINCE ARTHUR spoke to his strange afternoon callers softly, promising that everything should be done to bring the Bill along. Whereupon they withdrew and, gallantly escorted by Mr. CROOKS, had tea on the Terrace in the company of more fortunate sisters, to whom the refreshment was preliminary to eight-o'clock dinner. When they had gone PRINCE ARTHUR went back to Treasury Bench, to worry round the fourth stage of Aliens Bill.

Business done.—Redistribution Resolutions abandoned.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—"I suppose if PRINCE ARTHUR insists, we shall have Redistribution of the electorate. But," said the LORD CHANCELLOR grimly, "they sha'n't redistribute the trams so as to bring them over the bridges and run along the Embankment. They'll be wanting 'em up Constitution Hill next."

Bill authorising the work has passed the House of Commons. Has been blessed by nearly every Borough Council in the metropolis. Even the City

Corporation have acquiesced. Some millions living south of the River clamour for it. Royal Commission on Traffic support its principal proposal. CARRINGTON, backing Bill, cited typical case of a woman who lives at Brixton and goes daily to her work in Holborn. If, instead of leaving the tram at the foot of Westminster Bridge, she might ride along Embankment on her way, it would mean to her a saving of 450 miles walked in the year.

What is that to the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, whose longest walk is from his robing room to the woollack? Coming to assistance of his young friend RIDLEY, properly shocked at prospect of the Embankment reserve being open to common tram folk, he put his foot down, and the Bill was thrown out by nearly 2 to 1.

Debate brought down a veteran whose picturesque figure is rarely seen.

"Protection makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," the Duke of RUTLAND said to the MEMBER FOR SARK, when the latter congratulated him on his speech delivered last year in support of Don José's Fiscal Policy.

Thereafter the Duke retired to the learned leisure of Belvoir Castle. This attempted outrage on the Embankment

called him once more to the front. Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die; but leave, oh leave us this costly thoroughfare (paid for out of the rates) free from the contamination of rate-payers who ride in penny trams.

"My Lords," said the Duke, erect under the weight of nearly ninety years, "take your courage in both hands, and defend the Embankment against attack year by year made upon it by the London County Council."

When, sixty-four years ago, Lord JOHN MANNERS came to sit in the Commons, Member for Newark, with the rising hope of stern, unbending Toryism as his colleague, Free Trade was non-existent, the London County Council undreamt of. He has lived long enough to see Protection again uplift its head, and to-day assists in giving the L. C. C. what the Curate in *The Private Secretary* used to threaten to deal his tormentors—"a good hard knock."

The Duke begins to believe that, after all, the world is not in such hopeless state as in moments of depression he has feared.

Business done.—L. C. C. Tramways Bill thrown out by 64 votes against 33.

House of Commons, Friday morning, One o'clock.—Ministerialists yesterday morning, opening their billydoo from the PINK 'US, found it almost picturesque in its phrase. With the emphasis of three lines it besought Members to be in their places punctually at nine o'clock. "The Opposition," so ran the incantation, "have cancelled their pairs. The Irish are over in full force. There will be a lively evening."

Almost up to the stroke of midnight this last forecast was falsified. Nothing could be drearier than the speeches following each other on JOHN REDMOND'S Amendment to reduce vote for Irish Land Commission. Shortly after eleven WALTER LONG made his second speech, not livelier than the first. Then TAY PAY for a while whirled his shillelah in the sultry air. As the limp hand of the clock stretched forth to clasp welcome midnight the question was put.

Members hurried forth without visible sign of emotion. Division would probably be a close one. Opposition certainly showed up well. But, after PRINCE ARTHUR'S Foreign Office appeal to the loyalty of his Party surely all was well.

On ordinary occasion, if division be taken at midnight Members hurry forth to secure a cab, content to wait for the morning paper to learn precise figures. This morning they returned to the House filling the benches, crowding the Bar. As the minutes sped rumour ran to and fro. The buzz of conversation rose to deafening height. The PINK 'US and ESMONDE, the Irish Whip, were back almost simultaneously. Evidently a close



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

NO. 4.—MR. M. SAYS, "TROUT FISHING MAY BE ALL RIGHT FOR A YOUNG MAN, BUT GIVE ME PEACE AND A PUNT, WHERE YOU CAN HAVE A GOOD LUNCH, AND A NAP AFTERWARDS. BUT—BE SURE THAT YOUR MOORINGS ARE QUITE DEPENDABLE."

thing. Cheers and counter-cheers broke forth from the excited host on either side.

There was a moment's silence as the four tellers stood in a group at the Table whilst the Clerk wrote down the figures. To whom would he hand the paper? In many a pitched battle the PINK 'UN has awaited it as a matter of course, taking his place at the extreme right of the line. It was noted he was not so confident this morning, even edging a little to the left to make room for the Irish Whip.

When the Clerk handed the paper to ESMONDE there went up from the Opposition Benches a roar threatening to split the glass roof that has for seventy years looked down on similar scenes. Several times ESMONDE attempted to read out the figures; perforce was mute amid the turmoil. When in comparative lull he shouted them out, few caught them. The CHAIRMAN standing up to repeat them, the hubbub ceased, to break forth once more in louder force when it was made known that in a House of 401 Members, after debate extending over nearly eight hours, the Government



had been defeated by a majority of three. On closer enquiry it was found to be four.

No snap division this, sprung immediately after the dinner hour on an unprepared majority. A pitched battle, with all available reserves brought up. And Ministers were worsted.

Business done.—The Opposition's Amendment to reduce estimates carried by 200 votes against 196.

OUR VILLAGE ELEVEN.

EXCEPT at lunch, I cannot say

With truth that we are stayers;
Yet, though on village greens we play,
We're far from common players.

The mason blocks with careful eye;
We dub him "Old Stonewall."
The blacksmith hammers hard and high,
And the spreading chestnuts fall.

Sheer terror strikes our enemies
When comes the postman's knock,
Whereas his slow deliveries
Would suit the veriest creak.

The butcher prides himself on chops;
His leg-cuts are a joke;
But when he lams the slow long-hops
There's beef behind his stroke.

The grocer seldom cracks his egg;
He cannot catch; he butters.
The gardener mows each ball to leg,
And trundles daisy-cutters.

Our tailor's cut is world-renowned;
The coachman's drives are rare;
He'll either cart you from the ground
Or go home with a pair.

The village constable is stout,
Yet tries short runs to win;
They say he's run more people out
Than ever he ran in.

The curate (captain) every match
Bowls piffle doomed to slaughter,
But still is thought a splendid catch—
By the vicar's elderly daughter.

The watchmaker winds up the side,
But fails to time his pulls;
By now he must be well supplied
With pairs of spectacles.

Our umpire's fair; he says "Not Out,"
Or "Out," just as he thinks;
And gives the benefit of the doubt
To all who stand him drinks.

No beatings (beatings are the rule)
Can make our pride diminish;
Last week we downed the Blind Boys'
School.

After a glorious finish!

The Wish to Please.

EXTRACT from report of concert in provincial paper:—"The Rev. — obliged with four songs, and would gladly have been heard in a fifth."

HOLIDAYS AT HOME.

"T. P.," in last week's *M.A.P.*, quotes with approval Sir THOMAS LATER, Bt. Baron's advice that Londoners should go through the Karlsbad or Homburg cures at home instead of visiting foreign spas, and states that he tried the same successfully in Battersea Park. Before rushing abroad, therefore, or even out of town, next month in search of health and distraction, the jaded West-ender would do well to study the following list of "Kur-orts" and attractions provided, on the spot, by the ever solicitous and bountiful L.C.C.:

On Bank Holiday, August 7, at 6 A.M., the new *Konversationshaus* and *Trinkhalle* on the main island in Piccadilly Circus will be formally opened by HERM. E. A. CONSWALL, Oberbezirksrat, who will drink a glass of water from the fountain now re-named the "Schaftsburgquelle." Thereafter and until eight o'clock every morning during the season, the attendant *Blumenmädchen*, in appropriate attire, will dispense the health-giving fluid to their fashionable visitors, while five German bands will simultaneously give local colour to the proceedings by playing Teutonic airs on the Regentstrasse and Pikkadilligasse Promenades.

Preparations are being made for a brilliant season at Putney-Plage, which bids fair to become a formidable rival to Scheveningen, Ostend and Trouville. The boat-houses have lately been converted into a well-appointed Casino, with ball-room, *établissement des bains*, and facilities for European pool, baccarat and *petits chevaux*. The *Société Anonyme des Ravageurs de la Boue* gives daily *rénovations* at low tide, when some very chic costumes will be noticed among the Fulham Smart Set. The new accelerated service of paddle steamers now performs the *trajet* from Westminster in little over two hours.

Alpinists will be glad to hear that unusual opportunities for their favourite pursuit are in prospect this summer in the Holborn Oberland and the Strand-Königsweg ranges. Many unexpected crevasses have appeared, which will test the nerve of the hardiest mountaineer to negotiate, and constant avalanches are reported in these districts. The Mer d'Asphalte in the Schöher Moraine district is a thing whereon even a WYMPER or a MARTIN CONWAY would fear to tread.

Excellent sport is expected on the sparrow-moors of Hampstead Heath on the Twelfth. The birds are strong on the wing, there has been very little disease, and keepers are confident of record bags. It is hoped that the Parliamentary session will be wound up in time for hard-worked legislators to

exchange the stifling atmosphere of St. Stephen's for breezes of these sportive uplands on the opening day. Meanwhile, the rush to the North has begun, and Jack Straw's Castle is crammed to the ramparts, while every shooting-box in the neighbourhood has been let twice over.

The Lea has been in spate recently, and the souls of fishermen are correspondingly elated. We hear that several fine gudgeon have gone up the river, and some ardent spinners with the dry fly are already after them. With this, and the welcome news that the close time for roach on Clapham Common is now over, and that gaffs at a penny are being advertised in the New Cut, what more could our hackle-wielders wish?

It would seem, therefore, that there is ample scope within sound of Bow Bells for the valetudinarian, the pleasure-seeker, and the sportsman to indulge and repair themselves to their hearts' content.

ZIGZAG.

THE EXPLOSIVE GOLF BALL.

TO GOLFERS.

THE Explosive Ball is a wire-wound ball with a core of highly-compressed Dynamite.

High Velocity (3,000 feet per second).

Low trajectory.

No swing required. A tap will set it going.

You lay your opponent dead on the tee.

You will never use any other ball.

Trebles the excitement of the game, as every green may be the last.

Never needs re-covering.

If it cannot find the hole it will make one for itself.

When playing with this ball you need not keep the St. Andrew's Rules.

You can make your own.

The Explosive Golf Ball lowers the Handicap.

It makes your caddie respect you.

THE EXPLOSIVE GOLF BALL.

£2 2s. each.

One ball will last your lifetime.

Testimonial.

Admiral Togo writes:—"I attribute the efficiency of my approach shots at Tsushima entirely to practice with the new projectile."

Form Master (sarcastically, to JONES, who has been reproved by the Head for making a rude caricature of one of the masters). Well, JONES, and what did the Headmaster say about your funny picture?

Jones (with dignity). He said, Sir, that nobody but the lowest of the low would call it funny.

LAST OPERATIC NOTE OF THE SEASON.



"AFTER THE OPERA IS OVER!"

THE London Operatic Season is over. There is to be an Autumn Opera in Town, of which more presently. One down, t'other come on. Judging from what *Mr. Punch's* Operatic Observer has seen and heard, the past has been exceptionally profitable to Operatic directors and decidedly satisfactory to Messrs. MESSAGER, NEIL FORSYTH, and the public.

On the 1st of May RICHTER was enthusiastically received, conducting WAGNER and all his works. Then, while we were yet labouring under the Wagnerian nightmare of Giants, Dwarfs, Floating Fairies, and Pantominnie Dragons, we were awaked by the delightful *Barber of Seville*, on which occasion Mlle. BAUERMEISTER was conspicuous by her absence. Alas! she was not to appear again until her Farewell Benefit in July. Farewell, a long farewell, and, if for ever, fare thee well! Such is operatic life, "which likewise is the end of all things." You may see her, as depicted by our artist in the sketch above, waving her *adieux*, from the deck of a departing vessel, to her old companions who are disporting themselves on the sands of Tune near the Sound of Tune.

Then, under MANCINELLI's sympathetic conducting, were wafted to us, on a Tuesday night, May 9, the sweet strains of DONIZETTI's *Don Pasquale*, commencing with "*Com'è gentil*." This revival—alas! for one night only, as this deponent does not remember its having been given a second chance—was delightful; and why not repeated only Messrs. MESSAGER, FORSYTH and the Directors can tell; but they won't.

MELBA, as *Violetta* in *La Traviata*, and under a new umbrella hat depicted by our hawk-eyed artist, next arrived. In her train came MIMI, her Bohemian friends, and Signor CARUSO, at his very best. Subsequently, excellent Mlle. DESTINN tried her best to make us forget CALVÉ as *Carmen*,

and Mlle. DONALDA scored a success as *Micaëla*. Signor DALMORES was a first-rate *Don José*.

On Derby Day there was no *Ring*, but WAGNER's *Die Meistersinger* was named as the favourite, with VAN ROOY in regular right Rooyal voice, and Fräulein ALTEN as *Eva-green Era*. Epsom excitement over, we settled down to MELBA-Marguerite, in *Faust*, on Thursday after Derby. The King of SPAIN's state visit to the Opera on Thursday, June 8, was a grand gala night indeed, though *Don Pasquale* and *Don Giovanni* were not invited to be present. Just about this time happened the deluge, and there were no arks, in shape of cabs, wherein to reach home dry-footed. Opera singers, however, were uninjured, as immediately afterwards, ere yet the decorations had disappeared, we find Mlle. DESTINN at her very best in *Aïda*, and her companions quite unaffected by the "rain that rained every day."

Madame JEANNE RAUNAY distinguished herself in VERDI's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, as did also Mlle. SELMA KURZ, Signori SCOTTI and CARUSO. Royalty has patronised the Opera very regularly, and with royal punctuality. Next notable event was the *Orfeo* of Madame KIRKBY LUNN and the *Euridice* of JEANNE RAUNAY. Afterwards *Orfeo* was sung and the lyre played by Mlle. GERVILE-RÉACHE, the part not being quite within her reach,—that is perhaps because this deponent's memory reaches back to JULIA RAVOGLI. Next notable event, June 28, was the production of a new opera, *L'Oracolo*, by Signor FRANCO LEONI, excellently done. It was a quaint show, admirably staged, but not the opera for Covent Garden. The "working of *The Oracle*" was well managed, but general opinion appears to be that, like the majority of oracles, it cannot be relied upon.

July opened with *Don Giovanni* and a first-rate cast.

Then *The Oracle* was given a second chance. The next production was *Romeo et Juliette*, with Scotch lassie DONALDA as heroine and M. PALMORIS as the amorous "climbing boy." Another novelty, *Madama Butterfly*, by PUCINI, was produced. This *Butterfly* is out for something more than a flutter, and it will be in the repertoire for next season, with, probably, the same cast, on which, as it included Mlle. DESTINS, Madame LAJEUNE, powerful Mlle. SIMBOLD, Signori SORTI and CARUSO, it would be difficult to improve. The title *Butterfly* suggests a series of Grasshoppers.

In front, the House has been notably well managed, and on the very hottest nights the Syndics of the Syndicate, who prefer to take things coolly, ventilated the question of heat satisfactorily, and introduced a delightful air arranged for orchestra and audience, without any such Eolian draughts as not so very long ago gave a blow to several systems, from which they with difficulty recovered.

An Autumn-tum-tum Season is, as this deponent has already deposed, announced by the Grand Opera Singdicat and Mr. FRANK REXNIE. Under this banner and commanded, presumably, by Generals MESSUGN and FOSYTH, the San Carlo Opera Company is to give an eight-weeks' season, commencing in October, when the longest vacation is pretty sure to be over, and London will be re-filling. The prices for stalls are from 12s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and the first row of the pit circle is 10s. 6d., the same price as is charged for seats in rows L to Q of stalls. The Operatic Singdicat knows best, but at first sight most theatre-goers would have considered it wiser to commence the prices of pit at a shilling less than the lowest charge for stalls. Such a charge as this might lead to another row being added, i.e. a row (rhyming with "how") between the pit-preferring public and the management. *Absit omen!* This deponent's suggestion would be 6s. 6d. for first row in pit circle; 5s. for all the other rows; and 4s. each for admission of mere mortals to the seats of "the Gods." Advice gratis, and best wishes for success of Syndicate's scheme.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr Nautical Retainer writes: In that narrow field of literature to which we give the name of "light verse" ("light," that is, for the reader, but difficult enough for the writer), there is not living to-day a more conscientious craftsman than Captain KENDALL, late R.A., known by the *nom de guerre* of "Dum-Dum." His new volume, *Rhymes of the East and Re-collected Verses* (CONSTABLE), is largely made up of the best of the work which he had previously published in India, and of new matter from the pages of *Punch*. It marks a great advance upon his earlier books in the direction of self-criticism and fastidious judgment. Though in many of his poems the influence of CALVERLEY is easy to trace, there is no question but that "Dum-Dum's" work is distinguished by a rare individuality. It has breadth and spaciousness, along with a studied felicity in the choice of the right word. It reveals always that "fundamental brainwork" which was ROSSETTI's primary demand. If his style betrays any characteristic fault, it is that of diffuseness; but it is not the diffuseness of the writer who ekes out his line with the otiose epithet or phrase. It is due in part to the complex metrical systems which he sometimes adopts; but chiefly it is due to fertility of thought and expression; and to the fact that, when he has found many happy ways of urging the same argument, he has not the heart to make an invidious selection. Yet he seldom wants for the inevitable brief phrase which clinches a conclusion. His great charm lies in the trick of a sudden bathos of colloquialism occurring in the midst of a mock-serious flight of eloquence. Yet with all his feeling for humorous contrasts, and his delightful taste in the grotesque, it is for his sense of style and technique that this volume, so free

from all that is trivial and hackneyed and slipshod, will win the commendation of the best judges of this form of *belles lettres*. And when one regards the high quality of workmanship demanded of the maker of light verse if it is to be worth making at all, one may perhaps apply MATTHEW ARNOLD's words to the standard of technique which "Dum-Dum" sets to other followers of his light-hearted Muse:

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

In *Shrewsbury* (MILBURN) Mr. ALDEN presents a historical and topographical account of one of the most interesting and picturesque towns in England. My Baronite knew it in his youth, and welcomes with pleasure, that in degree will be shared by others, this record. The story of Shrewsbury is an intimate part of the history of England, and supplies material for the not least interesting chapter. King JOHN was quite a late-comer on the scene, his charter to the borough confirming to the burghesses "all liberties, free customs and quitances, as they had them in the time of King HENRY, our great grandfather." In later times known to SHAKESPEARE, Sir John Falstaff fought at Shrewsbury, in the battle where Hotspur was killed. There are few towns of contemporary date that preserve so many fragments of old houses, churches, council chambers, and other buildings. Charm is added to the book by the pictures of these contributed by Miss KATHERINE ROBERTS.

It is not often that an author boldly calls the hero of his own creation a fool, yet this is what Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT does in his novel, which he has entitled *The Fool Errant* (HEINEMANN). Not so very long ago, if the Baron's memory serves him correctly, another writer of romance, Mr. BURLAND, did something similar, only he was polite enough not to directly attract attention to the simple-mindedness of his hero. But in this book of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's we have a chivalric fool, a sane Quixotic English youth, frank, honest, religious, coming of an ancient family, which so sturdily adheres to the persecuted faith of its forefathers, that it must send its heir abroad, there to obtain, in the University of Padua, the education, fitting his position, that is denied to him in his own country. Such a fool as Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT makes of his hero is a delightful character! Would there were more fools of the same sort! The tale of his ever-varying romantic adventures is never tedious. One character, however, namely the villainous mendicant friar, surely belongs to an earlier date than that of this story. As to the sweet women who live or die for the hero (and of one, disguised as a page, the Baron seems to have some pleasant reminiscence in "quite another story," and also as a character in an Alexandrine drama at the St. James's), they are all charmingly drawn; and the true love of the self-sacrificing woman is forcibly contrasted with the passion of the woman who is not a crown to her husband. *The Fool Errant* is never the fool peccant; the shield of his honour is untarnished. He is disillusioned with regard to one whom he has foolishly, but honestly, adored. As to the Italians of the period, with whom the Fool is brought into contact, there is scarcely one of them who for integrity and purity can be for one instant compared with this Fool of fiction, to whom the reader, if he be at first a trifle irritated by his unworldly folly, will become so attached as to regret the moment of parting with so simple and so lovable a character.



FASHION'S PHASES.

When first I whispered words of love,
 When first you turned aside to hear,
 The wingèd griffin flew above,
 The mammoth gaily gamboll'd near;
 I wore the latest thing in skins,
 Your dock-leaf dress had just been mended

And fastened up with fishes' fins —
 The whole effect was really splendid.

Again—we wandered by the Nile,
 In Egypt's far, forgotten land,
 And watched the festive crocodile
 Devour papyrus from your hand.
 Far off across the plain we saw
 The trader urge his flying camel;
 Bright shone the scarab belt you wore,
 Clasped with a sphinx of rare enamel.

Again—on Trojan plains I knelt;
 Alas! in vain I strove to speak
 And tell you all the love I felt
 In more or less Homeric Greek;
 Perhaps my helmet-strap was tight
 And checked the thoughts I fain
 would utter,
 Or else your robe of dreamy white
 Bewildered me and made me stutter.

Once more we change the *mise-en-scène*;
 The white road curves across the hill;
 Excitement makes you rather plain,
 But on the whole I love you still,
 As wreathed with veils and goggles blue,
 And clad in macintosh and leather,
 Snug in our motor built for two
 We skim the Brighton road together.

THE ART OF DIALOGUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I read in a review the other day that very few authors of the present age could write really natural dialogue. Having discovered a way of writing stories without any dialogue at all, I beg to present my latest effort to your readers. If it seems difficult in places, a little study will soon discover the meaning. My tale is entitled,

THE PREVARICATION OF PRISCILLA.

He put an arm around her waist.
 "——?" he asked in a low voice.
 "——," she replied, shaking her pretty head.
 "——," he ejaculated.
 "——," she said, reprovingly.
 "——," he apologized.
 There was silence for a little while.
 Then ARTHUR returned to the attack.
 What right had she to be so decided about it? he thought.
 "——," he said, "——."
 "——," she admitted.
 "——," he went on, "——." He paused for a reply.
 There was a short silence, while PRISCILLA thought how best she could put it. At last she began:



A HEARTY APPRECIATION.

(A Ducal Surprise Visit to the Yearlings.)

First Stable Boy. "CHATS AWAY JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY—NO SIDE ABOUT HE!"

Second Stable Boy (warmly). "YES—AND SHE—SO WOMANLY!"

"——." She looked timidly at him.
 "——," she urged, pleadingly.
 "——," was his monosyllabic comment. [?" Rats"—Ed.]
 "——," she persisted.
 He stood up in front of her, and cried to her from the fulness of his heart. Love gave him eloquence.
 "——," he said.
 "——," she said.
 "——," he muttered with clenched teeth. Out aloud, "——," dwelling lovingly upon the name.
 He held out his arms to her, and no longer could she resist him.
 "——," she cooed.
 "——?" he asked, hardly able to believe his ears.

"——," she lisped.

How simple and yet how neat, *Mr. Punch*, is this method of writing dialogue. No long, cumbersome, unreal talk; but at the same time the reader left in no doubt as to the nature of the conversation. "——," she lisped. "Yes" or "No" it must have been, and how can one lisp "No"? The subtlety of it, *Mr. Punch*! Your humble servant,
 THE O'MEREDITH.

It is reported that DARLING has called "Tail" to England's toss four times, and is now convinced that the English team hasn't got one.

'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

[The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a collection of Press opinions on the Government's defeat, quoted from the *Daily News* the following dictum which it considered to be piously expressed: "The prevailing thought to-day is less exultation than a profound thankfulness that the end has come at last. The thing has collapsed just as it seemed getting intolerable. From to-day a new chapter opens in the history of this isle and Empire."]

As when a traveller through a tropic land,
Bored by a sameness in the desert scenery,
Is moved to smack his lips, all caked with sand,
At sight of distant palms or other greenery;

Then, to his own (and camel's) marked disgust,
On drawing near to that alleged oasis,
Sees that his credulous and child-like trust
Was founded on an insufficient basis:—

Or as the climber up an arduous Alp
Grapples the icy steep, and bravely staunches
The rude excoriations on his scalp
Caused by inevitable avalanches;

And, even while he wields his axe in air,
Crying "Another step and so the summit!"—
Slips off, and after bouncing here and there
Drops perpendicularly like a plummet:—

Or, lastly, as an all-too previous bird
Counts up her family while still *in ovo*,
Then finds her estimate has wholly erred,
And she must start and sit again *de novo*:—

Just so collapsed the Liberal Party's hopes!
How often one gets left when most elated!
As in the above extremely obvious tropes
I have with some insistence indicated.

"The Righteous triumph," so the voice had said;
"Yet let us not assume a humptious attitude,
Let us, dear brethren, rather bow the head
(Or words to that effect) in speechless gratitude.

"After a most intolerable while
Emanicipate from yonder foul Chimæra,
A virgin future waits this precious isle,
On Greater Britain breaks a brand-new era!"

Prophet! that statement looked so like a threat
It shook the Tory from his indecision,
He vowed that never (or at least not yet)
Should you have scope to realise that vision.

New dawn of Empire under REDMOND (J.)?
Though ARRIUN might be sick to death of office, he
Made up his weary mind at once to stay,
And do his best to stultify that prophecy.

And I, a struggler in the motley school,
Reading of your premonitory rumour,
I own I envied, as a rival fool,
Your priceless gift of pure unconscious humour.

O. S.

The Anno Domini Disease.

"HOME FOR CHRONIC AGED LADIES. Comfortable, permanent. Nice lawn and old trees."—*Advt. in Church Times.*

That was a pretty thought, to have Nature in sympathy; the trees, like the ladies, suffering from chronic age—poor old TIMONUS' complaint.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE KITTEN.

The door was ajar, and through the narrow gap the black kitten slowly and cautiously insinuated itself into the room. Perceiving suddenly that there was a male person (myself) seated in a chair it turned to fly, but the door had swung to behind it and egress was barred. Thereupon it immediately turned round, faced its enemy, and advanced by four side-long springs half towards, half away from him. Its legs were rigid, its back partly arched, its tail tremulously extended, and, as it sprang, its four feet left the carpet simultaneously and then reached it again all together. Finding, after a pause of one gloomy and defiant moment, that no notice was taken of it, it again sprang high and sideways, and then for fifteen seconds chased its tail round and round with extraordinary speed and ferocity, eventually rolling over on its back, scribbling at the tail with its hind paws, clutching it firmly with its front paws, and gnawing its tip violently with its teeth. During this performance it appeared to inflict upon itself (and greatly to its own surprise) a considerable amount of pain, for, having given three mews of agony, it sprang galvanically to its feet and scampered up a curtain.

Failing to reach the top—no kitten ever did reach the top—it clung two-thirds of the way up as though it had been nailed to the stuff, looked down, and, judging the distance too far for a fall, shrieked for help. I lifted it down. In a fury of ingratitude it scratched and bit the helping hand, and on being deposited on the floor scurried away in terror to a dark corner. A moment afterwards it sprang a distance of three feet in pursuit of a fly, followed the chase helter-skelter on to the window-ledge, banged its head against a pane of glass and fell off on to the floor. This collapse clearly outraged all its sense of propriety and dignity. It stalked slowly and moodily to an arm-chair and began with an air of profound injury to perform its toilet. This process brought no alleviation, and it turned upon the arm-chair's fringe, which it happened to touch, with a perfectly ruthless anger, and becoming hopelessly involved in the tassels stood off suddenly and glared at the arm-chair.

Thence its attention was diverted to a looking-glass which had been placed upon the floor. It moved carefully and by a series of ambushes towards this novel piece of furniture, and, perceiving that another scraggy black kitten was advancing towards it, it became stiff with indignation, uttered a low and most ominous growl, and then hurled itself at the intruder, stopping dead short, however, when it saw the other kitten similarly hurling itself. Having looked furtively round to assure itself that I was not observing it, it executed a series of diagonals which brought it to a puzzled disappointment behind the looking-glass. Peering deliberately round the edge it recoiled in horror from a black face peering at it, and then gave the thing up and walked away in dudgeon.

Five minutes were then spent in chasing a ball of paper, turning the most remarkable somersaults, tying itself into seemingly inextricable knots, and cutting the most fantastic capers. Soon afterwards, the door having been opened, it flew out, having for no single moment mitigated its attitude of unreasoning hostility to myself and all the inanimate objects in my room.

Small Boy Cricket.

Father. Well, and how did you get on?

Small Boy. Oh, I kept wicket and caught one out. It came off his foot.

Father. But that wouldn't be out.

Small Boy. Oh, yes, it was. The umpire gave it out. You see, it hit him "below the elbow."



WAITING HIS TURN.

C.B. "NOW THEN, YOU IN THERE, SIR! AREN'T YOU COMING OUT? YOUR TIME'S UP!"
A.B. "QUITE SO. BUT I THOUGHT I'D JUST HAVE ANOTHER DIP FIRST."



THE LIMITATIONS OF FAME.

"AND WHAT ARE YOU?"

"Oh, I'm THE WICKET-KEEPER."

"THEN WHY AREN'T YOU BUSY TAKING THE GATE-MONEY?"

BONDMEN FREE.

["The investigation of the State prison of Jackson (Michigan) has disclosed that the warders, believing that 'kindness' reforms, were accustomed to release for days at a time groups of thieves, murderers, and other convicts. They visited circuses, and roamed about the streets at will. . . . The convicts gave theatrical entertainments and garden parties."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ALL the calendar of crime I have studied in my time;
As a burglar I am fairly in the know;
I have cracked unnumbered cribs, not to mention people's
ribs,
And I've generally got my *quod pro quo*.
I can tell the Brixton skilly from the brand of Pentonville,
I have noted how the Portland johnny grubs,
Far too well I know the sizes of the helpings at Devizes,
And I've criticised the *menu* of the Scrubs.

In a word, I claim to pose as a gentleman who knows
More than anybody else about our gaols,
And I hold that it is true from the burglar's point of view
Our benighted system miserably fails.
All my infant aspiration for a cultured education,
All ideals that I pondered in my pram
As they wheeled me through the Dials have been killed by
all my trials—
It is prison that has made me what I am.

But in Jackson, U.S.A., they've a very different way:
There the warders all are courteous and bland;

There the convict is content, for he's treated like a gent,
And they feed him on the fattest of the land.
There, instead of cruel blindness, they have pinned their
faith on kindness;

There are dances where the dresses are a dream;
There are charming little dinners for the unrepentant sinners,
There are ices, there are strawberries and cream.

And if prison, as it may, grows at times a bit too gay,
If you find yourself becoming over-stout,
You have only to suggest you would like a change and rest,
And the warders in an instant let you out.
When I think about the porridge I have lived upon at Norwich,
And the life that I have led at Holloway,
Well, I've had sufficient, thank 'ee! I am off to be a Yankee,
And I'm making tracks for Jackson, U.S.A.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in analysing the list of Unionist absentees from the division in which the Government was defeated, places under the general head of DOMESTIC AFFLICTION:

Yeomanry (Mr. J. H. Stork) 1
Absent unpaired..... 67

A correspondent expresses the hope, that, in the case of the great unpaired, this explanation was good enough for the Ministerial Whips. As for the Warrior, the annual training has in the past been responsible for domestic difficulties among Yeomanry officers, but we trust that in the case mentioned the trouble was exaggerated.

CHARIVARIA.

If a German newspaper is correctly informed, the visit of the CZAR to the KAISER had a pathos all its own. The *Berliner Tageblatt* declares that NICHOLAS consulted WILHELM because he wanted some disinterested advice.

From private sources we hear that the attitude of the Monarchs to each other was in the highest degree cordial, and the KAISER only cried "*Halte-là!*" when the CZAR proposed that they should follow the fashion of more humble lovers, and change crowns.

France has not had to wait long to see the effect of her backing-down before Germany. The Emperor of the SAHARA has now issued a Note in which he threatens war against the Republic unless his grievances are remedied.

With reference to the outcry against a certain firm of contractors for having supplied bad rations during the Boer War, we think it should not be forgotten, in justice to the firm in question, which is accused of a lack of patriotism, that there was often a big chance of the supplies falling into the hands of the enemy.

As regards the Jam scandal the committee which has just issued its report thinks it unfortunate that the War Office did not draw the attention of the contractor to whom the surplus jam was sold to the fact that a 1 lb. tin did not necessarily contain 1 lb. of jam. This stricture seems unmerited when the War Office officials at last did what they had been constantly urged to do, namely, conduct their affairs like business men.

A speaker at the Public Health Conference, in discussing the ventilation of public buildings, touched on the subject of sleepiness in church. He suggested that, while it is customary to attribute this to the shortcomings of the preacher, "*it may be due to quite another cause.*" A number of letters have been received from gentlemen in holy orders, who state that it *is* due to another cause.

We were glad to see that attention was called at the Public Health Congress to the smoke nuisance in London. The ugliest feature of the evil is the number of quite young chimneys that one sees smoking nowadays.

All the school books at Kirk Langley are to be burned in order to prevent the spread of scarlet fever, and school-boys in other parts of the country are pointing out, with thoughtfulness beyond their years, that it is unwise for head-

masters to delay doing this until an outbreak has actually taken place.

The degeneracy which is said to be characteristic of the present age would now appear to be spreading to our criminals. No charge of murder, manslaughter, attempted murder, or serious assault appeared on the Old Bailey Calendar this session. Soon the *laudatores temporis acti* will be crying, "Won't you come back, Old Bailey?"

The theatrical season which has just closed has been one of the most disastrous on record, and the managers are trying to find out the reason. According to one of these gentlemen, "It is the motor-car which is proving one of our deadliest enemies." There is certainly no denying the fact that, in the provinces, theatrical companies have been "taken off the road" in unprecedented numbers lately.

The inhabitants of Clacton-on-Sea are erecting an obelisk on the spot where the Duke and Duchess of CONNORST stood to watch the disembarkation of troops engaged in last year's manoeuvres. Happy is the town which has no history.

It has been intimated by the Army Council that, as there are no profits from this year's Royal Military Tournament, there will be nothing available for distribution. This decision was only come to, we understand, after mature deliberation.

Great excitement has been aroused among omnibus drivers by the report that they are to be forbidden to talk to passengers, and it is openly stated that, if the idea be carried further, and any attempt be made to prohibit their conversing with the drivers of other vehicles which collide with theirs, a strike will at once be proclaimed.

A project is on foot to conduct a debate in the House of Commons in French when the French Officers visit London, as a compliment to them. It is even rumoured that, if the idea be carried out, Lord LANSLOWNE will be lent for the occasion by the House of Lords. At the same time we should have thought that an Irish Night would have been even more amusing.

A LOCAL correspondent informs us that Early-Rising Societies are being started in the principal Kentish towns to encourage the inhabitants to get up in time to read the *Daily Mail*. We hear, by the way, that notwithstanding its early arrival, the new *Daily Mail* train is not an *Express* train.

SHOULD DOCTORS DISAGREE!

(Mr. Punch's great silly season boom.)

DEAR SIR,—In response to your request to write a letter that should successfully float a correspondence calculated to fill pages of your paper with gratis copy, I beg to enclose the same, and shall be obliged for cheque by return.

Yours truly, BARUCH SWAN.

(The above letter ought really not to have been printed, but it is too late to take it out.—ED.)

SIR,—The question—Should Doctors Disagree?—is one of vital importance, and never more so than in the hot summer months, when if one gets an illness one is likely to lose it too soon, owing to the absence of physicians from town. Again and again has a patient paid a large fee to a physician in Harley Street only to have the advice then given him completely upset by the authority next door in return for a similar *douceur*. Can this be right? Should not medicine be an exact science? Should not the schools and hospitals turn out practitioners competent to diagnose in similar terms, or, rather, incapable of diagnosing in contrary terms? After all, a symptom is a symptom, is it not, Sir? I, who have spent a small fortune in the questionable pleasure of watching one doctor contradict another, consider it little less than a scandal that there should be this disagreement, and I should welcome the ventilation of the question in your valuable and authoritative columns. I am, &c.

"ANTI-HARLEY-STREET."

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S VIEW.

The word "disagree" may have two alternative significations. It may mean "to differ from," or it may mean "to quarrel with." Used in the latter sense, I give an unhesitating negative to your question. Doctors certainly should not disagree. I go farther and say no one should disagree. As the old rhyme says:

Birds in their little nests agree;
So why the devil shouldn't we?

But if the word means simply "to differ," then I say yes. Only by differing do we advance. Nothing is so sterile as complaisance.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

SIR,—Would it not be possible for doctors to agree not to disagree? How much more confidence we should then have in them! I enclose my card.

Yours, &c., X. Y. Z.

A MARTYR.

SIR,—How grateful we should be to the manly, courageous letter of "Anti-Harley-Street." Nothing is so disturbing as to be told by one doctor that another's

treatment has been wrong. Certainly they should be compelled to show unanimity. I am, &c.,

FLORA MACSTORER.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE'S VIEW.

Disagreement is the salt of life. The more you disagree the better. It has been my practice to disagree consistently, not only with doctors, but with laymen too. I disagreed with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL about Harris tweed; I disagree with Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON about whiskers. If a cannibal were to eat me (which Heaven forbid before I reach my hundredth year), I would disagree with him.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Other letters on this vital subject are earnestly invited. Everything that is sent in shall be printed, however idiotic.

THE LOOKER-ON SEES LIFE.

(With apologies to the intrepid contributor of the "Chronicle.")

It was at Brighton. The Looker-on had been standing for some hours on the upper esplanade watching the motor races. At last a wild desire to do something heroic filled him. To look on all day was so tame: why should not he also act? But first there was a little ritual to perform. He hurried to his hotel and flung open the doors of the bookcase in the drawing-room. A row of books fell to the floor. They were: *The Last Days of Pompeii*, by Lord LYTON; *The Iron Pirate*, by MAX PEMBERTON; *Sunday Afternoon Hymns*, by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL; *Life's Hot Cross Currents*, by Mr. SWINBUN; *Mysticism and Moonlight*, by WILCOX GIBBS; and *Aylwin*, by T. WATTS-DUNTON. Picking up *Mysticism and Moonlight* at random the Looker-on read these words: "Before the end of all things there must come a preliminary stage, and few have washen eyes." Ah! He jotted them down on his cuff lest there should be any mistake, and hurried out into the strong sun. A motor-bus was passing and, acting on a sudden courageous impulse, the Looker-on hailed it. He had never been in a motor before. Ought he to have goggles, he wondered, and then repeated to himself slowly and musically, "And few have washen eyes."

"Hurry up, Cocky," said the conductor, and the Looker-on leapt on to the footboard with a wild thrill.

The motor-bus flew on; nothing stopped it. Police trap after police trap was passed; the speed was too great. It slowed down now and then only for passengers. This, this is life, thought the Looker-on. "Before the end of all things there must be a preliminary stage, and few have washen eyes." Ah! What would the end be? The Looker-on held

to his seat firmly and gazed ahead with level brows. Others might fear, but not he. Now and then he glanced at his cuff. And then the end came; the motor-bus had reached the station.

The Looker-on, trembling with suppressed emotion, descended to the street, and as he did so a man came rushing by. His eyes were the bright eyes of danger. He gasped for breath as he ran. The Looker-on, ever desirous to be in the know, ran beside him to hear his news.

"Have you heard?" the man panted; "have—you—heard?"

"No," said the Looker-on, "what is it? Speak, man, speak, I can't bear it; and you run so fast."

"Queen ANNE is dead," said the man. The Looker-on fell back and pondered

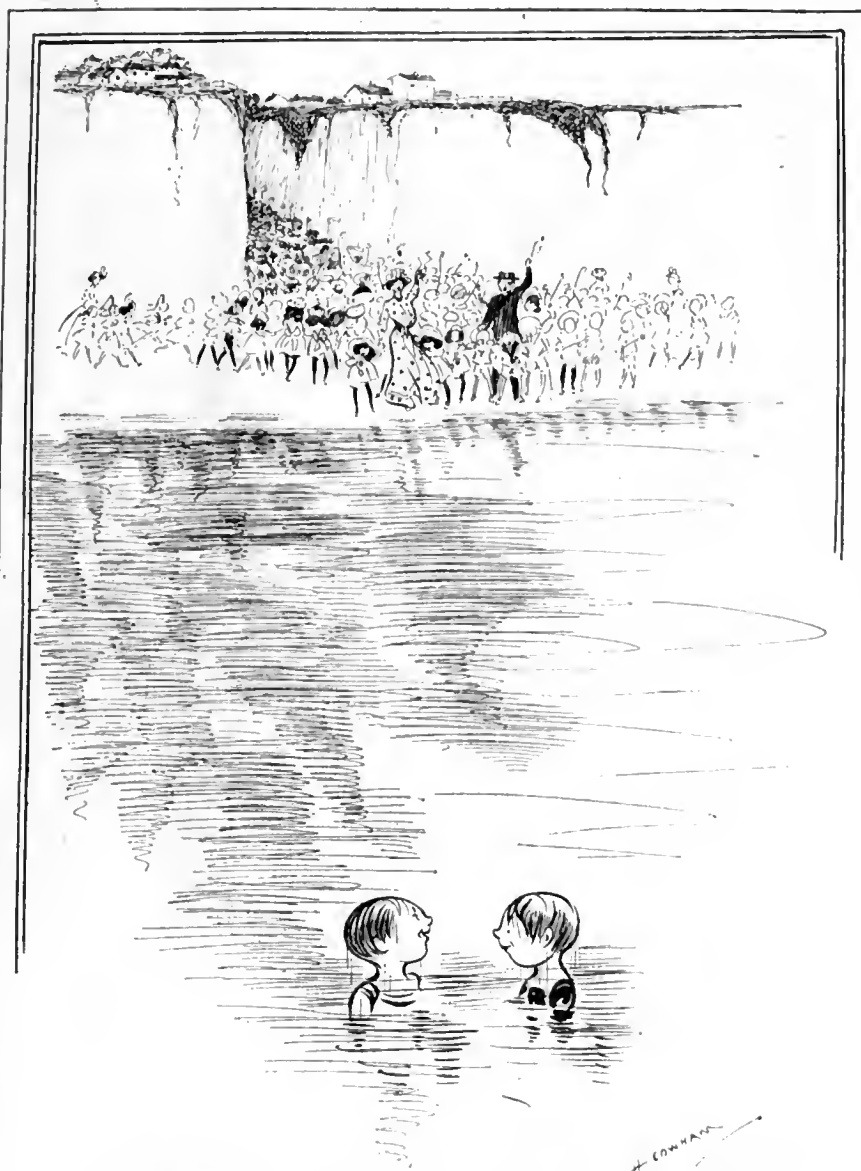
as he leaned against a post. How wonderful is life! He then took his *Dictionary of Quotations* from his pocket, eager to find an appropriate sentiment. He found two, on the same page. One ran thus:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Ah! It was signed JOHN MILTON, just a plain, rather cross, blind old man, yet how true! The other was this:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

The Looker-on stood dazed with rapture. To think that SHAKESPEARE should thus speak to his very soul, as intimately as if he had known him personally. He thought of COROT and RODIN, of BUDDHA and CONFUCIUS, and then he went home to bed. What a day! What a night!



AT OUR ANNUAL SCHOOL-TREAT AT MUDDLESEA.

THE TRAIN LEAVES FOR HOME IN SEVEN MINUTES.

LINES ON THE LINKS.

HARD by the biggest hazard on the course,
Beneath the shelter of a clump of gorse,
Secure from shots from off the heel or toe,
I watch the golfers as they come and go.

I see the fat financier, whose "dunch"
Suggests too copious draughts of "fizz" at lunch;
While the lean usher, primed with ginger beer,
Surmounts the yawning bunker and lies clear.

I see a member of the House of Peers
Within an ace of bursting into tears,
When, after six stout niblick shots, his ball
Lies worse than if he had not struck at all.

But some in silent agony endure
Misfortunes no "recovery" can cure,
While others, even men who stand at plus,
Loudly ejaculate the frequent cuss.

An aged Anglo-Indian oft I see
Who waggles endlessly upon the tee,
Causing impatience of the fiercest kind
To speedy couples pressing from behind.

Familiar also is the red-haired Pat
Who plays in rain or shine without a hat,
And who, whenever things are out of joint,
"Sockets" his iron shots to cover point.

Before ten thirty, also after five,
The links with lady players are alive,
At other seasons, by the rules in force,
Restricted to their own inferior course.

One matron, patient in her way as Job,
I've seen who nine times running missed the globe;
But then her daughter, limber maid, can smite
Close on two hundred yards the bounding Kite.

○ ○ ○ ○

Dusk falls upon the bracken, bents and whins;
The careful greenkeeper removes the pins,
To-morrow being Sunday, and the sward
Is freed from gully and from rubber-cored.

Homeward unchecked by cries of "Fore!" I stroll,
Revolving many problems in my soul,
And marvelling at the mania which bids
Sexagenarians caracole like kids;

Which causes grave and reverend signiors
To talk for hours of nothing but their scores,
And worse, when baffled by a little ball,
On the infernal deities to call;

Which brightens overworked officials' lives;
Which bores to tears their much-enduring wives;
Which fosters the consumption of white port,
And many other drinks, both long and short.

Who then, in face of functions so diverse,
Will call thee, golf, a blessing or a curse?
Or choose between the PRESIDENT's predilection
And ROSEBERRY's deliberate rejection?

Not mine to judge: I merely watch and note
Thy votaries as they grieve or as they gloat,
Uncertain whether envy or amaze
Or pity most is prompted by the craze.

OUR FOOTMARKS COMPETITION.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Express.")

DETAILS are being rapidly arranged for our Footmarks Competition, which has aroused enormous interest all over the country. Our new serial, entitled "Criminal Feet, or The Forged Footmark," will appear shortly in instalments, and a prize of £1000 (One Thousand Pounds), or a house per week for life, will be awarded to the person solving the mystery of the murder of RALPH MONTGOMERY. As the story runs its course, footmarks of very varying character will be published as clues. By comparing all of these with each other the reader will be able to discover the foot belonging to the hand that slew Mr. MONTGOMERY, who, it should clearly be understood, will be killed in the first instalment.

By this latter arrangement interest in the competition will run high from the outset, and the comparisons of the footmarks are being looked forward to as interesting occupation for the holidays which so many people are compelled to take at this time of year.

For the guidance of those readers who have never so far studied the theory of the subject, we shall first publish a preliminary article by Messrs. RAHUT AND SKINNERS, which will explain the various kinds of pattern which it is possible for feet to describe, and a short method of distinguishing, without measurement, a number nine, for instance, from a number ten.

Competitors should cut out the footmarks as they appear, and paste them in rows upon the wall of some convenient room. In many cases the unsuitability of the footmark to the hand that must have fired the fatal shot will be instantly perceived. In such cases the footmark may be at once discarded. Other marks, however, will require hours of examination and comparison, sorting into types, and so forth.

The competition, we should explain, will be purely scientific. There will be no trick in the narration. RALPH MONTGOMERY, Esquire, will be really murdered, and the feet of the hand that did it will leave an intelligible mark.

Remember that counting the toes and telling right feet from left, although necessary proceedings, afford but slight clues.

The reason for the selection of a particular footmark must be fully stated, and if more than one competitor sends in the right footmark the thousand pounds will be awarded to the person whose reason is most nearly right. The Editor's decision on that and other points must be joyfully accepted as final.

FOR THE MENDING OF A BROKEN HARTE.

MR. PUNCH wishes to make an appeal for charitable assistance in a specially distressing case. The object of it is to restore to Miss BRET HARTE something of the health and the means that once were hers in the lifetime of her father whose works are as familiar as household words among all English-speaking and English-reading people. Poor BRET HARTE—alas, that the descriptive epithet should be absolutely true in its primary sense—left his daughter totally unprovided for. Her struggle for life has been a hard one, and she has completely broken down.

The names on the Committee of "The Bret Harte Assistance Fund," to select only a few from the list, *i.e.*, GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P., SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS and BEERDOHN TREE, are in themselves a guarantee for the genuineness of the case. "And to whom shall we send our subscriptions?" ask the generously-minded intending donors. Mr. Punch gives the address of the Honorary Secretary to this Fund, Dr. L. C. ALEXANDER, Holly Lodge, Upper Parkfields, Putney, S.W. May this case, "heard on appeal" by generous and discriminating judges, result in a decision that will be of the greatest benefit to the late BRET HARTE's invalid daughter whose cause Mr. Punch pleads.



Visitor. "MY GOOD MAN, YOU KEEP YOUR PIGS MUCH TOO NEAR THE HOUSE."

Cottager. "THAT'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID, MUM. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S AGOIN' TO HURT 'EM!"

THE ESQUIMAUX REVIVAL.

'Tis a story true and moral
How from England's Christian strand
Sailed away AUGUSTUS SORRELL

On a mission to the land
Of the poor, degraded, low,
Walrus-hunting Esquimaux.

When he saw their houses fashioned
Out of whalebone, furs and skin,
SORRELL wept, for his impassioned
Soul was grieved for those within;
For the unenlightened, low,
Blubber-eating Esquimaux.

When he saw their poor condition,
Sad his heart within him grew;
"SORRELL'S Patent Composition
Is the very thing for you."
Thus he spoke to these same low,
Whale-devouring Esquimaux.

"I will build you better dwellings
Than the huts in which you live,
Where the skins have divers smellings,
And the hides no comfort give;
You shall be no longer low,
But enlightened Esquimaux.

"And lest you should be enumbered
By the whalebone and the hides,
Under which of old you slumbered
When you had no homes besides,
When you still were vulgar, low,
Hovel-dwelling Esquimaux;

"I will take your bone and bearskins,
Though at very great expense,
For no longer will you wear skins —
You have too much common-sense."
Thus he played upon the low,
Poor, transparent Esquimaux.

But the winter came and shattered
SORRELL'S houses to the core,
Then the winds the fragments scattered
All along the frozen shore
Of the more than ever low,
Hungry, homeless Esquimaux.

Then they hunted for the mission;
"Take again," they would have cried,
"SORRELL'S Patent Composition;
Give us back our bone and hide.
These are best for simple, low,
Poor, eccentric Esquimaux."

But their SORRELL now was sailing
Back to England's Christian strand,

And he reek'd not of the wailing
Lifted from the heathen land
Of the poor, degraded, low,
Simple-hearted Esquimaux.

And he made a famous corner
With his whalebone thus acquired,
And like JACK (his surname HORNER)
Took the plum he so desired,
Paying nothing to the low,
Greedy, grasping Esquimaux.

WHY SO EARLY? ALREADY PREPARING
FOR CHRISTMAS!!— From the East we
hear that preparations for future great
events are being made by "The Young
Turkey Party."

GALLANT little Wales is to have a
Venice of her own, if we may believe
the *Daily Telegraph's* Aberystwith corre-
spondent. "Rain," he says, "fell almost
continuously yesterday. The town is
likely to be full before the holidays."

ST. PETERSBURG is naturally annoyed
by the Japanese landing in Russian
territory at Castries Bay. It is felt to
be an attack on their *Amur propre*.



Colonel (to Recruit, just enlisted, waiting outside Orderly Room). 'LOOK HERE, MY LAD, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT A SOLDIER ALWAYS SALUTES AN OFFICER?'

Recruit. 'I'VE SAID 'GOOD MORNIN'' TO 'EE ONCE ALREADY!'

THE AMAZON'S COMPLAINT.

("The athletic girl is a creature of iron muscles, of waistless symmetry, of biceps and ungainliness."—*"Rita," and others*.)

WHEN COMIXA, say, or PHYLLIS
(Custom craves a Latin name)
Left her sampler and the lilies
She was sewing on the same;
Made her distaff do for hockey,
And her ankles hard as oak,
If, at times, a trifle stocky,—
This was felt to be a joke.

Manly fashions were imputed,
And the playful poets, long
Looking out for themes that suited
The necessities of song,
Wove anew a cyclic fable
Round about the severed skirt,
And complained that BLANCHE and
MABEL
Had forgotten how to flirt.

You moreover stamped our frolic
As a strange "unsexing" sin,

Authoresses Apostolic,
Till you wore the satire thin;
Till in fact we feel its humour
Dull as men that hunger for
Cricket "Finals," count a rumour
Coming from the seat of war.

Some day surely modern views 'll
Cease to treat us as a butt,
Just because we do not fizzle
Every time a two-foot putt;
Some day (though our "serves" are
enter
And we do affect a swipe)
Drop that nonsense of a neuter
Evolutionary type.

Yes, for though a something prim in
Girls of old has gone to-day,
There have been before us women
Who indulged in manly play;
Where the silver olive rustles
O'er the green Arcadian lawn,
Maidens who improved their muscles,
Yet were fairer than the dawn.

Think awhile of ATALANTA,
Oh forgetful Authoress,
Or (if you reserve too scant a
Reverence for A. C. S.)
What of HELEN whom we dream on,
And the glory that was Troy's?
Didn't girls at Laedemon
Practise wrestling like the boys?

Think how ARTEMIS devoted
All her mornings to the chase,
Yet the young ENOMAIOS dated
Fondly on her evening face;
And ULYSSES from his thicket,
When that Island Princess came,
Saw her playing, if not cricket,
Something very much the same.

Not, then, that we scorn your grammar,
Not that we would stay your pen
(Don't, for instance, fail to hammer
Once again the Upper Ten);
Only, 'mid the themes that suit your
Passion for the bitter scoff,
Kindly recollect in future
The athletic girl is off!



MELODRAMA IN THE BALTIC.

CZAR (*anxiously*). "I TRUST WE ARE NOT OBSERVED."

KAISER (*aside*). "IT WON'T BE MY FAULT IF WE'RE NOT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.
—"Such larks!" as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip.

House crowded in anticipation of PRINCE ARTHUR's declaration as to what, regardless of personal considerations, having his eye solely on the interests of the Empire, he intends to do in view of Thursday's division, which placed Ministers in minority of 4. Never since this Parliament was called to Westminster has the House been so crowded. Every seat occupied, Members overflow into the side galleries, stand at the Bar, sit on the Gangway steps, cluster round the Chair. Peers fight for places in their gallery as if they were pittites waiting for the opening of the Theatre doors on a popular play. In the person of their Ambassadors the Old World and the New looked down upon the scene from the Diplomatic Gallery. Pending the opening of the proceedings a buzz of excited conversation rose through the sultry air.

At the outset a difficulty presented itself. Speeches may be made in the House only upon some definite motion submitted from the Chair; exception made in case of personal statement. This afternoon PRINCE ARTHUR might speak, and, by favour of House, C. B. in his capacity of Leader of Opposition, might follow. But no general debate could arise. PRINCE ARTHUR, secure of a majority, anxious to see the thing out and retrieve Thursday's fall, was eager for opportunity of division. Accordingly put up the PINK 'UN to move adjournment, and begged Opposition to be so good as to vote against it.

Then came the speeches, a procession



THE DOWNY COUNSEL AND THE CANNY SCOT.

The Rt. Hon. Joe, K.C. "Gentlemen of the Jury, I can make nothing of this witness. I confidently leave you to form your own conclusions from his demeanour in the box.—You may go, Sir."

"I understand the right hon. gentleman is now against immediate responsible Government for the Transvaal. The right hon. gentleman shakes his head. Then he is neither for nor against it. (Laughter and cheers.) Really I think I will leave the right hon. gentleman and come to the Member for Wiltshire." —Mr. Chamberlain's reply to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.]

that lasted just five hours. When the Speaker put question the House had once more assumed the animated, crowded appearance presented when debate opened. Cheers and counter-cheers punctuated PRINCE ARTHUR's second speech. The embattled hosts faced each other, waiting for the signal to charge.

"The question is," said the SPEAKER, "that this House do now adjourn. Those that are of that opinion, say 'Ay.'"

A mighty shout of "Ay!" resounded.

"The contrary, 'No.'"

Now was the time for the Opposition. They sat mute. After a moment's pause the amazed SPEAKER, continuing the formula, said, "I think the 'Ayes' have it." Then with a shout of laughter the Opposition sprang to their feet and made for the door, Ministerialists madly cheering.

It was a glorious victory. The PREMIER had moved the adjournment; it was the duty of the Opposition to oppose. Had they gone into the Division Lobby they would have been beaten by between sixty and seventy votes. On the whole it would, perhaps, have been

more useful for Ministerial party purposes that the record should have been established. As it was, Opposition had collapsed. The minority was non-existent. In the biggest House mustered during the life of the First Parliament of KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH a proposal made by the Leader was carried *nemine contradicente*. After a moment of bewilderment, resisting inclination to suspect that somehow or other they were being done, the Ministerialists vociferously cheered. The Opposition mockingly laughed; the two streams, meeting in the middle of the floor, passed out into the Lobby in the hilarious mood of schoolboys on breaking-up days.

Ministers were not going to resign, there would be no Dissolution, PRINCE ARTHUR had moved the adjournment; it was carried unanimously, and there would be no need to go back to school after dinner. During the debate there had been serious talk about lack of dignity and honour, breach of constitutional principles, lowering of the tone of public life. What of that? PRINCE ARTHUR



Enjoying Devonshire.

Lord Hugh Cecil takes a refreshing (Free Trade) dip into the Lords to hear the Duke.

had moved the adjournment. Liberals and Conservatives, Unionists and Nationalists, Free-feeders, Whole-hoggers, whatever they be, were each all one in assenting.

And they talk about the House being moribund, the Government rickety!

"Such larks, Pip, dear boy, such larks!"

Business done.—At acute Ministerial crisis PRINCE ARTHUR moves adjournment of the House and it adjourned.

Tuesday, 11 p.m.—WALTER LONG, at close of sultry day, morning and evening discussing Irish Estimates, throws his arm over back of bench, turns his head away from his companion in adversity, the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and thinks wistfully of inquiry made with delicate iteration since Thursday last, Why he doesn't resign? It may not be kindly meant; it comes from suspicious quarter. But it opens up a pleasing prospect that brings a flush of pleasure to his pallid cheek.

Why did he leave the pleasant pastures of the Board of Agriculture, passing through the portals of the Local Government Board, to tread the hot pavement of Dublin Castle? He who once walked through the ripening cornland hand in hand with Ceres, was now condemned to listen to JOHN DILLON by the hour. When, this afternoon at end of first half hour he, in moment of desperation, fartively fared forth, a roar of execration rose from the Nationalist Benches, and he was brought back in chains.

The domination of the minority is merciless. A while ago one of them, having a difference of opinion with a certain jury, described it as perjured. That passed without remonstrance in the Irish camp; nay, it was cheered. But when ATKINSON, most amiable of men, resented the statement as "scurrilous," the Irish Members, anxious above all things for decency of debate, moderation of language, insisted on withdrawal of the term.

At this hour, ninth of the sitting, with hurried interval for dinner, Mr. KILGUBRE is offering a few remarks in almost empty House. Their drift not quite clear; but judging from athletic performance of delivery they must be portentous. ATKINSON, dropping sleepily into old habit when he was a junior in court, makes a note of the phrases that reach his ear amid thunder-clap of fist smiting open palm. It reads thus: "Men are in no sense often so. One was a successful butcher, and there was a daughter who might have been more respectful to their neighbour. Of all people living in the west of Ireland there is not a genuine resident. The difficulty of teaching is not overcome by the tyranny of Dublin Castle. What we want is that you should



"His exceeding delour."

The "pallid cheek" of Walter Long.

leave to Irishmen the land intended for them."

Here Mr. REDDY burst in with the cheer that never fails to bring down the House. There is nothing like it on sea or land, unless it be the cackle of a hen when it has laid a superlative egg. It has not necessarily anything to do with a stage reached in argument or a point made in a speech. As a rule effect is added by absolute inconsequence. A man may be droning along, sleepily saying nothing in many words; suddenly a shrill high-noted "Hear! hear! hear!" breaks forth, followed by a roar of laughter. The humour is monotonous, threatening to pall by constant repetition. It never does. There is an indescribable something in the shrill cry that makes it at the end of the Session as fresh as in its opening days, as irresistible as if it was heard for the first time.

Just now it stirred WALTER LONG from his exceeding delour; relief only temporary. He relapsed when an Irish Member, more luminous, and therefore more commonplace than KILGUBRE, took up the story. With head bowed down he



The Duke walks into Joe.

thought wistfully of green fields and pastures new, trodden by him when in a dead and buried century he was still Minister of Agriculture.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Irish Estimates.

Friday night. Complaints have, it is reported, been received from domestic circles within the radius of Westminster of Pa suffering a shock detrimental to one at his time of life. Going home after a moderately good dinner, throwing a glance up at Westminster clock to reassure himself that he is in good time, he has seen—or believed he saw—the face suddenly turn green!

Reassurances have been courteously sent. It is all right; no illusion whatever. By way of signalling pending division to Members making their way down to the House, the face of the clock is deliberately sicklied o'er with pale cast of green. Experiment worked so well that proposal made to extend it.

Colonel LEGGE, of course, belongs to the Land Forces. But he hasn't been aboard the L. C. C.'s river steamboats for nothing. To begin with, he paid a penny; in supplement, being an observant man, he obtained information that enabled him to suggest to First Commissioner of Works that, a green light being shown on the starboard face of the clock, a red light should simultaneously glow on the port side.

In other quarters doubt arises as to whether the First Commissioner has any business to deal with the clock face. Is the structure within his jurisdiction? Members have heard about committal to the Clock Tower in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. If the Tower is under his rule what does the First Commissioner of Works mean by walking up the steps with a can of green paint under his arm and touching up the face of the clock?

BALCANQUES, representing the department in the Commons, is happily able to explain away the apparent difficulty. It is true, he says, that there is a small compartment in the Clock Tower upon occasion at the disposal of the Serjeant-at-Arms. But it may be occupied only by the courtesy of the First Commissioner. The Tower is his, and he may paint the face of the Clock any colour he pleases.

Re-assured on this constitutional question, Members, with the exception of C.-B., who it is well known has rooted antipathy for the weakness, go off a week-ending.

Business done.—Second Reading of Naval Works Bill.

"WITH MUSICAL HONOURS."—On July 25th, Major ORGAN and Mr. FORSYTH of Covent Garden Opera were decorated with the Royal Victorian Order (5th Class).



BILLINGSGATE UP-TO-DATE.

'Enry. "UILO, CHAWLEY! WOT'S UP? 'AS YER MOTOR BROKE DOWN?"

Chawley (whose "moke" is a "bit below himself"). "YCSS, SMASHED ME 'SPARKING FLUG.'"

WHAT TO EAT AND DRINK IN HOT WEATHER.

(With acknowledgments to "A Physician" in all the Halfpenny Papers.)

DURING the hot weather the human body perspires profusely. The moisture which stands out in beads is caused by greatly increased activity of the skin. This moisture is wet, and, as I have clearly shown, it comes from the body. Obviously, then, the body is during the hot weather denuded of its moisture, and so demands a greater supply of liquid by way of recompense than in the cold winter months. This explains the phenomenon of what is called thirst.

Perhaps I ought to say at once that we write these things year after year in exactly the same style. It is quite easy. Indeed, some of us find it such child's play that after finishing the article we have a chat with the News Editor, and then, reaching for a clean sheet of paper, start: "Interviewed immediately after the disaster, a well-known expert

who happened to be an eye-witness said—"

Well, to resume about the phenomenon of what is called thirst. Alcohol should be avoided. So should lemonade, orangeade, and marinalade. First-aid, on the contrary, should always be obtained at once when necessary.

The best drink of all is hot tea. This should be drunk scalding hot in order to obtain the best effects. It will increase the flow of perspiration which, evaporating, will cool the body. In fact, arguing on this basis, you will see that the hotter you get the cooler you grow. Every "A Physician" is agreed on this point.

The only admissible drink besides tea is sparkling spring water taken in a crystal tumbler straight from the spring. Londoners should make an especial note of this.

Putting it in tabular form in ounces, we arrive at the following as being the best liquid refreshment allowance for a hot day:

Scalding tea . . .	14	ozs.
Spring water . . .	12	"

Total . . . 26 ozs.

Turning to food, we find on consulting our back files that food is taken for the purpose of maintaining the heat of the body. A little thought will show us that, as the body is naturally hotter in the summer than in the winter, less of this fuel is required in August than in January. Meat should be eaten in moderation with a fork. For an indolent man nine ounces of meat is sufficient at this season of the year. Game, also, should be partaken of sparingly. Even grouse should be avoided altogether before about August 12th. As to vegetables, these, unlike tea, are not so cooling when taken hot. About 14½ ounces is a good average allowance, but scarlet-runners are best left alone during the hottest summer months.

Turning to clothes—

(Thank you.—E.D.)

AT A TEST MATCH.

"Oh, the referees always wear white coats," I heard PHYLIS say to CYNTHIA. I had taken PHYLIS to a football match in the winter. She is an eminently adaptable girl.

"But there must be some reason for it," persisted CYNTHIA, turning to me. CYNTHIA is a girl who knows nothing about anything, but she knows it so charmingly that one invariably forgives her.

"You are quite right," I assured her, "there is a reason. Their white raiment is popularly supposed to reflect the purity of their souls."

"But they've got black trousers," she demurred.

"No man is absolutely spotless," I reminded her.

As she sat considering the point, the Australian team made their appearance from the pavilion.

"A nice level lot," remarked PHYLIS critically.

"Oh, well caught!" exclaimed CYNTHIA, as DARLING gently tossed the ball to one of the team some twenty yards away.

PHYLIS smiled serenely on her companion.

"A clever piece of work," she assented, "but then you must remember that TRAMPER has the safest pair of hands in the world, though SYD CLEM runs him fairly close."

I shuddered involuntarily. With PHYLIS so many things are possible. She had evidently been reading the evening papers.

"Who are these two?" asked CYNTHIA, as the first pair of English batsmen walked on to the field.

Being rather short-sighted, I drew a bow at a venture.

"It looks like JONES and TYLDESLEY," I said.

"Yes," supplemented PHYLIS proudly, "the Sussex crack and the Yorkshire giant."

"But they both seem quite middle-sized men," objected CYNTHIA.

For a moment PHYLIS looked almost confused. But I came to the rescue.

"In the world of cricket," I observed, "it is considered complimentary to refer to anyone over five foot one as a giant."

CYNTHIA drew a deep breath of wonder. "How delightfully quaint!" she sighed.

At this point a disagreeably accurate

person sitting close behind us volunteered the information that the batsmen in question were MACLAREN and HAYWARD, and that JONES was not playing.

"Ah no, of course he isn't," I said. "I remember now his saying it was unlikely he would play."

"How interesting!" observed PHYLIS. "Do you really know JONES?"

"We were boys together," I answered guardedly. The person behind sniffed in a distre singly vulgar manner, and remarked that the statement was equally applicable to himself and the Prince of WALES. But I ignored him.

"Oh, what a shame!" cried CYNTHIA. One of the batsmen had just been bowled by a leg-break. "I thought HOPKINS would soon get him," said PHYLIS. "Hopkins is one of the trickiest trundlers on the planet. He bowls with his head, and mixes 'em up a bit."



Chanticleer. "WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU GOT OVER YOUR EYES, DOODLE?"

Doodle. "GOGGLES, MY BOY. THOSE BEASTLY MOTORS KICK UP SUCH AN INFERNAL DUST, ONE MUST PROTECT SELF AND FAMILY SOMEHOW. COCK-A-DOODLE-DO-O-O!"

I glanced furtively, almost beseechingly, at the person behind. But he was quite merciless.

"HOPKINS isn't playing either," he said, with an offensive chuckle.

PHYLIS affected not to hear him, but her face grew a shade pinker, and she ventured nothing further for the next half-hour.

Presently CYNTHIA, who had for some time been watching in a puzzled way the change in the field at the end of each over, asked, "Why do the men keep moving about so?"

I was on the point of explaining the phenomenon, when the person behind again bent forward and said, "Well, you see, miss, it's such a warm day that the captain's afraid if he didn't keep 'em moving they'd fall asleep."

"Thank you," replied CYNTHIA, innocently, amid a subdued titter from several persons who had overheard the man's insufferably insolent speech. I

rose from my seat, determined that we would no longer remain exposed to the crude shafts of his plebeian wit.

"I think it is time that we secured places for luncheon," I said.

The girls acquiesced readily.

As we moved away, the creature who had rendered our morning so unpleasant remarked that if we didn't look sharp we should miss the train, an irrelevant observation which appeared to cause several people in the vicinity a certain covert amusement.

GEOMETRICAL BOARDING.

DEFINITIONS.

1. All boarding-houses are the same boarding-house.

2. Boarders in the same boarding-house and on the same floor are equal to one another.

3. The landlady of the boarding-house is an oblong, angular figure that cannot be described, but is equal to anything.

4. A wrangle is the disinclination to one another of two boarders that meet together but are not on the same floor.

5. All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

1. A pie may be produced any number of times.

2. The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

3. The clothes of a boarding-house bed, though stretched ever so far both ways, will not meet your needs.

4. Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than one square feed.

5. On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

6. If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal. For if not, let one bill be the greater; then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

IRISH TERRIER, six months old; cheap; Clincher tyre and inner tube (28 in. by 1½ in.), 4s.—*Islington Gazette*.

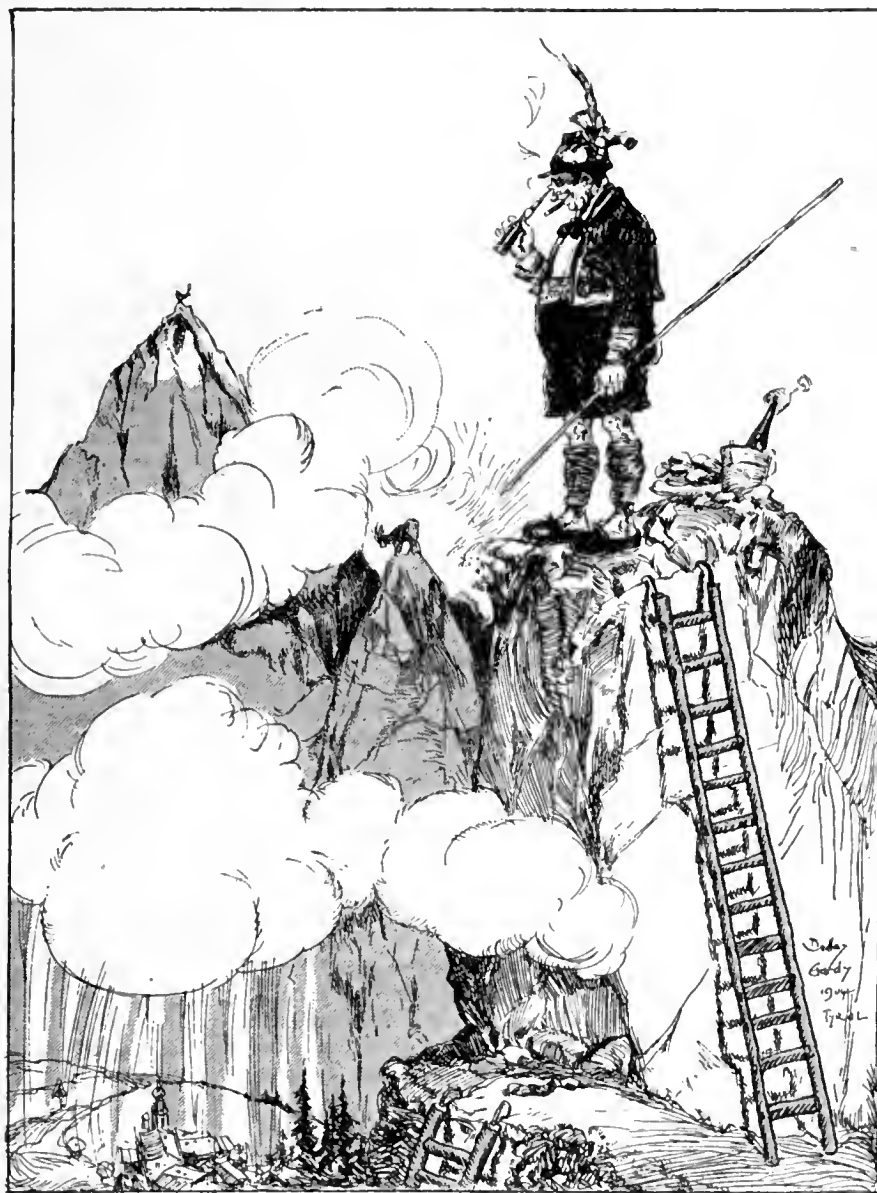
THE FATE OF LONDON.

(Being an Extract from a Political Geography of A.D. 2005.)

... JULY 25, 1905, was a memorable date in the history of the British Empire. On that day it was pointed out by the celebrated Dr. THOMAS GLOVER LYON, in a lecture on the Air Supply of London before the Public Health Congress, that a large part of the then metropolis was unfit for human habitation. It was further insisted by Mr. ROLLO RUSSELL (who subsequently obtained the Order of Merit for the idea) that the best of all remedies against fog was the removal of the people of London to the country. The movement thus initiated very speedily grew to a head, while there were at this period many other causes contributing to the dissatisfaction of Londoners with their environment. Among them may be named the exorbitant demands of the rating authorities, an excessive heat-snap coupled with a plague of flies, the unmitigated party mania displayed by the Mother of Parliaments, and the chaotic condition of street traffic.

The leaders of Public Health were ably reinforced in their propaganda by the Model Cottage Association and the Directors of the Garden City near Hitchin. It so happened that a National or "Bank" Holiday fell within a few days of the closing session of the Congress—to be precise, upon August 7th. In that fortnight plans for an epoch-making exodus were matured in hundreds of thousands of Cockney homes, and carried into effect upon a fateful Monday, the last-named date, and the Saturday and Sunday before.

Never were the railway stations so thronged by excursionists, who, it was noticed, on this occasion first brought their furniture and family impedimenta with them. The pressure was so great that every goods train in the kingdom was brought into requisition. It was computed that over six-and-a-half million people journeyed outwards in those three days, the greater proportion in open trucks. By dint of superhuman exertion and by the conversion of every pair of rails into a "down" line, this enormous mass of population was conveyed, with the loss of a very few thousands, to various destinations outside the county of London. Ninety per cent., however, booked for Letchworth, the site of the new Garden City and its suburbs. In all cases single tickets only were asked for, and *not a soul returned*, except, it is said, Sir JOHN POUND, the then Lord Mayor, to fetch the City Mace, the Mansion House cat, and one or two other belongings which had been hurriedly left behind, and Mr. J. BURNS, M.P., to have one more final



SUGGESTIONS FOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

EASIER, LESS TIRING, AND SAFER. ALL YOU REQUIRE IS A FEW LADDERS, AND THERE YOU ARE!

look at the beauties of Battersea. It was thus that the new metropolis of the British World-Empire sprang into being. The rush to jump lands in Oklahoma was a Sunday-school picnic compared with this Babylonian removal.

Since that date, exactly one hundred years ago, Letchworth-Hitchin has gone ahead, and has developed its own particular brand of fog, which threatens to cover the whole of the Midlands, now continuous with the capital. The overcrowding question having been happily solved by the enactment which stipulated that each house should stand in three acres of ground, the problems of transit between suburbs two hundred miles apart are still awaiting solution. There is, indeed, a possibility after all

that London may have to be re-colonised under an improved system of ventilation. The original ground-landlords and their descendants have long since disappeared, their last representatives having taken refuge in the workhouse. The Lower Thames Valley, therefore, is practically virgin soil, and before long will be opened up to civilisation . . .

ZIG-ZAG.

Governess (looking over geography paper). What's this? "The people of Lancashire are very stupid!" Where in the world did you get that idea from?

Pupil. Out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE announcement that Mr. SWINBURNE is also among the novelists created an interest that will not be intensified by a study of his essay. To begin with, *Love's Cross Currents* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is not new. At the instance of Mr. WAITS-DUTTON, to whom it is inscribed, the novel was rescued from back numbers of a defunct magazine, for whose death it possibly may not have been wholly irresponsible. Opening with a prologue, painstakingly genealogical, it is carried on by a series of letters—admittedly an undramatic method. To that drawback is added a confusing obscurity as to the identity of the various correspondents. They are all related by blood or marriage, and, casually introduced, my Baronite frequently found himself constrained to turn back to the prologue, to make sure of the identity of the letter-writer. If a fresh edition is called for, Mr. SWINBURNE would do well to set forth on a single page the names of his *dramatis personæ*, as is done in books of the play. As to the story, it lacks variety, inasmuch as it turns upon two households in which love is, more or less openly, quite passionately, made to the wife by a young kinsman. In the end nothing comes of it all, not even a breath of scandal. Mr. SWINBURNE, evidently growing tired of the work at the very stage where a master of the art would have led to the climax of interest, smooths everything over in a hurried chapter, which leaves matters much as they were when the scene opened. But the book is worth reading for two things. One is the delightful study presented of that polished pagan *Lady Midhurst*. The other is Mr. SWINBURNE's glowing prose, more beautiful than much verse.

In this collection, which is entitled *The Devil's Derelicts* (DICKY, LONG & Co.), the best story that its author, F. C. VERNON HARCOURT, gives us far ahead of all the others is the first, "Big Jock Morrison." It is a real tragedy, told with most grim humour. "The Vampire" is next in order of merit. The second story, "Her Last Triumph," is written in a kind of old-fashioned penny-dreadful style: "Pshaw!" she exclaimed, throwing down the pen," &c. Who ever heard anyone ejaculate "Pshaw!"? The ejaculation rarely occurs in the work of any writer of repute since the days of ALBERT SMITH, who delighted in it. The author takes us behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. The leading actress is in her dressing-room. "The prompter came to ask if GLADYS L. were ready, as her entrance occurred in a few minutes." Evidently T. R. Melbourne was badly off for a "call-boy," and so the economical manager substituted the prompter. A stranger, at haphazard, takes the place of the suddenly invalided *chef-d'orchestre*, instead of the first violin stepping into his shoes as, we believe, is customary. When this newly-installed *chef-d'orchestre* sees the leading actress, his "black brows corrugate into a sinister frown, and the fierce, expressive eyes assume that fiery gleam which one sees in the glance of the panther when he is about to spring." Of course the panther's expression is a matter of common experience. Another queer thing happened at this queer theatre. From the stage-door "the commissionaire in charge was absent, attracted from his post into the side wings by the wonderful power of the *dira's* voice." He means "the wings": the word "side" being amateurishly superfluous. The writing of this story is of the high falutin' order, and its plot one of the weakest. The other stories are good; and I have already mentioned "The Vampire" as the second best. The author, Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, should try and effect collaboration with Sir CONAN DOYLE, who would lend him *Sherlock Holmes* to help him out of some of his mysterious entanglements.

This Our Sister (DICKY, LONG & Co.) is a powerfully written

novel by Mrs. HAROLD E. GORST, of a literary type that may be best described as "Zolaesque." It deals with the lowest of the low, with the dregs of London population. The critic, unless he be an expert in such matters, which the Baron does not profess to be, can only testify to the vividness of the picture and to the impression of actuality conveyed to him by the description of these terribly repulsive scenes. It appears to the Baron that only the highest purpose of doing good and of benefiting the most wretched could possibly warrant the writing of such a book as this. Unless possessed of such "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of London hospitals as Mr. Weller possessed of its taverns, it would be impossible for any reader of this story to determine the particular hospital selected by Mrs. HAROLD E. GORST as the subject of her painfully descriptive picture. By presenting the scenes at the educational establishment kept by Mr. *Squeers* and family, CHARLES DICKENS drew public attention to the existence of grave scandals in certain Yorkshire schools. There was no particularisation, but the Baron believes that an inquiry followed the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and that the type of school indicated by the novelist soon ceased to exist. Has Mrs. GORST founded this portion of her novel on facts which have come within her personal experience? CHARLES REAVE was ready and willing to back up his indictment of certain prison systems in *Never too Late to Mend* with facts and evidence. Is such the case here? The hospital is described at page 121 as "one of the most famous in London." In this novel "with a purpose," there is scarcely one character that is even naturally good, except the miserable heroine herself and an occasional female acquaintance as wretched as herself. Of course such a study of poor human nature at its worst could not be recommended for mere amusement, but if the perusal of this book may result in extending our sympathies, in rousing us to earnest action on behalf of "these our brethren," then the Baron may honestly recommend *This Our Sister*.



THE LOST CHANCE.

New Maid (much pleased with herself). A gentleman called to see you, Sir, and said as he were just leavin' town for some time. Knowin' as you didn't want to be disturbed this morning, I told him as you was hout—

Master. Quite right. (To himself) Sharp girl this!

New Maid (cheerfully)—and told him as I didn't know when you'd be back again. 'Is card's in the 'all, Sir. He 'ave wrote somethin' on it.

[She fetches it, returns, and presents it.

Master (reads writing on card, then suddenly springing up, exclaims) Oh (stops the escape of a very strong expletive) How long ago?

New Maid (cheerfully). Oh, quite a hour. There was luggage on the cab.

Master (subsiding hopelessly in chair, to Maid). You can go. (Alone, grinding his teeth) Confound the idiot! (Reads card mutteringly to himself.) SNOOKER POOLE, Chork Cottage, Kew. "Called to repay coin personally. Sorry to miss you. So long!" I shall never see my hundred and fifty again! . . . That's the worst of new servants!

[He is left considering whether it would not be as well to alter the form of his instructions to the hand-maiden. Scene closes.]

THE LAST TEST.

INTEREST in the suggestion that for the last Test Match at the Oval the Selection Committee should choose only men who have not previously played cricket is growing apace, and half a million letters have reached *Punch* Office on the subject. The suggestion was first made in this paper by "X. Y. Z.," a gentleman well-known in cricketing circles, though these are not his actual initials. After stating that we had already won the Ashes, he pointed out that this idea of his would inculcate in many a hitherto non-player a deep and lasting love for the game, while giving the Australians a sporting chance of winning at least one Test Match.

Among the many letters received this week are the following:

One on the Nob for "X. Y. Z."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—“X. Y. Z.” is guilty of an extraordinary misstatement in saying that we have won the Ashes. Have we? I deny it. It has been arranged that the last Test Match is to be played to a finish. Now suppose that the Australians win the toss and stay in until the middle of September, when the cricket season ends. It is obvious that in this case the conditions of play (which said distinctly that the fifth match was to be played to a finish) will not have been complied with; thus rendering the whole series of games null and void. It is obvious, therefore, that the Ashes are not won until the fifth test is over. It is therefore obvious that “X. Y. Z.” is a fool. Yours, COMMON SENSE.

[We would point out to “Common Sense” that “X. Y. Z.” is not a fool.—ED.]

A Suggestion from Norwich.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As “X. Y. Z.” says (by the way, can this be my old friend GRACE?), we have beaten the Australians at cricket. Why not, then, let the fifth Test Match be one at lawn tennis, in which case I would recommend FAIRSERVICE of Kent as the English representative. Or perhaps a Bridge tournament would be more popular. TRUMPER and ARMSTRONG could be the Australian champions. ARMSTRONG would be sure to have a *strong hand* at Bridge. Meanwhile let us drink life to the LEES.

Thine, THE OLD 'UN.

[This sort of letter is printed at a uniform charge of 1s. a word. Jokes in italics, 2s.—ED.]

Another side of the Question.

SIR,—How can you discuss such trivial questions as a cricket match when Mr. BALFOUR, in the face of repeated rebuffs from all parties, clings in this miserable way to office; when the Army is denounced as being even more inefficient than in 1900; when a life and death war is raging in the Far East; and



MISPLACED AFFECTION.

Aunt Jane. "THIS IS THE DEAR DOGIE THAT I WANTED TO SHOW YOU, CARRIE. SHE'S THE SWEETEST CREATURE. TO SEE HER WITH HER PUPPIES IS TO WITNESS THE PERFECTION OF MOTHERHOOD."

Carrie. "HOW SWEET! WHERE ARE THE PUPPIES?"

Small Boy. "SHE'S EAT 'EM ALL, MISS!"

when Mr. BURGESS has just failed to swim the Channel. Yours, PATRIOT.

The remaining 499,997 letters are held over till next week. Mr. *Punch* invites readers to send their ideas of the English team for the last Test Match, chosen on the lines suggested by "X. Y. Z." Competitors should avoid giving impossible selections—such as Queen ANNE who is dead; the eldest pigmy, whose

doctor forbids him to play; Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, who played at his preparatory school and is therefore ineligible; and the Editor of the *Evening News*, who has a competition of his own on, &c., &c.

More Commercial Candour.

"—Motors should be seen before purchasing."

Advt. in "*Midland Evening News*."

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

[Why not adapt to private life the Parliamentary system by which "notice" of questions may be demanded? In circumstances (such as those of a dinner-party, where sufficient notice may not be feasible, the person questioned should have the further option of forwarding a written answer at his leisure. The advantages of such an arrangement are too obvious for remark.)

BETWEEN the *soufflé* and the ice.

When talk was running very small

Like little forage-hunting mice

Whose patter hardly counts at all

You asked me, as a thing you vaguely pitied

(Noting the while another woman's gown),

Whether it bored me, when the World had flitted,

To stay behind in Town?

I answered briefly, "No, it don't."

(My many candid friends agree

That it has never been my wont

To shine in oral repartee;

But only give me time and works of reference.

Those mental aids which Parliament permits,

And I can be a match, with all due deference,

For Ministerial wits.)

Madam—for I will here expand

That answer given a week ago—

It is indeed a desert land

That misses you in Mall and Row;

One has, I grant, to suffer these privations

Among the annual debts that Duty owes,

But yet, believe me, there are consolations,

More than you might suppose.

Thus, while you fly to rural spots

(Like Cowes) and dress five times a day,

Our country cousins leave their cots

To paint the Town a rustic gray;

I love to see them sampling NELSON's column

Or ALBERT's effigy (a certain draw),

Giddy with rapture tempered by a solemn

Touch of mysterious awe.

While you affect, in hall or bower,

With Nature's moods to mate your mind,

You leave the finest, fairest flower

Of Town's intelligence behind;—

The Civil Service Clerk who never ceases

From his employ of propping up the State

The Press that still composes masterpieces

Superbly up to date.

And One there is, a very god—

I'd spoil my summer just for this,

To tread the dust his feet have trod,

And share the same Metropolis;

At other times there seems no special reason

Why he should occupy this earthly sphere,

But in the void of London's empty season

He is without a peer.

His is the Editorial fist

With which, in August's dearth of news,

Imaginary scribes insist

Upon the right to air their views;

"Pater- (you know the signature) -familias,"

"Mother of Nine," "Brixtonian," "Better Dead"—

He represents the universal silly ass

Alone and on his head.

What you would deem the myriad shout

Of father, husband, mother, wife,

Touching the question, fraught with doubt,

"Should Men adapt the Married Life?"—

The hints you get of dark domestic dramas,—

He fakes them by the column (that's his trade),

Clad in a cummerbund and pink pyjamas

At 80 in the shade.

Madam, you have my answer there.

You see that I can well afford,

Even when you are gone elsewhere,

To face the risk of being bored;

Be mine to live (though I may never enter

The priestly sanctum where he sits apart)

Within a shilling radius of the centre

Of England's pulsing heart.

O. S.

MR. CARY'S POST BAG.

[Mr. W. L. D. CARY, the owner and practically the king of the Calf of Man, who is a naturalised American, recently arrived at New York. Mr. CARY is looking for an American purchaser for the island.]

THE Calf of Man is to the Isle of Man what the Isle of Wight is to England, what Tasmania is to Australia, what Sicily is to Italy. When the Isle of Man was finished there was a little bit over, and that became the Calf of Man. The popular idea that the phrase refers to Mr. HALL CAINE's leg is a vulgar error, fine though that leg be. ("He has a leg," is a well-known Manx saying of its greatest son.) Nor has this Calf anything to do with the same Master's *Prodigal Son*, though it took a first prize at Smithfield, and has frequently received honourable mention at the Agricultural Hall. The great real at Laxey was cut from it. For years it has been in the possession of the CARY family, an ancestress of Mr. CARY having perfected there the strain of fowls which are known as Mother Cary's chickens all the world over. Many illustrious men have visited the island, the visitors' book at the great house including such names as Mr. GLAMSTONE, W. BREARLEY, Lady JONES, EZEKIEL WOODSTAFF (ex-Mayor of Bootle), &c. A work entitled *Highways and Byways in the Calf of Man* has just been rejected by MESSRS. MACMILLAN, while the island is among those which have not yet embraced fiscal reform.

No sooner was Mr. CARY's intention made public than thousands of offers and letters of curiosity poured in upon him, so much so that a white steam motor-van has had to take the place of the old hand-propelled barrow in which the post of the Calf of Man has hitherto been carried within human memory.

Among Mr. CARY's most interesting letters are the following:—

FROM MR. BALFOUR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The Prime Minister wishes to ascertain what is the population of the Calf of Man, and what are their views on questions of the day. Also, is there good knee-room for a tired statesman, and would the purchaser have absolute rights to refuse landing to strangers? There are certain persons whom he desires not to see or hear again for some centuries, and unless he is assured of no danger of attack from them he would not proceed with the negotiations. An early reply will oblige.

FROM SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN instructs me to write to inquire the price of your island. He is just now looking out for a quiet spot where he can at last be an absolute leader, and the description of your property promises well. He is prepared, if that will influence your reply, to change his name permanently to SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-CALFOMAN.



NEARLY DONE.

VOICE FROM THE TUG. "BRAVO! JUST KEEP AFLOAT AND YOU'LL DRIFT IN!"

ARTH-R B-LF-R. "CAN'T DO MUCH DRIFTING AGAINST A TIDE LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAND BY, IN CASE YOU'RE WANTED."





OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

THE SQUIRE SAID HE COULD PRODUCE A TEAM TO BEAT THE VILLAGE ON BANK HOLIDAY. IT WAS CERTAINLY A CLOSE THING. WHEN COLONEL BLAIZE, THEIR LAST MAN, CAME IN, THEY WERE ONLY FIVE RUNS BEHIND. SPINNER THEN PLAYED A BOLD GAME. HE TOOK HIMSELF OFF, AND PUT ON A SLOW BOWLER WITH A MOST OHASTLY BREAK FROM THE LEG, AND, BY JOVE! THE COLONEL WAS CAUGHT OFF HIS GLOVE FIRST BALL. SOME OF THE FELLOWS HEARD HIM SAYING, AS HE GLANCED ROUND AFTER TAKING CENTRE, THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN THE FIELD PLACED SO RIDICULOUSLY WHEN HE WAS AT ETON.

FROM THE EMPEROR LEBAUDY.

(Translation.)

SIR,—You have an island for sale. I am a buyer of islands. Not only islands but deserts too. Anything in fact. What is the price? You have but to name it. Address me at the Cecil, where I shall be arranging for my Calf of Man Viceroy and standing army.

JACQUES.

FROM MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(Cable.)

Beg offer Free Library to Calf of Man inhabitants. Had no idea island existed or would have made offer before.

FROM MR. MARMADUKE CROCK.

SIR,—I have for some time past been looking for a quiet place where I could practise putting and driving, and so far as I can see your island is just the spot. What do you want for it per ann.? I am not rich, and I should prefer to rent it on a lease—not repairing. I am a very careful man, and should hand it over in perfect condition at the end of the time. I shall take VARDON'S book with me and really work

hard, for at present I am quite the worst player on our (the West Frogna) links.

Yours faithfully,

MARMADUKE CROCK.

FROM A FAMOUS NOVELIST.

SIR,—I trust you will not adhere too strictly to your intention of selling the Calf of Man to an American. An island so near England should be offered first to an Englishman or an Englishwoman. My home at Stratford-on-Avon, although charming, furnishes none but municipal breezes, and I often find myself pining for sea-air and that seclusion which it is difficult for a fellow-townswoman of SHAKESPEARE to obtain. Please let me know what you are asking for your island with the indelicate name (which can, however, quickly be altered), and I will let you know my decision. I see a great future for the islanders in strong Christian hands, and I, at any rate, if I once undertook to govern, would never shirk the task. In time, who knows but we might influence the Isle of Man itself for good?

Awaiting your reply, I am,

MARIE CORELLI.

To players not selected for the final Test Match we recommend the popular ditty: "Ain't I no use, Mr. Jackson?"

DAINTY ANIMALS.

THE correspondence in the *Spectator* on the subject of fastidiousness in animals having proved too copious for the columns of our contemporary, a large number of letters have ricocheted into Mr. Punch's offices, a selection from which he has the pleasure of now laying before his readers:

SIR,—Daintiness in animals is not, as some of your contributors would seem to think, the exclusive monopoly of mammals. Some twenty years ago a maiden aunt of my first wife's who lived at Arcachon kept a pet oyster in a salt-water fountain, and used to feed it on condensed milk and cracknels. This interesting crustacean, which used to answer to the name of *Mark Antony*—a delicate reference to CLEOPATRA's notorious fondness for bivalves—was singularly tame and friendly, but on one occasion my wife's aunt inadvertently gave it a macaroon instead of a cracknel. Incredible as it may seem, *Mark Antony* was so incensed that he bit the hand of his benefactress and remained in sulky seclusion for nearly twenty-four hours. His mistress never got over the shock, gave up her villa at Arcachon and died shortly afterwards at Schaffhausen, after an operation for cataract. My first wife, I need hardly add, has also departed this life, but I have been unable to ascertain what became of *Mark Antony*.

I am, Sir, &c.

CAVALIERE MONTE ROSSO.

Hotel Pupp, Karlsbad, Bohemia.

SIR,—Your interesting article on the subject of dainty animals prompts me to send you the following biographical notes on my dog *Li-Poo*, whose great-great-grandfather, an Imperial Chow of the purest strain, formed part of the loot of the Summer Palace in 1860, and was brought home by my father, Captain TALBOT, R.N. *Li-Poo* is now about nine years old, and on my coming to reside at Hoyalake in 1901 at once took the keenest interest in golf, and was very quickly initiated into the mysteries of the game and trained to act as a caddie. The authorities at first protested, but as my handicap is one of the highest in the Royal Liverpool Club soon withdrew their objections. What, however, I wish to point out is that, although thoroughly Anglicised in all his ways, *Li-Poo* still, in one important particular, illustrates the old saying, *cælum non animus*. Nothing will induce him to make anything but a Chinese tee. Mr. JOHN BALL, Mr. HAROLD HILTON, and Mr. JOHN GRAHAM have all in turn tried to break him of this habit, but in vain. Personally I have come to prefer it to any other variety, especially with a slice of lemon, and since adopting it have

been almost entirely free from the insomnia from which I have suffered intermittently since I was an undergraduate at Balliol.

A *propos* of Oxford I may perhaps be permitted to add that my son, who was awarded a half-blue for Archery, and rowed the longest bow on record in his college eight, has just written to me from Cape Colony to say that he has started a polo club in which all the members are mounted on ostriches. The game as thus played is, he assures me, far faster and more exciting than when ponies are used. Unfortunately the ostriches have a way at times of suddenly swallowing the balls and even the polo clubs, which causes a difficulty in keeping the score. I am, Sir, &c.,

A. LEGGE PULLAR.

The Choucbents, Hoyalake, Cheshire.

SIR,—When I was quartered at Maza-wattee in the Never Never Land shortly before the Crimean War, my constant companion in my hunting expeditions was a remarkably intelligent black-and-tan Tasmanian tiger-cat. Owing to the length of its whiskers I christened it *Lord Dundreary* and taught it the use of fire-arms, as our camp was constantly being sniped by the aborigines who abounded in the vicinity, and were very dexterous in throwing the boomerang. But the curious thing about my cat was this, that although an adept in the use of the rifle he was never really happy until I presented him with a Mauser pistol, with which he attained a proficiency little short of miraculous. On my return to England I presented the faithful animal to Sir HARRY PARKES, in whose service he remained till his death. My only other experience of this fastidiousness in animals was in the case of an Edinburgh Rock Pigeon, which took snuff freely, but had a rooted objection to Virginian tobacco, which invariably heightened the pitch of its coo.

I am, Sir, &c.,

W. GREENER.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that a brother officer of mine, who was afterwards killed in a cab accident at Piccadilly Circus, had a pet Southdown sheep which would eat Neapolitan ices, but had an invincible antipathy to red currant jelly.

SIR,—When engaged on the compilation of my *History of the Mongols* I had a pet dwarf Mammoth who rendered me invaluable assistance in the sifting and sorting of materials, which he was able to pick out of their pigeon-holes with his trunk with extraordinary rapidity and precision. As he was about 3,000 years old and possessed a remarkably retentive memory, I need hardly say that his local knowledge greatly contributed to the

value—if any—of my momentous undertaking. Yet such was the modesty and aversion from publicity evinced by this massive and faithful collaborator, that not only did he refuse to allow me to place his name on the title-page, but would not even consent to my mentioning it in the Preface. In politics he was I regret to have to use the past tense, but he died prematurely after inadvertently eating several croquet balls, which he mistook for suet dumplings, his favourite dish—a staunch Tory, and the mere mention of the name of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE was enough to excite him to transports of fury. His place was filled by a fine Mastodon from the Lena Delta, concerning which I propose to send you some details in a further letter. I am, Sir, &c.,

H. H. HOWORTH.

We much regret, in closing this illuminative correspondence, to state that we have been unable to print the whole of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's interesting letter, which extended to upwards of 3000 words, and contained a photograph of the Mammoth, with Sir HENRY sitting on its trunk.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that the Czar's Government is about to present a note to the Powers asking whether the time has not now arrived for partial naval disarmament among the nations.

Meanwhile, very little enthusiasm has been aroused in Russia at the news that another of her battleships, which was considered a total loss, has been raised by the Japanese.

The *Reichsbote* asks that the Baltic shall be closed to foreign warships. It looks as if the Germans wanted to have all the hitting below the Belt.

It is stated that China will submit a large claim for damage done to her territory at the forthcoming Peace Conference. It is unlikely, however, that her demand will be taken seriously, as it is felt that she should not have got in the way.

The Zionist Inquiry Committee has reported unfavourably on the tract of land in East Africa which was offered to the Zionists by the British Government. The territory is declared to be infested by wild beasts and by dangerous native tribes, who would regard Jewish colonists as enemies to be harassed in all possible ways. Their experiences in Russia, where most of the Zionists now are, discourage them from this new enterprise.

In connection with the forthcoming visit of the British Association to Rhodesia, the British South Africa Company has issued a special set of stamps, the design on which represents a view of the Victoria Falls. The proposal that the stamps should bear the legend, "What a Fall was there, my countrymen!" was vetoed at the last moment as smacking too much of advertisement.

A thief who broke into the Central Schools at Scarborough last week stole five Bibles, and a reader of the *Daily Mail* writes to ask, "Should clergymen criticise him?"

A venerable burglar of eighty-two made his appearance in the North London Police Court the other day. It is not, we believe, generally known how the infirmities of age handicap the members of this profession. At the portico of a house in Kensington Park Gardens there are two life-sized dogs carved out of stone. Not so long ago, on a dark night, a poor housebreaker, whose sight was beginning to fail him, spent over two hours trying to poison these beasts.

A Kilburn gentleman mounted an omnibus about fifty yards the wrong side of a penny fare, and then refused to pay the extra penny "on principle." He has now had to pay the penny, and five shillings costs. This, we suppose, is what is known as principle and interest.

There is no satisfying some people. Messrs. NEWNES have published an edition of *Gulliver's Travels* at the moderate price of one penny. A bookseller informs us that a lady customer refused to purchase it the other day on learning that the price was net, and not subject to discount.

Judge LUMLEY SMITH has, we think, been somewhat unjustly criticised for deciding, in a recent case, that claret-jugs and vases are necessities of marriage. Family jars are, of course, an almost unavoidable feature of the married state.

In fining a dairyman for selling milk deficient in fat, Mr. DICKINSON said, "Change your cows, and try a different breed." The dairyman is now anxious to meet someone who will take inferior cows in exchange for good ones.

While taking notes of evidence at Glamorgan Assizes, Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE wrote with his left hand when tired of using his right. Ambidexterity may compensate to some extent for Justice's blindness.

The schools have "broken up," and the stickleback season has opened in



Irish Pat (to Bashful Bridget). "LOOK UP, BRIDGET ME DARLIN'. SHURE AN' I'D CUT ME HEAD OFF ONY DAY IN THE WEEK FOR A SIGHT OF YER BEAUTIFUL EYES!"

London waters. On Monday last, we are informed, in St. James's Park a youth landed a magnificent specimen almost an inch in length, and its weight was such that the bent pin almost broke under its load.

The teaching of shooting in schools is an idea which has been welcomed by boys all over the country as being calculated to cause them to be more respected by their masters.

An immense impetus has been given to the Teetotal movement by a report just issued from the Government laboratory showing the large percentage of proof spirit contained in temperance drinks.

A man who sells matches at Hammer-smith has only just received twelve shillings as his share of the prize-money earned while he was engaged in blockade work during the Crimean War. We understand that the Department responsible for the delay is known as the Blockhead Department.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us a copy of *Punch*, nearly two years old, which he discovered at the top of a mountain on the now famous Whitworth estate. If there is much more treasure of this kind in these coal-fields we can well understand the action of the German Syndicate. They know they have got hold of a good thing.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE ST. BERNARD PUPPY.

THE St. Bernard puppy was busily occupied in a sunny corner of the garden. He was a large fat soft ball of fur, partly white partly tawny in colour, and he was just ten weeks old. Though he had left his mild kind mother only three weeks ago, he had entirely forgotten her existence, and was perfectly happy as the favourite of a large family of boys and girls who had given him the important name of *Leo*, and devoted to the correction of his inadequate manners such time as was not spent in petting him and feeding him.

At present, as I say, he was busily occupied in a sunny corner of the garden. After a time he was observed by two of his young mistresses, and was summoned to their imperious presence. For all answer he wagged his tail rapidly and proceeded very eagerly with his task, as if he knew that the time he would be allowed to spend upon it was getting short. He was again called, but, having his own fixed ideas about the beauty and necessity of obedience, he affected not to hear. One of his mistresses approached him, whereupon he turned over on his back and waved his four paws deprecatingly in the air. It was then discovered that the object of his absorbing labours was an old and dirty piece of shoe-leather. On being rebuked he rolled round, sat up on his haunches and presented a paw to his rebuker. The leather was offered to his gaze, but he looked at it with a distant and unrecognising expression, and then by a swift and lumbering movement, which was more eloquent than any verbal acknowledgment of guilt, escaped into the neighbouring bushes.

From this retreat he was coaxed after a cautious interval, and was then persuaded to cross the lawn to a spot where the household cat was taking a morning siesta. The cat, an ancient retainer who had seen and despised a long series of puppies, and had in her time lived on terms of intimate friendship with a retriever, paid no attention whatever to his approach. This indifference appeared to annoy him, for after considering her for a few moments he gave a short bark, and then, pouncing heavily, attempted to bite her in the tail. His punishment was prompt and his yells were piercing. No dog, he seemed to complain, had ever been so profoundly misunderstood before, nor had a disinterested tender of affection ever been so unworthily received. The cat, however, blinkingly resumed her indifferent attitude, and the puppy took refuge under a garden chair.

Hence he was carried towards the house, bearing on his face an expression of angelic meekness and resignation. Having been deposited outside an open garden window, he was ordered repeatedly not to move, while his mistresses went to an upper room for a biscuit. As soon as they were gone he rose, and made a slow and painful ascent up the three steps which led from the garden through the window into the empty room. An inviting sofa was gaping for him, and he managed after several falls to ascend into it. The only other occupant of the sofa was a book, and on this he rapturously concentrated his attention and his teeth. Five minutes afterwards he was discovered still hard at work, and surrounded by minute fragments of literature.

This incident led to another injustice, but was soon followed by the presentation of the biscuit. His wounded honour having thus been salved he was taken to a pond in order that he might observe the water-lilies. The attraction proved so great that he immediately fell into the water. He was rescued by his scruff, and having been thus diminished to a tenth of his former magnitude he was carried to the kitchen to be dried before the fire and restored to his proper size. A bowl of milk was given to him. He drank half, put both his fore-paws in the rest and upset the bowl. After this he went to sleep, and the cook and the kitchen-maid alternately fell over him until lunch was ready.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ST. CATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER.

"A rose however named would smell as sweet!"

Such was the gist of *Juliet's* lucubrations,
A worthless sophistry contrived to cheat

The righteous anger of her near relations;
The language shows a nice poetic touch,
But can't be called an argument as such.

Not long ago I happened to devour

A tale—'twas lent me by a maiden aunt—
Bearing the name *St. Catherine's by the Tower*;

By AIXSWORTH, or it may have been BESANT;
The local colour so enhanced the plot
That I resolved to go and see the spot.

Primed with the pioneer's portentous zeal

I wended eastward by an early train,
And ultimately eased my labouring chest

Of sulphur in a place called Mincing Lane;
Twelve minutes' steady walking by the clock
Brought me in contact with St. Catherine's Dock.

"St. Catherine's by the Tower"—the name recalls

Visions of mulioned windows, gabled roofs;
Not, as in fact, a world of grimy walls,

And beery loafers and the clang of hoofs;
An air of calm repose—an old-world nook

Should have been there: it *was* there in the book!

Here was no haunt of peace, but din of wheels

Banging on cobble-stones that rang again;
Men roared aloud and urchins let off squeals

Hilariously, while down a neighbouring lane
Three large policemen stemmed a brave carouse,
Prising a wrathful docker off his spouse.

The Tower was there of course; one knew the place

Where as a child one earned an aching head
Gazing on armour, battle-axe and mace,

And furtively consuming ginger-bread;
Viewing the dungeon where without a doubt
Bad RICHARD snuffed his little nephews out.

It seemed imposing then; but now the Tower

Fades into insignificance beside

That triumph of the age of steel and power,

The Bridge that spans the river's thronging tide;
No old-world nook, one felt, could still be there,
Next to that huge hydraulic thoroughfare!

I passed inside the Dock, where winches creak,

And carmen bawl and donkey-engines groan,
And all the air is heavy with the reek

Of tea and tar and pepper and ozone;

And presently a porter, ripe with ale,

Struck me amidships with a heavy bale.

I turned away, and everywhere I went

Men viewed my presence with profound disdain,
And one low fellow caused some merriment

Saying, "'Ere's ALLY SLOPER back again!"

Even as I left, policemen bade me stand,
And searched my clothes for casual contraband.

A rose, I mused, though called another name

(A turnip, say), might haply smell as sweet;

St. Catherine's by the Tower might do the same,

If known as Shadwell or East Smithfield Street;
It is the intellect and not the nose

On which the name's deceptive charms impose!

ALGOL.



AN UNPARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Short-sighted Old Lady. "PORTER!"

THE GREAT HANDKERCHIEF PROBLEM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing that you are, and have ever been, the friend and adviser of the distressed, be they old or young, of the stronger or of the weaker sex, I come to you for assistance in a matter of paramount—I may almost say vital—importance.

It concerns handkerchiefs. A paltry thing, cries some scoffer, to bring to the notice of one so august! Yet is it a paltry thing? Has not the falling of a lady's handkerchief decided ere this the fate of many a male mailed warrior? And is it less worthy of consideration now that on it rests the tranquillity of one of your most devoted admirers among the fair sex? For I count myself still among the fair, though my age—I may breathe it to you—is forty-seven. You will not, I am sure, refuse me a hearing on a matter even so trivial as a handkerchief. The question is, what am I to do with mine when I go to Mrs. CATTLETON's Garden Party next Friday week?

You see, I intend to wear my pink. It is not quite new, but the chiffon can be pressed, and Mrs. WELLABY was only saying to me the other day how nice it looked. I had intended to wear my *réseda* green with the orange yoke, but I wasn't quite sure about it, because,

although it has always looked *most* becoming, Miss BARKLET happened to be at the dressmaker's (Miss TONKIN, you know, at the corner), when I took it to be turned, and, as I've repeatedly remarked, you never *can* tell what Miss BARKLET will say, and she says the most *horrid* things when she likes. So, as I was telling you, I was uncertain about my green, though it's really the smartest thing I've got, but after what Mrs. WELLABY said about my pink my mind was made up. The pink it was to be.

Now, when I first had my pink—not so *very* long ago—I was particular to have the sleeves made full large, so that I could put away my handkerchief in one of them. For as you know, or perhaps you don't, the sleeve is the only place left us for that purpose—the fashions change so. Quite between ourselves, I can well remember the time when we had pockets in our under-skirts. After that came the pocket concealed in a fold, which was always rather difficult to find, and awkward, especially in a crowd, even if you knew the way to it. Next came Dorothy bags—those little ribbony things we carried on our wrists. I went in for one, though I must confess it was more to keep in the fashion than because I liked them. They looked stylish, but they soon went out.

Then we took a hint from our men folk, who carried their handkerchiefs in their cuffs, and ours reposed in our sleeves. That lasted till quite recently. In fact, here the mode only changed the other day. You probably know better than I when it changed in London, for down in Pedlington Magna we have to look to Lady MARKISH, the Squire's wife, who generally manages a day or two in town with her cousin some time during the year, and this year she only did it last week-end. I don't approve of this new craze for week-ending, do you? It's too much gadding about. Well, as I was saying, I'd decided on my pink chiffon for the garden party when you should I see coming down the street but Lady M. with her sleeves cut short to the elbow.

Now I can easily shorten the sleeves of my pink, for it's just a question of picking out the insertion, and they will practically fall apart. Five minutes will do that, but—and it is here that I want your advice—where am I to put my handkerchief? With kind regards to Mrs. Punch, Yours expectantly,

PRISCILLA PRIM.

PAX ETONENSIS.—The Eton College Volunteers will now, it is said, be disbanded, the time of WARRE being over.



YACHTING MODES.

Broch. "Ah! Here's something that will interest you, Maria. Half a column on 'Costumes for Cowes.'"

Mrs. B. "Well, I can't think what's coming to people nowadays. First it's Sun-bonnets for horses, and now this! Oh, I've no patience with these new-fangled ideas!"

SHOULD PORTERS CRITICISE
"BRADSHAW"?

Fired by the example of the *Daily Mole*, which has unearthed many opinions on a similar topic, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in presenting the following borrowed plums:—

Sir OLIVER LODGE writes (without mentioning porters):—To suppose that our present edition is infallible and free from criticism in the light of growing knowledge is only possible to a person of considerable ignorance. Indeed, the whole notion of "infallibility" is essentially a superstition, wherever it is to be found; so that emendation and criticism, from the point of view of historical and linguistic research, ought to be welcome; nor should any one be surprised if some errors of fact, as well as a gradual expanding of spiritual perception, are found in that magnificent and venerable but heterogeneous collection of poetical and other inspired writings which form the series of time-tables accepted as canonical by travellers of the past, and bound together under one comprehensive name.

Mr. EUGEN SANTOW writes:—I have

only had to do with porters but once in my life. That was when three of them fought for my hand-bag, in ignorance that it held 18 cwt. of dumb-bells. I settled the dispute by carrying the bag, porters and all, to a cab—which broke down. Since then I have done my own portage, and the profession, so far as I am concerned, is out of work. It seems to me that they may as well fill in their spare time criticising *Bradshaw* as anything else.

Mr. JOHN PORTER writes:—The only criticism I have to make on *Bradshaw* is that it gives very scanty information about horse-boxes. Personally I never go by rail between two racing stables. I always use a motor.

"TRAIN UP A WIFE," ETC.

A LADY MANAGER of a "housewifery" centre (in connection with public elementary day-schools) forwards the following jewels from an Examination Paper:—

Q. Give rules for choosing a house.

A. Do not live near a semetery for if you do the ground will crack in the night and a gurn will come up into your

house and in the morning you will feel very ill and the doctor will say it is lead-poisoning and there is no hope.

Q. What is meant by "Personal Cleanliness?"

A. By personal cleanliness we mean keeping our brothers and sisters clean and washing them every week and not letting the little pouts get filled up.

Q. Name some common ailments and their remedies.

A. Toothache.—Have it drawn but if you are afraid keep it warm.

Corns.—Soak the feet thoroughly in strong soda water then rub them off with pumice stone, do not cut them off.

Q. What is meant by a person being "Thrifty"?

A. A thrifty person is strong and well made and can eat a lot and is never hardly poorly. A thrifty person is one who thrives.

Q. Give rules for the feeding of babies.

A. A baby should have nothing only milk or it is liable to choke and not get digested properly and it suffers great agonies from the follies of its parents.



A "PUNCH" D'HONNEUR.

[The French Fleet's return visit to Spithead, August 9th.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH."

Brother Arthur has but a poor "basket" to set before the Friars as the result of his long sitting. Brothers Henry and John do not much relish having to sit up till past midnight to help him cook it.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.
—"The measures are few; but where are the Innocents?"

Thus C.-B. sternly addressing PRINCE ARTHUR across the Table. Had just accomplished the task that falls to lot of Leader of House at this time of the year. Cast to the wolves ten out of twelve Bills promised in KING'S Speech. Twelve little niggers; now there were two. With that disregard of usage that vexes soul of Opposition, ruffles equanimity of C.-B., PRINCE ARTHUR had not even mentioned the abandoned Bills. Customary for PREMIER, massacring his progeny, to say a few words of pained regret over their untimely corpses. That well enough for predecessors like DIZZY, MR. G., or even the ARTHUR BALFOUR of last year. At close of another Session, with temperature 82° in the shade of Ministerial camp, 104° in irritated Opposition ranks, not disposed to say a word more than necessary.

The thing presented itself in mathe-

matical form. Had he really promised twelve measures in KING'S Speech? Very well; if only two were carried, ten must have been dropped. *Q. E. D.* Why worry round their untimely tombs? Let the dead past bury its Bills. The thing to do was to wind up everything so as to clap up the shutters on the 12th, possibly the 10th.

At the end of seven minutes PRINCE ARTHUR blandly surveyed the astonished and angered Opposition, who began to perceive he had a fresh surprise in store.

"I have briefly, but I think adequately," he sweetly said, "stated the conditions with regard to the remaining business of the Session."

"No!" roared the Opposition. He had resumed his seat; nothing for it but the raging almost inarticulate C.-B. to rise and follow.

Then came JOHN REDMOND, "with all the vehemence at my command" as he diffidently put it, protesting against the

neglect of Ireland by the Imperial Parliament.

"As far as Irish interests are concerned," he shouted, "we might as well have had no Session at all." Which is a little invidious, considering the disproportionate number of nights conceded to claim of Irish Members for Irish Bills and Irish Votes, not to mention daily appropriation of one-half of the Question hour. Next CROOKS and DON'T KEIR HARDIE, *Codlin* and *Short* of a later day, tumbled over each other in effort to show whom it might concern that he was the friend of the Unemployed.

At twenty minutes past seven House crowded in anticipation of division. An hour earlier the Benches being nearly empty PRINCE ARTHUR thought time opportune for winding up debate. But DON'T KEIR HARDIE, in character of *Short*, having early in debate championed cause of the Unemployed, *Codlin* CROOKS took his turn, and in the excitement engendered by the fervour of his oratory talked the

House into the dinner hour. Result was that at half past nine, the Opposition not again mustering and the Pisk T's having marshalled his men with unusual success, PRINCE ARTHUR moving the closure got a majority of 101.

"A royal salute," said WALTER LONG, gleefully rubbing his hands. "Quite drowns the echoes of the pistol shot of Thursday week. If division had been taken at half past seven we should have been thankful for majority of fifty. In the game of tactics our most valuable friend is the enemy."

Business done—Winding it up. Agreeing after eight hours' debate to make it possible to stick to work all night, House adjourns twenty minutes after midnight.

Tuesday.—This is Sir WILLIAM ANSON's day. Education vote taken in Committee of Supply. Duty of Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Education to explain and justify it. Occasion looked forward to in domestic circle with peculiar pride and pleasure. Happens of late ANSON has loomed large in Parliamentary debate and newspaper controversy. Has become the most quoted author of the age. This embarrassing to modest man; yet, when first flush of awkwardness faded, useless to deny that it gives pleasure. The favourite passage appears in his masterpiece, *Law and Custom of the Constitution*. He therein shows how a Government which does not possess the confidence of the country, has lost its hold on House of Commons, but nevertheless clings to office, is no longer an authoritative body.

"It becomes," he severely wrote, "a group of personages."

The luminous treatise in which this gem is entombed was written some years ago. Appropriateness of passage to Ministry of to-day obvious. It is what the Opposition Press and right hon. gentlemen on Front Bench have been saying at length for weeks. The joy of the thing comes in when the dictum is recited with ANSON blushing on the Treasury Bench, one of "a group of personages" whom his prophetic soul discerned and recognised whilst still afar off.

On the frequent occasions when this terrible indictment has been trotted out, ANSON has assumed far-away look, as if he heard for the first time, on the authority of anonymous writer, that the Constitution had any Law or Custom. To-day all is changed. He went to bed last night humming to himself:

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the
glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest
merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen o' the May.

In prose he pictured himself as confronted by House crowded from floor to gallery, just as it was the other night when PRINCE ARTHUR announced that, in spite of untoward circumstances, the group of personages intend to go on governing the country as if nothing had happened. Human desire to see in the flesh a famous author would surely prove irresistible. The only thing that troubled the Parliamentary Secretary in advance was apprehension that indulgence in the idle curiosity of gazing upon the author of *Law and Custom of the Constitution* might divert attention



The "Woodwich Infant" in Action.
Mr. Will Crooks speaks up for the Unemployed
with rare humour and pathos.)

from the profoundly important topic committed to his charge.

At the outset his anticipation seemed realised. When he rose in a moderately crowded House Members with one accord also stood up. This not unusual at public meetings when popular orator presents himself upon platform. ANSON drew his breath quickly; waited for the cheer which, he understood, usually accompanies such flattering demonstration. But what was this? Members being on their legs, not only remained erect, but made for the door. In three minutes the place was a wilderness. With the exception of ALFRED LYTTLETON even the group of personages on the Treasury Bench broke up and fled.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board had prepared his essay and must deliver it, even in the depressing circumstances that surrounded him. So he went on in level voice for the full space of an hour, ALFRED LYTTLETON, who likes slow lobs, gallantly seeing the performance out. *Business done.* In Committee of Supply.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS.

HINTS ON LITERATURE AS A CAREER.

Why not? Here is a profession, demanding small outlay of capital (even a fountain pen can be purchased for 10s. 6d.), at which any young man of moderate industry may secure for himself an income such as a low-comedian might not despise. At the time in which we are fortunate enough to live, the spread of popular education, the encouraging circulation of the less expensive magazines, and the publication of such volumes as *How to make Money by Writing Stories*, have happily removed the literary profession from the narrow control of mere genius to the wider activities of a recognised commercial enterprise.

In this connection it is interesting and valuable to learn that by an appropriate diet the Literary Tendency can to-day be developed to any requisite degree. It is, however, obvious that this process of gastronomic culture, or feeding the sacred flame, is as yet merely in its infancy. Before long we may doubtless hope that the researches of such scientific explorers as Mr. EUSTACE MILES will enable them to determine with accuracy the precise foods provocative of various phases of literary development.

It may then very possibly be discovered that while an exclusive indulgence in Tomato Nuts and Potsam Coffee will result—as in the case of the author of that charming little brochure, *The Road to Wellelle*—in a certain placid and equable style admirably adapted to what might be termed Farinaceous Fiction, quite another diet is indicated for the cultivation of more robust methods. The phosphate properties of shell-fish being already known, we believe that the time is not far distant when the influence of these comestibles upon modern literature (especially when taken late at night) will receive scientific recognition.

Of the pursuit of letters as a remunerative industry it is to be observed that there are to-day two great methods by which a respectable competence may be derived from literary work:—

By writing a Successful Novel.

By inventing a Hair Lotion.

The latter, however, is a process too highly esoteric for discussion in a popular journal.

To write a Successful Novel you will require three things—plot, characters, and local colour. With regard to the first of these we would urge the novice not to be unduly disheartened by the failure to secure absolute originality. After all, plots are bound to be limited in number, and even should yours resemble in outline some previous work of—say—Mr. THOMAS HARDY or Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, you may always be consoled



THE UNEMPLOYED QUESTION AGAIN.

The Rector. "Now, my good man, if you go up to the Harvest Field, I am sure you will get work."

Tramping Tim. "Bedad, Sor, it's not work I'm wantin', it's nourishment."

by the reflection that the treatment will probably be very different. The image of Captain FRASER of *Jabberjee* fame need have no terrors for you.

Note, by the way, that originality of method is vastly more important than originality of manner. A report that his MS. is invariably written in a dark room with luminous ink will in itself be almost as valuable to the beginner as a prohibition at Mudie's.

Having settled upon a plot, your own or another's, you will next require characters with which to work it out. These you may conveniently take from your immediate circle. Should the book eventually be published, a few hints as to the identity of its more pleasing personages will greatly enhance your popularity with the supposed originals, so long as you are quite sure that your models would approve the portraiture. Thus your maiden aunt may be highly gratified to have fur-

nished the inspiration for the beautiful gipsy who elopes with the young Earl. On the other hand she may not.

More important, however, either than plot or character is the matter of local colour. It is indeed a reliable maxim that this last, if laid on thickly enough, will cover a multitude of deficiencies, and it is easy to understand that a scene—say, the encounter of your hero and heroine—which might be tame and even fatuous in Balham, becomes quite another thing in Bulawayo. It is of course best, if possible, to obtain your local colour from personal inspection, but, failing this, a cheap and remarkably effective substitute will be found in the free employment of a vocabulary native to the spot selected.

Thus, should you choose the Sahara as your scene of action, the interview might legitimately be introduced by some such passage as the following:—

"They were alone in the Desert, that

mysterious Egyptian tract that had converted a gentlemanly ascetic into a rude *fellah*. In the leafy branches of the palm-trees the *Tom-Tom*, or sacred cat of the Nile, was wailing sadly. . . ."

Or, if in Siberia (very popular just now, by the way), you could produce your effect in a similar manner:—

" . . . The snow " (always a safe card in Russian romance) " was falling heavily. IVANOVNA threw a heavy *dvornik* over her shoulders, and went to the window. Suddenly she perceived IVANOVITCH coming towards her with hasty *steppes*. He walked unsteadily; there was something strange and almost *droschky* about his demeanour that startled her—"

And so on; but we have said enough to indicate the value of italics as a method of localisation. A little practice will enable the beginner to attain a dexterity in the composition of such tableaux that will astonish even those most familiar with the scenes depicted.

POLICE PROTECTION.

STRANGELY near to the world of posters and progress the quaint little town of Brentford still flourishes under its stern triumvirate of smells—quaint still, despite the intruding trains that almost brush the shoulders of its diminutive, ancient shops. In that section of its High Street where the predominating smell is coal and gasworks there glimmers in the sun a little hostelry, distinguished from its ninety or so rivals by its green sign and by the three dusty plants in green tubs that stand before it. It is hardly possible to look upon these arid plants without being infected by a sympathetic thirst. Evidently "W. THATCHER, licensed to sell beer and spirits to be consumed upon the premises," is no mere horticultural enthusiast.

In any case the cool little haven, standing back somewhat from the street, invites me strongly this blazing day in August. Above the wire blinds that shade the lower half of its tiny windows I catch a glimpse of a number of gentlemen of a coally aspect engaged in the operation of consuming upon the premises with unmistakable gusto. I cross the street, and pushing open the door marked PRIVATE BAR pass into an atmosphere strongly charged with that indescribable smell that pervades the interior of rural inns.

A large slowly-moving man in shirt-sleeves, evidently that same W. THATCHER who is licensed to sell, &c., serves me with cider; then, moving over to the other counter, resumes his interrupted conversation with the coally gentlemen in the public bar. I am left to marvel upon the breadth of his back, a breadth rendered the more striking by the fact that a triangular piece of some dark-coloured cloth measuring five or six inches across its inverted base has been let into the back of his light tweed trousers, to keep pace with the encroachments of advancing years.

Seating myself on the wooden bench that runs round the wall, I fall to studying a number of glass cases containing the stuffed bodies of various yawning fish, and a highly-coloured print representing the return of the wanderer in a red shirt and riding-boots. From the other bar comes the buzz of voices dominated by that of a little woman, apparently Mrs. W. THATCHER, who has lately joined her husband behind the counter, and would seem to be dilating upon some grievance.

"E comes in 'ere o' Saturday an' 'e sez, 'Where's yer 'usband?' 'e sez—like that. 'There's the coin,' 'e sez; 'that's the coin I offered 'im,' 'e sez. I sez to 'im, 'You can get out of 'ere,' I sez, 'we don't want yer custom and we don't want yer insulting remarks neither.

I know 'oo I am,' I sez, 'if some others don't know 'oo they are. . . ."

It is very cool and pleasant in this little place. I close my eyes and lean back in my corner. The droning voice of the woman and the occasional gruff comments of her listeners merge into a meaningless lullaby.

"The very coin I offered yer!"

Gradually I awake to the fact that the continued reiteration of these words in a hoarse male voice is becoming a grave disturbance to my rest. I open my eyes.

Standing before the counter of the public bar, regarding the landlord with a defiant glare, is a short man wearing the coating of coal-dust that is *de rigueur* in these parts, and a soft felt hat of that peculiarly shapeless species indispensable to the music-hall performer who with its aid impersonates NAROLEON, a Nun, and Lord KITCHENER, and rejoices in the title of Protean Artiste. In one open palm he displays a silver coin, while with his other, clenched, he punctuates his remarks upon the counter.

"That's the very coin I offered yer!" he declaims, "an' if yer don't believe it there it is!" (Bang!) "Plain." (Bang!) "Anyone can see it." (Bang!) "Large as life."

The landlord, standing back a little on his own side of the counter, with his wife at his elbow, eyes him warily in silence. Not so Mrs. THATCHER.

"You can get out of 'ere——" she begins with shrill volubility.

"That ain't Russian money," suddenly resumes PROTEUS, with another resounding blow upon the counter. "An' it ain't Japanese money neither. It's good money. English money."

It seems to me that his listeners do not fully appreciate the patriotism of this utterance. There is a growling chorus of "Clear off with yer," from the coally consumers upon the premises, while Mrs. THATCHER, emboldened by their support, waxes still shriller.

"We don't want yer custom," she cries. "We know 'oo we are if some others don't know 'oo they are. We——"

"An' I know 'oo I am," rejoins PROTEUS. "I know that's the coin wot your 'usband refused ter take. There's a pleece station in Brentford, and don't you fergit it."

"There is a pleece station——" begins Mrs. THATCHER with falsetto emphasis.

"I'm a goin' ter show that there coin to a magistrat," pursues PROTEUS with another bang. "I'm a goin' ter take out a summons aginst your 'usband fer refusin' money under false pretences."

At this point Mr. WILLIAM THATCHER suddenly approaches the counter, and imposing silence with a wave of the hand upon his wife, beginning excitedly to state her own intentions in the sum-

mons line, faces his aggressor. An expectant silence falls upon the coally consumers.

"You're a goin' ter take out a summons are yer?" he demands deliberately.

"I am," returns PROTEUS with gusto.

"You are, are yer?" presses Mr. THATCHER with withering scorn.

"Yuss I am," repeats PROTEUS, meeting his gaze with triumphant determination.

There is a pause while the two men eye each other.

"Ho," eventually observes Mr. THATCHER.

"Yuss," retorts PROTEUS.

Another pause as before.

"Well then, clear out," says Mr. THATCHER.

"I ain't a goin' ter clear out," declares PROTEUS loudly, with a terrific bang upon the counter. "I've come 'ere ter protest, that's why I've come 'ere. I've come 'ere ter demonstrate my right as an Englishman ter receive beer in exchange fer legal tender. I've come 'ere——"

He gazes about him as though at a loss both for words and for adequate means of emphasising them, then suddenly snatches up a glass and holds it high in air.

"I've come 'ere," he declaims with a final triumphant burst of oratory, "ter demonstrate my views."

And he hurls the glass upon the floor. Crash.

For a moment there is silence. Blue veins appear upon the temples of the landlord.

"Now yer know my views," mumbles PROTEUS with a sudden calm, and turning disappears through the swing doors.

In an instant chaos reigns. Mr. WILLIAM THATCHER, purple with rage, throws up the flap of the counter and dashes for the door. His wife screams to him to come back. The coally consumers stumble to their feet and tumble through the door after the landlord.

I rise hastily and run out into the sunlight.

Mr. WILLIAM THATCHER, restrained by the partially encircling arms of two of the coally consumers, is struggling madly for liberty and vengeance. A few yards off, behind a massive electric lamp-post, stands PROTEUS in a cautious and agile posture, his hands grasping the post, his knees bent and ready for any emergency.

"Don't you be a fool, ole man," cries the first coally consumer, perspiring freely as he struggles to maintain his hold of his own part of the landlord.

"You ain't the man you used ter be."

"Not arf you ain't," gasps C. C. No. 2, which I cannot help thinking, in view of the silent testimony of Mr. THATCHER's trousers, is putting it rather mildly.

"You've 'eard wot I 'ave ter say ter

yer," here securely remarks PROTEUS, putting his head round the lamp-post. "I've made my protest an' I've demonstrated my—"

Suddenly Mr. THATCHER, with a violent effort, throws off the grasp of his friends and makes a dash for his adversary. PROTEUS abruptly cuts short his observations and swings round the lamp-post out of harm's way. The infuriated landlord pursues. Three times round the post goes PROTEUS with THATCHER at his heels, his fists wildly beating the air, and once the lamp-post. Then the pursued suddenly breaks out into the open and makes for the shelter of the next post. THATCHER pounds after him, hopelessly outdistanced in the open. PROTEUS gains his second line of defence, and stopping puts his head round it.

"Attempted assault," he pants. "There's a pleece station in Brentford!" and producing a small object from his pocket places it to his lips. In a moment the air is rent by the loud sharp tones of a police whistle.

A roar of laughter breaks forth from the coaly consumers.

Meanwhile Mr. THATCHER reaches the second post. Circular pursuit as before, PROTEUS still blowing loudly at his whistle. Again he breaks out into the open. This time he contents himself with running round and round in the middle of the road in a wide circle, blowing lustily all the time. Soon the baffled Mr. THATCHER stops and mops a massive brow.

In due course a policeman arrives and approaches PROTEUS, stationary now but still in full blast.

"Now then, now then," he demands unsympathetically, "wot's yer troubles?"

The coaly consumers flock round. PROTEUS at last takes the whistle from his mouth.

"I charge this man with assault," he declaims, indicating the outraged landlord with an accusing forefinger. "I charge 'im with attempted assault an' refusin' money under false pretences. I charge 'im with pursuin' of me with intent ter do bodily 'arm. Constable, do yer dooty."

A babel of voices ensues. Mrs. THATCHER, shrilly denunciatory, has joined the group. The coaly consumers tender simultaneous evidence. Eventually the

policeman turns to PROTEUS, and deliberately secures a comfortable grasp of his collar.

"I charge this man," begins PROTEUS with dignity, "with attempted——"

The policeman firmly turns him round.

"Come on, cockie," he remarks. "It ain't the first time an' it ain't the second neither," and marches him off down the road.

Gradually the little group dissolves. Mr. THATCHER, in a very hot and ruffled condition, lumbers back through the swing doors, followed by his wife, full of triumph and indignant reminiscence. The coaly consumers straggle jocosely after them, and the space before the

after hitting four to the boundary as to insist on running it out even after the ball was returned. Such horseplay of course greatly marred the pleasure of the thousands assembled on the ground. I have good reason to believe that the Boobyshire Committee will see that it does not occur again. L. J. Gossop.

ENGLAND v. NEW ZEALAND.

A sensational and unfortunate scene occurred towards the end of the New Zealand innings. PUM, the New Zealand slow bowler, standing at slip, was heard to sing a few bars of a comic song. Play of course ceased, while the umpires made him aware of the enormity of such conduct during the progress of our national game. He is not likely to repeat the offence, and for my part this is the last that will be heard of it.

M. B. C. TOUCHY.

THE APPROACH TO EDEN.

(More especially in August.)

"And so it comes that the drive to the Station is now, as it were, the entrance into a paradise."—*Extract from leading article, on the delights of the Holiday Season, in the "Daily Mail" of Aug. 1.]*

This conclusion, arrived at by a wide-awake contemporary, in touch with the masses, would seem to put the matter in a new and attractive light. We

recommend the idyllic picture thus conjured up to the able poster-designers employed by the various railway companies for the purpose of inducing the adventurous to try their "Half-days," "Week-ends" and other excursions. The restful ease with which the lotus-eating cabman (hansom or growler) draws up at the grass-grown courtyard of the terminus; the deserted portico that only resounds to the cooing of the dove and the timorous tread of the rare explorer; the Rip-van-Winkle-like janitor at the old-world wicket-gate; the noon-day siesta of the other occupants (if any) of this moss-covered Temple of Peace—all these have hitherto escaped the notice of the unobservant holiday-maker, but there! we are just off to sample the same at Victoria! The prospect, indeed, of this approach to Eden is so alluring that we expect to spend the rest of the day there, if not the entire summer vacation.



THE EQUATOR.

Stout Customer. "I WANT A CRICKET SASH."

Cheeky Assistant (with notice to leave). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT THIS IS A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT ONLY!"

little hostelry is left once more to the undisturbed dominion of a blazing sun.

THE NEW CRICKET.

Regrettable Incidents.

SESSEX v. LANKYSHIRE.

I AM pained to have to end my account of the match by saying that Mr. FLUGSOME, who hitherto has been a perfect gentleman, scandalised both players and spectators by removing the bails between the overs and juggling with them. Cricket being more than a game—indeed, a sacrament—comment is needless. I may just add that I at once left the ground.

P. K. PLOBLOB.

WINTS v. BOOBYSHIRE.

One incident marred an otherwise delightful day. Mr. L. M. BINGS, the Boobyshire captain, so far forgot himself

THE IDEAS EXCHANGE.

ALTHOUGH the importance of the Idea as an article of commerce has already obtained some recognition, it has occurred to *Mr. Punch* that there still remains a wide field for enterprise in this direction that is practically uncultivated. He has therefore established an agency in order that ideas which, though valuable in themselves, cannot, owing to the circumstances of their thinkers, be converted to practical use, may be exchanged for others of equal worth and greater suitability. Appended are a few of the advertisements already received:

BISHOP (moderate), having really sound and workable scheme for successful burglary without violence, thoroughly thought-out but of no present use to advertiser, would exchange it for course of Lenten Sermons or a few tactful Reproofs to Ritualists. — Address Box 43, *Punch* Office.

MINOR POET, frequently described as one of the most cultured of modern singers, wishes to correspond, in strict confidence, with Music-hall comedian. Offers original and highly amusing gags for knock-about scene, and would take in exchange the suitable conclusion of a rhymed couplet beginning

"Oh wan pale parent pendent o'er thy babe."

R. S. V. P. to The Laurels, Lower Tooting.

PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, with magnificent ideas for reorganisation of Russian Empire by means of flying-machines and invisible boats, offers same in return for practicable scheme for dodging male attendant whose society has ceased to entertain. — Reply, by letter only, to "LUNA," The Retreat, Lytham.

DRAMATIST (once acted by amateurs), having a brilliant and original Plot, equally suitable for Blank Verse Drama, Cantata, or Musical Comedy, is now changing his profession, and would dispose of the above for any good notions on the subject of how to make bee-farming pay. — Address "Dispositus," The Hive, Dorking.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As to *Saint Elizabeth of London*, by **LUCAS CLEEVE** (**JOHN LONO**), the Baron, readily admitting the undoubted cleverness, or, more strictly speaking, the exceptional cleverness, with which a certain type of the modern æsthetically pious feminine is herein described, opines that this novel would have been improved by a second part. Or, it might have been completed somewhat after the manner in which **THACKERAY** concluded *Vanity Fair*. The story breaks off at a moment that *must* be the turning-point in the lives of *Lady Betty* and her husband, and leaves the interested reader curious as to what will be the outcome of the most strange and, it must be admitted, highly improbable scene that shows the temporary re-union of this ill-assorted couple. Ill-assorted indeed, for *Lady Betty* is a Burne-Jonesian woman, lovely, artistically draped (always more or less in the limelight), and of Anglo-ritualistic proclivities in the way of prayers to saints, not to be found in the authorised Church of England prayer-book, childishly delighting in private oratories, decorated altars, crucifixes, and somewhat eccentric devotions, all of which pious practices are not inconsistent with this pure model of a wife falling in love with a heavy, selfish, sentimental sot, to whose conversion from the error of his drinking ways she has devoted herself; and of this muddle-headed Lothario *Lady Betty's* lawful husband, an unprincipled but impressionable *roué*, becomes excusably, nay rightly, jealous. *Saint Elizabeth of London* is the nickname cynically bestowed upon her by Society, which, apparently aware only of the legend of the roses (which story does not, it seems, appear in *Acta Sanctorum*), appraises her piety at its true value; for "Society" intuitively perceives the

difference between real diamonds and paste, and Society's experienced judgment is sound. Admirable is the authoress's *finesse* as shown in her portrait of the half-converted toper *Sir Philip*, who is a cad of the very first water, or rather brandy-and-water. *The Lady Betty*, "looking beautiful in the French cambric girlish frock she chose" as the costume in which to receive and preach to her lover, whom she permits to "throw his arms around her" and to "bow his head upon her breast" ("Thy weary head upon my breast"—old song), while she stands "stroking his head with her hand," is, at barely twenty years of age, a consummate coquette, dangerous to herself and to those with whom she may be brought into intimate relations. The character of *Lady Betty* is powerfully and remorselessly analysed by **LUCAS CLEEVE**, who indeed spares none of her creations, being cynically severe in her "living pictures" of such originals as she has mentally photographed. But her readers will scarcely forgive her for breaking off so abruptly, as every one of them, like the recipient of *Sam Weller's* valentine, will "vish as there was more." True; but how does that Wellerian sentence finish? Let it be given in its entirety:—"She'll vish as there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'!" Substitute "romance" or "novel" for "letter," and there you have a tribute, in this instance, to the art of **LUCAS CLEEVE**.

The Baron does not, as a rule, notice in the columns of the "Booking Office" the contents of magazines. But the article in the Summer Number of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, entitled "*Mr. Punch's Pocket Books*," has a special interest for all *Mr. Punch's* readers, especially those who are fortunate enough to possess an entire set of these *Pocket Books*, which must now be catalogued amongst the rarities of Literature and Art. Here are to be seen excellent reproductions of quaintly frolicsome goblinessque work by the incomparable **DICKY DOYLE**; pictures (originally in colour) portraying with irresistible comicality the humours of the day by **JOHN LEECH**; and keenest humour expressed with artistic grace in the crowded and clearly defined pencillings by **SIR JOHN TENNIEL**. The history of the *Pocket Books* is given in this article, and much instruction as well as amusement may be gathered therefrom.



Contribution towards the Entente.

At the entertainment to be given to the French naval officers in Westminster Hall on Saturday, August 12 (St. Grouse Day), "the *déjeuner*," the *Times* informs us, "will be provided by the House of Commons refreshment department under the direction of Mr. C. KING." It will give our gallant guests some idea of our naval resources when they see how splendid a luncheon service can be set before them by an English "Sea King."

Another Mare Clausum.

The persistent report that Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, and America are about to close the Atlantic Ocean to foreign war-vessels should be accepted with some reserve, pending official confirmation.

From "Etiquette," by "Lady Clare" in *The Lady*:—"When dining or lunching with friends, you would not fold them up, but merely place them on the table when you rise to leave."

THE AUTOMOTORAMIC COMPANY, LTD.

PROSPECTUS.

Capital, £100,000 in £1 Shares.

THIS Company is constituted for the purpose of supplying a want long felt. The senseless restrictions which legislation has imposed upon the speed of motors promises to retard an industry to which we look to maintain England in the proud position which she has hitherto held among the Great Powers.

Accordingly the Automotoramic Company proposes to acquire the inventions of CLAYBURY CANE-HILL, Esq., for the purpose of affording real sport for motorists, while removing them from the vexatious control of the police. The risk of damage to cars by bumping against things which persist in getting in the way will also be obviated.

The inventions relate to the provision of a circular track in the Company's own absolutely private grounds, on which there will be standing room for a very large number of motors. On each side of the track an endless panorama of scenery, from the brushes of our best scenic artists, will be erected on rollers. Motors will arrive under their own petrol and, on taking up positions, each will be securely anchored down. On the word "Go" being given, the panorama will be whirled at forty miles an hour, while steam-driven fans will supply an appropriate air-blast, coupled with the braying of fog-horns. Ingenious automatic contrivances will also disseminate dust (on the principle of the sand-blast) blended with the smell of petrol in a state of imperfect combustion, so that all the essentialities of a really enjoyable motor-ride at high speed will be supplied.

The only agreement entered into is between the promoters and the vendor, who agrees to accept the sum of £50,000 for his inventions (£1 down and the rest in shares).

Encroachments of the Sea.

ACCORDING to the *Wrexham Advertiser's* account of the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres, "the general" (? General's) "idea was that an enemy had landed in the vicinity of Birmingham." No wonder that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S City should be a hotbed of Protection.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

(At 90° in the Shade.)

BLEST sprite, that flittest through the air
'Neath summer suns, devoid of care,
And underwear;

I envy thee, distracting fly,
Thou look'st so fresh and cool, while I
Can't though I try.

No collar donned at Fashion's beck,
Depends, a moist and crumpled wreck,
About thy neck.

CABS À LA RUSSE.

IT is stated that a hundred Russian *droschki's* are shortly to be introduced into London, by way of protest against the vagaries and inconveniences of the present cab service. We are fain to inquire if the drivers and their ways are to come along with these engaging little vehicles. If so, we shall witness some minor comedies in the streets and on the cab-ranks. One feature, at any rate, we expect will prove popular. On account

of the inadequate support provided by the back of the conveyance, it is within the bounds of etiquette for a gentleman to put his arm publicly round the waist of any lady whom he may be accompanying. At first, it may lead to protests on the part of Mrs. GRUNDY against Mixed Cab-riding; but doubtless we shall soon get used to such a touching, simple custom. We cannot have ladies, of any age or appearance, falling out backwards when the pavement is a trifle uneven, or the *izvostchik* whips up his horse too energetically.

Perhaps, also, the Muscovite custom of bargaining for the fare will be sanctioned by the authorities. It will be a pure delight to the onlookers to watch the hirsute and thickly-padded IVAN IVANOVITCH, late of the Millionaya, S.P.B., declaring by all the wonder-working saints that he cannot consent to drive his client from Charing Cross to Pall Mall for less than five shillings, and finally coming down to four-pence. "Tea - money," too, to be promptly converted into vodka or quass, will be exacted by our enterprising Vankas, to the great enlargement of the licensed victualer's vocabulary.

At any rate, we await the *droschki's* with interest, and no doubt the London street-

boy will be equal to the occasion, and provide them and their drivers with some endearing pet-name. After that, will Tokyo kindly oblige with some rickshas? In view of the alliance we do not wish to become too Russianised—but hansoms have had their day, and some substitute is being badly whistled for throughout the metropolis.

A PUBLISHER announces *The Red Laugh*. This is to be followed by *The Purple Yawn*, *The Heliotrope Hiccough*, and *The Crushed Strawberry Sneeze*.



SEASIDE PRECAUTION.

"FATHER, WET YER 'AIR. YOU'LL GET SUNSTROKE!"

No hard-boiled shirt; no fancy vest
Lies nightmare-like on thine oppressed
And simmering chest.

I envy thee; ah would I too
Might brave, untrousered, e'en as you,
The public view.

A handkerchief, a string of beads
Such as the Hottentot concedes
To Custom's needs -

These, and a brush or so of paint
I'd gladly wear without complaint,
Only I mayn't!

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

II.

[To a Lady who asked the writer whether he believed in thought-reading.]

Is that most trying hour of all the day,
 When hallowed custom claims this act of grace,
 That men should throw the unfinished weed away
 And join the ladies in another place;
 When, torpid with excess of meat and drink,
 In single file, a ludicrous procession,
 We feel the mood of exaltation sink
 Down to the nadir, point of worst depression;—

Noting my apathy, you deftly sought
 A likely theme to pierce the carnal cloud,
 And asked if I believed that human thought
 Might by a special gift be read aloud;
 I answered "Certainly; for by your look
 That gift is yours and, if you care to use it,
 My mind just now is like an open book,
 And you are very welcome to peruse it."

That was my flattery. You read me wrong.
 When you divined that in my vapid brain
 One lonely thought revolved:—*How long, how long
 Before I get the chance to smoke again!*
 I had another, chastely held in check,
 And it was this (for absence makes me bolder):—
*I really rather like the way her neck
 Goes with the pretty dip to meet her shoulder.*

But, gravely, you who probe the inner man—
 I'd not discourage you with cynic smile
 From reading people's thoughts as best you can,
 If they are legible and worth your while;
 But here in so-called England you will find
 This art of yours a thankless thing to follow,
 For when you perforate our outer rind
 You come on nothing but a yawning hollow.

Void of ideas, and vain of being void,
 We eat and sleep and rise to play at ball,
 Cocksure that we are far too well employed
 To want to entertain a thought at all;
You must not think between (or during) meals!
 This is our law; and, if it grew more lenient,
 Conscience might trouble us with vague appeals,
 And that would prove extremely inconvenient.

Thought is the root of action, saith the Sage,
 Which might include self-sacrifice at need;
 Therefore, ere yet it reach the thinking stage,
 We nip that noxious poison in the seed;
 For, once the germ I mention makes a start,
 We soon should hear wild talk about the Nation,
 How each in Her defence should bear his part,
 A thing too horrible for contemplation!

Such are the reasons why the race maintains
 Its prophylactic vacancy of head,
 And it would save you much expense of pains
 To take the thoughts which aren't inside as read;
 Indeed, dear lady, till our habits mend
 And yield material for you to handle,
 Thought-reading seems a game on which to spend
 Only a very little length of candle. O. S.

Is its "Hints for Bicyclists," *Home Chat* says: "A little fuller's earth dusted inside the stockings, socks and gloves, keeps the feet cool." Nothing, however, is said of the use of rubber soles as a protection against sunstroke.

THE CRICKET OF THE FUTURE.

[Being an extract from the "Weekly Sportsman" of 1920.]

["Playing for averages bids fair to become the curse of cricket."

Daily Paper of 1905."What in the world do cricketers want with a tea interval?"—*Ibid.*]

AS air of profound peace pervaded the Lord's Cricket Ground on Monday morning when Wessex and Mudfordshire began their annual six-day match. Had it not been, indeed, for the usual sprinkling of insomnia patients on the Mound, and the well-filled seats of the Pavilion, which has recently been leased to Dr. BLENKINSOP as a rest-cure sanatorium, the charming St. John's Wood enclosure would have been well-nigh deserted. The apathy of the public towards this most interesting match was all the more remarkable since it practically formed the climax to this season's race for the top place in the batting averages.

Punctually at five minutes to twelve MACFADDEN, the Wessex skipper, and SLOCUM, who fills a similar onerous position in the Mudfordshire eleven, appeared before the Pavilion to spin the fateful coin, both walking on tiptoe for fear of disturbing the rest-cure patients. When it became known that MACFADDEN, with his usual perspicuity, had prophesied correctly, a low murmur of applause arose from the members of his eleven, who evidently did not relish the prospect of three days of leather-hunting in the present weather.

A few minutes later SLOCUM and his men took the field, and on BLAGROVE (average 87·05) and WILKINSON (average 85·3) emerging from the Pavilion to open the defence for Wessex, the insomnia martyrs, who had been aroused by the excitement incident to the decision of the toss, settled themselves down for a nap.

It was obvious at once, from the caution with which they approached their tasks, that both batsmen, intent on increasing their averages, were prepared to take no risks. Finely though JONES and JAMRACH bowled, they could make no impression on their sterling defence, and when one o'clock brought the milk-and-soda interval the score on the board still stood thus:—

No. 1.	Total.	No. 2.
0	0	0

Shortly after the resumption of play, SAUNDERS, as third man, fumbled the ball, thus enabling BLAGROVE to open the Wessex account with a single. This occurrence seemed to galvanise WILKINSON into life, and he instantly began hitting out more freely, scoring no fewer than seven runs in the next twenty minutes. After this, however, the play quieted down again, owing, principally, to the clever tactics of BLAGROVE, who, by scoring a single off the last ball of each over, kept the bowling entirely to himself, thus preventing his rival from further increasing his average. The Sherry-and-Bitters interval at 1·40 found the two batsmen still in partnership, nor did any change ensue during the play which occupied the last ten minutes before lunch, when the score stood at

No. 1.	Total.	No. 2.
17	28	11

Soon after lunch WILKINSON created a considerable sensation by hitting the first boundary of the match, a neat glide to leg, which reached the Mound railings before ARBUTHNOT—who had been dozing on one of the campstools with which all the outfielders are thoughtfully provided when WILKINSON and BLAGROVE are at the wickets—was sufficiently awake to stop it. This stroke provoked such a round of applause from the solitary occupant of Block B. that Dr. BLENKINSOP was obliged to send round a special emissary to check his enthusiasm, applause from the spectators (or spectator) being strictly forbidden by the terms of his lease.

As the gin-and-ginger interval drew near runs came more freely, twelve being added in forty minutes, with the result that the 50 went up on the board after three hours' play. With a view to keeping them down, SLOCUM wisely decided



THE CALL TO ARMS.

JOHN BULL (*aroused from slumber and only half awake*). "WHAT'S WRONG?"

LORD ROBERTS (*the warning Warbler*). "YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY UNFITTED AND UNPREPARED FOR WAR!"

JOHN BULL (*drowsily*). "AM I? YOU DO SURPRISE ME!"

[*Goes to bed again.*]

[*Vide speech by Lord Roberts at meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, Mansion House, August 2.*]





"WEEL, SANDY MY BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"EH, MON, BUT I'M DREADFUL ILL! I WAS SORTING MY MEDICINE BOTTLES T'OTHER DAY, AN' I WAS AFRAID SOME O' IT WAS GOIN' BAD, SO I TOOK IT!"

to put on TWADDLER at the nursery end. As neither batsman could hope to play TWADDLER's leg-throws without running some risk of being caught, they wisely left them alone, with the result that the famous left-hander came out with the following remarkable analysis:—

O.	M.	R.	W.
17	17	0	0

Tea was taken, as usual, at 4.30, and shortly after play was resumed BLAGROVE cleverly ran his partner out, thus getting rid of his most formidable rival for premier honours in the batting list. His action aroused some adverse comment from the occupant of Block B., an old-fashioned gentleman who seems to have been thinking of the time, ten years ago, when to run your partner out intentionally was still considered bad form. But considering that this modern development is only a natural outcome of the keen competition for averages, we cannot see that his ill-natured remarks were warranted.

[A hiatus in the account of this most interesting match gives reason to believe that the example of the rest-cure patients proved too much for our reporter. He does not take up the thread of his discourse again until Saturday evening, when he writes thus:]

And so the great contest between Wessex and Mudfordshire

ended in a very even draw. During the first three days Wessex scored 391 for the loss of seven wickets, and then declared the innings closed. During the last three days the Mudford batsmen, playing very bright cricket, knocked up a total of 370 for six wickets. What would have happened if it had been possible to continue the match for another fortnight it is impossible to say. We cannot, however, refrain from congratulating UPJOUR, the famous stonewaller, on his superb 120 not out, which, occupying as it did a little over fourteen hours, eclipsed all his previous records for care and circumspection, and raised him from the fifth to the fourth place in the averages.

Appended is our usual table showing the present positions of the leading counties in the Championship—an absurdly old-fashioned institution to which the authorities still cling.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Points.
Lancashire ...	17	0	0	17	0
Yorkshire ...	13	0	0	13	0
Surrey ...	15	0	0	15	0
Kent ...	12	0	0	12	0
Gloucestershire	13	0	0	13	0
Wessex ...	16	0	0	16	0
Mudfordshire...	14	0	0	14	0

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that some of the greetings in French in our streets led our visitors to believe that Esperanto had obtained a greater hold over here than is the actual case.

The *Entente* crops up in unexpected places. It has been decided that at the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference the English and French languages shall be used jointly, and the official minutes are to be recorded in both languages.

As was expected, Mr. BALFOUR has categorically stated in the House that the Government were not responsible for Lord ROBERTS' speech concerning the unpreparedness of the Army for war. Their responsibility is limited to the unpreparedness.

However, one did not have to wait long for proof that Lord ROBERTS did not exaggerate the danger of the present condition of the Army. Two days after his speech a poem on the subject appeared by Mr. AUSTIN.

An attempt is to be made by Mr. HENNIKER HEATON to promote international brotherhood by the institution of universal penny postage. It is good to know that, if the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations should fail, there may still be this.

A sturgeon caught some time ago by a fisherman near Goole was forwarded to the KING in accordance with custom, but has now been returned with the intimation that HIS MAJESTY does not wish to enforce his right; and the problem propounded by the *Westminster Gazette*, "Can Fish Smell?" should now be solved without difficulty.

Homes have been established in Berlin for singing birds whose owners have left them behind on their departure for their summer holidays, and a bird of good pedigree may now command an entire *suite* of apartments.

We trust that the Poor Law Commission which is about to be appointed will have power to consider whether something cannot be done in regard to the poor law of the average Act of Parliament, through which, as a rule, the traditional coach-and-four can be driven with ease.

Now that the Law Courts have closed for the vacation, we have been requested to voice a grievance which is a very real one. There is a growing tendency among litigants, after an action has been partly heard and the public has

become thoroughly interested in it—when, perhaps, it has reached its most exciting stage—to settle the matter out of Court. As often as not the Judge aids and abets. We think that when a case has once been partly reported in the Press the public has a vested interest in it, and is entitled to protection against the parties.

At a performance of "looping the loop" in Hanover there was a praiseworthy innovation. The vehicle containing the artist fell off the track among the audience, injuring many of them, while the performer was scarcely hurt. This is undoubtedly the right way to put a stop to the demand for these foolish exhibitions.

"It is always a perplexing problem," says the *Ladies' Field*, "for a woman to find out how to indulge in any of our field or national sports and look nice at the same time." The failure which dogs the footsteps of female hockey-players is peculiarly deplorable.

Where to send our cats during the holidays is a problem which apparently worries many persons. Meanwhile a misogynist has written to complain of the large numbers sent to sea-side boarding-houses.

A dear old lady, on hearing that one of our China battleships had broken down on her way home, remarked that we must expect such mishaps if we build our vessels of that fragile material.

FRED. RAIKS, the American travelling boot-black, intends to visit, in addition to King EDWARD, the Czar of RUSSIA and the Emperor of JAPAN, if the difficult question of precedence can be arranged.

A Revenue Officer has written to the *Daily Mail* to say that "The vilest Scotch plain spirit, a few days old, with a little burnt sugar added, may be sold as fine old Irish whiskey, and vice versa." This is perhaps the most startling of all the "Falsehoods in Business" which have been exposed in the columns of our contemporary. Even the most wide-awake among us never guessed that fine old Irish whiskey might be palmed off on us as the vilest Scotch plain spirit.

By the by, the "No reasonable offer refused" fraud has not yet, we believe, been shown up. Allured by such a notice in a shop which exhibited a number of Continental oil paintings, all "guaranteed done by hand and signed," we made an offer of five shillings for the lot the other day, and the proprietor, a foreign gentleman, after trying to get us to be satisfied with two of the works of art, finally shuffled out of his agreement.

Some of our watering-places seem to be waking up at last to the necessity of offering increased attractions to visitors. At Filey, last week, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL formally opened a water-trough for donkeys.

The two following statements appeared in different parts of one and the same number of the *Express* last week. Which are we to believe? (1) "A pleasing compliment was paid by the Lord Chief Justice to Mr. Justice GILBERTSLEEVE, of the United States. The latter was presented to Lord ALVERSTONE at the Law Courts, and the unusual honour was paid of asking him to take a seat upon the Bench." (2) "A large tabby cat walked into the Lord Chief Justice's Court yesterday, sat down by the Judge, and listened to the evidence for a while, and then moved leisurely out."

ART IN ARCADY.

(AN IDYLL.)

Strephon.

"FAIREST AMARYLLIS, why

Let proud fashion's freaks delude you?
Lay those frills and flounces by!

For that simple gown I sigh

Which you wore when first I wooed you."

Amaryllis.

"Foolish STREPHON! were your lore

In such matters more extensive,
You would praise that gown no more,
Since of all I ever wore

It was far the most expensive.

In these sultry days, when ordinary butter can with difficulty be induced to sit up in the shade, we welcome a new brand to which reference (though not by name) is made in the *Girl's Own Paper* for August. One of its "Reliable Receipts" begins as follows:—"Line a dish with butter that will stand the fire."

FROM the Glasgow *Evening Citizen's* report of a recent action for the infringement of a patent for printing and delivering tram-tickets, we learn that "the introduction of electric tramways has developed the number of people who travel by enormous strides." This, of course, is due to the foolish habit of attempting to overtake these rapid cars *en route*.

REFLECTION BY MR. JOHN CORBETT ON SEEING HIS HORSE, AFTER MANY MISADVENTURES, WIN THE ALEXANDRA WELTER HANDICAP.—"Everything comes to the horse that waits—even the winning post."

"THE iron has entered into my sole," as the man remarked when he trod on an upturned tack.

VILLANELLE OF CRICKET.

ON summer days I asked no more
Than this,—while burns a sultry sun,
To sit within the tent and score.

To watch a batsman drive for four,
And "extra cover" make it one,—
On summer days I asked no more.

So for an hour, while others bore
The fielding's brunt, I thought it fun
To sit within the tent and score.

Hour followed hour,—still I must pore
Upon dull sheets and notch each run.
(On summer days I asked no more!)

Thus on and on the long day wore;
Alas! I could prevail on none
To sit within the tent and score.

Then came the bowlers, hot and sore,
And found *analyses* not done!

On summer days I asked no more
To sit within the tent and score.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

AT 9 A.M. this morning Mr. CHARLES BURGESS SWIMBURNE, the redoubtable Northumbrian acrobat, commenced his great attempt to negotiate the passage of the Channel amid a vast concourse of spectators. Interviewed an hour and a half before immersion the athlete remarked to our representative that everything depended upon the Wheel of Fortune, "but unfortunately," he added with a laugh, "one can never tell which way it is going to turn." Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING (the poet) who was present, and was also interviewed, wished the swimmer all success, but expressed a fear that the scour of the Channel tide might eventually upset his apple-cart,—an apprehension which unfortunately proved only too well grounded. A telegram was received from Mr. W. L. MURDOCH containing the words, "Our boys wish you luck," and M. LOUBET wired, "Hearty felicitations upon your so splendid undertaking."

At 8.30 A.M. Mr. SWIMBURNE set out from Dover Pier for Danger Point, conveyed by the entire strength of the British and French fleets, and accompanied by the sounds of "For he's a jolly good fellow," played upon gramophones. Arrived at the fateful rock he prepared for his long encounter with the deep. The athlete wore a motor-cap, mask, and goggles of a peculiar pattern, and his body was entirely coated with a strong solution of equal parts of plaster of Paris and Yorkshire pudding; he also wore patent leather boots covered by goloshes, this last precaution being taken to prevent a recurrence of the accident which happened to Mr. POBBLE,



Englishman (to Friend). "THERE GOES THAT AWFUL LIAR, WHO SAYS HE HAS CLIMBED EVERY THING UNDER THE SUN."

Friend. "DON'T CALL HIM A LIAR. RATHER SAY HE HAS A GREAT TALENT FOR EXAGGERATING THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED."

a previous swimmer, who had the bad luck to get his feet wet.

At 8.55 A.M. Mr. SWIMBURNE (who had previously partaken of a light breakfast of pâté de foie gras, quails in aspic, and trifle) sang a comic song, and, punctually to the hour, lit a cigarette and entered the water—amid the united strains of the Marseillaise and the National Anthem (proceeding from the warships). He started strongly with his famous Brest stroke.

12.30 P.M.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is now five miles from Dover and going well. He has just taken a second breakfast of iced melon and Vaccaril. He has adopted the Trudgeon stroke.

2 P.M.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is now six miles from Dover. He has taken a third breakfast, consisting of lobster salad and milk chocolate, and is singing comic songs on his back.

3.30 P.M.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is going comfortably. He has just taken a fourth breakfast, and says he feels remarkably fit, considering. He is now about 4½ miles from Dover and using a side-stroke.

Later.—Mr. SWIMBURNE is two miles from Dover. He has abandoned the side-stroke, but is not at all exhausted. He is still singing.

Stop Press Telegram. Mr. SWIMBURNE landed at Dover at 8.35 P.M. He is chatting comfortably, and singing a com— (Remainder of message blurred in delivery.)

Commercial Ambiguity.

FROM a window in the City: "Buy our Boots. Every pair will bring the customer back." This is not clear. Will the customer be inside the Boots, or outside them?

BILKINGTON SQUIRE.

"Are all you chaps asleep?" remarked *Bilkinson Squire*, Champion Old English Sheepdog and winner of a hundred prizes. It was midnight, and the central hall of the Dog Show was in darkness, save where a flickering lamp marked the place where the night attendant lay snoring heavily, and dimly illuminated the long lines of benches.

"Asleep!" snarled a neighbouring Collie, shaking his chain with an angry rattle. "Not a chance! Here I've been barking twelve hours at a stretch, and my head 's fit to split."

"So 's mine," moaned an Airedale terrier, "and now Master's gone and left me sore at heart."

"Heart only?" sneered a Borzoi. "Why, great shanks and marrowbones! I'm sore all over! What with combing and grooming, there's no pleasure left in scratching, or anything left to scratch, as far as that goes."

"That's nothing to me," yelped a corded Poodle; "I'm shaved dangerously close one half, and the other tied up in excruciatingly tight pink bows while the language, if I so much as shake my head, isn't fit for a well-bred dog to listen to."

"What a life!" bayed a deep-voiced St. Bernard, from a distant bench. "We're for all the world like a parcel of schoolgirls at a strict boarding school, never allowed to lark or fight or jump into green scummy ponds or roll in the long wet grass when we want to."

Bilkinson Squire clucked good-humouredly.

"Cheer up," he said. "Think of the honour and glory, boys."

"Honour and glory!" snapped a wire-haired Terrier. "What's the good of that—you can't kill it. Give me a rat in a rick before all the honour and glory in the world."

"Rats?" exclaimed a prick-eared Skye. "Who said Rats?" and the chorus ran along the benches.

"Stop it!" said *Bilkinson Squire* angrily, "or you'll wake the man, and the wrong dogs will get whacked as usual. Why can't you keep quiet like my little friend King Charlie here, with his tongue hanging out at one side as good as gold?"

"Don't laugh at my tongue," pleaded the little dog, goggling his eyes wistfully. "I've got to keep it there. It's a point!"

"Point or no point, it didn't do you much good in the ring," chipped in a Schipperke. "Is it true you actually flew at the judge when she didn't give you a prize?"

"Quite true," replied King Charlie. "I heard my mistress say she was a cat, so, of course, I went for her."

"Cats—who said Cats?" began the

Yorkshire terriers, but *Bilkinson Squire* hurriedly suppressed them.

"Look here," he said, "if you fellows will keep quiet I'll tell you the tale of my life. Like my other it's quite short and rather lively. To begin with, it's a popular fallacy to think a dog is judged on his points, it's merely a question of breeder and pedigree, and though mine are the envy of every kennel in the county as a matter of fact my origin is unknown—and I am no more *Bilkinson Squire* than that dish of biscuit at my side."

Having thus reduced his audience to breathless attention, he resumed:

"Three years ago my late master bought me from a travelling tinker for half-a-crown. I was a big chap, and he got me into condition with a view to getting a bit more than his money back at the shows. I should be sorry to say how much he dropped over the transaction. It was heart-breaking work for both of us. We were always the first to be waved aside in the ring, and the coveted prize-tickets seemed to adorn every pen on the bench but mine. I was as fine a dog then as now, but I was unknown, and likely to remain so."

"One day, at a big show in the Midlands, when my master and I were heartily sick of the whole business, I found myself in the next pen to the Champion Old English Sheepdog of the country, who swept the board of prizes at every show he went to. I looked at him over the small wire partition that divided us, and he looked at me. Looked!

We stared, and no wonder, for we were as like as two peas. From the lop of our ears to the last patch of colour on our flanks we were absolutely identical, and as I looked I laughed rather bitterly at the irony of fate.

"'Hallo,' he cried in amazement, 'where on earth did you come from?'

"'Heaven knows. I don't,' I replied, flippantly; 'but I can tell you where I'm going to. After to-day my Master takes me home and sells me to the butcher for five bob!'

"'Will the butcher show you?' he said.

"'Oh dear no,' I replied; 'he's only got a fancy for me. I shall run after the cart, eat the scraps and sleep on the sawdust.'

"'Lucky chap!' he groaned. 'Just the life I've always longed for. I'd give the world to be in your pen!'

"'And I—to be in yours,' I replied, bitterly.

"He looked furtively round—it was lunch time and the place was deserted.

"'Come along over, then!' he said—with a strange thrill in his voice, and next moment, with a rattle of claws against the wire, the deed was accomplished. The transformation was com-

plete. I was Champion *Bilkinson Squire*, and speedily surrounded by a group of admirers who, having first read my credentials, proceeded to demonstrate to their friends the matchless superiority of my points. Presently I noticed out of the corner of my eye my old master approach the next pen; but all he did was to cuff the real *Bilkinson Squire* on the head for being a failure, and lead him away to complete his bargain with the butcher.

"Since then, as you know, my career has been one unbroken line of brilliant successes, I am worth a fabulous amount of money, and I have never once regretted the day when I changed places and pens with *Bilkinson Squire*—nor, to all appearances, has he.

"I saw him two days ago, as I was on my way here in a cab. We were blocked by the traffic just as we were abreast of a prosperous butcher's shop, and there he lay among the sawdust beside the block, gross as a pig, his coat a mass of clotted tangles. He opened one eye, and recognised me.

"'How goes it?' I said.

"'All right,' he replied, in an oozy voice. 'Look at our stock—no Canterbury lamb here, if you please. By the way, if you see a mongrel Retriever round the corner tell him I'm ready for the last round at 9.30 to-night in the mews at the back. How's yourself?' But without waiting for a reply he began scratching methodically, and was still so employed when my master pulled my head in and put the window up, for fear I should get a cold in my eye. And that's all about it," concluded *Bilkinson Squire*.

He paused—but the only sound that reached his ears was an occasional snore, grunt, or a deep sigh, as with twitching limbs and in uneasy attitudes his exhausted audience snatched a little fitful slumber against the last day of the Show.

NOT GUILTY.

On, the silly season's reigning belle
Is the Thriftless Wife of the *Daily Tel*.—
A frivolous, frilly, expensive flirt,
With the newest sleeve and the latest
skirt;—

But they're all quite wrong who describe
her so;

For the female fop, as I soon will show,
'Mid the thriftless can't be placed;
For it stands to reason, the constant aim
Of the silk-draped, chiffon-frilled, lace-
flounced dame

Is the *smallest possible waste*.

GERMAN PESSIMISM AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH FLEETS.—The lesson of Brest has been taken to heart.



First Fond Mamma (whose hopes have lately been dashed). "OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON DEAR VIOLET'S ENGAGEMENT, MRS. HOOKHAM."

Second Fond Mamma (whose hopes have been realised). "THANK YOU. WE ARE DELIGHTED. CAPTAIN NORTON IS SUCH A CHARMING FELLOW."

First Fond Mamma. "YES, AND SO SELF-SACRIFICING!"

THE WONDERFUL BOY OF OLD.

(A Schoolboy's View.)

Oh, much have I read in prose and verse,
And many a tale is told
That makes a fellow to-day seem worse
Than the wonderful boy of old:
A regular nugget without alloy,
His master's pride and his parents' joy,
A big-brained, muscular, model boy,
A wonderful boy of gold.

He could jump as far as a kangaroo,
And run like a hunted hare;
Whatever he said was brave and true,
Whatever he did was fair.
The "sapping" that makes your senses swim,
And your hair stand up, and your eyes grow dim,
Was a kind of jolly good joke to him—
He did it with time to spare.

Whenever he bowled he gained a hat
By scattering wickets three;
He punished the bowling and kept his bat
As straight as a bat could be.
Oh, the balls he slogged and the balls he snicked,
And the goals he saved and the goals he kicked,
And the blustering bullies he fought and licked,
Were a marvellous sight to see!

And now he's a Judge in a tip-top wig,
A Colonel, or College Don,
This wonderful boy who started big
And never stopped getting on;
For no one ever could call a halt
To the boy who was born without a fault—
Though I take the tiniest grain of salt
With the tale of the paragon.

But he kept a rule, if a thing seemed right—
I hope I may keep the same—
To go and do it with all his might
And hardly a thought of fame;
For it isn't the winning that makes a man,
But it's playing the game on the good old plan,
As hard and straight as a mortal can—
In fact it's playing the game. R. C. L.

"Cruel only to be Kind."

KNACKERS, KNACKERS, KNACKERS!—Best possible prices given. Persons desirous of having old favourites or injured horses destroyed, send them to —, who uses them as food for wild animals, and therefore ensures that they are killed.—*Advt. in the "Evening Express" (Liverpool).*

One would like to know a little more about the wild animals, but we may take it that their clients would be secure against survival.



SOUND FINANCE.

Keeper to Herr von Guldenstein, the great German Financier, trying his hand at driven grouse. "NEVER HEED, MAN. HAVE ANOTHER TRY AT THEM. THEY'RE BOUND TO FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES."

Herr von G. "No, no! NEVER I MAKE SO. NEVER I—WHAT YOU SAY. THROW ZE GOOD MONEY AFTER ZE BAD!"

RECIPE FOR A SERIAL.

(See the machine-made Fiction running in certain dailies)

A MAID—or wife—or widow—with red hair,
And a cool cheek and pale;
Bright, mocking wit (not set down anywhere)—
Great, glinting eyes, soft faces, jewels rare,
And Doucet gowns, that trail.

A man of mark, who's in the Cabinet,
And has the Nation's ear;
His hands are clenched, his face is white and set,
The red-haired siren he cannot forget,
But has a wife—dear, dear!

The wife's a miracle of womankind,
All wrongs—and gracious curves,
Tho' suffering such agonies of mind
That secretly she weeps herself half blind,
Her beauty she preserves.

A close-lipped, strong-jawed Monarch of Finance,
Cynical, ruthless, tall;
All gold, save iron will and steely glance,
He winks, the markets rise, and then, perchance
He yawns, and down they fall.

Add now some Dukes and Marquises, to taste,
And "extra" ladies, please,
A wicked foreign Prince,—dark eyes, small waist,—
A lot of love, and commas too, misplaced,
And not a few of *these!!!*

Then let your puppets give their show, where'er
It's really smart to be;
Hurlingham, Ascot, Simla, and Mayfair,
Yacht, motor-car, balloon,—sea, earth, and air,
Sahara and Patee.

Sort 'em and dust 'em, when their task is o'er;
Fresh names, of course, they'll need,
A coat of paint, maybe,—and then, once more,
In *Daily Thrills* they'll figure, as before,
And he that runs (to catch his train) may read.

Under the head of "Live Stock" a Society contemporary recently advertised "Two Rosy Pastors in full song, 7s. 6d each." We do not know at what kind of entertainment these rubicund divines are supposed to appear, but we cannot help feeling that such performances should not be advertised in a secular organ.



Linley Sambourne, Del.

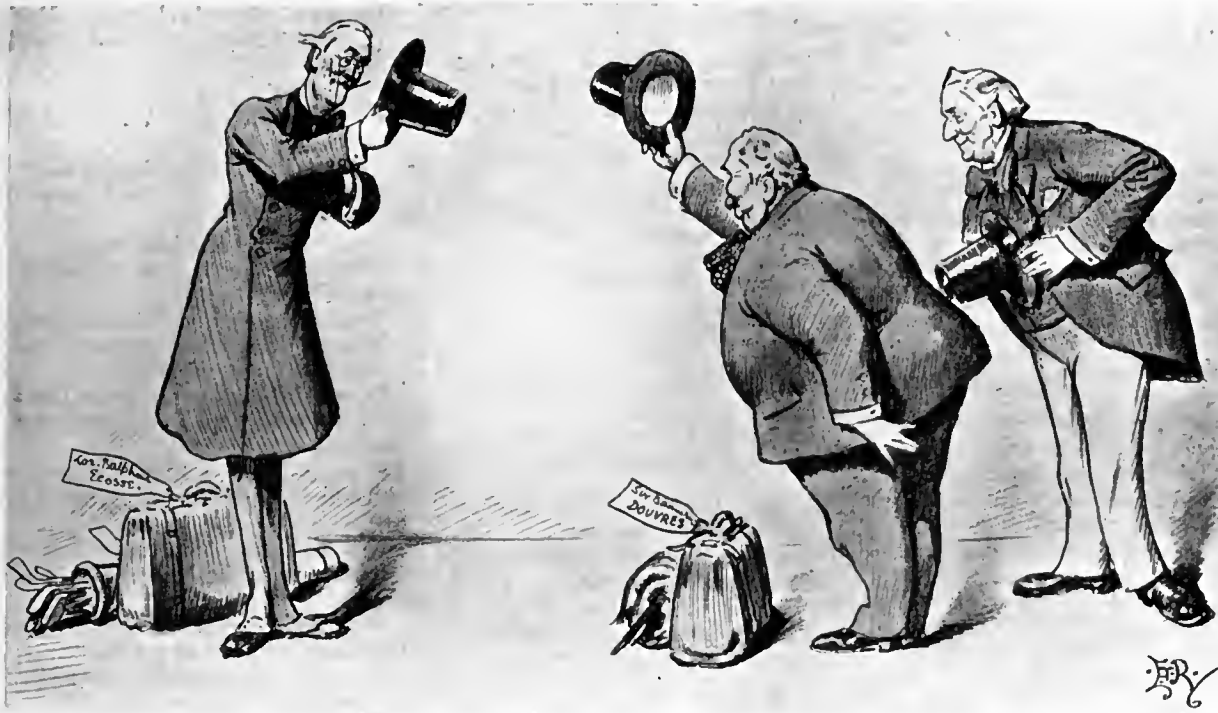
THE YIELD OF THE YEAR.

MR. PUNCH (*genially*). "WELL, FARMER, AND WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO CARRY YOUR HARVEST?"
FARMER BALFOUR (*with equal geniality, showing the sheaves*). "THIS IS THE HARVEST!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



SOME "EXTENTES CORDIALES" SEEM A LONG WAY OFF STILL.

Sir Cambel-Bammreman. "Au revoir, Milor Sir Balfour! I wish a-you what you call ze 'Goodatime'! Many 'appy New Year of 'Offisse.'"

Sir Balfour. "Mille remerciements and au revoir, cher Sir Bammreman! I 'ope you 'ave ze vairy nice 'bye-élections.' Adieu, Sir Asquidth; I per'aps meet a-yon on ze course of ze golfe-game-match."

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 7.—Hush fell on crowded House when, at Question time, **SIR JOHN BRODRICK** strode in.

Mallbrook s'en va-t-en guerre.

BRODRICK hasn't. Just as he turned his face to it word reached him from headquarters that he would better serve his country in the groves of peace at Westminster. Had arranged to be present this very afternoon at Primrose gathering at Cranleigh; prepared notes of speech demonstrating indispensability of present Government to welfare of State, safety of Enpire.

To watchful ear of the **PINK 'UX** came rumour of ambush nearer home. Making his daily peregrination of subterraneous passages of the House in search of contraband Radicals or Irish Members, his lantern flashed light on deep design. Instead of spending Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath or slopes of Greenwich, a wicked Opposition had planned surprise for patriotic Ministry. Ostentatiously announcing intention of taking a sail on the river in one of the penny steamboats they were to disembark at Westminster Bridge in groups of three, certainly not more than five. Between

Embankment and Westminster Yard there is subterraneous passage. Along this they were to glide, making their way by back entrances to the vaults connected with Ventilating Department. Here, iced-lemonade and cigarettes being provided at expense of anonymous person—the **PINK 'UX**'s spies brought him certain news that the remittance bore the Dover postmark—they were to remain till, the signal given, they should rush into the Central Lobby, dash past the paralysed Government Whip, snap a division, and so put **PRINCE ARTHUR** to the trouble of saying again that he would not resign merely because he had been beaten by an accident.

Such was the carefully elaborated scheme of a debased Opposition. They reckoned without the **PINK 'UX**. As the **BANBURY CAKE** admiringly observes, "You have to get up very early in the morning to catch that weasel asleep."

Having possessed himself of the enemy's plans, familiar with their signs and countersigns, he rapidly elaborated a means of countervailing the plot. Not only was a whip of alarming energy privately despatched to Ministerialists urging them to be in their places morn-

ing and evening, but able editors, roused from their slumbers in the dead of the night, were induced to print in their largest type direful hints calculated to cause to creep the flesh of the most indifferent. Not for the first time might the Capitol be saved by vocal alarm.

Climax reached in the **PINK 'UX**'s personal direct appeal to Secretary of State for India. "I am sure," he wrote, "that you and your friends in Surrey will see that the sacrifice asked of private Members must in fairness be asked of Ministers. Perhaps this will be appreciated more especially by those constituents who have the honour to be represented by a Cabinet Minister."

What could **ST. JOHN BRODRICK** do in response to appeal like this, at once dignified and blood-curdling? He did the one, the right thing. He left the Primrose Meeting to the counter-attractions of the dusky minstrels and the merry-go-round, and rallied to his comrades and his country at Westminster.

A great occasion, a thrilling scene; lacked only one element of success. There was no surprise, no ambush. On the contrary Ministerial majority ran up to over a hundred. Idle to deny that

Members who at considerable personal inconvenience had responded to frenzied call to battle looked askance at PINK T's. Mentally registered resolution not to be taken in again.

Business done.—Unemployed Bill rushed through final stages, sent on to waiting Lords.

Thursday.—Mr. JAMES CHRISTOPHER FLYNN gone back to County Cork a chastened man. Has had little joy of life in closing Session. Made several speeches marked by undiminished fluency and diminishing audience. For an Irish Member CHRISTOPHER is, to tell the truth, a dull dog. Endowed with national gift of flow of words, but they lead nowhither beyond the marsh of deadly common-place.

Disappointed and depressed by lack of appreciation, he, like his historic countryman driving at slow pace an outside car, "saved a trot for the animal." Glancing over Report of Irish Agricultural Department on the Sea and Inland Fisheries of Ireland, his eagle eye discerned opportunity to make the CHIEF SECRETARY squirm. He sat down quickly and drafted a question asking "whether the CHIEF SECRETARY'S attention has been called to the fact that over two hundred pages of a Blue Book are occupied with scientific investigations, diagrams and plates dealing with marine fauna, with noctiluca miliaris, muggiæ atlantica, pleurobrachia pileus, echinodermata, and other specimens of marine life interesting to naturalists, and only two pages to the questions of shoal fish and the present destruction of immature mackerel on the South Coast of Ireland."

When he rose to put his question from the printed list, ribald Members called out, "Read! Read!" Time was when, it being the rule for Members to recite questions addressed to Ministers, JAMES CHRISTOPHER would have had to syllable out noctiluca miliaris, muggiæ atlantica, and eke echinodermata. Naturally he was not, at the invitation of mischief-makers, inclined to give away his advantage of leaving these undesirable aliens in the silence of type.

WALTER LONO in his reply equally cautious. At one moment the eagerly-watching House observed his lips frame something that looked like pleurobrachia pileus. Thought better (or worse) of it; anyhow abandoned attempt; contented himself with curtly pointing out to FLYNN that there is a second volume of the Report, in which shoal fish are not neglected nor immature mackerel overlooked.

Thus was a fresh injustice to Ireland ignored by a reckless Minister.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill passed.

Friday.—Parliament Prorogued.

THE UNDESIRABLE IDEAL.

"Is the ideal car desirable?" is the rather paradoxical question which Mr. FRED. T. JANE answers in the negative in the course of an article in the current *Autocar*.—"Westminster Gazette")

What horseman loves the sober nag
That knows not how to play
In sportive mood the merry wag,
And while the tedious way?
Give him the cob with ear a-prick
And saucy unexpected trick,
With soul of flame and eye of fire—
'This is PHENOTHINES' desire.

So may my motor love to frisk
And gambol on its own;
There is but little sporting risk,
When all the odds are known.
I would not drive a car that did
Precisely as I chose to bid,
A motor that had never known
A will and temper of its own.

May mine, like frolic colts, delight
In unexpected swerves;
There's nothing like a sudden fright
To titillate the nerves.
And may it find a joyous thrill
In bolting down a breakneck hill,
Regardless of the puny brake,
And strewing chaos in its wake.

To skim at legal speed along
The uneventful way,
With nothing ever going wrong,
Is but the poorest play.
Give me the sportive motor which
Delights to take a casual ditch,
And does not fear to risk its fate
Over a sturdy five-barred gate.

May it demand incessant toil
And superhuman art,
And may the fiery petrol boil
Within its gallant heart.
May sparks and flashes fill the air
As looting through the streets I tear,
Not knowing when 'twill all explode
And scatter me along the road.

PAROLANTI LA LINGVO.

A Congress of Esperantists from Europe, India, Canada, and New Zealand was held at Boulogne last week. The official language was Esperanto, and discussions, concerts and theatrical performances are being held therein. The full title of the Congress was "Universala Kongreso en Boulogne-sur-Mer, sub la prezido de D-ro. ZAMENHOFF." In case any of Mr. *Punch's* readers are proposing to run the risk of a visit at this period, we are happy to present them with a short Anglo-Esperanto dialogue. It might be useful to the traveller on being accosted at the landing-stage by any cosmopolitan-looking gentleman with a badge and portrait of the worthy Doctor

and Inventor of "La Lingvo Internacia":—

Bonan tagon, Sinjoro, kiel vi sanas?
Pretty well, thank you—at least, I'm fairly sane, so far!

Tre bone! vi venis el Angllando?
You've hit it—that's where I've come from!

Per vaporsipo?
Well, I didn't swim! I'm not Miss KELLERMAN.

Haha! Mi vidas ke vi estas seka!
Yes, I am dry. I could do with a drink!

Kelnero, donu al mi la akvon.
Hold hard, put a little Scotch in it, old cock!

Vian sanon, Sinjoro! vi havas monon?
Money? Oh yes—suppose we toss?

Volonte... ho, mi gajnas!
So you do! you're a regular JACKSON!
Vi ne volas paroli Esperanton? vi min komprenas facile!

Ratoj!—I mean Rats! Excuse my bad lingvo! English is good enough for me!

Sed vi havus multajn lecionojn kaj ekzercojn apud la Kongreso! Nun mi iros tie.

Very well—you go and enjoy yourself. The Casino is more in my line!

Kaj ludi "malgrandajn ĉevalojn"?
Mi timas ke vi perdos!

Right-o! Never you mind, old chap! the "little horses" are what I came over for. I hope to pay my fare.

Nu, adiaŭ... Vivu l'Entento Kordiala! Tata! al plezuro!

Remember me to the Master!... Hullo, the Casino is chock-full of Esperantists, and they're all talking English except the croupier!... Why, there's old ZAMENHOFF himself... and he's spotted the winner!...

We think that by now our readers will have gathered a sufficient impression of the beauties of the new world-language—also, our Esperanto vocabulary has suddenly petered out. We recommend, after all, the Anglo-French of Portsmouth as a "lingvo" for the universe.
Zig-Zag.

Our Guests at the Guildhall.

French Naval Officer (to comrade). To rename one of the streets in honour of the occasion,—ah non! that was of course, in a city ancient as London, impossible. But see, then, what they have done, these brave Londoners. To the name of every street in their City they have added the letters "E.C."—*Entente Cordiale!* What could there be of more touching?

ORTHODOXY ON THE SOUTH COAST.—A Brighton barber displays on his wall the significant appeal:—"ANTISEPTIC SHAVING."



"BLANK" AMMUNITION.

A.-D.-C. "I SAY, BROWN, I THINK THE BRIGADIER WOULD LIKE YOU TO BRING YOUR MAXIM UP A LITTLE NEARER HIM."
[Liquid refreshment can usually be obtained from the ammunition-box of a machine-gun if you know the officer in charge.]



André. "How smart you look this afternoon, dearie!"

Dolly (who has been forbidden to ask if she may stay to tea). "Well, you see, I put on this costume, so that if anybody did ask me to tea I could stop." (*O'uncle's stricken*) "I—I haven't asked, have I?"

THE PLAINT OF THE BACHELOR UNCLE.

During the summer holidays,
Buoyed up with confidence pathetic,
I've tried to prove in various ways
That I am still not unathletic.
Equipped with everything complete
Bats, golf-clubs, racket, Beeston Hum-
ber

I came to find myself effete,
To prove myself a mere back number.

I started in a village match,
As Captain of the house eleven,
By missing a most easy catch
The batsmen then stayed in till seven.
I scored consistently—with "blobs";
Nor was my reputation mended
When I went on to bowl—with lobs
My solitary over ended.

Discarding cricket as a game
In which I was no longer O.K.,
I sought to vindicate my fame
By showing off my skill in croquet.
Vain confidence! for here again
I met with unretrieved disaster:
A stalwart nephew, rising ten,
Proved irresistibly my master.

My next essay was on the links,
Where, making certain of defeating
My school-girl niece, an agile minx,
I gave a third and got a beating.
I drove with all my heart and soul,
But none the less the little rascal
Was dorny at the thirteenth hole,
And at the last I lost my Haskell.

Tennis came next upon the list,
And here it was the self-same story.
The bounding ball I either missed
Or sent it hurtling into glory.
I never won a single set;
And when, by ill-success unsated,
I tried to jump the tennis net,
My cropper was unmitigated.

Next day, as everyone disclosed
Unchecked desire for fresh exertion,
I temerarily proposed
A little bicycle excursion.
For long I sadly lagged behind
My second wind completely failed me—
Until, contemptuously kind,
Two youthful scorchers homeward
trailed me.

'Twas then my sister, blunt of speech,
Who never falters at her fences,
Stepped suddenly into the breach,
And brought me swiftly to my senses.
"Dear Jous," she said, "why vainly
fight
With *unno domini*? Remember,
Although your figure still is slight,
You will be sixty in November."

Henceforward, bowing to this sane
And salutary admonition,
I have decided to abstain
From all unequal competition.
With my contemporaries I
Henceforth will strive, or Colonel
Borey;
For with the younger folk to vie
Is not the function of the fogey.

URBS IN RURE.

Scene. Field in rural district not ten miles from Metropolis, with children scattered about its area. Vicar, Curates, and Minor Officials from St. Perpetua's parish, E.C., engaged, in adjacent barn, in preparation of meal which they convey intermittently to tables in the open.

Vicar (mopping his brow). Whew! Hope we get 'em all back without sun-stroke! Thanks, Mrs. Crowdie. (*Dropping on to milking-stool, which School Caretaker nips with apron.*) Mulberry Bush, with practical demonstration, does rather take it out of a man of my age! I beg your pardon, Miss Beck?

Miss Beck (angular and agitated). Mr. Alwair, I've no wish to put myself forward, but after having taught in the school for seven years and never missed a Sunday I do consider I should have been consulted—I don't say asked—as to which table I'd pour out at! If anyone was to be banished round the corner of the barn with the Infant Class I should have thought Miss Hakes, as the newest among us, would have volunteered. Of course, it's Mr. Schreimer's arrangement, and no doubt the girl's flattered by getting the best position for the photograph, but if we'd had tea comfortably at the "King's Arms" instead of accepting Lady Emmington's offer to supply it *à fiscal*—

Lady Emmington (who has lately taken up parish work with a zeal not according to knowledge, hurrying towards them). Oh, have either of you a sixpence? I've found the sweetest blue-eyed cherub crying his heart out because he's lost one in a ditch, and I've nothing less than half a sovereign! His name's Eric Pryce, and he might really have sat for Bubbles! Do lend me—what are you laughing at?

Vicar (with twinkling eyes). Dear Lady Emmington, Eric Pryce is always so unfortunate with that particular sixpence!

Lady Emmington. You don't mean—oh, I don't believe it! I—

Girl Teacher (to Friend, looking across barn to where perspiring, shirt-sleeved Curate is cutting bread and butter). Doesn't Mr. Schreimer look beautiful with the light on his face like that? I think he has such a sad face, don't you? I felt quite choky on Sunday night when he said in his sermon that we all had our troubles. He always reminds me of Sir Lancelot!

Capable Secretary of Clothing Club (passing with large supply of buns). Who reminds you of Lancelot, Mary? Nobody here, I hope! Oh well, if you mean Galahad, you should say so, and not go taking away people's characters like that! Mr. Ockley, my dear man, do look what you're doing!—(*as nervous*)

School Superintendent *narrowly misses her eye with bread-knife*). I think from the noise down there that TOMMY PRITCHARD may have fallen off the tree from which he refused to descend the last time I pressed the point. It might be advisable to inquire.

Thomas Pritchard (*thoughtfully, to companion behind barn-door, as Superintendent shoots off*). Eyn't 'e like the keb-orse wot 'ed the steggars on the Stemferd Street renk lars' week? Now you listin ter me, JOHN WILSON. We're goin' 'ome at six, but Saint Collum's wot's in the field we parst by the styshing eyn't leavin' till ite-twenty, cos I give JIMMY MELLIN a bleck eye fer it. All we've got ter do is ter nick through them rilins by the pletform efter we're called over, en jine on ter them—see? 'Ullo, LIZZIEJINE—(*To advancing comrade with armful of field daisies*), where'd you pick them buttercups?

Lizziejine (*scornfully*). These eyn't buttercups, silly! These is dendyliuns.

Thomas Pritchard (*flushing uncomfortably*). Garn! Dendyliuns yerself! 'Oo was took en give a barth lars time she went inter 'orspital?

Friend of Lizziejine (*with loyal sarcasm*). Seems strynger ter you, I daresy! 'Tyn't a rewl et reformerties, preps! Never 'eed 'im, LIZZIEJINE! My mother says 'er fice is cleaner nor 'is mother's wen it's dirty! Oo-oo—(*Peeping into barn*). We're goin' ter 'ev a plite apiece, eyn't we, Lydy?

Lady Emmington. You quaint little people! Is it really the first time you've—just use your handkerchief, dear, use your handkerchief! What do you say? Oh! (*Looks helplessly at small cambric square which she produces from her pocket, and returns after moment of indecision*). Well, I—I—(*hurriedly*)—do what you generally do, then! What, dear Miss BECK? The table round the corner? Oh, charming! So secluded and shady! You and Mr. OCKLEY! I remember a cousin of my dear mother's—

Miss Beck (*acidly*). I haven't the slightest wish to be secluded with Mr. OCKLEY! It's Mr. SCHREIBER's arrangement, and of course I'm not small enough to be annoyed, but—

Lady Emmington. She owed her marriage to the fact that she poured out tea for a man at a School Treat. Of course—(*laughing pleasantly*)—I'm not suggesting—I mean it only reminded—

Miss Beck. I've put it before the

Vicar; only men are such cowards about blaming each other!

Lady Emmington. It was the more remarkable because she was one of those weird creatures you'd imagine would scare away any man. Hair plastered down with a wet brush, no waist, sevens in boots and gloves. Dear me! (*as Miss BECK, to whom description applies accurately, turns abruptly on heel*)—what an odd woman she is!

[*Interval occupied by final arrangement of crockery and eatables on tables, during which Lady EMMINGTON upsets two plates of sandwiches, in-*

Vicar (*louder*). One moment—will everybody—

Lady Emmington. Oh what a horrible—I mean brilliant idea! And how much nicer these quaint thick cups are than the kind that run about on your saucer, aren't they? Mrs. MULLINS, do you want some straw to tie round your—

Secretary of Clothing Club (*raising heavy urn with effort*). Straw to tie round me? Thanks, I'm not Ophelia or the March Hare yet, though I soon should be if I'd much of this! PETER BATES! (*To juvenile scout*). Take your hands out of that milk-jug and go away! We'll blow a horn when we want you! I can't think why the Vicar doesn't announce it!

Vicar (*hoarsely*). If—you—would—

First Curate (*anxiously to Second*). CANNING! I hear Miss BECK has some little feeling about my arrangement of the tables. I think if you asked her to sit next you at the front one—

Second (*fercently*). I'm blest if I will! You're senior!

[*Superintendent hurries to door and emits weird sounds from instrument which cause a few children in immediate vicinity to stand before him in admiring astonishment. Gathering of clans with appropriate remarks.*

"ELBERT! Wite fer me! 'f I see you 'it PERCY agine I'll tell your mother of you!"

"See, Teacher, I'm goin' ter tyke this 'ere toad 'ome ter JIMMY! Eyn't 'e knowin'! MARYEMMER says this field wos green jest like this lars year, Teacher!"

"Wot rummy milk in thet jug, Teacher! Wy eyn't it blew like wot we git et 'ome? K'ni move not nex' LAURER, Teacher? She's been a-

pinchin' of me somethin' crool!"

"Crool yerself! 'Oore you callin' crool?"

"Teacher, LIZZIE feels awful sick! We've been plyin' Flyin' Machine with 'er sime's they ed et the Exhibishin'."

[*Gradual settlement at tables. Miss BECK, unnoticed in confusion, retains seat on saddle in barn with air of Christian Martyr. Vicar hammers loudly upon table with knife-handle as Lady EMMINGTON asks each child before her if it takes cream and sugar.*

Vicar. We mustn't pause to sing grace, children, without remembering—

Children (*interrupting excitedly at first sentence*). Oory! Oory! Ry-ry-ry!



- A.T. SMITH -

(*Fare, alighting from Hansom, drawn by grey horse, angrily brushes hairs from his coat.*)

Cabby. "BEG PARDON, CAPTIN', IF I'D KNOWED YOU WAS GOING TO WEAR YOUR BRAND-NEW SUIT TO-DAY, I'D 'AVE 'AD THE OLD 'ORSE DYED!"

stantly scrambled for by children hanging round barn. Miss BECK, after further efforts to obtain a hearing from individuals too engrossed to accord it, retires to corner of building and seats herself on dilapidated saddle, from which she gloomily watches pretty Miss HAKES and Junior Curate lading milk into jugs from colossal cans.

Vicar (*endeavouring to convey instructions in prevailing hubbub*). Will you all—

Junior Curate (*confidentially*). Miss HAKES, if you tie this bit of straw round your cup-handle at tea, you'll be sure of getting the same one back when you send it up for a second—See?

THE GARDEN CURE.

[According to *Amateur Gardening* we have at hand a remedy for all troubles, if we only know it. All we have to do is to open our doors and live in our gardens.]

O SWEET it is, when sorrow wrings the hair,
Musing to wander in my garden fair,
And gently sniff the balmy Brixton air

I love the ivy green that clammers there,
The wayward bed of red nasturtiums where
The anxious snail constructs his private lair.

Defily disposed among the lines that bear
A motley wealth of new-mown underwear,
The passion flower unfolds her blossoms rare.

Some broken crockery, a casual pair
Of cast-off bootlets, a dismembered chair,
With other trifles that the neighbours spare

And there's my rockery and rustic stair,
Where poppies bloom, and wallflowers debonair,
And amorous cats their tender vows declare.

Whom, brick in hand, at dead o' night to scare,
Doth ease the bosom of a load of care.
Lo! how the whistling scap-dish makes them swear!

Let others yield to Town's pretentious snare,
My rustic bliss they cannot hope to share,
Not though their homes abut on Belgrave Square!

ALGOL.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Practical Hints by a Family Physician.

FIRST, I would say, eat nothing at all. There is the whole secret as far as diet is concerned. And, further, from the mere point of view of economy this advice is worth its weight in gold.

Secondly, never work between meals. This motto should be written in letters of gold over the desk of the business man, over the study table of the clergyman, and over the model-dwelling of the working-man. The time between meals should instead be given up to complete repose of body and mind.

Thirdly, remove all furniture from your rooms at the first approach of hot weather; take up the carpets and substitute cool matting. The rooms should then be furnished with a cane lounge, a couple of deck chairs, a light table, and a few cool-looking prints. No one would believe the difference that this simple common-sense arrangement of our houses would make. A few blocks of ice placed about in the rooms and on the stairs, a few unbragous cedars, with, say, a fountain in the entrance hall, and you have an ideal summer residence, whether in Bayswater or Balham.

Lastly, I would strongly recommend that the method of thought-suggestion advocated by Christian science should be employed.

For instance, should one find himself compelled by urgent necessity to take a seat on an omnibus going along the Strand in the hottest time of the day, he might employ some such suggestions as the following:

"I am perfectly cool and happy."

"The Strand is the coolest place in London, shaded with palms."

"A delightful breeze is blowing from the sea and from the mountains of Kensington."

"I love everybody and everybody loves me."

If these hints are only faithfully followed by the reader, then August in London should be for him a thing of unimagined beauty.

M. D.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LEWIS BERTANY had a "happy thought" when he conceived the plan of *The Confessions of Lord Byron* (JOHN MURRAY). The volume forms a collection of the poet's private opinions on men and matters culled from the new and enlarged editions of his Letters and Journals. My Baronite has on his bookshelf a portly volume, being Moore's Life of the Bard, in which most of the Letters are given. It is one of the books he has for years meant to read, but time and opportunity have not met. Here in this handy volume is the cream of the correspondence, skimmed by a skilful and appreciative hand. It presents a portrait, done by himself for the Uffizi Gallery of Literature, of one of the strongest, most remarkable personalities ever born into a world it occasionally sneaked.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON are making a new departure by the publication of a series of volumes enshrining the work of some living artists. The first issue of *In the Open Country* contains twenty studies and pictures of animals and birds by Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH. Four plates are in colour, the remaining being Rembrandt Photogravure. The work is dedicated to Professor VON HERKOMER, who, in an interesting note, gives some personal particulars of his most successful pupil. The only other letterpress is a brief but admirable appreciation of the artist's work contributed by Mr. STRANGE. The studies are in Miss KEMP-WELCH's best style, and are produced in a manner that suggests to my Baronite the framing of them for adornment of the walls of a dainty room.

The Man who Won (HUTCHINSON) is a clever story, admirably written, illuminated by clever character drawing, unflagging in interest. Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS has the gift, not absolutely necessary it would seem to a novelist, of having a story to tell. At every turn she has some little surprise for the gratified reader. There is, perhaps, unconscious reminiscence of *The Daughter of Beth* in the landing of the high-spirited, unconventional *Melicent Lutryche* amid the uncompromisingly conventional surroundings of her uncle's vicarage. The contiguity supplies opportunity for contrast of which Mrs. REYNOLDS takes full advantage. My Baronite finds the Yankee scoundrel first met with in the Transvaal, afterwards fortuitously turning up in England, a trifle melodramatic. By contrast with finer workmanship elsewhere he is repulsive. Doubtless that was the designed effect. Anyhow the blatant murderous Amurrican does not spoil a rattling good novel.

The Opal Serpent (JOHN LONG) is as good a sensational novel as Mr. FREDERICK HUME has written for some time. Had he only taken the trouble severely to repress his peculiar sense of humour, or had he but restrained it within certain limits, the Baron could have recommended *The Opal Serpent* without reserve to all who revel in tales of crime, of police puzzlement, and of just retribution. The accomplished and experienced Skipper, who knows how to deal gently, but effectively, with obtrusive low-comedy characters, will steer clear of these troublesome rocks, and will be rewarded for his skill.



BROTHER JONATHAN'S KEEN SENSE OF HUMOUR.—The Americans, it is evident, highly appreciate Russian Witte.

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement, emanating from St. Petersburg, that the CZAR is in the best of spirits, and is enjoying motoring, lawn-tennis, and picnics, and having a good time generally at Peterhof, has, we are informed, given the greatest satisfaction to the Russian Army in Manchuria.

The CZAR has told the London Correspondent of the *Noroe Vremya* that he hates war. If the story is not true, it is very well invented.

The punctilious regard for other people's feelings which is characteristic of the Japanese has again received public illustration. The conditions of peace formulated by Baron KOMURA were, as the *Daily Mail* pointed out, in almost entire accordance with the forecasts that had appeared in that journal.

There are many rumours about the actual state of the Peace Negotiations. The most credible seems to be that Russia has agreed to let Japan have Korea, which belongs to the Koreans, and a piece of Manchuria, which is the property of China.

"If Germany," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "were weakened by some calamity, or some bad mistake, Colonial mismanagement, or war frivolously provoked, nobody in England would shed a tear over it." Are they thinking of the tears shed in Germany over regrettable incidents in the Boer War? And is it implied that our sense of humour is less poignant than that of our Teuton friends?

The British Nation must be prepared for a horrid snub. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, not usually friendly to us, gives us due warning, so that we may steel ourselves against the blow. "We do not know whether Kaiser WILLIAM will greet the British Fleet in the Baltic," says our German contemporary, "but we doubt very much that he will do so."

Britons have no monopoly of pluck. It has transpired that, when the French tars visited London, one of their number offered the LORD MAYOR'S coachman a cigarette.

A correspondent writes to tell us of a Silly Season fish which he saw at the seaside last week. It rose to the surface to get some air, found it was raining, so at once dived under the water again to keep dry.

"Our Bathing Machines: Antiquated Contrivances drive Bathers to the Continent," is the heading of an indictment in the *Express*. The owners of the

doing to provide amusement for their visitors. Probably it was due to their modesty that no mention was made of the amusement often provided by the meetings of the Town Councils themselves.

A married man who was supposed to be the individual hanged for a murder at Maidstone in 1898 has just returned to his wife. It appears that the criminal was another man of the same name. Much sympathy is felt locally for the unfortunate woman, who is now no longer the widow of a celebrity.

Since the adoption of the finger-print system burglary has become so much more arduous, and the expense, owing to the necessary outlay on gloves, has increased to such an extent, that it is suggested that the sentences passed by magistrates ought in justice now to be lighter.

The City police are making great progress in Jiu-jitsu, and a fair correspondent now makes a proposal which is certainly worthy of consideration. She asks whether it would not be a graceful compliment to allow such members of the Force as prove themselves notable adepts in the art to wear pretty Japanese costumes—retaining, of course, the present useful helmet.

A feature of the Blackburn Maidens' Club is, we learn from a local paper, the regular practice of skipping exercises. We had often wondered at the ease with which certain spinsters can skip a whole year, or even more.

Carnarvon Prison being full, a large proportion of prisoners convicted in the county are now being accommodated in Ruthin Gaol, and *habitues* of the latter institution are complaining that home is no longer home.

Leopards, it is stated, are becoming unpleasantly numerous in the neighbourhood of Simla. Two of them recently lay in wait for the Mail cart, but fortunately they were spotted.

The Bargain of a Lifetime.

THE grazing of a splendid clover field near Blackrock can be had for a few cows.—*Advt. in "Cork Echo."*



A SILLY SEASON GRIEVANCE.

Sea-Serpent (to Miss de Grosseille). "No, MISS MAXIMA, WHAT WITH THEIR RIDICULOUS NOTIONS ABOUT THE 'DECAY OF HOME LIFE,' AND 'THRIFTLESS WIVES,' AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL, WE AREN'T GETTING THE ATTENTION WE'RE ENTITLED TO AT THIS TIME OF YEAR."

machines quite rightly retort:—"If the machines are so antiquated, how comes it that they can drive bathers as far as the Continent?"

On excursion steamboats, when the sea is rough, many converts, we hear, are obtained to the "Back to the land" movement.

Some of the Mayors and Town Councillors of our seaside resorts scarcely did themselves justice in their replies to the *Daily Mail's* query as to what they were

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

III.

[To a Youth who asks the writer "How it feels to be so old?"]

When you, my boy, with ill-considered riot
Raided the sanctum where I wished to brood
Over my luncheon, and in perfect quiet
Assimilate my food

When, breathing airs of most untimely revel,
Blent with ozone, the famous Norfolk brand,
You advocated "rounders" on the level
Of loose retarding sand

I saw the scene: I saw, as in a vision,
Knowing my length of years and what I weighed,
I should infallibly provoke derision
From the Marine Parade.

Therefore I pleaded old and old's infirmities,
Urging that, if there ever comes a stage
When such pursuits have reached their natural term, it is
At forty odd (my age).

And lo! like Eve's, when she secured the apple
Which opened out new worlds and wondrous strange,
Your intellect at first refused to grapple
With life's extended range.

The monstrous figures left you almost blinded,
Till Pity, which my parlous case begat,
Moved you to ask me if I greatly minded
Being as old as that.

I answered: "Age, my boy, is manhood's glory,
So it be sequent on a well-spent youth;"
Whereat you smiled as one who hears a story
Palpably void of truth.

Yet you were wrong in thinking, gay young scoffer,
"The grapes are sour at which he grasps in vain";
I would not be, not if I had the offer,
A bounding boy again.

The ardours incident to adolescence,
So like its favoured beverage, ginger-pop,
Where flatness follows close on effervescence,
I am content to drop.

Like Solomon, arrived at perfect sanity,
With no desire to make a noise or romp,
I take the line that vanity is vanity,
That pomp is merely pomp.

Not easily we come to these conclusions;
It costs us something—and we bear the trace—
To sacrifice a lot of dear illusions,
To yield, with smiling face,

Boyhood's instinctive claim to fair requital
For labour of the hand or heart or mind,
And learn that what we once considered vital
Is nothing of the kind.

Therefore, although my limbs are less elastic,
I'd choose the balanced calm that Age enjoys,
Having survived the process, rudely plastic,
That makes for equipoise.

• • •

P.S.—I think it might perhaps be better
Not to acidulate your youthful cup,
And so, my boy, I will not send this letter,
But simply tear it up.

O. S.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF CITY BUSINESS MEN.

THERE is a movement already started for representing to the Stock Exchange Committee of Management that, in future, Saturday throughout the year should be officially recognised as a *dies non*, when no markets would be open, and no business transacted.

For the benefit of everyone connected with the Stock Exchange we beg to add some suggestions which, if adopted, as they ought to be, by the Committee, will greatly relieve all the over-worked brokers, jobbers, clerks, and, in fact, everyone in any way officially, directly or indirectly, connected with this great centre of the world's industry.

Let Saturday be always a holiday. It is so in Parliament, whose members are enabled to leave town on Friday. To get away comfortably on Saturday is something, but if Saturday is to be a genuine whole holiday, then it is absolutely essential that the afternoon of Friday should be perfectly free. This plan in former times was of such considerable obligation, that whenever a whole holiday, being a Saint's day, was marked in the model public-school calendar as a holiday, its "vigil" was invariably a half holiday. Therefore it is hereby proposed that in every working week, throughout the Stock Exchange year, Friday shall be a half holiday and Saturday a whole one.

But how can Sunday be a perfect whole holiday if the Stock Exchange holiday-enjoyer has to commence re-packing up on Sunday afternoon, or on Sunday evening, in order to return on Sunday night and represent the early bird, who is down on the later-rising worm, on Monday morning, in the City? No; Sunday must remain a *jour de fête* from midnight to midnight. But is the tired broker to be deprived of his well-earned rest? Perish the thought. Therefore, as it is here proposed to give him half of Friday for his preparation, so naturally, and logically, half of Monday must be conceded to him for returning home, refreshing himself, and preparing for work in the City some time after midday. Rarely, however, is Monday a great working day, and given an hour for luncheon there remain only two clear hours till the closing time, which should certainly be four o'clock.

Why, then, do any business on Monday? Why not begin the real genuine hard-working Stock-Exchange week in the City on Tuesday? Then there will be three and a-half days left, quite enough, indeed, more than enough, for anyone to turn the honest penny and realise thousands.

But indefatigable workers there are who may object to the above method. For these we offer another suggestion, premising that to work it out, practically and satisfactorily, must occupy some time. It is this:—Move the entire Stock-Exchange business down to the seaside from the first of May to the end of September. Let the Committee find some place by the sea. Commence with tents as offices. One large tent, like that which serves the Messrs. SANGER for a circus, to serve as the Exchange itself. Which of all seaside places shall be chosen? An overwhelming majority on the Committee must decide this difficult question.

En attendant, let the Committee purchase fields in various places, north, south, east and west, communicating with one another by telephone, telegraph, and private sky-signals; or (and this, too, is another admirable suggestion) let the Committee take an encampment, calling it *Stockborough-on-Sea*, as a commencement, and begin work next year. The interval between now and next April should be devoted to the full consideration of all the details of this excellently devised scheme.

Mem.—Theatrical and operatic companies would follow this lead, as would restaurateurs, hairdressers, and all tradesmen and others interested in the health of the overworked City business man.



RETICENCE À LA RUSSE.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAN. "SEE HERE, I CAN'T GET ANY INFORMATION NEXT DOOR. CAN YOU TALK?"
MR. WITTE. "ALAS! MY LIPS ARE SEALED. BUT—I MAY TELL YOU IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE THAT THE JUSTICE OF THE CASE IS ENTIRELY ON OUR SIDE. HERE ARE THE FACTS."
[Hands scroll, and Newspaper-man cables accordingly.]





MORE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(Our French Visitors still delighted with England.)

BUT THE LADIES WERE REALLY BOWING TO A STRONG SOUTH-WEST WIND.

FLY LEAVES.

(From Mr. Punch's General Information Series.)

THE common fly is now largely in evidence, and a few words about these interesting but annoying little pests will perhaps not come amiss.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the eating apparatus of the fly is really out of all proportion to the size of its diminutive body. If a man's eating apparatus were built upon the same proportions as that of a fly, alterations and additions on a large scale would have to be carried out in order to provide adequate accommodation for his lips and teeth, which under the new conditions would present a frontage of

THREE FEET SIX INCHES.

Needless to say, this would look utterly absurd.

Few people who are pestered with flies seem to be aware of the fact that the immediate neighbourhood of a wasp's nest is an effectual guarantee that no flies will materialise there, wasps being their implacable enemies. Un-

fortunately, however, for us poor bipeds, who are compelled to live in towns, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to induce the wasp to make its nest among us.

A fly has almost as many lives as a cat. It is a difficult thing to drown one, unless you have the time and patience to hold its head under a

STRONG JET OF WATER

for a considerable time. You have probably often wondered how a fly can walk on a ceiling upside down. Nature, foreseeing that our winged friend would sooner or later make a hobby of walking in this position, has thoughtfully provided him with suckers to enable him to perform the feat. Capillary attraction, or, if you like, animal magnetism, is thus brought into play to counteract or negative the force of gravity, thus preventing the little animal from falling on its back upon the floor, and perhaps sustaining serious injuries.

Adhesive paper does not always catch flies, and when it does the result cannot be said to be pleasant to look upon. The present writer has lately come across an ingenious, and at the same time highly

DECORATIVE SCHEME

for getting rid of the surplus flies in a house. The scheme is simplicity itself. All that is required is a tube of "Stickytine," a step-ladder, and a little ingenuity. With the "Stickytine," trace on the ceiling some conventional pattern, —a five-pointed star, for instance, looks well—and the flies will do the rest! The result will surprise you, and you will have all the pleasure of the artist in watching your design growing before your very eyes. Spiders may sometimes be introduced into the design, to give a touch of realism, and their use and limitations will be found fully treated in that useful little handbook, *Spiders as Decorative Adjuncts*, by ASTON WEBB, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.

Leading to several puffs.

BEFORE the French Fleet quitted our shores Alderman J. H. CORKE (of Portsmouth) presented Admiral CAILLARD and his officers with a thousand boxes of cigarettes. The cigarettes were of course cork-tipped; so were the French Admiral and officers.

AN AUGUST IDYLL.

SCENE. *Inside the gardens of any West-End Square. TIME—10 P.M.*

He. Hullo, KITTEN! You here? How rippin'!

She. TOM! What luck! I'm just dyni' for someone to talk to. I'm absolutely alone. My people are all off to Marienbad. Papa, Mamma, babies, nurses and all, and only poor little me left alone at 82.

He. Why on earth didn't you let me know? I'd have come round like a shot.

She. Would you? Then why didn't you when you knew I was there? You only came once the whole season.

He. Oh, well, you know why that was.

She. I'm sure I don't. Were you—er—jealous?

He. Jealous! Me jealous! Who of, I'd like to know? When I'd only to look at you—

She. Isn't the moon too lovely for words? D'you know, I think moon-light suits you? You're looking rather nice to-night. Perhaps it's because I haven't seen you for so long.

He. What rot! You are, if you like. Your eyes are sparkling like—they remind me of the Milky Way.

She. The what, TOM?

He. The Milky Way.

She. Do they really? The Milky Way? TOM, dear!

He. Yes, pet.

She. This is rather comfy, isn't it? Are you happy, dear?

He. Darling!

She. Better than the silly season, isn't it?

He. This is the silly season, silly.

She. Oh, you know what I mean. Better than when town is full of silly people. Except for one thing.

He. Oh, well, of course it is rather rot. Flirtin' and eatin' and dancin' about all night. It's rather an empty sort of life.

She. Empty! Oh, empty, yes. And yet, TOM, do you know, sometimes I—

He. Yes, darlin', what is it?

She. Oh, n-nothing. Perhaps I'll tell you some day. Don't ask me now.

He. Course not, pet. What shall we do? Like to walk round the gardens?

She. I'd rather not, TOM, if you don't mind. You're so strong, but I—I'm rather tired. I'd rather stay here quietly. Shall you mind?

He. Mind? Why, of course not. Here, lean against me.

She. Ah!

He. That better?

She. Oh, TOM, it's heavenly. How good you are to me! How I—what was that?

He. That? Oh, nothing. What makes you so nervous?

She. But it *was* something. There

it is again. Something moving in the bushes.

He. My dear, it's only a sparrow.

She. A sparrow! Oh, TOM, d'you think—no, never mind.

He. Look here, what is the matter with you? I wish you wouldn't be so jumpy. You spoil everything.

She. I, TOM?

He. Yes, you. Just when I want to be confound it all, there you go again.

Do sit still. What does it matter if an idiotic bird—

She. You're very un-unkind to me.

He. Well, if it comes to that—

She. I thought you loved me. But you're just as selfish as the rest.

He. Oh, bother.

She. That's right. Swear away. Just like a man.

He. I didn't swear.

She. Oh!

He. I tell you I didn't. I didn't.

She. You did, you did, you did. . . .

Oh, TOM! TOM! Don't let's quarrel. I'm too weak. I—TOM, I'm hungry.

He. Hungry? You!

She. I haven't had anything to eat for three days.

He. You poor dear! Why didn't you tell me?

She. I tried to, TOM, and then I—oh, TOM.

He. What? When? Oh, when I said about its being an empty life? Was that it?

She. Oh, yes, TOM. And then I was ashamed and couldn't go on. And when you said my eyes were like the M-m-milky Way—

He. What a blind fool I am! The Milky Way! The irony of it! You poor darling! I'd like to give your people a bit of my mind, going off to Hamburg, or wherever it was, and leavin' you like that. What brutes they are!

She. I suppose they didn't think, TOM.

He. Then they ought to think. What else have they got to do?

She. They haven't time to think, TOM. They are so busy getting cured of having eaten too much.

He. I'd cure them. I'd eat them. I'd—but what are *you* going to eat?

That's the question.

She. I don't want anything to eat now, TOM. I've got you.

He. Rubbish! You must have something better than that. Tell you what, KITTEN, you come round to my flat. There's only the old charwoman and the stable-cat. She's not a bad old sort. She'll give you—

She. The sparrow, TOM. There it is again.

He. Of course. The very thing. You wait here and I'll—bother! Here's a beastly dog. We'd better separate. You know my number in Jermyn Street?

Will you come on there? Don't be long, KITTEN dear. I'd like to kill the people who left you behind. After all, though we are cats—Miaow!

[Exeunt severally through the nearest area-railings.]

JOHN BULL JUNIOR.

My subject's a cheerful young party,

Whose age is approaching fifteen;

Whose appetite's thoroughly hearty,

Whose temper is bland and serene.

At pastime he's highly proficient,

But inquires abundantly prove

That he's terribly far from omniscient,

Except in one limited groove.

For instance, his industry's tireless

In getting his *Wissen* by rote;

But of Signor MARCONI (the wireless)

He takes the most negligent note.

That the primary use of the cable

Is cricket, he's free to maintain—

He associates cricket with ABEL,

And bats with the mention of CAIX.

He can't tell the whereabouts clearly

Of Constantinople or Prague,

But he'll talk by the hour about BREARLEY,

He'll tell you the birthplace of HAIGH.

He cannot be sure if the Hooghly's

A river, a town, or a hill;

But then upon BOSANQUET'S "googlies"

A volume he'd easily fill.

He's weak on the Wars of the Roses,

But LULLEY he hugely admires.

If you cite Dr. JOHNSON, he dozes,

But JACKSON his ecstasy finds.

The Middlesex WELLS he thinks lots of,

But it isn't the prophet we know;

And the one famous ARNOLD he wots of

Is the eminent Worcestershire "pro."

He can't tell a brig from a schooner,

Or a cormorant from a curléw,

But he knows all the virtues of SPOONER

(Who isn't the Warden of New).

When HURST was laid up by a blister,

He nearly was ready to cry,

He knows next to nothing of LISTER,

He thinks very highly of FRY.

Why CHAMBERLAIN'S down on the "dumper"

He knows not and cares not to learn,

But he knows the religion of TRUMPER,

The family tree of JACK HEARNE;

He ardently aims at achieving

A place in his County's eleven;

And he recently owned to believing

That there's to be cricket in Heaven.

For the moment this amiable stripling

In a (flanneled) Fool's Paradise dwells,

Unheeding the strictures of KIPLING,

Neglecting the warnings of WELLS.

If he ever emerges or duly

Developes, remains to be seen;

Meanwhile he exemplifies truly

Our Governing Class at fifteen.



IN THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE EARLS OF LONGLINE.

Sir Peter Stodgely. "CURIOUS THING YOUR FAMILY SHOULD ALL BE TOOK IN FANCY DRESS! I S'POSE THEY'RE ALL BY THE SAME MAN, EH?"

THE KAISER.

ALL ye who are hot in the crush and cram
Of the holiday train or the seaside train,
Don't think of the KAISER of proud Potsdam,
Or you'll never again be cooler.

To the uttermost edge of its outside rim
The earth is full of the fame of him;
And the birds that fly and the fish that swim
All worship the German ruler.

To grasp the idea of a man like that,
A full blue-blooded aristocrat,
Who's got all knowledge as pat as pat,
Is not very easy, is it?

Such a terrible, teasing, talking man,
So busy with brand-new plot and plan,
So quick to be out of the frying-pan
Whenever there's fire to visit.

Imagine his *Schnurrbart* tipped sky-high,
His medals and stars and his eagle eye,
And his mailed-fist finger in every pie,
And the things that he does for pleasure:
How he preached a sermon, and danced a dance,
And made the line of his troops advance,
And put a spoke in the wheel of France,
And all in a moment's leisure.

In the space of a curtailed winter's day
He painted a picture and wrote a play,
A national hymn and a roundelay,
Before he had to go bedward.
And then, to mitigate foreign hates,
He called up BLOW and fixed the dates
For passing his naval estimates,
With an eye on his Uncle EDWARD.

His uniforms make an immense total,
For he gets out of bed as a Field-Marshal
And dines as a British Admiral—
I don't know what he looks best as.
It takes him a minute—never more—
To muzzle a critical editor,
Or put him inside a prison door
On a charge of *lesa majestas*.

Then, baring his arm, with a fearful twist
Of the hand that hangs from his iron wrist,
He screws the scruff of a Socialist
For letting his votes get larger.
He goes to roost as the clocks strike ten,
And at one A.M. he is out again
With a pretty surprise for the soldier men
Whom he leads on his chestnut charger.

Whenever there's anything, right or wrong,
In which there's a chance for going strong,
He goes and he does it all day long;
And he's never at ease a minute.
One day he is off to Morocco bound,
And next he sails through the stormy Sound—
In short if the lime-light's playing round
The Emperor WULFAM's in it.

I hoped he would tire in a year or so,
And go, as the Lotos-eaters go,
To a land where everything's soft and low,
And nobody wants to worry.
But the years roll on, and the KAISER too,
And there always seems to be something new
For the meddling hands of the man to do
In a fit of Imperial hurry.

STUDIES IN JOURNALISM.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

(With acknowledgments to "Truth.")

I AM in possession of a number of facts reflecting very discreditably upon the management of the Bullseye fort at Shoeburyville, where the militia artillery have been in training. The commissariat department was deplorably inefficient, on more than one occasion potatoes being served to the men with their jackets on, so simple an act as paring them seeming to be beyond the resources of the War Office. There is an impression abroad that anything is good enough for a soldier, but so long as I can raise my voice this poisonous doctrine shall make no headway. On another occasion butter was allowed to stand in the sun until it completely lost its flavour. A system which works out like this in dealing with a small matter of routine, where months are available for preparation, is not likely to come out very brilliantly under the strain of war.

During the illumination of the French fleet at Portsmouth a number of Corporation servants viewed the sight from the spire of the new Town Hall, while those of the public who wished to share this advantageous position were rigorously excluded. It would be interesting to know by whose authority these gentry annexed the premises in this way, for I suppose they would have no right to do such a thing on their own account. And even if anyone else gave them the right it must have been by an error of judgment, for certainly this seems an occasion when the public ought to be allowed the use of a tower provided for their benefit.

Another case has come to my notice illustrating the *modus operandi* of the Ducdame Hygienic Institute, which is, as my readers know, the latest manifestation of the scoundrel WUMP, whom I have been exposing for many years. In December last a West Ham lion-tamer, deceived by the Institute's mendacious advertisement, entrusted WUMP with five guineas of his hard-earned money, in return for which WUMP undertook to supply him with a new flesh-and-blood arm in place of the limb which one of his charges had recently consumed. Needless to say no new arm has grown.

As WUMP is quoting opinions of the Press in favour of his treatment, I think it desirable to publish these facts, as giving the other side of the case, and to call attention again to what has already been said in this paper with reference to the "Institute." The law which allows this state of things, while professing to regulate the practice of medicine, and to limit it to persons possessing certain specific qualifications, is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. If the medical profession does not think it necessary to get this abuse corrected in its own interest, Parliament ought to deal with the matter by a Royal Commission.

My Pillory is not very full this week, but one contrast is better than nothing. It must not, however, be thought that the Great Unpaid are growing any wiser. It simply means that many of my newspaper-searchers are having their holidays:

Rothorough Petty Sessions.	Patchester Borough Police.
Before Messrs. WIMBLE, VERGES	Before Captain CROKER and
and Lt.-Col. TOPENOT. WILLIAM	Mr. BAILEY BIGGE. TIMOTHY
BROADFOOT, charged with steal-	PORTERHOUSE STAKE, charged
ing a gasometer. Ten years' with jumping on his mother,	was awarded five shillings
hard labour.	from the Poor Box.

Following on my article last week respecting money-lenders'



MR. LEANDER JONES, WHO IS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT AQUATIC ETIQUETTE, TAKES A FEW AMERICAN FRIENDS ON THE RIVER, AND WISHES HE HADN'T.

aliases, I have been furnished with some interesting information as to the ramifications of the notorious bloodsucking firm of MACBULLS. This is, of course, a mere *nom de guerre*, nobody of the name of MACBULL being connected with the business, which has always been run by members of the Hebrew family of the IKEYS. Originally the firm, which had its headquarters at Cardiff and branch usury-shops in many other towns, including London, was styled JOHN MACBULL AND Co. Later on it was registered as a joint-stock company with a directorate including ISAAC, JACOB, MOSES, SOLOMON, and LAZARUS IKEY. I have given not a few instances of their rapacity, and the operations of the firm came under the notice of the Select Committee on Money-lending. It is much to be regretted that the Money-lenders Act does not, as was recommended by the Select Committee, compel all these gentry to carry on business in their own rightful names, which in many instances would act as a sufficient danger-signal to would-be borrowers.

The vampire LEVY has just cropped up again at Birmingham under the name of PATRICK ALEXANDER JONES. In his new rôle he issues circulars to aeronauts offering to lend them money on easy terms. Aeronauts, it seems, are often in financial difficulties, and LEVY has had the wit to notice this, and to profit accordingly. It is to be hoped that the attention of the police will be drawn to the fact that he is not only carrying on the business of a money-lender on unregistered premises, but also tempting a very deserving class of man.

Ollendorf at the Stationer's.

Customer. Have you any washing-books?

Assistant. No, Madam, but I have untearable ones in linen.

"The Ideas Exchange."

THE Minor Poet who, in our issue of August 9, wrote from The Laurels, Upper Tooting, offering "original and highly amusing gags for knockabout scene," and was willing to take in exchange "the suitable conclusion of a rhymed couplet beginning:

'Oh wan pale parent pendent o'er thy babe,'"

is greatly obliged to the gentleman who has sent him the following line:

"Christen him ABRAHAM, or, briefly, ABE,"

and will forward the gags without delay.

"Seaside Boredom."

[The *Daily Mail* has been circularising the Town Councils of various seaside resorts to find out if sufficient amusements for men are provided.]

To judge by a notice on the slopes of Plymouth Hoe—

"Gentlemen are requested not to overlook the ladies' bathing-place"—

it is clear that the Town Council of Plymouth makes it its business to organise adequate entertainment for its male visitors.

THE tendency to waste time on refreshment intervals at cricket matches seems to receive undue encouragement at the Oval. On the occasion of a very important match, an adjacent public-house recently advertised seats to view, "situated midway between wickets. Luncheons, Teas, Wines, Spirits and Cigars of the finest quality." This is putting a great temptation in the way of our players, especially the batsmen and the bowlers.



A QUESTION OF VESTED INTEREST.

Vicar "WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Spokesman "PLEASE, SIR, WE BE A DEPUTATION FROM FARMERS DOWN FROGLANDS PARISH, TO ASK YOU TO PRAY FOR FINE WEATHER FOR 'T'ARVEST."

Vicar "WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR OWN VICAR?"

Spokesman "WELL, SIR, WE RECKON 'E BE'UNT MUCH GOOD FOR THIS 'ERE. 'E DO BE THAT FOND OF FISHIN'."

HIGHLAND HOUSEKEEPING.

We're twenty miles from anywhere, beside a brawling burn
That rumbles and scrambles through bramble, brake and
fern;

We've seas of purple heather, we have honey by the ton,
We've bens too, and glens too, where bonny red deer run,
In short, the only trouble which can make our hearts go hop
And stop.

Is when we find things left behind which drive us out to shop.

My PHILLIS wants some hair-pins, so I sally forth and meet
Black WILLIE, the gillie, parading down the street.

"It's hair-pins ye are wantin', Sir? Ye'd better speir at
JOHN.

Ye know, Sir, the grocer has aften things like you.
Or gin he hasna got them, ye might speir at RAB MACKAY —
Ou ay,

The baker too might hae a few. "Twad dae nae hairm to try."

My towzled locks start growing and I wonder if Strathspey
Might harbour a barber, and this is what they say:
"There's no a reg'lar pairson, Sir, that rightly understands,
But JACK SMITH, the blacksmith, is canny wi' his hands,

[Or JEANIE GREY, the shepherd's lass, wad clip ye fine, nae fears;
For years

She's helpit at the shearin' time an' handles weel the shears."

In course of time a laundress is a necessary ill,
But plainly it's vainly one seeks her on the hill.

"There's JESS McLEOD is handy-like at washin' oot the dirt,
But then, Sir, ye ken, Sir, she couldna starch a shirt.

The flesher's lad aye lifts them when he ca's, an' he'll be oot,
Nae doot —

He's hens to seek — on Friday week or somewhere there about."

PUBLIC opinion at Leamington is strongly in favour of
keeping foreign matter from polluting the river. The local
Gazette describes how a little girl recently fell into the water
near the Adelaide Bridge: "she was, however, pulled out by
a visitor before any harm was done."

Mother (to small boy). Darling, I wish you would try to eat
a little more.

Darling. You should never press children to eat, Mother.
I read that in a book called *Hints to Parents*.



THE SOWER OF TARES.

(After Millais.)



THE BATHING MACHINE;

OR, THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE
DAME AND THE DIP.

SCENE.—A row of bathing machines on a sandy beach, with No. 5 in the immediate foreground. A harassed-looking lady sits in a hammock chair close by, knitting, with a bundle of bathing impedimenta at her feet; a second lady, also with bathing things and a careworn face, is seated at a short distance from the first. They are unacquainted, but exchange sympathetic glances.

First Lady (with a sad smile). How trying this weary waiting is! It wastes one's whole morning, does it not?

Second Lady. Yes, indeed, it is quite dreadful. I've been waiting for nearly an hour. They ought not to be allowed to stop in so long!

First Lady. And then they take such a terrible time dressing—and with very poor results, in my opinion.

Second Lady. I quite agree with you. The women here are utterly lacking in style and manner. Ah!

[Sighs with relief at the appearance of JONES, the bathing man, at the door of No. 5.

Bathing Man (rapping sharply). Now then, ladies! Quick as you can, please—very busy this morning!

Voice (within). Shan't be long, we've only just come in. [B. M. retires.

First Lady. What a falsehood!—but they all say that. What makes this waiting especially annoying to me is that if I do not bathe a full hour before lunch I am upset for the rest of the day.

Second Lady. Really? I can quite sympathise with you. I have to live by rule myself. My doctor has ordered sea-bathing at 11.30 each morning, almost, one might say, as a last resource. My health is so precarious.

[They draw their chairs closer and converse.

First Lady. Dear, dear. Well, I am sure it is a shame you should be kept waiting so long—but these young people are so selfish.

Second Lady. Ah, yes. If there was more give and take in the world there would be less unhappiness.

First Lady. Yes, indeed. So long as they get what they want, other people may get along as they can. Which machine are you waiting for?

Second Lady. No. 5.

First Lady (stiffening). Oh no—that is my machine.

Second Lady. Excuse me—you are mistaken. My towels are on the front steps.

First Lady (coldly). And mine are on the back. It is really my machine; I have been here for nearly an hour.



A HAPPY RELEASE.

Kind Friend. "PARDON ME, BUT I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT JONES HAS RUN AWAY WITH YOUR WIFE."

Husband (bored). "BUT WHY RUN?"

Second Lady. I am sorry for that, but I was here first, as the bathing man knows.

[Rises and stands near the front door, trusting the occupant will come out that way. *First Lady* follows suit at the back. They glare silently at each other. *Bathing Man* passes.

First Lady (sweetly). Oh! JONES—will you kindly explain to that lady that this is my machine? I was here first.

Second Lady (severely). Mr. JONES, you know perfectly well it is mine. That other lady had better find another machine, or she will have to wait a very long time.

B. M. (looking worried). I can't exactly call to mind which was first—but perhaps you'll share it, ladies.

[Angry ejaculations of dissent from both ladies. *B. M.* sighs and wipes his brow, and mechanically knocks at No. 5.

Voice (from inside). Well, what is it now?

B. M. Hurry up, please, ladies! Very busy this morning!

Voice (virulently). Well, I suppose we must put our things on!

B. M. Certainly, ma'am, certainly. [Pauses.] Will one of you ladies come to No. 17? That will be free next!

First Lady. Certainly not. I stop here now, whatever happens!

[*Bathing Man* retires—and immediately after the door of No. 17 opens and the occupants descend, and both ladies make a dash for it, only to see the lawful tenants take possession and close the door. During their short absence the occupants of No. 5 have emerged, and JONES, seeing the steps deserted, has promptly put in another party. The first lady gathers together her belongings and goes to find her husband and the local authorities, while the second lady retires home in hysterics and a donkey-chaise.

MR. PUNCH'S TRAVEL TALK.

Somewhat in the manner of "T P's"

PROVINCIAL. London is well worth visiting for its historical attractions. You are right in thinking the Thames Embankment and the Abbey free, but at the latter pleasure resort the vergers like their verging to be recognised. There are several hotels. You make a mistake in thinking that one has to book seats in advance for Mr. PLOWDEN'S COURT. The seats are free. There is no early door.

STUDENT. If, as you say, you know no German except the phrase "Schleswig-Holstein," it would be wiser, perhaps, for you to stay at an English boarding-house while you are in Dresden. There are many to choose from, and you need not meet any Germans at all, which will, perhaps, make your three weeks' stay the more pleasant, whatever it may do for your study of the country.

A. B. C. asks if it is possible to enjoy a good fortnight's holiday in Belgium for five shillings a day all told. Certainly, if you live low enough, and do not wish to be always travelling. Third class to Ostend is not excessive, and in August it is no hardship to sleep on the beach. Winners in the Casino are often very generous as they leave. Why English people think it a reasonable thing to spend less on a holiday abroad than they would on ordinary living at home is a question that I have not time to consider. I merely encourage them to do so. Next, please.

T. W.—There is no reason why you and your wife should not travel in Switzerland speaking no language but your own. There are hundreds of English tourists in Switzerland, the greater majority of whom are probably unacquainted with any other language. If the waiters do not understand you, try either dumb signs or Esperanto. It is a good rule to shout if you are not understood. Take a megaphone with you for use at the smaller hotels.

BOR.—For a youth unused to London life and not accustomed to catering for himself, I think a boarding-house is decidedly preferable to lodgings, especially if living alone. If you had a friend to share the expenses of rooms with you they would be cheaper. If he paid half they would be cheaper by 50 per cent.

ELLEN.—The question of tips is a difficult one to decide, and the magnitude of this theme is fully exposed in an adjoining article. Everything depends upon the length of your stay, the amount of trouble given, the class of hotel patronised, and the character of the head waiter's eye. A rule that is greatly followed is to give 10 per cent. on the amount of the bill for a short stay, and 5 per cent. for a long one. For longer

still, 1 per cent. or nothing. You might arrange to have your luggage sent on and slip away quietly by the back door. This is very usual amongst a large class of people.

PATERfamilias. Shepherd's Bush is not usually considered a watering-place, but the Tube would bring you to Hyde Park very quickly (Lancaster Gate station: fare twopence), and you would then find the Serpentine, with boating and bathing facilities. Mixed bathing is not allowed, but after all the pleasure of being in cold water with one's beloved is not too obvious. For lodgings I can (quite disinterestedly) recommend Madame NESTLÉ at 42, Succi Road.

K. M. No, there are no places in the Isle of Wight that have not been discovered. Nor are there any that are cheap. The best route is by steamer from Portsmouth, Stokes Bay, or Southampton; but there is no reason why you should not swim and send your luggage by carrier. I have not the championship table beside me, so I cannot say what the record is for swimming to Ryde, but records are made to be cut, so why not cut it? You would also save eightpence. I doubt if you can get lodgings at Osborne, but Norris Castle is to let, Mr. W. E. NORTON having settled at Torquay.

A. A. For a novelist in search of local colour I can cordially recommend Norfolk. Harpooning blotters on the Broads may not have quite the excitement of tarpon fishing, but it is excellent sport. Camping-out is not allowed in the park at Sandringham owing to the presence of a herd of wild cattle, but I believe there is nothing to prevent your tethering a captive balloon to the spire of Norwich Cathedral. I always thought that a Norfolk bilfin was a sort of bird, but perhaps you are right.

HANDY ANDY. You cannot bicycle all the way to Jersey, nor are you likely to be taken in as a paying-guest for less than 3s. a day unless you are a vegetarian. It was VICTOR HUGO and not SIR GILBERT PARKER who wrote *The Toilers of the Sea*, but there is no danger of octopuses now. VICTOR HUGO is dead. No, it is not as a rule necessary to take dress clothes (evening dress) if you stay at a temperance hotel, but collars are *de rigueur* at all meals.

Breakfast-Table Problem.

"AFTER all, what is the object in swimming across the Channel when it can be done for a few shillings in a steamer?" —*Evening News*.

Say what "it" is; and, if it means swimming, then show the fallacy underlying the original question, even if we suppose the steamer to contain a swimming-bath.

THE ECONOMICS OF TIPPING.

[This paper, apparently intended for the Economic Science Section of the British Association, now assembled in Cape Town, has by some oversight found its way to Bouverie Street.]

The molecule and the atom, it has been eloquently shown by our learned and distinguished President, are subject to the laws of Evolution. He has pointed out that if we trace the history of these conceptions we find their stability gradually changing—rising to a maximum—declining—falling to nothing—and then revolution, followed by newly acquired strength and permanence. So also, to some extent, with the form of matter known as the Tip, though it is at present, according to all competent observers, neither an atom nor a molecule. A French statistician has calculated that £20,000,000 a year is distributed in tips in France, and that in Paris alone £12,000 changes hands in this way each day. As the result of inquiries, we find that the same state of things prevails in England. Tipping, indeed, is upon the upward grade in London and the Provinces alike. The Tip has now acquired such formidable dimensions as to bring about a vital change in the economic conditions of the country.

Owing largely to the influx of American millionaires and sportsmen, it appears that waiters, gamekeepers, and similar recipients are paying very considerable premiums in order to secure likely berths. We have it on the best authority that the newly-appointed Hall Porter of the Hotel Roosevelt in the West End has just obtained that innumbeney by means of a *donneur* of three thousand guineas to the proprietors of the establishment, and is congratulating himself on his bargain. About a quarter of this sum was the "key-money" due from the Chief Chambermaid of the hotel on succeeding to the emoluments of her position. The comparatively trifling fee of £2,500 was lately handed over as "first fruits" to the Owners' Provident Pension Fund by the fortunate nominee to a Head Waitership at a leading restaurant. Subordinate posts are purchasable in like proportion. Needless to say, no salaries are now paid to these favoured officials. On the contrary, the proprietors are agitating for an increased percentage of the weekly proceeds of the tip-harvest.

In the country, the cost of a Gamekeepership under a nobleman or American magnate runs into four figures for entrance fee, with a varying annual subscription payable by the keeper according to the average takings of his benefice. The landlord is thus enabled to defray the heavy expenses of rearing and preserving his pheasants. The rent of a grouse moor or deer forest is



THE MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS; OR, WHO SAYS THE SANDS ARE RUNNING OUT?

OUR ARTIST, AFTER MUCH EXPLORATION AT VARIOUS HOLIDAY RESORTS, HAS DISCOVERED WHAT HAS BECOME OF SOME AT ANY RATE OF THE DISTINGUISHED PERSONS WHO VANISHED WITH THE RISING OF PARLIAMENT.

similarly met by a dividend from the gillies engaged.

The relations of employer and employé are thus becoming inverted by the rising of Tips to their maximum. The former is now hired by the latter to assist him in the process of earning a living. The waiters are, in fact, the masters of the situation, though, in justice be it said, they are paying handsome wages to the hotel proprietors. Many restaurant-keepers would be in the workhouse were it not for the generous salaries which they receive from their staff.

How long this state of things will continue it is not so easy to determine. There should be a revolution on the part of somebody—to carry out the analogy of the atom—before stability is reached. The maximum, however, will not be arrived at until all the money of guests, visitors, etc., is transferred to the pockets of the tip-takers. There would then be a rapid decline in gratuities, unless the quondam tippees gave adequate *pourboires* to their nominal employers, to be passed on to their former customers by way of bonuses to reward their return. The tipped ones would in this way be tipping themselves, and equilibrium would ensue. There is, nevertheless, a great possibility that a revolt against the inflation of tips may take place at an earlier stage, in which case (to change the original metaphor) the hubbly will be pricked—and people will have to wait on themselves.

ZIG-ZAG.

THE EVERLASTING TEST.

THE suggestion that all Test Matches should in future be extended to six days is hardly likely to be adopted, owing to the fact that it does not go far enough. There should be no time limit whatever in International matches. What side of Test team players can do justice either to their averages or their country if forced by the exigencies of the present ridiculous time limit to start their innings after a long and arduous day in the field? Twenty-four hours' complete rest, accompanied by change of air and scene, is absolutely essential to a display of such transcendent importance. In case, also, of the pitch wearing badly, or a night's rain intervening, or a spell of oppressively warm weather setting in, a bracing trip to the sea-side should be arranged for the teams, the umpires and Mr. Craig while the wicket is being coaxed back to its normal condition.

It may be urged, on the other hand, that such patchwork play would tend to lessen the spectator's interest in the struggle, but, far from this being the case, *ad libitum* Test cricket would confer an inestimable boon on the English-speaking world. There would be no

longer that feeling of desolation, that desperate sensation of emptiness, so prevalent among vicarious sportsmen between the Test Matches, while spectators of every class could watch the match at its commencement or in a few weeks' time with the comfortable assurance that the same glorious game would still be in progress.

From the feminine point of view, at



"CAN YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH?"
"SORRY I HAVEN'T ONE, SIR, BUT—"



"COME UP AND GET A LIGHT!"

any rate, the idea would be distinctly popular, and the gate-money enormously increased in consequence, for the simple reason that, time being no object with the players, lady enthusiasts would find the lawn at the disposal of their frocks and sunshades not once, but many times during the day, while, for instance, Mr. ARMSTRONG was having a chat with an overseas friend in the Pavilion, or Mr. FAY was waiting till he felt more in a mood for his knock.

GOLDEN RULES FOR THE NURSERY.

(Modelled on the regulation Nursery Card.)

DROWNING.—If the child show signs of not wishing to leave its bath, you may at once assume that it is drowned. Send instantly for the doctor and both parents, and do not relax your efforts for a moment until they come.

Pull the child's nose violently and put tepid bricks to its stomach and thighs, armpits and soles of feet. Then cut off all hair and rub its head with one part lime-water and two parts treacle to restore circulation. Lay the child on the bed and leave it quite alone for half an hour, or until the doctor comes.

CHOKING.—This complaint only occurs during breakfast. Send for the doctor at once, then put your whole hand as far down the child's throat as possible, and keep it there till the doctor comes.

NOSE BLEEDING.—Treatment the same as drowning.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EYE.—Take a well-sharpened penknife and try to remove the substance with it. If this fails, send for a box of glycerine jujubes, and wait till the doctor comes.

DITTO IN THE NOSE.—Anything in the nose is perfectly harmless, and will be much better left where it is.

SWALLOWING PINS, COINS, BUTTONS, PAPER-KNIVES, ETC.—If anything of this description stick in the throat of the child, attach a long piece of string to a crochet needle and let it drop as far as possible down the throat, taking care that the child bite the needle. Then send for the doctor. Do not on any account give the child an emetic.

WOUNDS.—Carefully wash the child all over with mustard and water to remove all dirt. Then put it to bed and keep it there for a few days, or until the doctor comes.

BITES.—If the child cannot bite its food properly, there is probably something wrong with the food, or with the child's teeth. In either case send for the doctor. Hold the child up by the heels for twenty minutes. If at the end of that time the teeth have not dropped out lay the child on the bed until the doctor's arrival and do not attempt to undress it, as probably there is something wrong with its food. On no account give it cod-liver oil.

Price 1d. from the "Infant's Liver Brigade Co.," Kidderminster, or given away with every $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Dobbin's Milk Substitute.

First Loafer. Did you help at the fire last night?

Second Loafer. Yes, a bit. I got out of the way of the fire-engine.

JUST 1235 YEARS MORE!

WE hasten to reassure our male readers as to the scare caused in the newspapers last week by a statement made at the Detroit Congress by Mr. W. J. BODINE, Superintendent of Compulsory Education in Chicago, to the effect that the extinction of Man is imminent, owing to the alarming increase of wage-earning Woman. It is not really as bad as that. A "Well-known Sociologist" has given it as his opinion, in the *Express* of August 18, that "the year 3140 will see the final triumph of women, when there will be 100 per cent. more women than men living in Great Britain. Twelve centuries later there will only be one man to every three women." We beg the Mere Man to breathe again, and to take a careful note of these dates. The first is exactly 1235 years ahead, and we have therefore, no doubt, time to make preparations accordingly. All Redistribution Bills, for instance, which concern the male voter and are now in contemplation, should have a clause inserted that they will become null and void in 3140 A.D. It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. BALFOUR will bear this in mind in framing his next attempt. Houses may still be built on a 999 years' lease with masculine "dens" and dressing-rooms, but for further periods we should recommend architects of club-houses and so forth to exercise a wise restraint. All Cricket tours and Test Matches booked for the summer of 3141 should be promptly cancelled, as there will not be enough trousered individuals to provide a "gate." A similar caution applies to the latter half of the previous football season. Husbands also have just twelve hundred and thirty-five years more to act as heads of the household, and do other odd jobs with hammers, etc. After then each will be only "half-a-man," and a new judgment of SOLOMON will be required to adjust matters.

We merely drop these hints by way of allaying any unnecessary fears during the present holiday season. It is very important to be exact in the matter of dates in arranging for these social cataclysms.

A Plurality Scandal.

"THE Rev. BEN LEWIS PARKIN, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas, Brightside, Sheffield, has, we are informed, resigned his benefice, and that (*sic*) his Grace the Archbishop of YORK has accepted the same."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

The italics represent Mr. *Punch's* blushes for the Archbishop, who ought surely to have known better.

"GAMEKEEPERS in North Wales report that, owing to the recent excessive heat, thousands of young peasants have been killed."—*Rhôs Herald*.



SWIMMING THE CHANNEL.

(The Latest Craze.)

Genuine Gems.

(From a General Knowledge Paper.)

Q. Explain the following terms:

- (1) Poet Laureate, (2) First Cataract, (3) Geyser.

A. (1) AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN, (2) The Flood, (3) German EMPEROR.

Q. Complete the following quotations:—

- (1) Birds of a feather—
- (2) It takes two to make a—
- A. (1) Birds of a feather never agree.
- (2) It takes two to make a marriage.

Q. Name any work by TENNYSON.

A. Graves Energy.

Q. For what are the following people famous?—(1) CLARA BUTT, (2) MARIE CORELLI, (3) Dr. BARNARDO.

A. (1) A cricketer, (2) Dancing and singing, (3) Cure for Radium.

Journalistic Candour.

"THERE is no truth in the statement that the *Daily Mail* has, or ever had, or ever will have, designs on the station bookstalls. The bookstall business has, however, so long been connected with the circulation of fiction that there seems some difficulty in dissociating the two."—*Evening News*.

ODONTOLOGICAL EVOLUTION.

(An appeal to Sir Oliver.)

No lurking premonition, when he lunched,
Of what Philosophy would lay before us
Haunted the happy troglodyte who munched
His mid-day Pleiosaurus.

He took no stock in Science: had you said,
"Teeth are a fraud, my neolithic brother,"
It might have struck his adamant head
To answer, "You're another!"

We, too, imagined, cutting 'em with tears,
Our infant ivories were things of beauty,
And mourned to think of those senescent years
When they would cease from duty.

It seems we were mistaken, Dr. LODGE;
You're going (very kindly) to deliver us
From dental agonies: the latest dodge
Is not to be carnivorous.

"If you have teeth, prepare to shed them now;
Their loss invigorates" (we quote your thesis)
"The human *cerebellum*; that is how
It gets those lovely creases.

"And, when the far-away Utopia comes,
More even-minded, if in features odder,
Posterity shall sip through pointless gums
A vegetable fodder."

Delightful notion! Life, immune from pains,
To serious thought and cereal food apprenticed.
But are they really such a boon, these brains?
Ought we to starve the dentist?

Are there no simpler changes we can make
Than thus to cast aside our cherished molars,
And build the massive brow too large to take
A standard size in bowlers?

Why not revert (and bid your scheme go hang!)
To types that read no news and rent no villa—
The irresponsible *Orang Outang*,
The fancy-free Gorilla?

Sweet to repose on eligible trees,
Saving our teeth for one eternal chatter
About the *cerebrum*, and by degrees
Eliminate the latter.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

ACCORDING to the *Times* report of the last scene of all, "The Sailing of the French Fleet," that ended the eventful week, "the *Firequeen* summed up the whole situation in the one word 'Good-bye.'" Not staying to point out that "Good-bye" is certainly not 'one word,' but four separate words compressed into two hyphenically united, it is most unfortunately noticeable that instead of "Good-bye" the *Firequeen* ought to have signalled "*Au Revoir*," or, if we are deficient in French signals, then, at least, could have been substituted "*To our next merry meeting*." The idea of saying that "the whole situation was summed up" in wishing our guests "Good-bye"!! The truly hospitable host never utters the sad word "Good-bye" without adding an affectionate "Hope you'll come and see us again soon," or something to that effect. "So long" would have been genial and up-to-date. No doubt the true sentiment will have been understood by our French friends, who will think that "it might have been infinitely better expressed."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARSHALL P. WILDER is known in two hemispheres as one of the best *raconteurs* of the day. Probably, following the example of a fellow-labourer nearer Pall Mall, he has told his stories so often that he is in dread of repeating himself in the hearing of chance audiences. Pursuing the lead indicated, he has accordingly published them in a volume to which he gives the characteristic name *The Sunny Side of the Street*. My Baronite, looking through the pages, misses the irresistibly merry face of the story-teller and the surprise of the abrupt conclusion which left the listener wondering where the point of the joke was. When it flashed upon him, as it never failed to do, it was enjoyed the more for the hesitation. There is a good deal of wisdom in MARSHALL'S wit. He has met most notable people in New York and London, and chats delightfully about them.

The latest work issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., in its useful and interesting series entitled *The Makers of British Art*, edited by JAMES A. MANSON, is *William Hogarth*. It is described by its author, G. BALDWIN BROWN, M.A., Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, as an attempt at "a fresh and independent treatment of HOGARTH'S life and art," and, as such, it is likely to achieve, mainly on account of Professor BROWN'S treatment of what will always be one of the subjects most popular with all interested in British Art, a greater success than any of its predecessors, excepting, perhaps, *Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*, by A. E. FLETCHER, and *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*, by ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING. So far as its modest limits allow, the Professor, in this book, has succeeded in giving us a delightful study of a plucky, sturdy, pugnacious, pig-headed, typical "British" personality, that is, of WILLIAM HOGARTH, who, as an artist, was possessed of rare genius, unrivalled in his peculiar line, whose execution was unequal, but whose ideas and expression of them were always original. What he saw, he drew; and as the humour took him so his eccentric fancy depicted whatever might be the subject of the moment. He was a tragedian, and equally a broad, yet subtle, comedian, who could be so successful in pure burlesque, that his grotesque print "in the ridiculous manner of REMBRANT," as HOGARTH himself advertised it, was one of his most popular performances, and commanded a very extensive sale. How out of such small prices, as they seem to us now-a-days, he contrived to amass a sufficient, if not a considerable, fortune, is somewhat difficult to understand. Surprised indeed must have been any one familiar with his character, and personally acquainted with this "little man" (taller than DAVID GARRICK, probably), to learn that, one fine morning, while yet scarcely more than a student, or at all events only at the commencement of his career, he had eloped with the handsome daughter of Sir JAMES THORNHILL, Sergeant-Painter to the King. The marriage was a most happy one; he was devoted to his wife, and she to him. The Baron cannot help wondering how Mrs. HOGARTH relished the pictorial progress, on canvas, of some of the subjects in which her husband revelled. Fortunately he was a stern moralist, and his manner of teaching was to show vice its own image "as large as life," as the showman says, "and twice as natural." The plates in this very interesting book, given as typical specimens of HOGARTH'S art, are well selected, and have been reproduced with admirable clearness.

THE BARON



DE

B-W.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

CHARIVARIA.

Das Reich has recommended the German nation to treat the British fleet as it deserves—neither with friendliness nor with rudeness, but with polite dignity; and the British tar, who is not without his sense of humour, will probably find this spectacle a sufficient entertainment in itself.

It is said that one feature of the Prince of WALES's tour in India will be a surprise mobilisation of troops. To ensure its success, due notice has been given.

London has often been called "The City of Terrible Darkness," and now the *Gaulois*, in a recent article on open spaces in the Metropolis, refers to "The Park of Black Heat."

Five American millionaires were staying at Claridge's Hotel last week, and it is worth noting, as showing how the Republican spirit is no mere empty form, that one whose fortune is estimated at £20,000,000 treated one who had only £10,000,000 as his equal, and was seen more than once to converse with him.

Mr. HALL CAINE has been interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of his dramatic version of *The Prodigal Son*. Upon being asked whether it was true, as had been alleged, that the end of the play is not

to be a happy one, Mr. CAINE, while refusing to make any explicit statement, modestly replied that everyone would be pleased when the end came.

Shipping in the Channel is becoming a serious menace to the constantly growing class that claims the right of swimming on this public thoroughfare, and we are not surprised to hear that the captains of vessels proceeding at a high velocity, are being freely spoken of as "Sea-flogs."

With reference to the fall of a boy from the gallery of a Blackburn Music Hall into the pit, we are asked to deny the statement that the manager refused to let the youth leave until he had paid the difference.

We hear that some difficulty is being experienced in connection with the forthcoming production of *Joseph and his Brethren* at the Coliseum, owing to the fact that there is no pit in that house.

A speaker at the meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors Association urged the importance of having school children periodically cleaned. It is rumoured that, as a result, important contracts are about to be placed by the educational authorities with the Vacuum Cleaning Company. If this be true, we hope that the safety of the infants will be considered. There is some danger that, owing

to their small size, they might be drawn by suction bodily through the tube.

A Chester magistrate has commented adversely on the practice adopted by some tradesmen of hanging goods outside shops. It is certainly not always to the advantage of the shopkeepers themselves, for we have known macintoshes, for instance, to be entirely spoilt by being left out in a shower.

Many clergymen have taken umbrage at Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE's advice to them to stop preaching "silly sermons," and have unanimously resolved to ignore it.

If there is one failing more than another which may be said to characterise the present age, it is lack of respect for established institutions. A pair of blackbirds, living near Barnet, have this season built a nest and successfully reared a brood of young ones in the breast-pocket of a scarecrow.

The oyster is so often under a cloud that we are pleased to hear that there is at least one gentleman who, though disputing its value as a source of sustenance, is yet anxious to give it a leg up. "A Vegetarian," writing to the *Daily News*, declares that "Men and nations cannot live well upon pork, oysters, and other quadrupeds."

HOW TO BEHAVE AT BRIDGE.

It is astonishing, at this time of day, how few people have learned to conduct themselves with becoming decorum at a Bridge-table; and we are greatly beholden to the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR for having laid down, in a recent issue of *The Westminster Gazette*, certain elementary rules of etiquette which should govern the behaviour of Polite Society when engaged in this popular and diverting pastime. Limits of space, no doubt, precluded him from saying all that was in his heart; and it is here my object to attempt, with great deference, to make good some of the gaps in his brochure. And, first, I notice that his "few short precepts" are directed to the guidance of beginners of

Both Sexes.

Thus, at the very outset, he is anxious to disabuse his readers of the idea that in Bridge there is one law for the woman and another for the man. This is well, for there is a false impression abroad, due to mistaken notions of chivalry, that the male may claim a greater clemency from his female partner than he would have a right to expect from one of his own sex. Such a principle may serve for trivial sports like lawn tennis or croquet; but where a game is played for money it is by that fact lifted into an altogether nobler region where the question of sex is, for the time being, eliminated. For example, the plea of inability to pay a Bridge debt through the absence of a pocket to hold money is just as inadmissible for a man as for a woman.

Now, to quote from the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, "let us suppose the Bridge table to be formed, and the four players

Duly Seated."

The precision with which he limits the number of players to four (fully justified, since a fifth player is likely to cause confusion, and six or more at an ordinary table might entail over-crowding) makes it the more surprising that he should employ so vague a phrase as "duly seated." This asks too much of the intelligence of the reader, and I venture to supplement it. The seats, then (deck chairs and oriental divans should be avoided), ought, if possible, to be all of the same height, so that no one player has a better chance than another of looking over his opponents' hands. Even so, there is the difficulty arising from lack of uniformity in the length of people's torsos; and this can only be met by the use of chairs capable of being adjusted in the music-stool manner. In any case, no seat should be so high that its occupant cannot reach down to pick up his tricks; nor so low that he cannot see over the edge of the table.

Again, in the choice of seats one cannot ignore

The Question of Mirrors.

If there happens to be a mirror situated immediately behind one of the chairs in such a way that the reflection of the occupant's cards can be readily observed by his partner, then the player who has the choice of seats should make a point of permitting this one to be secured by his opponents. For, as the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR very intelligently puts it, "the good-humoured people are those who give most pleasure to others in playing the game, and probably thereby secure conditions as favourable as possible to their own success." The application of this theory to the case of the mirror-seat is less obscure than it appears. If the original leader wins his game, he need say nothing; whereas, if he loses, he can then, while preserving an air of utmost good humour, call attention to the irregular assistance which his opponents must have derived from the mirror, and decline to pay his losses.

To resume. "Let us suppose the four players duly seated—then arises," says the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, "a point of etiquette relating to the deal which, in my experience, is very frequently disregarded by beginners and sometimes even by those who ought to know better; the point is

this, that the dealer has the right to shuffle the cards *last* before dealing, and it is a breach of etiquette for anyone at the table" (spectators, it will be seen, are here ignored) "to take the dealer's pack of cards in hand and place them in such a position that the player at the dealer's right hand

Is Tempted to Cut them

(and not infrequently does so) without giving the dealer a chance of shuffling." It would seem almost incredible that so gross a breach of etiquette should be possible among players of any breeding, yet we have the authority of the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR that it frequently occurs. If so, it can only be explained by a crass ignorance, or wanton disregard, of the first principles which underlie the game. The founders of Bridge went upon the assumption that every player

Naturally Wants to Cheat

if he gets the chance; and many of their regulations were constructed solely with the purpose of meeting this contingency. Amongst the most vital of these rules is the one which gives the dealer the right of shuffling the cards last, so as to nullify any collusion on the part of his opponents. Accordingly, for a player to put the cards in such a position that the dealer is tempted to neglect this precaution, is to give him the chance of appearing to repose confidence in his opponents' honesty, and is therefore an unpardonable breach of propriety.

The deal being over (and the novice cannot be too urgently reminded that the cards should be dealt from the top, not from the middle or bottom, of the pack, and also in regular rotation, so that each player receives an equal consignment) we come to the question of declaring. On this point the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR holds "That the dealer should allow a reasonable time to elapse, in every instance, before deciding whether he will make the declaration himself or leave the decision to his partner." This is a very sound suggestion, and, if it were more frequently followed, we should hear less of such cases as that of the dealer who, after a cursory glance at the corners of his cards, instantly declares No Trumps

On the Strength of Three Aces,

which, on a closer inspection, prove to be fours; or, on the other hand, of the dealer who considers his cards abstractedly for 5½ minutes, and then asks who has dealt. But it is doubtful if this counsel of perfection will ever be realised until the authorities introduce a compulsory system of time-fuses.

We next come to the right method of declaring. Now about this the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR—in my opinion very properly, though his literary style might perhaps be bettered—holds the view that "on making the declaration, whether by the dealer or his partner, no word or other indication of any kind should be allowed to escape from either of them giving any hint as to the contents of their hands." But I would go further and place similar restrictions on the dealer when

Passing the Declaration.

For, should he say aloud, as he leaves it to his partner, "A couple more aces and I'd go No Trumps myself;" or, "No, I never have made an original declaration of Diamonds with five to the Queen, and I won't now;" or, "In case you thought of declaring Hearts, I have four pretty good ones;" or (flinging his cards across to his partner), "Did you ever see such a rotten Spade hand?"—any one of these speeches—and, still more, the action accompanying the last—would be tantamount to an intimation, however closely veiled, of the contents of his hand.

On a future occasion I may have more to say on the subject of Bridge Behaviour; and in the meantime I shall watch carefully to see the effect on Society of the doctrines inculcated by the Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR and with great humility supplemented by myself.

O. S.



IS IT THE DAWN?



["Bathing-dresses are more elaborate than ever this year."—*Vide Ladies' Papers.*]

Amy. "WELL, I SUPPOSE WE MAY AS WELL BE GOING INTO THE SEA—COME ALONG, MAUD."

Maud. "MY DEAR AMY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHY! IT WOULD ABSOLUTELY RUIN MY DRESS!"

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE PARK.

SCENE—Near the Marble Arch. TIME—Sunday evening. By the Kiosk the usual rancous Atheist is criticising the Bible in the usual spout of cheap buffoonery. Next to him is a roluble Hungarian, advocating an optimistic view of the future state. A little further on, an orthodox circle are singing hymns with a tuneful but mildly pugnacious refrain. Somewhat apart from all these coteries a small group has collected round a couple of disputants. One is an intelligent artisan, with a keen sallow face and brown eyes with a dull glitter in them; the other is a little old gentleman of venerable appearance, whose soft black felt hat, large clean white collars, and silvery hair and beard, give him a semi-professional air. Between them stands a mysterious-looking man with grizzled curls falling to his shoulders, who observes them both with close and impartial attention, and seems to be reserving his final decision until the argument is concluded.

The Intelligent Artisan. My argument is that any monopoly of money is against the interests of the community as a 'ole. That's the point you 'ave to meet!

The Old Gentleman (after squeezing all his features together in the effort to concentrate his thoughts). You assert the fact—but, so far, you have not advanced any arguments which, in my opinion, establish it.

The I. A. That's not my fault. If you're too fogged to see it I can't make you—now can I?

The O. G. To begin with, I entirely deny that there is, or can be, any such thing as a monopoly of money.

The I. A. Why, you know as well as what I do that a small and privileged class—bankers, financiers, and such like—'ave the sole right at present of issuing money.

The O. G. I know nothing of the sort. What is to prevent anyone here from starting a bank to-morrow—if he has the necessary capital?

A Bystander (who has omitted to share for the last day or two). Just so! It's a free country, ain't it?

The I. A. When you use the term "necess'ry," you're beggin' the 'ole question. What I say is that Capital oughtn't to be necess'ry at all. I claim that every man ought to 'ave the right to issue notes on the security of the future product of the labour of his 'ands.

The Unshaven B. You'll excuse me—but is not wealth produced by the labour of a man's head as well as his hands?

The I. A. No, no—that's where you're wrong. Wealth has never yet been perdooced by a man's 'ed—on'y by 'is 'ands, as I can prove to you in a moment. Let us put it, for the sake of argyment, that the world's Capital amounts to one 'undred pounds, while its wealth is of exactly the same value. Well, then, it follers that for hevery pound—

The O. G. (his spectacles gleaming with the light of battle). One moment! You must not attempt to prove your case by assuming a condition of things that does not exist. The world's Capital—

The I. A. I was addressing myself to this gentleman. I'll

come to you presently. As for the 'undred pounds, I was merely taking that figger as a basis. Make it a million, or a billion pounds, for all I care—it don't affect my illustration!

The O. G. I object to your illustration on the ground that it is an impossible one. The world's Capital never has been and never will be exactly balanced by its wealth.

The I. A. All I'm endeavouring—if you'll allow me to 'ave my say out—is to prove to our friend 'ere that Labour is not dependent on Capital in any way whatsoever.

The Unshaven. But wouldn't you say that Labour depended on Capital for employment?

The I. A. Certainly I should not. Their interests are diametrically opposed—as I'll undertake to show in 'alf a minute.

The Unshaven. Well, but look here now. Suppose I have a few hundred pounds, and invest it in building a house over there. (*Indicating Connaught Place.*) Well,—

The O. G. (*with guarded approval.*) Yes, you've hit on the right line there—you may be going to follow it up by the proper argument, though I doubt it—but go on.

The Unshaven (*encouraged*). Am I not providing employment and wages for bricklayers, carpenters, and such like?

The I. A. (*condescendingly*). I'll tell you what your mistake is. Wages aren't paid out of Capital at all. They're paid entirely out of the products of Labour. Similarly with interest. What right, I ask you, has Capital to be paid interest just for laying idle?

The O. G. Since you seem to be attacking interest now, let me put this case to you: I have a hundred pounds to spare, and I buy fifty trucks or barrows at two pounds apiece, and let them out at sixpence a day—that is, seven pounds ten a week. Do you say I am doing wrong? (*He beams with the triumphant expression of a modern SOCRATES.*)

The I. A. (*after considering this problem*). By no means unless, mind you, *unless* you are thereby creating a monopoly. That's all I'm arguing against. I contend that every man has a free right to the use of land, air, and water, without being interfered with by anybody whatsoever.

The O. G. Then my answer to that is that he has no such rights, under present conditions.

The I. A. (*seizing his advantage*). "Under present conditions!" There you are. Now you've gone and given away your 'ole case. I'm trying to get those conditions altered. And, while on that point, I may mention that where CHAMBERLAIN makes his grand mistake, is that 'e —

The O. G. Before we go any further, are you for Free Trade or Protection? . . . Very well then, so far, I'm with you —

[*At this stage the mysterious man with the long curls, who has been looking as if he might interrene with an illuminating remark at any moment, suddenly loses all interest in the discussion and glides quietly away; there follows a lengthy argument as to what MR. CHAMBERLAIN did or did not say on various occasions, and how far his own words may be accepted as evidence of his policy—after which the Old Gentleman resumes —*

Well, I am old enough to remember the days long before Free Trade came in, when I myself sold coffee at six and ninepence the pound, tea at very little under, and spices at sixpence an ounce —

A Vacuous Auditor (*with a marked increase of respect for him*). Then you done very well!

The I. A. (*to the O. G.*) I want to 'ave it out with you about the land. You 'aven't met me on that point yet.

The O. G. I am far from saying that our Land Laws do not need reform —

The I. A. Reform? They want to be done away with altogether! I'd 'ave every man entitled to use the land equally without being ordered off it by nobody.

The O. G. Equally—but that's the difficulty. Suppose I build two houses at a thousand pounds apiece —

The V. A. (*deeply impressed by such enterprise*). That's a tidy bit o' money, Guy'nor!

The O. G. (*ignoring him*). And suppose I build one house in the middle of Hackney Marshes —

The I. A. You'd 'ave to be a loonertic to do that! 'Oo's giving impossible illustrations now?

The O. G. I allowed you to finish your illustration—you're interrupting me in the middle of mine!

The V. A. (*losing all faith in him as a practical man*). And right, too—torking sech rot as that!

The O. G. (*witheringly*). When you have made yourself acquainted with the A B C of the question you will have the right to correct other people's arguments—but not till then. (*To the I. A.*) And suppose I build the other house —

The I. A. That's all very well—but we're getting fur away from our original point, which is 'ow wealth can be circulated to the best advantage. And I end as I began by asserting that no class ought to 'ave the exclusive monopoly of money.

The O. G. And I repeat that you have not yet shown me that any such monopoly exists.

The I. A. If I 'ave not done so it's because you 'aven't a mind that's capable of follering my arguments—and I can't be expected to 'elp that. But if you'd read JOHN STUART MILL'S *Summary* (which in my opinion is the best thing he ever wrote), you'd see it laid down there that you cannot increase the issue of money without instantly raising the price of food.

The O. G. I have read all JOHN STUART MILL'S works several times over, but I do not recall any statement to that effect. And if you were to talk for ever, you would never convince me that —

The I. A. I dessay not. And I'll tell you why. Because you 'aven't studied the subject sufficiently to reason it out for yourself. So, as I can't waste any more o' my time (*he elbows his way out of the circle*), I'll wish yer good-night.

The O. G. I studied the subject and reasoned it out for myself, my friend, long before you were born!

The I. A. (*firing a Parthian shot before disappearing in the crowd*). Then all I can say to you is that it's a pity you didn't reason it out right while you were about it!

The O. G. (*buttonholing the nearest Bystander*). I can show you the fallacy of my late opponent's so-called arguments by a very simple illustration. I will assume that you are a shoemaker, and turn out, without the aid of machinery, a pair of boots per day, for which you receive —

The Bystander (*with a dash of hauteur*). There you're mistaken, Mister, as it 'appens. Because I'm a clurk. But if you ask my opinion —

[*Here he is suddenly drawn away by his "Young Lady."* His Young Lady (*in his ear*). Oh, come orf it, do! Whatever's the use o' gettin' arguin' with a ole nannygoat like 'im? Let's go and listen to the band!

[*They do; the undaunted Old Gentleman looks round for an antagonist worthier of his steel, and is soon again in the thick of an intellectual conflict.* F. A.]

Expected Disappearance of a Gallant Officer.

UNDER the head of "Military Appointments," though it sounds much more like a Military Disappointment, we read in a contemporary that "Major B. R. K. TARTE, the Buffs (? Puffs), has been appointed to the 1st Battalion pending absorption."

Patting the Cart before the Man.

FROM "Infantry Training," 1905:—"In all movements the second in command will be responsible for the direction and covering; he (and the sergeant-major, if no ammunition carts are present) will generally assist the commanding officer."

FOR HEROES AND LEANDERS.

THE NEW HOTEL FOR CHANNEL SWIMMERS.

SWIMMING the Channel is about to be put upon a sound and practical basis, the experimental stage now being considered over. Plans for a large hotel on the Dover shore, which is to be the last word in sensational natation, have just been passed by the Town Council; while, as soon as the form and seriousness of the swimmers suggest that it is necessary, a sister establishment will be set up on the French coast. This building will be of novel construction, the intention being to erect it upon wheels, so that it can quickly be moved to whatever point the successful swimmer (supposing one to emerge) seems to be approaching, and thus be ready to supply him with refreshment and lodging and those requirements of civilisation which are now expected by those who cleave the main in the full glare, so to speak, of the public eye. A competent staff of pushers will be in attendance day and night to move the hotel whenever and wherever needed.

To return to the Dover hotel, the existence of which is not problematical but certain, all Channel Swimmers having been observed to start. A name has not yet been chosen for it, the management hesitating between "The Trudgeon," "The Swinburne Arms," and "The Forlorn Hope." Beneath the building will be a swimming-bath of considerable size, in which practice can be taken when the weather is too inclement outside, and in which the art of absorbing food while swimming may be acquired. This art is by no means easy, and, indeed, many swimmers attribute their failure to reach Grisnez less to lacking strength and endurance than to inability to swallow beef-tea without at the same time swallowing the Pas de Calais. Swimmers can also experiment in this bath with patent foods, and floating writing-pads will be provided on which they can record the results.

A *propos* of advertisement, we are reminded that an advertising agent of American extraction will have a permanent office in the hotel, and will give his whole time to the invention of new and ingenious devices to bring and keep the names of the champions before a public for whom the month of August would be arid indeed were it not for attempts upon the Channel. The rooms for the swimmers and their suites will be around the bath, and above these will be a series of apartments for captains of tugs and purveyors of meat essences. The various German bands and gramophone operators will be located in out-houses, while at the top of the main building will be a telegraph office, and around it the rooms of the representatives of the leading papers, the Press



"SO SORRY I'M LATE. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TOO BORED!"
 "OH NO, THANKS. I'VE BEEN NURSING THE CAT TILL YOU COULD COME."

Association and the Central News. There will also be sufficient accommodation for those persons who cannot swim, but yet wish it to be understood that they also have designs on the Channel.

Professors of every kind of stroke will be in attendance night and day. The HOLBEIN back stroke, which leaves the face free to contemplate the sun in its various eclipses and the pageant of the starry heavens, will be imparted to all who wish it; likewise the breast stroke of the indomitable and saucy BURGESS, the elastic freedom of the fair and buoyish KELLERMAN, the loopish lupineness of WOLFF, and the cat-like movements of Mr. MEW. Nothing in short will be left undone that can help to popularise this new August and September pastime, which bids fair to rival in attraction both Bridge and Jiu-jitsu.

When the hotel is ready it has been

decided to ask Mr. SWINBURNE for an opening ode, which will probably bear the title "The Channel's Cross-currents," and will be recited by the spirited bard hand-in-hand with his life-long friend and most masterly critic Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, each declaiming alternate lines. The effort, it is anticipated, will be very novel and charming. At the completion of the recitation the directors, all of whom are old swimmers who have won many a gallant contest with the tides in Herne Bay, the Serpentine, Round Pond, and other arenas of desperate natation, will plunge simultaneously into the sea from the Admiralty Pier and perform startling evolutions. They will then emerge, and after some brisk exhortation from specially woven huckaback towels, will entertain the gallant company to lunch, a suitable grace being uttered by Prebendary and Captain WEBB-PEPLOE.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE DANDIE DUMMONT.

The particular Dandie Dummont who has conferred upon me the privileges of possessing him and providing him with food, brushing, brushing and comb, and a garden for him to delve in, is a year old. In appearance he is the most ridiculous object that Nature ever invented in one of her freakish moods. His wheel-base—if I may borrow a term from the motorist—is the longest I have ever seen in proportion to his height, which cannot, at a liberal estimate, exceed six inches at the shoulder. There never has existed a dog who was at the same time so long and (in another sense) so short. His absurd front legs—if things so brief can indeed be called legs—begin with a most prodigious sweeping curve, and then terminate in two comic paws set at a sharp angle outwards. The top of his head is as flat as the striking surface of Thor's hammer, and the ridge of his back goes in switch-back gradients to join his long and impudently defiant tail. About his hair, however, save where it bushes over his eyes, there is no absurdity. It is of a light grey colour—he is a "pepper"—and in part it has the fine texture of silk. His eyes, too, are noble, for they are brown, a rich brown, and they have in them unplumbed depths of faithfulness, pathos, and alert intelligence. His fixed home is an open basket in the day nursery, but more often than not, and especially on muddy days, he condescends to curl himself up on the seats of arm-chairs in the drawing-room or library.

It must not be supposed that this preposterous person has any sense of his own absurdity. On the contrary he has a most notable pomposity of demeanour, supposed, by his detractors, to have been acquired from constant companionship with a gigantic St. Bernard dog, whom he worships, bullies, and leads into mischief. When he is trotting beside *Rollo* he is obviously and serenely unconscious of any difference in their sizes, weights, and muscular powers. He has the deportment and, for the matter of that, the courage of his majestic tawny friend, and the fact that he is occasionally trampled into flatness by a negligent paw never discomposes him for long, and has not had the least effect upon his settled convictions.

This morning the Dandie was digging in the garden, and was pursuing the exercise with his customary and almost inconceivable ardour. He does not care where he digs, for many marks of his prowess are to be seen upon the tennis lawn, and many others are to be found amongst the flower-beds. On this occasion he had chosen some geraniums that are planted against a wall of the house. His leglets were making the earth fly with an incredible velocity. Deeper and wider grew the hole; the sky was darkened with the earthy and scarlet-petalled shower of his excavations. Smack! He has been discovered and for the fiftieth time a whip has descended on his back. A yelping, grey streak of lightning has shot across the path, and in the space of a second he is standing indignant on the lawn a hundred yards away.

At this moment of gloom he saw a sight which at once revived his drooping spirits. A gardener was trundling a heavy wheelbarrow along one of the walks. Now a gardener is always an enemy, but when his hands are free he is a dangerous enemy, for he can throw stones and use sticks, and must, therefore, be avoided. But when a gardener is trundling a wheelbarrow, all he can do is to kick rearwards clumsily and without proper direction. Seeing his hereditary foe thus handicapped the Dandie lost no time. In a flash he had hurtled across the intervening grass and had flung himself, barking viciously, against the lower inches of the gardener's corduroys. The eyes of his mistress being upon him, the gardener attempted under these distressing circumstances to maintain an impassive horticultural dignity, and

ever, as he wheeled, the little dog sprang with short repeated darts at the moving legs.

At last the Dandie desisted from this joyous sport—but only to take up another equally delightful, and even less dangerous. On the other side of the lawn a nurserymaid was pushing a perambulator. By the dog-star, he seemed to say, here is a second wheeling victim! In another moment, still barking his battle-cry, he was amongst her skirts, and in another the perambulator was deserted, the baby was yelling with apprehension, and the nurserymaid, a shrieking and distraught semblance of humanity, was making for a bench in feverish and laughable zig-zags, while the handy-legged fiend was chasing her from stop to stop with a zest proportioned to her ruin.

After this exploit he seemed to be sated with mere spiritual amusements, for he retired by devious paths to the kitchen, and became a meek and wheedling, not to say a cringing, little dog. Having prevailed over the not inflexible temper of the cook, he returned to the lawn bearing in his mouth a beef bone as large as his own body. Over this he gnawed and growled till it was time to bury it amongst the bushes and repair to the nursery for dinner, with a tell-tale pyramid of earth upon his nose.

THE GOLF HABIT.

BY AN INVOLUNTARY SLAVE.

EVEN as one that ventures, in his strength,

On some slow drag, and seems to take no ill,
But surely weakening finds himself at length
Thrall to a tabloid, bondsman to a pill,

So I, that sought a charm whereof men rave,
That did but nibble, as it were in jest,
Am grown a Public Scoffing and a slave,
Me wretched! to a practice I detest.

For me the nights go heavily. For me
Day brings the burn, the tussock, and the whin,
The fozzled anguish of a Club-house tee
Crowded with sportsmen pawing to begin.

Through the long hours a weariful course I trace
With piteous "top" and agitating "pull,"
Or squander on th' illimitable space
Blows that would stun an ordinary bull.

The wild turfs leap to my impassioned scoops;
The thick clouds gather o'er the bunker's bed;
And the sliced ball precariously swoops
In imminent circles round a stranger's head.

Daylong and daylong, be it fine or damp,
Summer or winter, I may never flag;
If wet, I take a multi-coloured gamp;
If dry, the caddie has it in his bag.

So grinds the old wheel on. And every day
I loathe the stubborn traffic more and more;
Nightly I vow to give my clubs away,
Only to start next morning as before;

Only to find more painful and more slow
My devious passaging from tee to green
(A hole I did in ten a week ago
I missed this afternoon in seventeen);

Only to salve the pangs of my despair
With shattered shafts and stamping of the feet,
And bell my sorrows to the ambient air
In terms that border on the indiscreet. DUM-DUM.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A STATESMAN.

"The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN left on Saturday morning for the Continent. No letters will be forwarded to him."—*Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 21.]

Aug. 22.—No letters. What a relief and what a contrast to my usual average of 250 a day! Must devote my leisure to extending my acquaintance with contemporary literature. Tried MAETERLINCK'S *Treasure of the Humble* this morning, but found it rather visionary and unpractical. In the afternoon read part of *Aglavaine and Selysette*, but thought it very aglavaining, I mean aggravating. Must ask AVEBURY if MAETERLINCK really does know anything about bees, or only has one in his bonnet.

Aug. 23.—No letters. It certainly does simplify life a great deal, but one can't help wishing to know what people are doing. The foreign newspapers are all very well, but they can't be always trusted. For instance, I see it stated that Lord RITCHIE, the celebrated British statesman (!!!), will probably re-enter the Cabinet. That would indeed be the last straw. Read BROWNING'S *Lost Leader* after lunch. Strange that ARTHUR BALFOUR has never written to congratulate me on CURZON'S resignation. By Jove, though, he's probably seen that notice about my correspondence and acted accordingly. After tea read some of DICKENS'S *Oliver Lodge*, I mean to say *Oliver Twist*. That reminds me that when I get back to Birmingham I must really try to get OLIVER LODGE to write or lecture on the transcendental side of Tariff Reform. I believe it's the only subject of importance he hasn't written on since his appointment as Principal of the Birmingham University.

Aug. 24.—No letters. Tried to read some *Tolstoi* after breakfast, but gave it up in disgust. My doctor recommends me to try golf croquet, but I haven't sunk so low as that yet. Wonder what JESSE COLLINGS is doing with himself. He doesn't shoot grouse, I know, but CHAPLIN does, and HOWARD VINCENT has gone off the rails over the Volunteer Question. . . . Went to hear the band play this afternoon. I know nothing about music, and it doesn't affect me much, but there's no doubt it does influence some people amazingly. I wonder if ELGAR, our new music professor at Birmingham, could be induced to compose a symphony or overture on Imperial Preference? Must talk it over with ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Aug. 25.—No letters. Really this is getting beyond a joke. This morning I was reduced to playing golf croquet, and can no longer say that I never take any exercise or indulge in any pastime.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Driver. "OH! WHAT A LOVELY AFTERNOON! LET YOUR EYES REST WHERE THEY WILL, MISS ROSIE, AND THEY SEE NOTHING THAT IS NOT EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL!"

Aug. 26.—A picture post-card, and from JESSE COLLINGS! Dear old JESSE! I almost shed tears when it was handed me. Effect on my health and spirits simply miraculous. Defying my doctor, wrote long letters to ARTHUR BALFOUR, HEWINS, CHARLES BOOTH, LEO MAXSE, BARON SUYEMATSU, and MINTO. Listened to the pianola without any irritation for half-an-hour after lunch, and telegraphed to the *Times* giving my address, and removing embargo on correspondence.

More Commercial Candour.

"SEA-FISHING tackle sold here, fresh, up-to-date. Certain to deceive the most wary."

SWIMMING the Channel is not the only ambition of our athletes. A number of golfing experts recently reached Dover intent upon driving a ball from Shakespeare's Cliff to the Calais shore. Messrs. JESSOP and JOE DARLING are also intending to try to slog there.



WITH THE "DEVON AND SOMERSET."

Dianna (enjoying her first experience of Stag-hunting). "YOU MUST GET THE BRUSH FOR ME, GEORGE, OR I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU."
George (the abject slave—also a novice). "WELL—ER—I'LL TRY."

SUN AND 'AIR.

Opinions of Experts.

"It is an old and perhaps a true legend that in the days of TITIAN the women of Venice used to sit with their long tresses loose in the sun's midday strength to impart to them that chestnut tinge which is still distinguished to-day as Venetian red. It is another old, and, possibly, equally accurate tradition that blue-coat boys and butchers' assistants are exempt from baldness, because they wear no covering on their heads."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE *Daily Telegraph's* theory, as expressed above, so attracted and intrigued Mr. Punch that he made some inquiries among great or prominent capillarians to endeavour to obtain ratification or denial as to the efficiency of the sun's rays in promoting growth and a golden tinge. We have the authority of the gifted and retiring author of *The Prodigal Son* (not Sun) at Drury Lane, who has put it on record that he attributes the ruddy hue of his own wool (as he humorously calls it) to a long sitting without his hat on the summit of Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover, where once

the natives "gathered samphire (dreadful trade)." Before that time it was coal-black.

Other letters on the subject have reached us.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTHAIK writes: "I can neither support nor disprove the *Telegraph's* theory. My own raven tresses, so ample and so glossy, have rarely been exposed to the rays of the sun; but their luxuriansness none can deny, despite my paradoxical cognomen."

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS writes: "I am constrained to believe that the action of the sun has no connection whatever with the growth of what might be called human mustard and cress. My own conviction is that that growth can be promoted only by the assiduous application of a patent preparation known as—"

[Oh no you don't.—Ed.]

MR. P. F. WARNER writes: "I wish I could support the theory that the sun is a safe cure for want of thatch, but

unhappily I cannot. I have given it every chance in the field this year, but in vain. I am still as I was. Would that I could be no-bald!"

It will be seen that the evidence that we have been able to collect from three of the most eminent men in their respective walks of life now living does not very strongly endorse the fascinating contention of our ingenious contemporary. None the less, we are not disposed to go back on *Le Père Soleil* yet. It is manifest that the truth of the contention can be tested only by a deliberate period of immunity from sunshine on the part of the hirsute and a similar period of sunbaths on the part of the hairless. A period of immunity will be offered by to-day's eclipse, but the duration will be probably too short for any marked decrease in hair to be noticed by the astronomers who are implicated in that celestial event, while the value of the experiment would in any case be vitiated by the circumstance that most of them (not, of course, including Sir NORMAN LOCKHART) are more or less bald already.



SHELVED.

CHORUS OF THE RESIGNED (*erecting up to make room for Lord Crezon*). "HULLO! HERE COMES ANOTHER OF THE OLD BRIGADE! WHY, ARTHUR 'LL SOON BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT."



THE END OF A RECORD MINISTRY.

(Being the intelligent anticipation of a leading article from the Daily Telegraph, April 2, 1936.)

LAST night the House of Commons witnessed the most dramatic, disastrous, and epoch-making event that political history has yet recorded. After an utterly unparalleled career of nearly forty years, a period rich in benefits for so many important classes of the British Nation, Mr. BALFOUR's Ministry was defeated yesterday evening, under circumstances which will bring nothing but eternal shame and dishonour upon an already discredited Opposition. For some time it had been known that the Liberal Party had fixed upon the first of April as the occasion for a malevolent attack upon the Government; and as, since Lord ALBERT CECIL's unfortunate defeat at Kensington, Mr. BALFOUR at full strength could only rely upon a majority of one, a most urgent whip had been despatched throughout the Unionist Party, commanding attendance at all costs. Thanks to the "Political Substitute Bill," wisely passed through by the Prime Minister during the previous session, those supporters of the Government who were too aged and infirm to take the journey to the House were able to send down their valets with power of attorney to vote for them. Since no fewer than two hundred and one availed themselves of the privilege, it will be realised what a stern, fighting spirit animated the loyal and united party which has so faithfully supported its beloved leader for nearly half a century. Despite the hundred summers that have floated over Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's venerable head, the veteran statesman had announced his intention of replying in person to Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL's amendment; and when the grand old warrior entered the House, leaning upon the arms of Mr. DAVID COLLINGS and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Jr., he was welcomed by a storm of cheering that was only surpassed by the terrific outburst that a few moments later greeted the arrival of the Prime Minister, who, gracefully reclining in a deck chair, was carried to his seat by

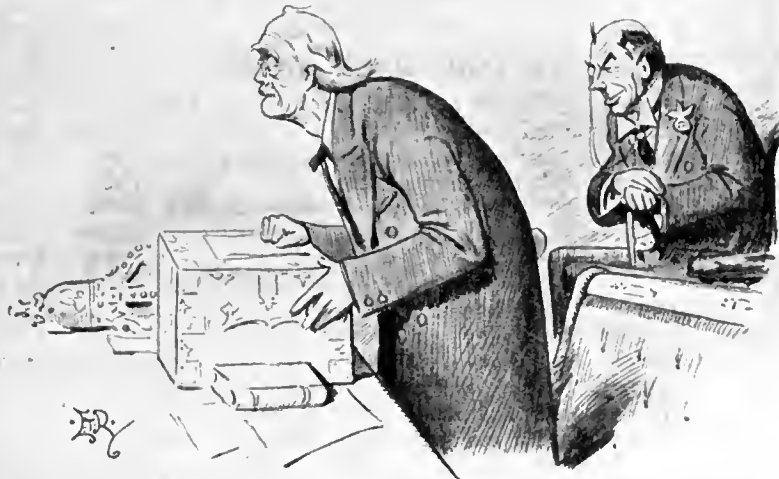
the affectionate efforts of Lord ALGERNON and Lord PERCY CECIL.

When Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL rose amidst the applause of the Opposition, the benches were crowded to their utmost capacity. In the Peers' Gallery there was also a notable attendance, including the Marquis CARMELITE, Earl VINCE, Lord HEWINS, and many other distinguished members of the Upper Chamber. The Opposition amendment had been worded with an elaborate but obvious cunning, which from its very nature was bound to fail in its object of detaching the necessary vote from the Conservative Party:

"That in the opinion of this House the time has now arrived when His Majesty's Government should declare their intentions with

representatives of the Unionist members by referring to their presence as "the most deliberate and impertinent affront that had ever been offered to a long-suffering House." Then, returning to the amendment, he demanded from Mr. BALFOUR a plain answer as to whether he was in favour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme or not. At this point he paused dramatically, and loud cries of "Answer" arose from the benches behind him. When it was discovered, however, that Mr. BALFOUR was fast asleep, Sir WINSTON resumed his attack, which henceforth he directed towards Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, with an impassive smile of contempt upon his face, was sitting exactly opposite. Lashing himself into a fine pretence of indignation, the Liberal

Leader declared that thirty-two years ago Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had stated that the immediate adoption of his scheme was absolutely essential if the Empire were to be saved; and that since then, despite every inducement and opportunity being offered to him by the Liberal Party, he had never had the courage to bring it before the House. If Mr. BALFOUR agreed with him, which on seventy-six distinct occasions the Member for West Birmingham had stated to be the case, why had the Government



"Mr. Balfour was aroused, and expressed a desire to end the debate."

regard to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed alterations in the Fiscal Policy of the country."

Speaking with much assumed warmth and vehemence, the Leader of the Opposition at once plunged into an attack upon the Ministry, which for personal rancour and malicious virulence will remain, we trust, for all time the classical and unenviable example. He soon deserted the subject of the amendment, and proceeded to range over the whole field of Government policy. With concentrated venom he referred to Mr. BALFOUR's masterly repeal of the Septennial Act (1906) as "the most flagrant example of political immorality that has ever stained the pages of history." He alluded to the Redistribution Bill of 1914, which had brought the Government majority from 7 up to 96, as "a piece of shameless corruption, which in any other department of life would have obtained the punishment that it merited," and concluded by grossly insulting the

not adopted his ideas? If, on the other hand, Mr. BALFOUR was opposed to him, as Lord HUGH CECIL had passionately affirmed no fewer than seventy-five times, why did not the Prime Minister say so, and end this intolerable atmosphere of sham and shuffle? (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

With the assistance of his grandson, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was upon his feet almost before Sir WINSTON had resumed his place, which probably accounts for the sustained nature of the applause. In a few brief but eloquent words he completely shattered the edifice of make-believe which the Opposition Leader had taken such pains to erect. Needless to say, his logical, patriotic, and crushing exposure of the Free Trade case was received with the wildest enthusiasm. "The Leader of the Opposition," he declared, "was one of those unfortunate individuals who were the friends of every country but their own." (*Cheers.*) "In

order to snatch a miserable party advantage he did not hesitate to imperil the future of his native land." (*Cheers.*) "Hon. Members would do well to remember that every vote given to the Liberals was a vote sold to Germany." (*Cheers and protests.*) "He believed that this generation would hand down untarnished the sceptre of empire which they had received from their forefathers." (*Lowd cheers.*)

The debate was continued with great enthusiasm by Members of both Parties. On the Government side powerful speeches were contributed by Lord HUGH CECIL, Lord PERCY CECIL, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Lord ALGERNON CECIL, and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Jr. At half-past eleven Mr. BALFOUR was aroused, and expressed his desire to end the debate. When the applause that greeted his decision had died away, the Prime Minister began his speech with evident traces of emotion. "It was not his fault," he declared, "if nature had denied to the Liberal Party sufficient intelligence to understand the English language. The question was so complicated, and his attitude towards it so simple, that it was impossible for him to express it in any cruder language than that of which he had already been guilty. As for the gross and unjustifiable attack upon his life-long friend the Member for West Birmingham" (at this point he turned to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with tears in his eyes), "well, all he could say was that in his opinion the late Colonial Secretary was the second greatest statesman in English history. As for there having been any discord between the right hon. gentleman and himself—" here Mr. BALFOUR's emotion became painful to witness. Two or three times he tried to continue his speech, but the effort was too great; and with a faint exclamation that sounded like "liars," the Prime Minister sank back in his seat unconscious. So overcome was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at this proof of affection, that for the first and only time in his life his feelings got the better of him, and amid the wildest excitement in the House he also fainted away in the arms of Mr. DAVID COLLINGS.

Then occurred an incident almost incredible in its lack of political decency. A Member of the Opposition, whose name we will not sully our page by writing, rose to his feet, and moved "that the amendment be now put." Frantic but unavailing efforts were made to revive the two distinguished invalids; and when the division lists were read for the amendment, the record Ministry of history had been defeated by one vote.

It would be as impossible as it is superfluous to enumerate the services rendered to the country by the late Government. We only offer our warmest

congratulations to the two incomparable Ministers who are now released from the thankless labours at which they have toiled so long. In the words of the last great English poet:

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea;"

and Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have well earned the rest and honour which they will enjoy, before sinking into the boundless ocean of eternal fame. A thousand memorable phrases leap instinctively into our mind as applicable to their unparalleled careers; but perhaps from the garden of history we can cull the flower that may most acceptably be laid at their feet as a tribute of a nation's gratitude; and, in view of the sublime and pathetic manner in which the end of the Ministry was brought about, inscribe on their memorial in letters of gold and granite that nothing in their political life became them like the leaving of it.

A FOUR-BALL BREAK.

"CROQUET? With you? No. I'm blowed if—"

"Lady ANGELA wants to play, and of course that means HARRY."

"Oh, well, if Lady ANGELA—all right. I'll play with her. Make a better game."

"No. I want her to play with HARRY."

"But I don't want—"

"To play with me? You used to, JACK, when—before—"

"Before we were married? Yes, I know, but that was—oh, very well. Have it your own way. Only don't ask my advice and then not take it."

"As if I ever did! Very well, I won't, if you'll promise not to lose your temper."

"Lose my temper! Really, you are the most aggravating person I've ever come across. You know perfectly well I never do. Not now."

"H'm. Well, no, you don't; not like you used to. You don't throw your mallet about and swear. But you scowl and look sulky and say nothing, and that's worse. And you're always thinking about your stupid old four-ball game, and expecting me to—Here they come. Shall we call? Heads! Heads it is. Shall we begin, JACK?"

"Why, of course. It's the game."

"Oh, yes, I know you always say so. I never can see it."

"But, my dear child, the whole object of the game is to get the balls first, so if you win the toss—however, let's have it your way. Will you be red or yellow?"

"Perhaps we'd better begin, if it's the game. I'll be blue. Or would you rather go first?"

"Just as you like."

"Oh, very well, then. I'll be black. No, blue. Only I won't play the four-ball thuggumny. It spoils the game. I shall go through the second hoop."

"But it's sheer—oh, very well. Please yourself."

"Well, what do you want me to do, then?"

"Of course, what you ought to do is to come off here, and then I'll lay you a rush. Still, if you don't like—"

"Oh, well, here goes. Is that right? They're sure to hit us. There, what did I tell you? Much better have done what I said."

"Not at all. It's no use to her. She can't go to the second hoop, and she can't stay near you. And if she'd missed—"

"Yes, but she didn't miss. No one could at that distance. Now what are you going to do?"

"Coming to you, of course."

"Oh, well, but you haven't hit me. I knew you wouldn't."

"I didn't want to, my dear. Wasn't the game to try to. Now, you see, you'll be able to hit me, and then—confound! He's hit her. What an infernal fluke! Now he'll come and separate us. Dash the fellow!... I never saw such luck. He ought to have been off the ground then. Of course, now he'll go the whole way round."

"Exactly what I say. Your wretched four-ball break. Don't you see what I mean? I hate these long turns. They simply ruin the game. It's all the fault of people who will make games too scientific. They're all the same nowadays. Why can't you just play the game as a game, like I do, and not—oh, he's missed!"

"Jove! Now you've got them. Absolutely set."

"Well, now, what am I to do?"

"Well, I should hit yellow first, and send him down to the middle, and then get a rush on red to your hoop, and then hit red again, and send him down past yellow, and hit yellow, and come on to me, and, then—see? You'll get right round."

"But why yellow? Red's much nearer."

"About a foot. However—oh, well, play your own game."

"I know I shall miss yellow. I always know—there, I knew I shouldn't hit it. I do wish you would let me play my own game."

"But I did. I—oh, thank goodness. They've missed. Now it's my turn. I ought to get the whole way round now, and then you'll see there really is something in the four-ball break. If you'll just watch now how the balls go. If I can only bring off this rush. That's all right. (*Continues talking to himself.*) Rather a good shot that. Let's see now."



STRAY NOTES AT CROMER.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE ONE WISH ONE HAD BEEN BORN ABROAD.

Hit red and then send him on to—this is rather a beast. Got it! Jove, now I'm all right. Don't know why it is—always feel such an ass when I'm making a break. Dash! I've wired myself. No, it's all right. Now then, blue? No. Yellow first. Anyhow, it doesn't much matter. Anyone can do the lady's mile with two balls, and then I'll get a rush on red from the stick and—that's all right. And I've got yellow waiting. Haven't left myself a difficult shot yet, except that rush. That really was a good shot. I wonder if those Wimbledon people—I've a good mind to have a shot at the Championship next year. Now, if I can split the balls—might make ELLEN go in for it too, if I could only get her to play the game. No, I haven't hit red yet. Must get her to study the game a bit though. This break ought to show her. Let's see, how many's that? One, two—ten points. Better not make myself a rover. No, I'll play her game now. Send red to her next hoop, wire yellow here, and then go back to her. Lettle too hard, but still—no, it's not bad. I really think I must have a shot at that Championship."

"Have you nearly finished, JACK?"
 "Finished! Oh, yes, I've finished. Really, I do think you might take a little interest in the game. What is the good of my trying to teach you if—"
 "If you're going to be cross I shan't tell you. Something dreadfully exciting."
 "Well, what is it?"
 "It's—it's HARRY and Lady ANGELA. I thought you were quite happy with your old four-ball break, so I went off to the house to get a book, and when I came back—yes, they are. Aren't you, HARRY?"
 "Well, I'm— A thousand congratulations! But, take my advice, and don't play croquet with her after you're married."

Shops that pass in the night.

"LODGING-HOUSE and shop for disposal . . . Beds full of regular lodgers."
 Advt. in "Western Morning News."

A FLOCK of sheep has been engaged by the Drury Lane directorate to support Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER in *The Prodigal Son*.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

I SHUX the haunts of man, awhile to brood
 In silent solitude,
 To linger where the wheeling seabirds fly,
 And listen to their cry,
 To watch the foam-flecked billows leap
 and curl
 And break with devious swirl.
 With awe I peer into the cool green cave
 That lapping wavelets lave,
 And marvel what strange denizens may
 dwell
 Here, amid weed and shell—
 When lo! I catch the too familiar tones
 Of SMITH'S "How are you, JONES?"

Italy divided against herself.

THE *Daily Chronicle* refers to repeated movements for demolishing a certain rookery "where are produced, amid surroundings of unspeakable filth, the ice-creams that issue forth every summer to the danger of London, not to speak of the barrel-organs." But why this silence about the barrel-organs? And, if the ice-creams are really a menace to them, as darkly hinted, why not let this good work go forward?

A HOLIDAY-TAKER'S PETITION.

SIR, Your influence can be felt—why may I not say it boldly? everywhere. Am I stating the, as I believe, undoubted fact too broadly? I may be doing so: I think not. How is it then, Sir, I ask with the greatest respect, that you do not remind the Clerk of the Weather of his duties at holiday seasons towards holiday-takers generally? Is it possible that you, Sir, have given the Clerk unmistakable hints, which, ignoring, he has, self-opinionately, gone off on a barometrically opposite course?

I do not know if my case is on all fours with those of a considerable majority, or whether their cases are at sixes and sevens with my own. Here then, Sir, is my plain unvarnished tale, which, for you, I will polish off at once.

I am devoted to the sea, and don't mind going as far as three-and-sixpence. Well, Sir, for a sum less than this, having arrived at Ramsgate for a brief holiday, I was joyfully anticipating several short, but eminently pleasurable, voyages from this pier as far as Folkestone Harbour, calling on the way at Deal and Dover, on board the *Myleta* or the *Edward William*, the two

capital coasting steamers which the South Eastern Company (combined with the L. C. & D. Co.) sends here regularly, as I am informed, for a summer season. The *Myleta* starts at the fairly reasonable hour of 10.15 morning, reaches Folkestone at 1.0, and leaves it at 3.15, landing you (that is, me, and other passengers) at Ramsgate at 6.0 to a tick. But what has occurred this season? On the only days

when I could possibly be down here for a holiday, some wind from the west or south or north-west blew so violently that the bright blue sky was kept perfectly clear from all clouds, while the sun shone with intensely provoking brilliancy, and Miss *Myleta's* captain, wisely, as I must own, refused to move the neat and tidy young lady out of the harbour. Had he acted contrariwise he would not have had a single passenger to accompany him, certainly not myself, though I might have been with him in spirit, drinking his health and song in a glass of water tempered with whisky, in such just proportion as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Three times (in my room) was I prepared to start: three times were the rough unruly elements against me; and it was literally "no go." Up to town for work again: lovely weather in London. Next day a friend writes to me from Ramsgate, "Splendid time: *Myleta* going strong."

Hoping against hope I made yet another effort. Down at Ramsgate once again. Lovely day: sea would have been like proverbial mill-pond but for gentle breeze. I see the *Myleta* gaily manœuvring from its berth to the pier, whither I hurry. As I step on board I am hailed by breathless messenger with telegram. It may be a message of something tremendously to my advantage, and so I take it. Oh! If I only hadn't seen it! If only it had been kept for me until my return! But my presence appeared to be absolutely essential that very afternoon in London. Could I tear myself

away from Miss *Myleta*!! Ah! It was hard. But at the call of duty—per sixpenny wire I did it. Within half an hour I was ready to catch the train, when suddenly another telegram met me as I was leaving my door. It said, "Meeting postponed, no necessity to come up." A big, big D! Its force lessened by knowledge of the fact that at least my holiday was not curtailed. Small by degrees and beautifully less was just visible the *Myleta*, nearing Deal pier. Inspiration! Train to Deal: catch *Edward William*, *Myleta's* twin brother, on his way to Ramsgate. First-rate idea. Sure to find a train. Yes; one just going. Away to Deal! Arrived 12.25. Ha! Just in time . . . to be too late! *Edward William* has been gone exactly five minutes. "You can see her," says a gruff old sailor, as hard as Deal itself, pointing in the direction of E. W.'s track.

Now, Sir, I do not impute any blame to you, or to the Weather Clerk, as regards the telegram, but now that before the end of August I am able to get a few days "off," and a few hours on the *Myleta*, do be so obliging as to insist influentially on the aforesaid Clerk of the Weather (if he is something more than a mere clerk, that is, a managing

clerk) fixing up several days of unstormy, un-rainy weather, with which to finish summer and open the Third Act of the year, that of Autumn, in most effective style.

As I write everything promises well. I am inclined to be less hard on the meteorological, or illogical, authorities. I hasten to join the *Myleta* at the pier-head.

Yours, in high hopes,

AN IRREGULAR ROVER.

SAME HAT.



AWFULLY SIMPLE.



SIMPLY AWFUL.

P.S.—Three-quarters of an hour after the above was finished I returned. Alas! Fate in the shape of a strong sou'westerly wind off Dover (so came the message) was dead against us, or rather, very much alive against us. The captain of the gallant *Myleta* gave his orders from the bridge, and the first mate, sadly returning whatever passage-money had been paid, informed us, all and severally, in a low tone that emphasised the grandeur of his struggle with emotion almost overpowering, that the *Myleta* would not go to-day, not even as far as Deal. Your pity, Sir, please! And send to the Weather Clerk.

CORNISH fishermen, and Devonian too, have not been much impressed by "*L'Entente*." French fishing-boats, in the most genial spirit, probably only fishing for compliments, were caught trespassing off the Devon and Cornwall coasts and taken in tow by a gunboat to Plymouth, where it was anticipated the case would be heard in Court, and the caught catchers would catch it. *Vive L'Entente!*

ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN TEST.—It is rumoured that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is to be opposed at the next General Election by an Australian. Will he approve of the Colonial being given the Preference?

HOW TO GIVE A (BACK) GARDEN PARTY.

THERE is a mistaken idea prevalent among the *châtelaines* of our smaller British homes that the joy of garden party giving is denied them owing to lack of space. As no garden can be too large for a successful *al fresco* reception, it may be also conceded that no garden can be too small for the same purpose, and as a matter of fact, with a little care and forethought, the back-garden party may be made even more popular and entertaining than the *fêtes champêtres* which grace the swelling parks of our nobility.

THE GARDEN.

The garden, however, should, if possible, be not less than fifteen yards by twelve, with a gravel path round and a grass plot in the middle, and the most modish time to give the party is late August or early September, immediately following the rush of the Southend and Margate season, and while the slackening business in office or retail establishments gives opportunity for the presence of the sterner sex. If the garden should be slightly smaller than the prescribed area the effect of size may be greatly enhanced by a number of light chairs and stools dotted here and there. The garden seat, which should be retained for the use of elderly ladies, must be freshly painted for the occasion, though it is as well not to apply the last coat later than the evening before.

The garden roller, if placed on its side in a shady corner and covered with a dainty afternoon tea-cloth, will form an excellent side-table for glasses and siphons, but guests must be warned against sitting on the handle while in this position.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A graceful and effective little fountain may be contrived by attaching the rose of the water-can to the end of the garden hose, which should be covered by green baize before being laid across the ground to the exact centre of the lawn, where

the end must be supported in an upright position by ten or a dozen burnt bricks, the whole forming a charming rockery or rustie grotto. Guests, however, must be earnestly requested to lift their feet high when strolling up and down the lawn, as a trip over the disguised piping might shift the position of the nozzle, and lead to disastrous results.

two ounces of cloves, a small teaspoonful of mace, and a bay leaf. Hock cup made in this manner can be offered with impunity either to teetotalers or moderate drinkers. The most substantial part of the entertainment should consist of savoury sandwiches and thumb-nail French pastries. It is usual to apportion *two* to each person, *three* being a generous allowance.

THE CAT SHOOT.

In addition to the Green Hungarian Gramophone in one corner and the local lady reciter in the other, the *Cat Shoot* will be found to be a popular item among the more adventurous spirits. Not more than twelve air-guns should be invited, and the game may be contrived out of cardboard realistically cut and coloured by the children a month beforehand. These dummies, placed in crouching positions at intervals along the back wall or else a clothes-line, and worked by a string running over pulleys with the boot-boy to manipulate it, should present a very passable imitation of the running deer at Bisley. The garden seat reserved for the elderly ladies must be placed out of range, to ensure against any mistakes arising on the part of the sportsmen. A red flag attached to the chimney will warn the more intelligent among the neighbours that firing is in progress; all others will gradually become aware of the fact from their own sensations.



Mid-Channel Mermaids. "Oh! WHAT FUNNY TAILS!"

REFRESHMENTS.

Forming as they do one of the most serious items from the visitors' point of view, the refreshments must receive the personal attention of every young hostess. Iced coffee and hock cup will be found amply to satisfy the demands of the thirsty. The former you may, with advantage, make overnight—thus dispensing with the ice; while an economical and satisfying hock cup should be made as follows: two quarts of lemonade (citric acid), one gill of methylated spirit,

A Slump in Teuton Pig.

["The meat famine in Germany is now exciting the whole country. 'Open the frontier to Russian pork!' is the cry now being raised by all classes."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Germans, deprived of their native supply.
For cheap Russian pork are beginning to cry;
But the Russians on *their* side, by fortune forsaken,
Are occupied wholly in saving their bacon.

THE RIME OF THE MODERN MARINER.

"'SERVET?' said the sailor man; "I have had my share of it,
Seen it almost everywhere underneath the sun
'Kept my health? Well, moderate; thanks to taking care
of it,
More than that you can't expect knowing what I've done

'Soldiermen who celebrate national animities
Are compelled to undergo sore internal ills;
When we put to sea again afterwards—ah, then it is
Half the crew are down below, clamouring for pills!

"I was through the fluest affair! young and full of merriment.
Symptoms of dyspepsia hardly made us wince,
Nor did we anticipate the fruit of that experiment.
Fated to be gathered by the Navy ever since.

"Later on, the Government, proud of its sagacity,
Added to that enterprise others of the sort;
Paying no attention to the sailor-man's capacity,
Rode him overcat himself in every foreign port!

"'Scarcely active service,' eh? Well, reckon to a decimal
What per cent. of combatants met harm in any shape;
Pooh! Their chance of injury was quite infinitesimal;
Nowadays not one in ten is able to escape.

"Sadly I recall the past; days that cannot be again,
Memories of mariners who followed duty's path,
Totally disabled, they will never put to sea again,
Now they seek the water but at Harrogate or Bath!

"Yes, a gallant calling is the modern sailor's; still it is
Exquisitely dangerous, though war itself may cease;
Honour those who suffer from digestive disabilities,
All incurred in furthering a universal peace!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Stingaree, by E. W. HORNING (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is a capital collection of stories, arranged on a cleverly devised, dramatic plan, concerning an Australian bushranger worthy to be the analogue of Sir Walter Scott's *Locksley alias Robin Hood*, of HARRISON AINSWORTH's chivalrous *Dick Turpin*, or of BELWIER-LYTTON's romantic highwayman *Paul Clifford*. There is about this *Stingaree* a dash and a freshness that are certain to captivate the most jaded reader and likely to send him, in imagination, galloping recklessly along as sworn companion of the daring bushranger, determined to see him through every and any melodramatic adventure, be the result what it may. The mystery that envelops the hero is preserved admirably. The characters are all dramatically individualised; so are the horses. The scenes are word-painted with a graphic fidelity that will charm even the most persistent skipper, who, in this book will find himself deprived of his usual exercise. Allow the Baron to direct the attention of any reader who may be pressed for time to an incident in *Stingaree's* career entitled *A Duel in the Desert*. Here honest sympathy will be entirely with the lawless bushranger. But if one is thoroughly to enjoy the stories they should be read in the connection arranged by their author. For example the sentiment and the motive of action in the last story of this volume, *The Moth and the Star*, can only be duly appreciated by those whom the first tale, abruptly finished, has impressed, and to this they will probably return in order to complete their interest in the "tag" by refreshing reference to the opening. *Stingaree* can be specially recommended to the traveller with a long journey before him. The fastidious reader may object to the staring white letters at the side of the cover, but, the question of material binding apart, the book is certainly bound to interest and amuse.

One of the late GUY BOORMY's best books is his last, entitled *A Brighton Tragedy* (F. V. WINTT & Co.). The first part—it is divided into three parts—is located in Bogotá, where the attractive heroine is introduced to the reader as "probably" the "loveliest girl in all Bogotá, probably in the Republic of Colombia," and the puzzlement commences as to why the novel was entitled *A Brighton Tragedy*, when apparently all the characters, excepting the English hero, are Spanish-Americans. *Eric Anstruther* has nothing to do with Brighton, no one at "Bogotá" (which is not the Spanish for Bognor) has anything to do with the acknowledged capital of Sussex seashores. But wait, and your patience will be mysteriously and sensationally rewarded. The first part of this novel, however, is picturesquely the best. Here commences the action, drawn with the three principal characters without whom no love story can possibly be concocted, that is to say, the Loved One, the Lover, and the Rival, the last-named being, in some rare instances, converted from the error of his way and atoning for his previous misdeeds by becoming the heroine's most humble servant to command. It is not so here. The villain is, intentionally, a villain of the very deepest dye, but the author of his being has—but this is not the Baron's secret and he will not divulge it. The scenic descriptions are artistically effective, nor will anybody grudge the time spent on them, since they are essential to the right understanding of the design. To be brought back, suddenly, from romantic Colombo to matter-of-fact Brighton takes away the reader's breath; nor, indeed, for some time, does the writer himself appear to have recovered from the violent shock to his system. If the reader, deeply interested in the sensational course of events, be a Dickensian student, it was injudicious of GUY BOORMY to suggest to him the idea of a *Miss Pipchin* or a *Cornelia Blimber* (both of Brighton schools) in the persons of *Miss Pinnifer* and *Miss Tibbits*; and if the reader be not Dickensian, then the sudden introduction of two low-comedy characters into the serious business in hand may possibly irritate and put him out of harmony with the otherwise well-considered scheme. But again the Baron begs him to have patience. These two persons soon "cease their funning" and drop into their proper places. Perhaps if, instead of being called *A Brighton Tragedy*, the book had been entitled *From Bogotá to Brighton: a Tragedy*, then the reader would have been fairly dealt with. But when he is at Bogotá he doesn't want to leave it for Brighton, and, when he gets to Brighton, he is most anxious to return to Bogotá.

The *Mother-Light* (MUTCHINGS) is a remarkable book. The author—or my Baronite guesses the authoress—remains anonymous. The scene is laid in the United States, where such words as "labor" come from. The story deals with a carefully organised religious imposture, those who pull the string claiming for the High Priestess the gift of healing the sick, even of triumphing over death. From time to time the *Mother-Light* shows herself to the believers assembled in their thousands. Actually 93 in years, she is made up to preserve the bloom and beauty of youth. But death is not to be defrauded, even by the *Mother-Light*. He carries off the old hag, whom the First Apostle secretly buries in the dead of night, substituting for her a young and beautiful girl, who successfully carries on the imposture. The developments of this strange story are presented with force and picturesqueness.



TWO-AND-TWO MAKE FOUR CASTS.

(With acknowledgments to the recent exploits of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., in the field of political vaticination.)

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, interviewed on his return from Palma, where he had been keeping the eclipse of the Sun under the severest surveillance, predicted that no other total eclipse of the Sun would occur until 1927. In the meantime, watchers of the skies might occasionally be gladdened by the apparition of meteors and other minor, but not unpleasing, celestial phenomena.

It was a good thing not to have an eclipse of the Sun too often, as constant repetition would be likely to depreciate the value of such an event, and turn day into night too frequently.

Mr. H. A. JONES, interviewed on the eve of his departure for America to produce a new play, predicted that Sir HENRY IRVING would still be at the head of the English stage next year, even although he should retire from active work. He freely admitted that better plays had been written than were now being produced, but a better time was coming. He thought it a very good thing that the music halls had short plays, as it took the mind for a few minutes from the banalities of the comic singer and fostered a love for the theatre.

He anticipated that Mr. PINERO and Mr. G. B. SHAW would never write a play together, but he had every confidence in Mr. G. R. SIMS again finding a collaborator.

Mr. C. K. SHORTER, interviewed on the eve of his departure for Naishápúr in connexion with a special Omar Khayyám supplement of the *Woodbridge Flageolet* (with which is incorporated the *Sphere*), predicted confidently that the new novel *Carniola*, by Mr. THEO. WATTS-DUNTON, poet, critic and dedicatee, would be reviewed in all the principal papers. It was not, as some foolish person had assumed from a hasty glance at the title, anti-vegetarian in trend. On the contrary Mr. WATTS-DUNTON was a strong believer in a simple diet of lentils and split pease at any price.

Rumours to the effect that GIPSY SMITH was the hero of *Carniola* were unfounded, but the book had a strong Romany interest, and a special edition for caravan consumption was in preparation.

Turning to other matters, the modern CATO remarked that he anticipated a great future for several authors, but would prefer not to name them just yet. There was no doubt that Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., would remain at the head of the literary profession.

Mr. ARTHUR PRIESTLEY, M.P., interviewed on the eve of his departure with a team of amateur cricketers to tour in



SWISS NOTES FROM MR. PUNCH'S SKETCH-BOOK.

the Solomon Islands and the Southern Pacific, predicted that next season would see some very interesting games. The county championship, he said, would probably be won by either Yorkshire or Lancashire, Surrey or Sussex, Kent or Essex, or possibly by another team.

Sussex, he freely admitted, would be stronger with Mr. C. B. FRY than without him. He thought it a very good thing that Mr. FRY should be beaten by the bowling now and then, as it was not in the interests of cricket that one man should stay in for ever.

Mr. BRODRICK, who was intercepted by an interviewer on his return to Peper Harow after a Princess League meeting at Guildford, observed that the rôle of prophet carried with

it serious responsibilities. But without indiscretion he might safely predict that Lord CURZON on his return to England would not resume the Viceroyalty of India as long as Lord MINTO retained that important post. Mounting a three-legged stool, and assuming a distinctly Delphic attitude, Mr. BRODRICK then chanted the following oracle:

If I stand for Guildford again and win,
The Liberal candidate won't get in;
If I stand again, and suffer defeat,
The Liberal Party will win the seat.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF THE ECLIPSE ON A KENT CRICKETER.—During the darkest period Mr. A. P. DAY thought he was ALBERT KNIGHT.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

The 20th of August was a rather remarkable day by the announcement, in the morning papers of the success of the Peace Conference and of the ratification of the new treaty of alliance between England and Japan, by a partial, and altogether invisible, eclipse of the sun, and by a temperature worthy of the latter end of October.

To-day is wrought of right historic stuff.

The Heaven on high, the Earth that spins below it,
Teem with phenomena sublime enough
To be the making of a minor poet.

Never, I fancy, has the Mail divulged
News that could so electrify the nations;
Never, in my belief, so largely bulged
With swelling pride of proved anticipations.

The Sun, eclipsed behind the usual cloud
(So faith must e'en dispense with sight, and chance it),
Further assumes a temporary shroud
Caused by the Moon's obtrusive bulk in transit.

Not so its counterfeit, the Rising Sun,
That uneclipsed incarnadines the banners
Of those who taught the world how wars are won,
And set the mode to-day in civil manners.

One hand the Victor stretches out to show
How to his pledged ally he grows more partial;
With one (politely waved) he lets the foe
Secure a first success—not strictly martial.

Magnanimous in council as in fight,
He renders half the spoil and all the ransom,
And, for a Pagan, struggling toward the light,
His conduct strikes me as extremely handsome.

Peace is accomplished! "Tiber" (his the fame)
Feels in his breast a not unnatural joy stir;
And through the azure Bay which bears its name
A strange elation chokes the astonished Oyster.

You'd think there could not breathe, in human form,
One creature so abominably selfish
Whose heart this hour is not at least as warm
As the interior of a torpid shell-fish;

Yet such am I. A chill invades my chest,
For, on this so-called summer day of August,
Rude Boreas, whistling through my airy vest,
Worries my vitals with his beastly raw gust.

Belfries may rock about with ringing bells,
And glad historians paint the peoples' annals
Purple, or pink;—my fancy rather dwells
On the immediate use of jäger flannels.

Let others order olive-twigs to-day
To mark the close of yonder deadly duel;—
Give me a pinewood log; give me, I say,
Something of service in the way of fuel!

With song and laughter let the City peal,
And bounding Bulls wear fillets on their forehead;—
I am no friend of Russia, yet I feel
More like a Bear afflicted with a sore head.

Nay, gentle jobber, bid me not to sing;
I have no heart to be a gaudy hummer;
I go in sable furs, a blighted thing,
Mourning the premature demise of summer! O. S.

A PROFESSIONAL MATINÉE.

THE troupe of mimes and singers that a certain eccentric Prince always maintained at his Court was one morning rehearsing on the lawn in front of the Palace. Near the centre stood the *prima donna*, arrayed in the garb of old Greece, and around her at a little distance circled the chorus, picturesquely broken up into groups of charming figures. The musicians had ranged themselves against the retaining wall of the terrace above; upon the balustrade whereof, with his legs dangling over the instruments of music, sat the Chief of the Jesters, who in virtue of his office was not only a great antiquarian and philosopher, but also the skilled director of all state entertainments.

They had come to the crucial passage in the work before them. Softer and slower grew the song of the *prima donna*, and lower and lower she bent, until at length she sang upon her knees; and finally, as the last sobs of the accompanying violins died away, she fell prone upon the grass and buried her face in a pair of extremely shapely arms. The chorus gathered round, terror-stricken; there was silence for a few bars, broken only by the Chief of the Jesters counting the time. Then a timid note or two escaped from the flutes, like the first twittering of birds at daybreak; presently the young lady on the ground slowly recovered and began to rub her eyes, and the stringed instruments meanwhile slipped pleasantly into the prelude that was to lead up to the final harmonious outburst. What it all meant is, fortunately, not material to this present history.

The *prima donna* was coming round gracefully, and both the eyes and the ears of the Chief of the Jesters were fully occupied with his task of superintendence, when somebody clapped him on the shoulder from behind so unexpectedly that he let the prompt-book fall with a crash on the top of the orchestra. The music came to a ragged finish. The chorus, just starting their joyous *finale*, gradually—to use their own figurative language—dried up; and the *prima donna*, who had been acting very well, and knew it, rose from the grass and petulantly dusted her purple chiton.

"You are all wasting your time, my friends," said the Prince; for it was he whose sudden appearance had thrown everybody at sixes and sevens.

The Chief of the Jesters slewed his legs round, and alighted on the terrace with such ceremony as he could muster. Courtier as he was, he had difficulty in concealing his annoyance.

"We are spending our time, as ever, in your Highness's service," he said gravely.

The Prince, who knew how to make allowance for the touchiness of the artistic temperament, graciously ignored the insinuation.

"I have come to the conclusion," he continued—and the Prince's conclusions had the force of law in that country as soon as he arrived at them—"I have come to the conclusion that art is a mistake. Nay, more, it is an impertinence. As I walked abroad at dawn this morning, the grand concert of Nature, at which I assisted in solitude, touched me with emotions such as you are powerless to inspire. By the side of her harmony I felt how contemptible are your cunning patterns of sound, your studied poses, your whole armoury of artifice. As artists, I have decided to abolish you. You will come along with me, the whole pack of you, and learn from Nature to despair."

There was nothing for it but to obey, at all events, the first part of this command. The Prince led the way to a beautiful dell, not half a mile off, known as the Valley by the Sea, which, although within the Palace demesne, had been left wild, in delightful contrast to the carefully tended gardens where the rehearsal had taken place; and making the company sit down on the slopes thereof, like an audience sitting round an



IN THE BALTIC.

FIRST BRITISH TAR (to SECOND DITTO). "ERE, MATE, LET'S BREAK THE ICE. WOT'S THE GERMAN FOR 'ENTENTE'?"





A QUESTION OF PROPORTION.

Colonel Peppercorn (who is touring in France with a hired chauffeur and car, which has broken down). "CONFOUND IT ALL, YOU SAY IT'S NOTHING! THEN WHY DON'T YOU REPAIR IT?"

Alphonse Legros. "MAIS, MONSIEUR, PAS POSSIBLE, HE BREAK BELOW! I CANNOT ARRIVE THERE! HE IS ONLY QUINZE CENTIMÈTRES FROM ZE GROUND; BUT ME—VOILÀ—I HAVE ONE MÈTRE ROUND ZE CHEST!"

amphitheatre, he bade them attend to the grand concert of Nature, which he assured them was still going on there.

"The lighting," added the Prince, condescending to a technical expression, "is not so perfectly lovely now as when I was here at daybreak; but you must imagine all *that*."

The Chief of the Jesters raised his eyebrows slightly and coughed, but he said nothing.

The grand concert of Nature was soothing, and even soporific. Each little wave of the summer sea, as it played over the shingle on the beach below, sent up a sound like a long-drawn sigh of infinite happiness; as an accompaniment to this rhythmic lullaby there was the sustained, noon-tide drone of multitudinous insects underneath the trees; and many and various birds performed sweet but uncorrelated fantasias amongst the branches.

"How long is this farce going on?" whispered the *prima donna* to the Chief of the Jesters, when they had been sitting thus about the space of two hours.

"Your classification, my dear, of the different forms of dramatic entertainment—" began the philosopher, but the lady pinched his arm so viciously that his sarcasm subsided into a most unphilosophical exclamation.

"Mere impatience," he apologised to the Prince, who had turned round angrily. "Nature develops her theme but slowly, methinks."

"There will be a change of key about nightfall," said his Highness.

The company looked at one another with blank faces, and the *prima donna*, laying her head against the shoulder of the Chief of the Jesters, shamelessly went to sleep.

But Nature herself, after all, came to their rescue. It grew dark and still; her orchestra, as the Prince would have said, was performing one of those piano passages that presage a coming storm. And when the thunder-clouds burst and the rain fell in torrents, though he pretended to be enraptured with the sound of both, the Prince could not but be moved to pity by the frightened faces and the drenched draperies of the chorus girls, and with a show of reluctance he gave the signal to return to the Palace.

"A fine work," observed the Chief of the Jesters to the Prince as they walked home, dripping, "but it wants a lot of cutting. By the way, has it ever struck your Highness that there is one glory of the Sun and another glory of the Moon? I should have thought that the Moon might probably have struck your Highness. I speak metaphorically, of course."

"Peace!" said the Prince, who was but mad north-north-west, "I restore you your reflected glories."

WANTED, good all-round Man; hand-sewn. Apply —, Boot-maker.—*Advt. in "Nottingham Daily Guardian."*

This throws a new light on the last word of the passage—"in fair round belly, with good capon lined."

"A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing"—to point out in others.

"The young Protestant lady who thought she detected a mistake on a tombstone in a Catholic cemetery will know better in future. 'Requiescant in pace' is the proper rendering of this Latin phrase. The letter 'n' retained in the usual 'requiescat' is more euphonious and pleasant to the ear in rendering the mass for the dead."—*The Times of North Bay, Ontario.*

THE PERILS OF THE ROAD.

(A Modern Story of Adventure.)

THE two motorists were men who had travelled much, and in strange places. They had the unassuming manners of those who have encountered dangers in many different forms. Yet SPARKER's hand shook on the steering wheel, and GEARY's usual quiet smile had deserted his lips. Their nervousness will be understood when it is mentioned that they were crossing one of the loneliest moors in Northumberland, a locality where, as late as the twentieth century, wolves ran free at large, and highway-men robbed His Majesty's mail.

Nor can it be said that the car—a new 12 h.p. Dèbièle—was acting up to the reputation which the local agent had given it. Down hill, indeed, it moved splendidly, but the slightest ascent seemed at once to cool its enthusiasm and to heat its engines. Just now it was toiling painfully up a long hill, and protesting uneasily against SPARKER's efforts "to make her," as he phrased it, "take it on the second." "First," she seemed to whirr in reply, "is good enough for me."

Suddenly GEARY gripped his comrade's arm. "Hark, what was that?" he said. "Listen, man, listen."

"I suppose it's something in the car," SPARKER replied, wearily. "She's made so many queer noises to-night that one more don't signify."

"It isn't the car this time," replied the other.

The sound was repeated. It was a sound unmistakable to those who have ever read books of adventure; it was the long-drawn howl of a wolf.

Twelve horses would have been spurred by terror to a quicker pace. The twelve which the Dèbièle was advertised to represent continued exasperatingly calm; the car only moaned as SPARKER, for the fifth time, ground in the second gear, and in a few yards she showed every sign of stopping altogether. The situation was a desperate one; the crest of the hill, by an illusion common under such circumstances, seemed to recede further and further away. The howlings grew nearer and nearer.

Presently it was possible to distinguish through the darkness the grey gaunt forms of the wolves. On they came, with their noses to the ground, following, with what was evidently a pleasant uncertainty, the novel scent of the petrol. The leader of the pack, especially gaunt and grey, cantered doggedly some few yards ahead of the rest. His gleaming fangs and protruded tongue could, as is customary under such circumstances, be clearly seen.

"This is worse than any police trap,"

muttered GEARY, as he glanced behind. "I wonder if they are merely taking our number."

"I don't think they can say we are exceeding the limit," was SPARKER's bitter reply.

A fortunate occurrence gave the pursued a temporary advantage. Some of the wolves, who could now sight their quarry, were evidently a little surprised to discover the kind of vehicle they were pursuing. It was not a sleigh, or at least not a sleigh like any they had ever seen. And at this juncture a series of deafening explosions in the exhaust, due probably to one of the cylinders missing, added to their astonishment. They seemed to suspect firearms, a very pardonable misconception on their part, and the car gained at least twenty yards. Then the wolves took up the trail again.

"Let's try the horn," suggested SPARKER, who was full of resource, and he blew some resonant blasts upon it. "That ought to puzzle them."

This expedient had only a momentary success. The wolves hesitated, and then apparently assigned this new sound to some animal who was drawing the car. They followed with renewed ardour, licking their lips greedily.

"What is generally done now," said SPARKER, "is, if I remember right, to cut adrift and sacrifice one of the horses."

"Then," said GEARY, "we must try them with our spare outer cover. Luckily it is only a re-vulcanised one."

He turned, and leaning over into the tonneau, dragged out the huge indiarubber tyre in question. Then standing up, he flung it with a shout to the pack of wolves. They struggled with snappings and yelpings for this delicacy, and in a few seconds it was completely devoured. But the device had gained time; and, more than that, it had an unlooked-for effect upon the wolves themselves. There were growls which sounded like disappointment, while in the manner of those who had enjoyed more than their fair share of the repast some discomfort might be detected, as well as a distinct loss of enthusiasm. They seemed to be holding an informal discussion together, and the pursuit slackened.

"Is there anything else we can sacrifice?" asked SPARKER, as he coaxed the reluctant Dèbièle up the hill.

"Only a Parsons chain," GEARY answered gloomily, "and they are scarcely likely to relish that. Still we are very near the top, and that tyre seems to have taken the edge off their appetites."

It was as he said. The wolves, apparently concluding that the article just consumed might be taken as a sample of the catables which the enterprise had to offer, had stopped altogether and were now almost out of sight. Hope

rose in the hearts of the travellers, when suddenly a new and scarcely less alarming development occurred. In the middle of the road appeared, barring their advance, a masked man who leaped lightly from a three-speed bicycle.

"Gentlemen," he cried with a courteous sweep of his hard black hat, "I must ask you to stand and deliver." At the same time he covered the travellers with a revolver.

SPARKER was as usual equal to the emergency. He pressed the footbrake, and slowed the car down. "We are unarmed," he replied quietly, "and can make no resistance. If you go round to the back of the car you will find a petrol tin full of gold in the tonneau. Help yourself and don't mind us."

The highwayman, who seemed to be of a somewhat confiding disposition, uttered a brief expression of thanks for the information, and passed in the direction indicated. He could be heard groping about busily at the back of the car.

"There is no gold here," he cried at length. "I trust you are not playing me false, gentlemen." And he tapped his weapon significantly.

GEARY was about to make some reply, when SPARKER checked him with a sudden thrust of the elbow. "What! No gold there!" he said with an excellent assumption of surprise. "Are you certain? Then," and he sighed, "it is as I feared. The tin has been bumped out by the jolting of the car. We must certainly turn back and look for it in the road. I thought I heard something behind us, didn't you, GEARY?"

"Indeed I did," GEARY corroborated earnestly.

"Do you care to accompany us in our search?" inquired SPARKER of the brigand.

The man laughed cunningly. "I will spare you any trouble in the matter," he said. "It shall lie with me to remedy your carelessness. Now you shall give me your word of honour as gentlemen, to wait here, while I ride back along the road. As soon as you hear me shout you may continue your journey. Have I your promise? I know that your promise will be of more avail than any threats."

SPARKER lighted a cigarette. "You have our promise," he said as he blew out the match. "As soon as we hear you shout," he repeated with deliberation.

The highwayman pedalled into the darkness, whistling a popular tune, while the motorists awaited the issue with interest. In a few moments there were sounds of frenzied firing, followed by an unmistakable shout. As he heard it SPARKER let in the clutch with a deep sigh of relief. "Now we can be

NATURE STUDIES.

THE SWAN

To be born a swan and to live on the Thames would appear to be a consummation of all hopes and ambitions that a vagrant piece of vital essence may be supposed to have cherished in its prenatal state. Is there any other being that exemplifies to the same degree the perfection of graceful beauty and the high-water mark of elegant sleekness and indolent scorn? Who would not care to be admired for his shape and respected for his air? There may be drawbacks. I have dined with the Worshipful Company of Vintners; may the Fates grant them a permanence of prosperity and a constant succession of convivial feasts!—and I remember that swan (or it may have been cygnet) formed an item in the menu. From this I inferred that one of my Thames friends had met with a violent death; but the incident is, I doubt not, exceptional. I have also seen a swan on land, and I own that his beauty suffered an earth-change greatly to his disadvantage. He was an absurd and overweighted waddler instead of a graceful glider, but it was stress of food in the winter time that had driven him on to the lawn on which I saw him monstrously parading, and, on this plea, he may be excused. As a rule, however, he is, as I have said, beautiful; and he lives easily on the weeds that he finds for himself in the river and on the bread and cake and biscuits supplied to him by picnic parties or the juvenile families of riparian proprietors.

The swan I know best is the jealous father and guardian of a little fleet of five cygnets, whom, with their mother, he conveys up and down one of the reaches of the Thames. A little higher up the river there may be found another pair of swans, whose family numbers only two, and between these two families or fleets exists a state of hideous enmity which not even President ROOSEVELT could avail to mitigate. Whenever the two males set eyes on one another, even at a distance of several hundred yards, the trouble incontinently begins. Up go the wings of my swan like two battle standards, he curves his neck into a loop, lays his fierce bill upon his breast, and with furious strokes forces himself through the agitated water. The enemy has gone through a similar pantomime, and so they speed against one another. My heart beats; all my being is in suspense for the crash of the conflict. Yet (I confess it with regret) I have never seen battle actually joined. When they arrive within striking distance each lays his head away from the other and directs his course at a tangent that sets them apart. Then they wheel round and again and again repeat the futile demonstration, their wives meanwhile joddlng about at a discreet distance with their piteous and piping offspring. But woe betide the family that happens for a time to be without its male protector! The foe seizes his opportunity. With merciless speed and violence, appearing suddenly, as from a trap-door in the Thames, he dashes in amongst the children of his absent rival, plunges upon them, seizes them by the neck, and treads them deep under the water, whence they emerge, bleating and terror-stricken, a long distance away.

There is, indeed, about swans an unappeasable fierceness which is strange in a bird so graceful and so white. Every morning my swan brings his wife and his dark-grey, fluffy brood to the edge of my raft, and every day the children give him tribute of bread. The little ones accept it with meekness, the parents with hissing and hatred. No courtesies can mollify them. They swallow the crumbs eagerly, but if a chubby and incautious foot strays too near the edge of the raft it is dabbled and bruised by a prompt stroke from the bill of the passionate and greedy bird. Not even the venerable age and complete deafness of the spaniel have availed to save him from attack. Only yesterday he was drinking with his head hung over the edge of the raft when he received

a rap that sent him flying in an astonished confusion to the land. The anger of the swan and the terror of the spaniel made the most diverting contrast I have witnessed for many a long day, and when the swan sailed off to rejoin his family he had in his air an added scorn for all four-legged creatures as well as for those who, owning two legs, possessed no feathers and very short necks.

AN IDYLL OF THE CRICKET FIELD.

So all a summer's day the village green
Of Astolat-cum-Thurnaby was loud
With rainbow-blaze of blazers, and the cries
Of them that bowled the ball, and them that smote,
And them that chased it to the bounds of space,
Like errant knights that follow, follow the Gleam;
And swish of wielded willow winnowing air,
And thwack of leaping leather dealing doom,
And quick death-ruckle of the stricken stumps,
As Astolat and Cumnor, man by man,
Shin-guarded, rubber-knuckled, spikelet-shod,
Strode to the wicket, slogged, and, slogging, past.
And now, for now the languorous afternoon
Swooned in the arms of evening, and the sun
Sloped slowly home, the issue of the day
Hung in the balance and the balance swayed.

For EDWIN ALLEN, coachman at the Hall,
Who drove a pair of greys for General JONES,
But could not drive a cricket-ball for nuts,
The last man in (they wanted one to tie,
And two to win), he over-keen to win,
Had skied Sir LANCELOT of the Moated Grange,
Swift-swiping as he caught him on the hop.

Then, for a voice shrilled "Yours" across the field,
I, standing lost in dreams at cover-point—
For often would I lose myself in dreams,
A shadow in a world of shadows, faint
To gather wool upon the hills of sleep—
Dreams of fair women, fairer than the day,
Sweet ALICE of the Mill, SEMIRAMIS,
And CLEOPATRA, and a baker's dozen
Of early loves, with downward-dropping eyes,
Who came into the garden after dark
What time the old grey owl said "Woo, to woo,"
And the horse-chestnut cleared his throat and sang
"O Moon!"—but there I woke, and, waking, swept
The heavens above me with an eye as blue,
And marked, or thought I marked, perhaps I marked,
Or partly marked, the orbit of the sphere,
And gauged the angle of its incidence,
And waved wild hands, and opened wide my mouth,
And stood as one that supplicates the gods.

And, even as thus I stood, from crease to crease,
Fleet-footed as the dawn upon the hills,
Sprinting, the batsmen ran, and counted "One,"
Nor paused to count, since one and one make two.

But all the daisy-dappled sward was sown
With gazers, for a thousand faces watched,
Eager, intent, two thousand eyes save one—
Two eyes a face, but one had lost an eye,
A grey-haired thrall who vended almond-rock
And gold-peeled sourness of the sunny South,
The battered ruin of a strenuous youth;
For once he gazed, and once too often gazed,
Orb upon orb, a penny for the peep,
Athwart a monstrous lens that magnified
The spots upon the sun, which none may see
Or, seeing, see but veiled; till Nature, wroth
To have her privy blemishes displayed
To gaping yokels at a country fair,



AMBIGUOUS.

Mother (to children, who have been teasing goat). "CHILDREN! CHILDREN!! STOP THAT NOISE! YOUR FATHER IS VERY BOTHERED TO-DAY—AND YOU REALLY MUST NOT WORRY THE POOR BRUTE!"

Shrieked, and saw red, and ramped; the high sun flamed
With sudden heat, and, arrowing through the tube
His gathered rays, cancelled a sense misused.

And that which sprang into the boundless blue
Turned again earthward, and, as when a hawk
Stoops, and the void is full of fear, so fear
And hope made silence, and the ball fell on.
And every breath was held in solemn pause,
And every heart stopped beating in suspense,
Nor pulsed the rhythmic pulse of human life,
The systole-diastole of Time and Fate;
Whereto the star-dust dances, and the worlds
Whirl; and the scorer's pencil hung in air.
Not so it hung, the ball, but fell and fell
And fell; I clutched and caught it—on my toe.

As breaks the sudden ice-piled barrier-gate
When Spring unchains the Yukon, and the ice
Breaks with a roar, and leaps to meet the sea,
So brake the dam of execration, so
Leapt the loud laughter from a thousand throats;
And immemorial elms that fenced the field
Flung forth a rout of rooks, that, shrieking, fled
From nests that rocked and toppled at the cry
Of "Butterfingers" pealing to the stars.

School Inspector. Now, my boy, what is a vacuum?

Smart Infant. Please, Sir, it's a place with no air in it, which makes it very hot in summer. The PORE lives there.

SEASONABLE QUESTIONS.

In case the supply of silly season posers is giving out, *Mr. Punch* offers the following selection to enterprising editors:—

Are women sufficiently manly?
Ought mixed-dining to be allowed?
Do babies like walnuts?
Ought the Sea-Serpent to wear a sun-helmet?
Are cricketers agnostics?
Ought engagements to be made public?
Are we growing stouter?
Do women appreciate kindness?
Should life be allowed?
Ought the sun to be eclipsed?
Is music musical?

In the *Isle of Man Daily Times* of August 25, under the heading "FIXTURES OF MANY EVENTS," appeared the following announcement:—"August 30. Eclipse of the Sun." It sounds rather like a local performance of one of Mr. HALL CAINE'S masterpieces.

FROM a Lakeside newspaper:—

"... the shores of the local lakes teem with the residences of many of the principal people of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and though the actual rateable value of the estates may not be startling, the gross personality (*sic*) of the people who live there would go a long way to wiping off the National Debt."



Fisherman (more in sorrow than in anger, to Monocle, who has been bumping into every craft for the last five minutes). "YOU KNOW, YOU OUGHT TO BE IN SOME 'OME!"

A PLEA FOR THE DOVE.

[A dove, reported to be 45 years of age, belonging to Mrs. SINCLAIR, of Cirencester, has just won a first prize in the local fur and feather show. The bird was in good feather, and bore its weight of years well." *Evening Standard*, August 28, 1905.]

TEACHERS were wont, until a recent date,
To bid their youthful charges emulate
The habits if they really wished to
thrive

Of the industrious workers of the hive.

'Twas DOCTOR WATTS, most people will
agree,

Who started out to boom the busy bee;
Lord AVERURY cracked him up in recent
days,

And MAETERLINCK waxed lyric in his
praise.)

And yet the bee, to whom a copious crowd
Of sages have consistently kow-towed,
Though his good qualities can't be
denied,

Is not in ev'ry sphere the safest guide.

He is industrious, that we freely grant;
But if it comes to that, so is the ant,
The beaver, and that unobtrusive soul,
The real harbinger of tubes—the mole.

His style of architecture freedom lacks;
He uses only one material—wax;

His voice—no matter what he feels or
does—
Is limited to one eternal buzz.

He can't eliminate his unemployed;
He takes to suicide when he's annoyed;
His polity reveals one vital flaw
He's governed by an anti-Salutary law.

Hence, if the rising human generation
Must imitate the animal creation,
Let us at least for our ensample choose
A creature of less disputable views.

I, for my part, shall never cease to shove
The claims to admiration of the dove,
Who with a gentle and engaging mien
Combines an intellect alert and keen.

To prove his studious habits, only go
And view our great Museum portico:
Or, if you doubt his love of legal talk,
Just note how he infests the King's
Bench Walk.

The dove, moreover, in our hour of need
Will fetch and carry for us at a speed
Unchecked by constables, and passing far
The paltry limit of the motor-car.

The dove again, whether upon the wing
Or off it, never has been known to sting.
His voice is soft, his habits are not
flighty.

Although he was beloved by APHRODITE.

The span of life in bees is very brief,
They quickly fall into the yellow leaf;
But doves, the Press assures me, can
contrive

To keep their beauty up to forty-five.

Living, they typify domestic bliss,
And afterwards excel the bee in this,
That when the hour has struck for them
to die

They make a highly palatable pie.

On all these grounds, and surely they
are lots,

I can't endorse the eulogies of WATTS,
Or of Lord AVERURY, nor do I think
I am obliged to vote for MAETERLINCK.

Before the bee I gladly doff my cap;
He is a sober and hardworking chap;
But when it comes to friendship or to
love,

I plump emphatically for the dove.

More Commercial Candour.

The Patent "STICKIN" Hair Pin. *Just out.*

Advice (reprinted from the Company's
notice boards) to those about to travel by
a certain railway that shall be nameless:—

"BEWARE OF THE TRAINS."



PEACE—AND AFTER?

Sidney S. Newman





Six-year-old. "I SAY, GRANNIE, I THINK YOU'D BETTER STOP MAKING MY TROUSERS. LOTS O' TIMES TO-DAY I WASN'T SURE WHETHER I WAS GOIN' TER SCHOOL OR COMIN' 'OME."

AT ANCHOR.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Kyles of Bute; R.Y.S. "Capercaillie," Monday.—Steaming up the Kyles of Bute came upon a weird spectacle. Never a fairer August day shone o'er land and sea. Light clouds floated lazily over the hills on either side, momentarily changing patches of brilliant green into solemn shade. A sea-gull flew across, its white wings glinting like a flock of snow against the shadowed hill; beyond the heather, patches of purple; "the blue sky over all like God's great pity."

Far ahead loomed what looked like a spectral fleet. Battleships evidently. As the *Capercaillie*, undaunted, flew nearer, caught sight of the fighting tops, gunless, unmanned. Nearer still, and there were the big guns frowning defiance. But no sentry at his post, no blue-jackets moving about, no epauletted officers on the bridge. Six battleships in all, anchored in line. Like "the party in the parlour, all silent and all —" Well, to put it literally, condemned.

Our Admiral, fellow-passenger on the yacht, told us all about it. He had personal acquaintance with most of these grimly-grey ghosts of naval power. They formed a squadron of that con-

siderable proportion of the British Fleet which, their inefficiency being clear to JACK FISHER's piercing eye, were written off the *Navy List* by his relentless hand. Two years ago, at furthest, they were in commission, nominally a portion of the Fleet that, according to PRINCE ARTHUR, makes Cumbrae and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland invulnerable to invasion. To-day they lie in the peaceful obscurity of a Scotch Loch.

"Their part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that their—"

work is done. As we slowly steam past, the Admiral tells us their names and something of their history. Here are the *Collingwood* and the *Colossus*, built in 1882; each of 10,000 tons; cost between them something over a million sterling: already out of date; going at the price of scrap iron.

Here is the *Dreadnought*, an elder sister, built in 1875. A year earlier the *Captain* turned turtle at sea, carrying her hapless crew to the depths below. It was felt that something supreme, decisive, must be done to re-establish supremacy of British Navy. Committee of experts appointed, under presidency of Lord DUFFERIN. Result was the *Dreadnought*, 10,820 tonnage, 6,500 horse-power, warranted to exceed

a speed of 13 knots. This grimy-looking hulk, with its top-masts gone, its portholes toothless gums, is what is left of the *Dreadnought*, just thirty years ago pride of the ocean, bulwark of British Navy.

Astern of her is another battleship whose name recalls a later tragedy in navy annals. It is the *Sans Pareil*, first-class battleship, built in 1887 on the very lines of the *Victoria*, which only a few years ago sank with Admiral TRYN and nearly all his officers and crew aboard.

Ahead the *Iron Duke*, with portholes for 14 guns, has her story to tell. Built in 1872 she, three years later, in the friskiness of youth, steering out of Dublin Bay, ran into the *Vanguard* and successfully sank her. For full thirty years the *Vanguard* has slept in the silence of the Irish Channel. Here at length her assailant and destroyer, in the decrepitude of age, comes to final anchorage in the Kyles of Bute.

By exception the *Alexandra*, needy knife-grinder of the squadron, has no story to tell—at least none of disaster to herself or sisters. She was Admiral HORNNY's flag-ship in the Mediterranean during the exciting time when DIZZY, being Premier, pursued a spirited foreign policy. It was about the time (1877) when the House of Commons was startled

by message reaching the Treasury Bench that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople. It came from Sir HENRY LAYARD, Ambassador at the Porte, and before the agitated sitting closed was proved to be baseless.

In pursuance of spirited foreign policy the *Alexandra* was ordered to pass through the Dardanelles. As she was getting up steam for the expedition a Turkish Pacha arrived with a protest. By solemn treaty the Dardanelles were closed against all but Turkish ships.

"You protest?" said the Admiral. "Very sorry, but you see my orders are to proceed to Constantinople. The only way there is through the Dardanelles, so I am going on."

But the *Alexandra* will go no more a-sailing in the Dardanelles or elsewhere. Here she lies at anchor, part of a funeral procession of battleships temporarily halted on the way to the scrap heap. Long ago LONGFELLOW

"... read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Besieged the walls of Prague."

That was fancy. Here be facts not less strange in these spectres of battleships, peacefully at anchor amid the quietness and beauty of the Kyles of Bute.

A COMPLAINT OF KIND ENQUIRIES.

SUMMER is pretty near over,
Watering-places are thronged,
Trippers are living in clover,
I alone feel myself wronged.
Painfully feel my position,
Daily and hourly beset,
Questioned with vain repetition,—
"Been for your holiday yet?"

Don't talk to me about trouble,
Luggage that wanders astray,
Rooms with their rents screwed to
double,
Children that cry all the day,
Skies everlastingly clouded,
Trains that eternally crawl,
Sea-fronts impossibly crowded —
I could put up with them all!

I could put up with the niggers,
I could put up with the noise,
Bathers, and paddlers, and diggers,
Donkeys and similar joys;
What do such little things matter?
Let me but get out of town,
Coming back several pounds fatter,
Burnt a mahogany-brown!

No, I am tied to the City,
Tied to my wearisome task.
Yet from the stores of your pity
One little favour I ask;
Meekly I make the suggestion:
When in the street we have met,
Don't ask the imbecile question,
"Been for your holiday yet?"

CHARIVARIA.

A LADY writes to suggest that a public subscription be opened with the object of presenting Mr. ROOSEVELT with a painting of himself as "The Angel of Peace." We are afraid that our correspondent, for whose poetical idea we have the greatest admiration, forgets that the PRESIDENT wears *pince-nez*.

The *Noroe Vrengja* deplores the conclusion of peace "now that the Russian army has become stronger than ever." It is an undoubted fact that the Russian army is always stronger in peace.

The KAISER is irrepressible. He has now designed a set of altar ornaments for the German Protestant Church in London. We trust that they will be in better taste than his designs in Morocco.

The crowds who follow the KING at Marienbad whenever he goes for a stroll continue to cause great inconvenience, and a proposal has been made that these admirers shall be compelled, anyhow, to walk in single file.

The directors of the Louvre are being urged to get rid of the many spurious works of art which have found their way into the galleries. It is pointed out that the clearance need not mean a financial loss to the institution, as such objects could easily be sold to wealthy Americans.

It now appears that the eclipse of the sun last week was due to the appearance of the *Blue Moon* at the Lyric, accompanied by a number of brilliant stars.

During the eclipse a number of the natives of Sfax banged violently on various utensils, and ultimately succeeded in searing it away. By this prompt action an end was put to what was threatening to become a nuisance.

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, an epidemic of baldness has evidently broken out at Lowestoft. "Many ladies," says our contemporary, "have adopted the fashion of wearing lace scarves instead of hats, but many more wear no head-covering at all." The Simple Life again.

The Lansdowne Council School was struck last week by a ball of fire, but the Government intends to stick to the Education Bill.

Objection has been taken by a Conservative agent against the votes of passive resisters whose poor rates were paid "unknown to them," on the ground that they themselves paid no rates. This will press hardly on such as paid their own rates anonymously.

A remarkable instance of rejuvenation is reported. Now that the statement of JOHN VAUGHAN to the effect that he was a bugler at the battle of Waterloo has been proved to be a fabrication, the old gentleman has frankly acknowledged that he will not be a centenarian any longer.

We quite agree with the Magistrates who hold that there are too many assaults on the police, but we must say that the constables sometimes provoke such treatment. Last week, for instance, it transpired, in a charge brought against a man for this offence, that he was privately engaged in beating his wife when the constable interfered.

Crowds watched KUBELIK take a bath in the sea at Morecambe last week, but other foreign musicians deny that the famous violinist is an innovator.

Truth is of the opinion that the disfavour into which sea-bathing has fallen is due to the increased size of the feet of what are known as "open-air girls." We believe it is an indisputable fact that when the members of a certain ladies' hockey club recently went paddling at a certain seaside resort an abnormally high tide ensued.

A petition will shortly be presented to the KING for the founding of a Royal Academy in South Africa. In one respect, we believe, the proposed institution will be an improvement on Burlington House, as it will admit black and white men as members.

The Persian Government is negotiating for the purchase of two gunboats, ostensibly with the idea of putting a stop to the operations of smugglers in the Persian Gulf, but actually, it is thought, to be in a position to snap its fingers at Russia.

Were it not that the following paragraph appears in an American newspaper, we should refuse to accept its accuracy. "For the United Verde Copper Mine in Arizona," says the *Chicago Record Herald*, "Senator WILLIAM CLARK, of Montana, was recently offered £5,000,000 by an English syndicate, but refused the offer, as he said he did not know what to do with the money."

Our English newspapers have no monopoly of exquisite taste. A Spanish journal has started a guessing competition among its readers as to the lady who will be chosen as a bride by King ALFONSO.

MR. JOHN D. HAMLYN has returned from the forests of South-West Africa with a number of wild animals. We were sorry to see from a list that among them was a tiger bittern. Not badly, we hope.

INSTRUCTIONS
TO THE
METROPOLITAN
POLICE

ON THE WEARING OF THE
KIMONO

ON THE TYING OF THE OBI



"BANZAI!!"

A SUGGESTION WAS RECENTLY REFERRED TO IN MR. PUNCH'S "CHARIVARIA" THAT MEMBERS OF THE POLICE FORCE BECOMING PROFICIENT IN JIU-JITSU SHOULD FORTHWITH BE PERMITTED TO ABOUT SOMETHING SEAT IN THE WAY OF JAPANESE COSTUME. OUR ARTIST IS DISTINCTLY OF OPINION THAT THERE ARE POSSIBILITIES IN THE IDEA.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE pier is crowded. Overhead the sun shines with that genial disregard of Autumn that has made the fortunes of so many Burnmouth landladies; sea and sky are alike of a pale luminous blue, and to the south the Isle of Wight lies like a faint cloud upon the horizon. Because the place is famous as a health-resort the crowd includes a sufficiency of invalids in bath-chairs, and the general tone of the assembly is such as to suggest the cheerfulness of persons who have enjoyed "a somewhat better night." In the centre an excellent band is discoursing a programme of very popular music; and at the extreme end of the pier an intermittent diver pursues some mysterious avocation below water. In short, the scene presents what the *Daily Telegraph* will next morning describe as "an animated and summer-like aspect."

She—the heroine of this incident—is seated, when I first become conscious of her presence, upon one of the benches that edge the pier; her back to the sea. She is aged perhaps eighteen summers, slightly pretty in a common-place fashion, with a youthful anemic-looking figure atrociously dressed, and a general appearance of answering to the name of FLOSSIE. Closer, but furtive, inspection explains her as in all probability a lady-clerk on a holiday enforced by ill-health, and reveals the fact that she is at present entirely and happily absorbed in a perusal of *The Picbold Fairy Book*, a volume which she has selected from an unfrequented shelf in the local library. As having myself enjoyed the delights of this same book, "read to music," her choice seems to me to furnish an interesting sidelight upon her personality. I become vaguely curious.

"Now the Princess Myra" (as she reads she follows the words just audibly with her lips) "was so lovely that her like was never before seen, and the Princess of many lands sought her hand in marriage." I catch a rapturous sigh. "Going to be the sort of tale I love, this is," she says, unconsciously speaking half aloud. "Those must have been the times to live!"

On a lower staging of the pier, where is a perforated promenade for the use of steamboat passengers, amateur anglers

and the like, I now perceive a youth standing whistling softly to himself. He is about twenty years old, with an expressionless face and pale eyes. He wears a black short-tailed coat and a motor-cap. His occupation might be anything or nothing, and a friend who is with him addresses him, not without apparent justice, as ALBERT. He is staring vacantly over the sea towards the distant island, though it seems probable that he does not notice it, as, from something in the expression of his profile, I surmise

harmless eavesdropping proves more entertaining than my own literature, a superior and very hand-made collection of poems, wherein so far I have not got beyond the first, a lyric commencing:—

"Romance is fled, the world is drear,
We laugh at love, we face not fear."

Instead, I prefer to share the contents of *The Picbold Fairy Book*. "So when the day came on which election should be made of the suitors, the Princess clad herself in a gown of pure white all embroidered with silver apples, and on

her head was a crown of gold, wondrous rich, so that from under it her hair fell round about her even unto her feet." Again the *sotto-voce* comment of the reader interrupts the text, this time with perhaps a shade of wistfulness. "My! Fancy being got up like that! Must ha' looked just lovely!" Half unconsciously I see her extend one arm along the back of the seat and endeavour to achieve as regal an effect as circumstances permit.

Perhaps a little ashamed I here endeavour to reconcentrate my attention upon the poet, but it is no use. Presently I again find myself an involuntary auditor of the adventures of the Princess Myra, who at this juncture appears to have just "taken the crown of gold from her head and cast it into the depths of the sea, saying, 'Whosoever shall recover me my crown from the waves, him only will I wed!'" "Well!" exclaims my companion, as before, "she had a nerve; no mistake!"—an opinion in which I am inclined to concur.

As we reach this conclusion, however, something happens. With the same unconscious dramatisation the girl is illustrating the scene by a slight flinging gesture of the

hand that rests upon the back of the seat, when there is a glitter, a flop, and the bangle on her wrist, a jewel of native Earl's Court manufacture, has slipped over her fingers into the water.

Glancing hastily over the side to mark its course, I observe the upturned countenance of the youth named ALBERT, close to whom the bangle fell. He is not looking at me. His gaze has been caught and held by that of the owner of the trinket. For the space of ten seconds they remained thus motionless, while the vexed flush on the cheeks of the Damsel changes and deepens. Then, with an effort she averts her head, and



THE AMATEUR PUNTER.

BRING YOUR WATERPROOFS.

that change of scene, unwonted leisure, sunshine, and music are combining to effect that process in the youth which is known as "touching a chord."

Presently he speaks, partly to himself, partly to his friend. "Not 'arf a bad mornin' this; not 'arf . . . so sunny and wide. Umph! Wonder what made me think of that word . . . and yet it is somehow . . . kind of 'ride." He resumes his whistling abstractedly.

Meanwhile, immediately above his head, she is still reading. From my position at the other corner of the same seat, I continue to be able to follow every word. For some reason this

the Youth slowly turns away. From his expression I should hazard a guess that the chord has been completed.

The Damsel takes a deep breath. "Well," she says, this time fully aloud, and to me, "that's gone, I suppose. No help for it!" She again endeavours to fix her attention upon the book, her lips moving as though in a resolute effort to overcome the memory of those ten seconds. "Then Prince Florizel pondered greatly (I wonder if he stared like him!) and betook himself

to a certain Monster of the sea, very fearful of approach, and besought the Monster to restore to him the crown of the Princess" (here I suspect her of skipping half a page absently). "So he brought the crown to the Princess." The book is still open in her hands, but her attention appears to wander. "Expect," I hear her murmur, "she was jolly well pleased. Guess I'd be pleased enough if—but we aren't in those days now, worse luck! I sha'n't ever see him again, most likely, and certainly not the bracelet."

During these reflections I observe that ALBERT, still appearing in a somewhat dream-like condition and strangely uncertain about the knees, has deserted his companion and wandered as far as the steps used by the intermittent diver, just as the latter, looking, with his great eyes and glistening armour, like some monstrous creature of the deep, appears above the surface and is hauled forth by his assistants. At the sight an idea seemed to strike the Youth. Out of the corner of my eye I see him hesitate for a moment; then, taking his courage in both hands, and nerved, perhaps, by a keen recollection of the Damsel, he approaches.

"Oh," he begins, in a squeaky and embarrassed voice, too high to be natural, "a lady 'as just dropped 'er bracelet overboard, and I was wonderin' if—" His voice sinks to a more confident key and becomes inaudible; money is displayed; and eventually the Monster re-descends; his assistants exchanging signals of derision as they turn the handles of the air-pump.

An interval, during which I feign an attention for my poet which I am far from feeling. The Damsel has allowed



THE EXTORTIONIST.

SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR AN UP-RIVER WAITER.

her book to fall into her lap and is gazing dreamily before her into vacaney. Presently however she rouses herself to a sense of duty; once again the adventures of the Princess are resumed, though with an obvious effort.

"So when the Princess saw Prince Florizel approaching with the crown of gold in his hand, she rose up from her ivory throne and cried with a loud voice—Well, I am obliged to you! How on earth did you ever get it?"

The change in her tone has made me look up hastily. ALBERT is standing before us, holding the lost bracelet. He giggles in some confusion.



ECHOES FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

JONES SAYS IT IS ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE THAT A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN COULD NOT BE SEEN IN SCOTLAND!

"Well," he says, "'twasn't exactly on earth at all, so ter speak. Yer see I thought—" he falters, blushing. The Damsel adroitly makes room for him on the seat between us.

"Shame to keep you standing while you tell me," she observes graciously, "if that gentleman wouldn't mind movin' up a bit?"

With native courtesy I rise immediately and transfer myself to the next seat. I am afraid afterwards that this promptitude may have betrayed the fact that I was listening, but as a matter of

fact neither of them takes the smallest notice of me. By the time that I have realised this, ALBERT has seated himself, and, the music gliding suddenly into a waltz refrain, the subtle effect of 3-4 time causes them to lower their voices till only a confused murmur is audible. When the band ceases they appear to be on terms of intimacy.

"Yes," she says, "Jubilee Terrace, No. 5. You can't mistake the house; it's called Marina." Adding in an explanatory tone, "Spelt with an A, you know; not the material!"

"Then," ALBERT's voice responds, "if yer aunt wouldn't object, or you—" They exchange glances. Clearly I must not observe any more. For the last time I focus my attention determinedly upon my book. The concluding verse of the poem catches my eye; it is in much the same strain as the rest—

"Life's wings are furled; life's feet are lead;
The last wild words of love are said,
And from a world all cold and dead
Romance is fled!"

At this point I close the volume with a bang. Next moment there is a second gentle splash. The poems have followed the bracelet; but I shall not trouble the diver. ALBERT and the Damsel are walking up the pier side by side. It is time for lunch.

LIVE FISH.—Order direct; carriage paid; dressed for cooking.—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

There seems something rather gruesome in this idea of a live fish being put to the trouble of dressing for a function at which he is to be killed. Probably, however, it would be nothing formal—just a dinner jacket, or, in the case of kippers, what our neighbours call *un smoking*.

THE SIMIAN MUSE.

[The *New York Journal* suggests that Rhyme and Rhythm came from the balala swaying on a wind-swept bough, and expressing his satisfaction, or his admiration for a lady monkey in the distance, in time to the rocking of the branch.]

Poor Laureate cantat

Yes, I knew it! when I'm singing,
I can hear the monkeys swinging
To and fro in lust and evidence on the prehistoric bough;
All the winged words I'm saying
Are in measure with the swaying
Of the primal Ape that's in us through the ages until now!

For the Poet's evolution
Now admits of this solution—
Erató's initial *opus* was composed among the trees;
Do not think the picture shocking
As a simian, she was reeking
With a love-song as she held on with all fours against the
breeze!

So the early quadrumania
Learnt the lyrical arcana
And the mysteries of rhythm and the niceties of rhyme,
While, *desipiens in loco*,
Each would throw his nut of coco
At his fellow or his lady-love by way of marking time.

I can feel a kind of jingle
Set my tympanum a-tingle,
Like my laureated ancestors all tossing in the air!
You might find, no doubt, a neater
Or more undulating metre,
But the old Ape-solilo, lord of song (not *doggrel*), yet is there!

When my Muse is getting dried up,
I shall mark myself "This side up!"
With trapeze I'll go a-swinging till my brain begins to act;
If the output still is halting,
I will do some airy vaulting,
Like a lemur, and my threatened ode will soon become a fact!

I shall hire a smart *Entellus*
And a *Cebus fatuellus*,
Or a chimpanzee to coach me on a *circa roce* plan;
Or with *GARNER's* kind assistance
I will study (from a distance)
In the Zoo the blue baboon and learn how simian verses scan!
Zig-Zao.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FASCINATINGLY horrible is the narrative of life on board a slaver in a book entitled *The Black Barque*, written by T. JENKINS HAINS (DEAN AND SON). Among the awfully repulsive brutish characters crowded together on this vessel, and associated with her owners' inhuman and illegal trade ashore, there is but one man that seems to have retained any vestige of the dignity of humanity and to be above the level of the least savage of the crew which, at its worst, is filthily devilish. The Baron may be a trifle nice in his distinctions, but there are some situations in this account of the malpractices on board *The Gentle Hand* that fairly made him squirm, shut his eyes, and deliberate whether he should continue his perusal. That he determined to finish the book is clear testimony to the power of the author's descriptive art. There is only one ray of pure light among all this reeking foulness and densest darkness, illumined, as it is, from time to time, by lurid diabolical flashes of fire, and this is the presence of *Rose Allen*, daughter of the trader, *Yankee Dan*; and though we are encouraged to believe that salvation will come to more than one of these unprincipled scoundrels through her

agency, yet this promise is never fulfilled, nor is the girl allowed to be anything more than a mild relief to the surrounding devilry and carnage. Except for this artistic purpose the character of *Rose Allen* is utterly thrown away, and with her goes every chance of humanising romance. It is unpleasant reading, for there is little else recorded save slashing, swearing, quarrelling, hitting and fighting. Pardonemum albeit is this story of life on board a slave-ship. Stirring, indeed, is the description of the pursuit of two escaping sailors by trained blood-hounds. The fugitives have their choice of plunging in the sea and risking death by sharks, or of being pinned by blood-hounds ashore and captured by those in command aboard the slave-ship. This incident is powerfully absorbing, as is also the weird description of the hurricane. But all these are but strong "situations," and the reader goes on hoping to find that by the writer's ingenuity he will come upon hero and heroine, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, united at last. But love is absent. The girl whom the Baron and every reader in turn will have mistaken for the heroine, released from her betrothal to a man she detested, turns to the narrator, and, "her eyes flooding scorn and contempt,"—the Baron thinks he understands what this is intended to convey—cries, "You, a sailor, let him die, and run to save yourself?" "Only after he refused to go," answers the narrator, evensing himself; "I did all I could to persuade him." "She looked long and steadily at me. Then she turned and went slowly below, and I saw her no more on board." That is all. There ends whatever there was of romantic love, or passion, in the narrative. We have been interested in these horrors; and nothing comes of it all. There should have been a second part.

The Queen's Man (CONSTABLE), by ELEANOR C. PRICE, is the right book for a rainy day. It purports, says my Nautical Retainer, to be "A Romance of the Wars of the Roses," and appears, appositely enough, just at the moment when the conflict between Lancaster and York for the County Championship is still fresh in the public imagination. No previous knowledge of history is required, though perhaps a little subsequent reference to the chronicled facts might be useful to correct the author's account of the fascinating qualities of MARGARET of Anjou. All the right ingredients of romance are here—a feudal castle, a dark weir below its walls, secret passages and hanging arras, a Fellowship of Gentlemen Brigands, a crypt beneath the old chapel, a donjon, flapping banners, trusty servitors, sturdy English archers, a crafty Italian, a wicked dowager with a dagger, and a young and beauteous *châtelaine* with no fewer than four beaux to her string. The style is neither bad nor disturbingly good; there is no descriptive padding; no tedious delay over subtleties of analysis; nothing, in fact, to divert attention from a narrative replete with every form of moving adventure. Finally, all the awkward people are disposed of at appropriate junctures by different forms of death, pleasantly varied; leaving just the right ones that were wanted for a happy finish. Captious, indeed, would be the reader who asks for a more engaging romance than *The Queen's Man*.



CENTENARIAN CONFIDENCE. "THE total eclipse which is announced for the year 1999 is now awaited with redoubled expectancy by old and young alike."

Daily Express (italics by Mr. Punch).



"HULLO! I'M OUT OF IT THIS TIME!"

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

Kew.

A SECOND Eden, garden of delight,
Where jaded moilers seek a brief respite
From ledger, stool, and suit of rusty black,
The beetling boss, the intermittent sack;
Where prosperous cits that all the long week through
Have weighed out tea, sliced ham or brandished glue,
Reclining in sublime and portly ease
Admire the flowers and criticise the trees,
Or extricate with true paternal care
Young ALBERT from his little sister's hair;—
I love the place; its air of spacious calm,
Its alien atmosphere of plant and palm,
The feathered choirs that chant their ceaseless song,
And most of all the varied human throng—
Solace a soul (financially oppressed)
And dower existence with a livelier zest.
Deep in the grove that crowns yon rising hill,
Young DAPHNIS (known familiarly as BILL)
Pours out the old, old tale of Love's sharp pain
In CHLOE's shell-like ear, nor pours in vain;
While wrapped in spotless naperies hard by
Their mutual lunch eludes the public eye.
Observe yon greybeard and his young girl wife,
She gazing with a listless eye on life,
He waxing eloquent about the blossom
Of some new *Cattleya* or *Odontoglossum*;
An ill-matched couple, passers-by declare,
Nor doubt some hidden tragedy is there,
Like that of *Robin Gray's* misplaced affection,
And poor young *Jamie's* fruitless resurrection.

But that's no theme for me; besides, I rather
Fancy she's merely bored—and he's her father.
See now yon cherub with the curly head,
Feeding the ducks with lumps of cast-off bread;
How rosy-cheeked! With what brave health endured!
How positively tight with wholesome food!
How calm he stands amid the raucous din
Of hungry wildfowl—Snakes! he's tumbled in!
O rosy-cheeked! O soundly warmed behind!
The hand is Nursie's, but tis Fate's unkind!

But here are other interests beside
The human throng's kaleidoscopic tide
For him who loves, in some secluded nook,
To scan the page of Nature's picture book.
Here in security that none disturb
Bloom the exotic and the native herb;
Here sweet-voiced birds disport on easy wing,
And some that don't habitually sing;
Here smile from rockery and rustic dell
The simple home-made flowers we love so well,
Whose quaint old-fashioned names are by-words to
The Briton's tongue (I wish I knew a few!)
While yonder, warmed by artificial heat,
The tropics' gorgeous denizens compete,
The painted wantons of a passionate zone
(The simile is chaste, but not my own).
Garden of London! One who knows the yoke
Of streets and offices and dust and smoke,
Who wots of toil's unedifying grind,
He ever bears thy verdant haunts in mind,
He hastens (if the Editor allows)
To bind this vocal garland on thy brows.

ALGOL.

A CORRECTIVE FOR THE GODS.

When a lady's horse takes fright and drops his rider in a ditch, and she is taken to a farm-house and finds a distinguished London doctor installed on the premises, and he binds up her arm and mends her habit and they fall in mutual love at sight, and she is a daughter of the Peerage and he the son of the honest yeoman who tills the adjacent soil; and they separate without discovering one another's identity; you have the ingredients of a very pleasant comedy-plot. But he would indeed be an old fogey who should imagine that at this time of day the difference in station between these two would appreciably retard the course of true love. Bath is so fast going out of fashion—as proved by other signs than the Census—that my lord *St. Olbyn* would scarce escape ridicule for not marching with the times, if on the mere dull ground of obscure origin he should refuse his daughter's hand to a fashionable doctor, drawing, no doubt, the most enormous fees from smart society.

It was obligatory therefore that the authors of the new Adelphi play, *Dr. Wake's Patient*, should devise some shock to the cognitions so gross as to revive the logic of class prejudice, if the happy ending was to be stayed off to the Fourth Act. This they achieve, but at the risk of reducing a very charming comedy to the level of popular melodrama.

They manage it as follows. The *Lady Gerania*, unable to discover the name and address of the binder-up of wounds (though she could easily have found it out by sending a reply post-card to the farm-house) is daily losing flesh, together with all proper interest in evening parties. Accordingly her father sends her to consult a fashionable doctor in town, having first advised him by letter that he attributes his daughter's loss of weight and spirits to the debilitating effects of an obscure infatuation. The celebrated physician is naturally no other than the hero of the farm-house. So transparent is her delight at finding him that the play must then and there have reached an untimely conclusion if he had only prescribed the treatment thus obviously indicated. His failure to do so can only be explained, like much else, by the dramatic exigencies of the case. As it is, he contents himself with recommending a change of air at Seton Barr, a little seaside spot where he has another patient to visit.

Here, then, there is a gathering of her clan; the doctor joins them, and once more a premature end is in sight. But at this juncture his father and mother intervene with a wild project for paying him a surprise visit. *Lady Gerania's* mother, hearing through an industrious maid that *Dr. Wake's* parents are expected by the hotel-manager, sends them an invitation to dine with the family. They arrive by excursion train, and walk up on a hot afternoon with their bundles, which include a bottle of elder-berry wine for their boy. And here it should be explained that *Dr. Wake* has always obeyed the fifth Commandment to such good purpose that he now entertains no apprehension as to the part his parents are likely to play at their hosts' table, piously contriving to forget that the habit of dressing for dinner had never been regarded as *de rigueur* in his home circle. When the rustic pair reappear after a convenient stroll, dusty and "swattin'" (as the farmer puts it), to find my lord and lady, cool and nicely groomed, awaiting their guests, the situation has passed the limits of laughable incongruity, and a cruel sense of embarrassment, totally unshared by the good yeoman, unnerves the petrified audience. As soon as the dreadful facts penetrate the intelligence of nobility, the engagement, just ratified, of its daughter to the son of such parents is at once, and with frank brutality, repudiated. The indignation of the staggered yeoman finds vent in a storm of platitudes worthy of the best traditions of the old Adelphi. Had not he and his father, and that father's father before him for several hundred years (why not have stretched a point and

gone back to the *Hereward Wakes* of Ely?) tilled the same land? and was not one man as good as another, or even better? Standing there in his permanent costume of breeches and gaiters, a flush of honest pride mantling his tawny cheek, he was a spectacle for gods and men; and a tempest of applause swept through pit and gallery. Perorating on the significant word "Home! Home!" he drew off his tearful spouse in that direction, accompanied by their son, disillusioned and broken-hearted.

Next day the faithful girl runs away after her lover, who, however, with his pronounced views on filial obligations, naturally cannot countenance this defection from the path of duty. Parents are still parents, even in the most exalted circles. Meanwhile his own father has had a night in which to readjust his opinions on the equality of man, and repents an exhibition which threatens permanently to blight his son's prospects. On the arrival of the lady's father in hot pursuit the good yeoman bravely owns his error; confesses to a naughty and obstinate stomach; and admits the propriety of an arrangement by which one star in the social firmament is permitted to differ from another in point of precedence. During this recantation the gods sit rebuked for their previous applause of sentiments now withdrawn as erroneous.

Then follows a passage of real and, I think, very fresh pathos. Rather than stand in the way of their son's happiness the old couple will themselves renounce all claim to a share in his life; and if *Lord St. Olbyn* will promise his daughter to him in marriage, they on their part will undertake, at whatever sacrifice, to go away and never see their son again. Touched, as he well might be, by this offer of renunciation, the Earl unconditionally surrenders his child to the son of the noblest fellow he ever remembers to have met.

The Second Act, in Harley Street, was richest of all in the diversions of pure comedy. It was an admirable idea that *Lord St. Olbyn* should innocently send his daughter to her vanished lover to be cured of a depression of which his absence was the solitary cause. The situation which preceded their meeting offered opportunities, unusual in a consulting-room, for a pretty play of Sophoclean irony; and of these the authors made full use. This Act also introduced to us Mr. GIVER MACKAY, one of the two clever authors of the play, in the character of a man about town, with shattered nerves and an irrepressible tendency to qualify all his epithets with the word "*ab-so-lute-ly*"—a tag which was quick to find favour. The part must have been written for himself; certainly it could not have found a more attractive and discreet interpreter.

As *Lady Gerania*, Miss LILIAN BRATTEWAITE had at last a character in which she could do herself justice; and she was simply adorable. It was an easy part to get through, but difficult enough to play as she played it. Her sympathetic charm of voice and manner, not only during the lighter scenes, but where something more serious was demanded of her, conquered and held all hearts. Mr. HALLARD, as *Dr. Wake*, played with great keenness and buoyancy; but for a famous physician with wide social experience, he was too jerky and angular and restless. Mr. CHARLES ROCK displayed an admirable vigour as the doctor's father. When evoking that furore of applause by his denunciation of caste distinctions, it must have been a grim satisfaction to him to know how badly he was going to let the gods down in the next Act. Miss ELSIE CHESTER gave a most finished study of the character of the yeowoman, somewhat overshadowed by the masculine dominance of her good man. Miss HILDA THORPE was very happy in her portrayal of *Lady St. Olbyn's* egoism and inconsequence and delectable lack of all sense of proportion. As the *Bishop of Selby*, Mr. ADAM ALEXANDER was irresistible; and in the small part of a gipsy-girl Miss ISA PELL, making her first appearance, played with spirit and intelligence, and should be heard of again.

O. S.



A DREAM OF POWER.

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. "HELP! HELP! SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL LINIEVITCH has been appointed Viceroy of the Far East. He has certainly earned a rest.

Much has been made of the generosity of Japan in the matter of the Peace terms, but surely a word is due to the Russians also for their magnanimity. It seems from a telegram sent by the Czar that the Russian Army was not only prepared to ward off the enemy, but also to inflict on them an important defeat.

The SHAN, it is said, had no idea that the Russians had beaten the Japanese in the War until he met the Czar last week.

Possibly we are not out of the wood yet, but, up to the date of going to press, the Poet Laureate has not published any verses on the subject of Peace in the Far East. We have so often had occasion to chide Mr. AUSTIN that we think it only fair to mention this.

While it is a fact that a motor omnibus last week damaged the pedestal of the Cobden statue at Camden Town, it is untrue that the driver has received a letter of thanks from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The ex-Colonial Minister conducts no correspondence in his holidays.

On Friday week news reached us of the official inauguration of Alberta, Canada's new Province. On the following Monday our daily paper contained an account of a collision between the *Alberta* and the *Dominion*. Absit omen!

All who like to see old customs kept up will be pleased to hear that two Irish ferrymen sighted the sea-serpent last week.

An employee of the Government money factory at Washington has engraved two full alphabets, a date, and a name on the head of a tiny pin only sixty-five thousandths of an inch in diameter. It is not known why he did it.

The Vicar of St. Mary's, Swansea, has peremptorily ordered the removal of telephone receivers (installed in the church during his absence on a holiday) by which persons who were prevented attending could hear the service, whether they had hats on or not.

A Ryde gentleman has just left his entire estate to his man-servant; and yet people say that nobody is a hero to his valet.

A dear old lady, having read that a steamer from the West Coast of Africa



Lady to her travelling companion, who has just had his finger-nail pinched badly. "How HORRID! I ALWAYS THINK ANYTHING WRONG WITH ONE'S NAILS SETS ONE'S TEETH ON EDGE ALL DOWN ONE'S BACK!"

had brought home six cases of beri-beri, wrote to her fruiterers to try and get her some, as she was tired of bananas.

It is rumoured that, as a result of the following pretty lines which appeared in a recent number of the *Express* on the subject of the Royal Exchange:—

"... where the folk of the frescoes look out with their wondering eyes
On the back of an old-world beadle, who dozes,
and slumbers, and sighs,"

the beadle is to be dismissed.

The choice between marriage and gaol was presented to a woman prisoner in a Police Court last week, and she chose marriage. How like a woman!

Publishers are sometimes unnecessarily brutal. The other day a humorous writer received some advance copies of a forthcoming work of his. On the parcel

was a label:—"Books with care. Keep dry."

A committee which has been sitting on the subject of dress for our navy-men has, according to the *Express*, proposed the abolition of straw hats, loose tunics, baggy trousers, white starched shirts, and waistcoats. The human skin, however, is to be retained.

We had often wondered what it was that made employment with the National Telephone Company so popular. We know now. From a recent case it transpires that every operator is entitled, after two years' service, to a fortnight's holiday.

Poor Russia! It has evidently been resolved by the Fates that she shall drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs. HACKENSCHMIDT has now been defeated at the Bristol Empire.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE SEASIDE RETRIEVER.

THE dog whom I have recently been studying is a handsome black retriever who frequents for his own purposes a stretch of sandy beach on the Norfolk coast. To particularise more closely would be unfair to the many hundreds of dogs who are to be found similarly frequenting such other stretches of this coast as happen to be populated by juvenile visitors during the warmer months of the year. Indeed, every seaside resort has, I am sure, at least one dog exhibiting the aquatic characteristics that mark the one whom for literary convenience I will call mine.

When I say "my dog" I do not wish to convey any false impressions of ownership. I have met this dog; he has on more than one occasion shaken over me some of the sea water with which he was then, as he always is, saturated; he has barked round about me; has laid at my feet large and useless stones which he had rescued from the surf; has, in order to rivet my attention and inveigle me into a game, buried these stones elaborately in the sand, and has then, with all the surprised eagerness of a discoverer, unburied them again—all these things he has done repeatedly, but I am convinced he would energetically repudiate any inference of possession or any suggestion of command which I might endeavour to base on such exhibitions of energy. Indeed, I have never yet seen a seaside retriever who could be said in the proper sense of the term to be owned by a master or a mistress, and my dog is no exception to the rule.

I do not know where my dog sleeps or how he gets his food. Imagination permits me to believe that he takes his rest upon the large buoy which hobs up and down about a mile out, and that he has his meals brought to him now and then by gulls. What I do know is that at ten o'clock of a morning he is to be found on the beach busily engaged in those industries which occupy his undivided attention during the rest of the day. This morning, for instance, when I arrived upon the scene of his activities, I found him joyously enslaving a boy whom he had persuaded to throw stones sometimes into the sea and sometimes along the shore. In pursuit of these he plunged into the waves, swam round in short circles, barking vigorously all the time, occasionally dived, and then came to land again, always stoneless, but never disheartened. Or again, if the stone happened to be flung along the shore, he raced after it with incredible speed, rolled over and over as he attained it, burrowed furiously after it, and arrived back, clogged with sand, but triumphant.

It chanced that after some minutes of this sport the boy was summoned by his parents, and left the beach for the heights above. The dog looked after him wistfully, but, finding there was no prospect of a renewal of that game, he soon made up his mind. A short distance away he observed a group consisting of three small girl children, two nurses and a mother who, with her back propped against a heap of sand, was dividing her mind between a novel and such exhortations as the requirements of her family from time to time demanded. My dog studied this innocent assortment of females with great attention, and then proceeded with sublime craft to mould them to his desires. To have rushed upon them violently would have defeated his purpose, for he could have hoped nothing from them after casting them into terror and sprinkling them with sand and sea. He advanced slowly and humbly, pausing every now and again to see if he was observed. No notice having been taken of him, he at last arrived at the edge of the circle of frocks and bare feet, and there sat down with a most deprecating expression on his moist black face.

"Oh, isn't that a pretty dog!" said one of the nurses.

At this encouragement my friend seemed to emerge from an abyss of depression. He presented a paw to the apprecia-

tive nurse, and licked the plump hand of the smallest child. Being still further encouraged and admired he now felt that his moment had come. He retired a few feet, picked up a stone in his mouth and laid it submissively down in the midst of the group. "Throw it for him, Polly," said the deceived mother to her eldest. "He wants to play with you."

Instantly the dog was on the run, rapturously barking, and for the next half-hour he had no lack of willing victims, all of whom in turn he succeeded in bowling over on the sand. Finally he saw a larger party newly arrived, and with a disgusting faithlessness removed himself at once to them.

Of such a nature are the proceedings of the seaside retriever. He might have been employed in tracking the running partridge or adding rabbits to a sportsman's bag. Instead of these congenial feats a perversion of nature has imposed upon him the research of stones and futile plunges into the sea. It is probable that some such dog was the original progenitor of the tribe of seals—whom, in truth, in his damp state he much resembles. Once a seaside retriever always a seaside retriever. There is no human power that could lure my dog, at any rate, from the watery games on which he spends his time and his strength.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE offer of the altruistic Mexican to pay off the national debt of Mexico has, we are glad to say, incited several of our eminent men to impulses of equally Quixotic patriotism. Offers, indeed, come in daily, and where more fittingly than to Mr. Pouch's letter-box?

Mr. BROTHICK has risen to great heights. In these days of selfish personal advancement, he says, a stand must be made by some one in an exalted position, and that stand he, for one, is prepared to make. Under no conditions, he informs us, will he consent to be made Viceroy of India.

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., the genial and Progressive Member for Woolwich, has offered to cease from criticism of the Government if an explicit understanding is given that no Conservative will ever again quote Latin in the House. *Verb. sap.* No answer has yet been received.

MR. HULL CAISE, the talented novelist, with a Daily Telegraphic circulation and a *coiffure* that is the envy of the loveliest village of the plain, is as full as usual of bounding benevolence. He will, he says, write no more novels and no more plays, and will cease to be photographed and interviewed, if, on his evacuation of office, Mr. BALFOUR will make him a Peer. By way of services rendered, he points to his illustrious career as a novelist, his busy, self-sacrificing life in the House of Keys, and his duties as cicerone on the occasion of HIS MAJESTY'S visit to the Isle of Man. Enough, enough, all will cry.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, fresh from his attendance on HIS MAJESTY at Marienbad, has a different ideal of patriotism. For him it is not renunciation, but the strenuous life. If only he has the opportunity, he says, he will govern this country as it has never been governed before, and spare no effort or time in the task.

We have the best authority for stating that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, with a heroism that cannot be too highly appreciated by his old colleagues, has resolutely declined to accept the flattering offer of the Chiltern Hundreds. As he wittily puts it, "In politics it is only centenarians who think about Hundreds. I only think of 'scores.'"

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF STARS.—"Other visitors to Scarborough at the present time are EDITH Lady LONDENBOROUGH, SIR HENRY IRVING, SIR RALPH and Lady PAYNE-GALLWEY, . . . Mr. F. S. and Mrs. JACKSON, Mr. VICTOR BETHELL, SIR AUGUSTUS HEMMING, and Mr. H. LEYFSON-GOWER. In addition to these attractions there are the daily concerts on the Spa."—*Daily Mail*.



Cow-boy (a young lady who has taken refuge). "Would you mind opening the gate, Miss? They're a-comin' in there."

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER.

[Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN was recently alleged, in the *New York Herald*, to have said that the theatrical producer must make money for everybody but himself. The following verses are entirely based upon this statement, and their author lays no claim to privileged information.]

READER, pause and drop a tear
On this sympathetic page,
For the man who, year by year,
Works without a proper wage.

FR-HM-X never makes a cent,
He has higher objects which
Show a soul of sentiment :
He makes other people rich.

Dramatists are plutocrats,
Thanks to FR-HM-X; they can mock,
With their splendid, shining hats,
His discoloured billycock.

If, for instance, FR-HM-X makes
Thousands over *Peter Pan*,
B-RR-E comes along and takes
All the lot—disgusting man !

While the fatted actors thrive
On their chicken and champagne,
FR-HM-X keeps himself alive
On a diet, good but plain.

While the avaricious "stars"
(Oh, the salaries they draw !)

Rush about in motor-cars,
FR-HM-X takes a 'bus—with KI-W.

Scenic artists have their price ;
CL-RKS-X will not make a wig
Gratis. FR-HM-X pays them twice
(FR-HM-X's not a greedy pig).

Supers, sandwich-men and bands
Come in mercenary mobs,
All with eager, outstretched hands ;
FR-HM-X pays them for their jobs.

Landlords call on quarter-days.
(Oh, they are a grasping lot !)
FR-HM-X asks them in and pays
All, and more than, he has got.

Charitable reader, think !
Can we let this martyr die
Unrewarded? Do not wink
Your uncharitable eye.

MORE ECLIPSE HUMOURS.

MR. PUNCH's own representative at the recent eclipse, having read Sir NORMAN LOCKYER's side-splitting article in the *Daily Mail* on the humours of that event, hastens to supplement it with a record of his own.

As in the great astronomer's camp, so (he writes) in ours, laughter prevailed.

But we went farther in our sallies than Sir NORMAN. To call the long telescope the Twopenny Tube was delicious, it is true, but how about charging twopence to look through it? That is what we did. No dogs or heavy luggage allowed. We also had a Long Tom, and when time hung at all heavy on our hands (as it will do, even during astronomical pienes) did we not with the highest of spirits affect to load and discharge it? By Jingo, we did, until the very stars could hear our shouts of laughter.

Talk about clowns and King's Jesters, there is no such wag as your watcher of the skies. And what did Sir NORMAN's party call their fillets when they came smoking to the table? Did they call them the Eclipse Steaks? No. We did.

And when the eclipse was in full swing and the darkness came on, how did Sir NORMAN and his jokers take it? Did they say facetious things about turning up the gas or switching on the electric light? Did they ask where was MOSES under similar conditions? We did. I hate to think that any of these chances were missed. Perhaps Sir NORMAN will write another article for the *Mail*, supplementing the drollery of his first.

FROM HIGH ALTITUDES

A SIMILE soul

"That lives among the heather,
Where roll the mists for evermore,
What should it know of weather?"

I met young PETER with his cow
Far from the haunts of men—
The early sun was on the knove,
The mist was on the Ben.

"Good morning. What about," said I,
"The weather, PETER GRAY?"
And PETER straightway made reply,
"A wee thing soft the day."

Again I met, when noon was high,
Young PETER with his cow.
The sun had vanished from the sky,
The rain was falling now.

"Good day," said I. "The rain is sore
Upon the new-cut hay."
And PETER answered as before,
"A wee thing soft the day."

At eve descended sheets of rain
That hid the nearest knove,
And on the road I met again
Young PETER with his cow.

Still through the mist I seemed to hear
The voice of PETER GRAY
Falling familiar on my ear
"A wee thing soft the day."

At night a wilder deluge yet
Poured from the hill's black brow,
And in the flood again I met
Young PETER with his cow.

I pass, in sullen silence, by;
But ere I was away
I heard a voice—it said, "Oo ay,
A wee thing soft the day."

BY THE WATERS OF WINDERMERE.

EXTRACT FROM THE REVEREND DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Ambleside, Monday. Back to Windermere after two years' absence. Aboard the *Anita*, ship-rigged racer of six tons measurement, rushing down the Lake with her starboard gunwale awash. GEORGE at the helm; Pleasure at the prow and far beyond it. A little late in the season, but a squadron of yachts still out, all sailed by their owners.

There was probably yachting on Windermere in Norse times. Doubtless OSCAR and GUNNAR raced each other from Lakehead to the Ferry, their clansmen looking on. Certainly, as records tell, there has been yachting on the Lake for more than a hundred years. The Royal Windermere Yacht Club have in their house on the Lake, delightful picture of a race at some undated time. The costumes bewray the period of GEORGE THE FOURTH. The ladies

watching the struggle from broad-bottomed boats wear coal-scuttle bonnets and shoulder capes with broad white collars. As for the gentlemen, the sign and token of a good waterman in that far-off day apparently was to wear a top hat narrowing to the brim, and display a pair of breeches crossing a coatless, vestless back.

Those not privileged to see this quaint picture in the Club-house will find a perfect reproduction in the record of the Club edited by Sir WILLIAM FORWOOD, illustrated by the Vice-Commodore ISAAC STOREY, with "some account of Windermere," charmingly written by Canon RAWNSLEY, Vicar of Crosthwaite.

To the outsider Windermere is chiefly associated with the name of WORDSWORTH and his brother poets of the Lakes. But there were other men of letters of whom one thinks as the *Anita* cleaves the brown waters with her graceful prow. In the days of MARY CHRISTOPHER NORTH lived, may reigned, here. Elleray still stands at the lower end of the Lake.

Just eighty years ago there were great doings on Windermere, under the direction of Lord High Admiral CHRISTOPHER. A grand regatta was decreed in honour of the poets. WALTER SCOTT was there, and in a letter dated August 22, 1825, gives an account of the proceedings. Among other honoured guests were WORDSWORTH, LOCKHART, and CANNING, then nearing his end, already broken down in health, and, as LOCKHART reports WORDSWORTH to have genially remarked, "seeming to have no mind at all."

CHRISTOPHER, not at the moment "crusty" as TENNYSON found him, led the procession of boats, with Mrs. WILSON in the seat of honour, crowned with a grand turban and streamers. Fifty barges followed, decorated with flags, "accompanied," as crabbed LOCKHART writes, "by two execrable bands of music."

Gone is the leading barge now, sailed on to cross the Styx, with CHRISTOPHER NORTH's grand figure in the stern, tiller in hand; for fellow-passengers the worn-out statesman whom GLAMSTONE revered, the biographer of WALTER SCOTT, and the poet who did for the Lake Country what the Wizard of the North did for Scotland. Their fame is deathless as the hills that looked down on the procession, and to-day see the smart craft of the Royal Yacht Club skimming across the Lake,

trim skiffs unknown of yore
On winding lakes and rivers wide
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

But I was going to write about GEORGE, captain and crew of the *Anita*. GEORGE must wait till next week.

The Dangers of a little English.

"JANE HOME: 22 and CHERCHE PLACE en famille comme Parloir, nait."—Adet, in the "Morning Post."

THE BRIGHT ROSALEEN.

(A Study in Manganese metre.)

"Ireland grows less fearful with every season. . . . The Tourist Association is working hard to take the terror out of Irish hotels. You can now live decently in almost every quarter of Ireland . . . The smallest jest makes one cheerful in this happy kingdom. . . . It will be in time, I believe, as popular with the tourists of all nations as Switzerland, and that is the brightest destiny to which it can look, and for which it should work."—MR. HAROLD HEGRIE in the *Daily Mail*, September 6, 1905.]

O MY rare ROSALEEN,

Do not wail, do not weep!
The pressmen are on the swift turbine,
They fly across the deep.

BART KENNEDY's on the tramp,

He is painting all London green,
And the *Daily Mail* on your shores shall
camp,

My rich ROSALEEN!

My own ROSALEEN!

Shall cure your ills, shall dry your damp,
Shall make you expand like a verdant
gamp.

My bright ROSALEEN!

All day long in unrest

Up and down do I rove,

I've wept upon Carn Tual's crest,

I've smiled in Blarney's Grove.

But yet will I relume

Your fame with my stylo's sheen:

'Tis you shall blossom and bound and
boom,

My bright ROSALEEN!

My own ROSALEEN!

'Tis you for all tripperdom shall find
room

From now until the ding of doom,

My bright ROSALEEN!

Over dikes, over dells

Will I fly for your weal,

I'll brave your terrible hotels,

Your meagre mid-day meal.

Until on your lawns and links,

From the screech of dawn till e'en

You join in all my high old jinks,

My gay ROSALEEN!

My own ROSALEEN!

You'll pledge me in the longest drinks,

My amiable, my Emerald Sphinx,

My bright ROSALEEN!

I could scale the North Pole,

I could drink up the Clyde,

Oh, I could eat sea-serpents whole

To make you the Tripper's Bride!

For, however poor and slim,

One joke from your lips, I ween,

Can thrill the pulses in ev'ry limb,

My arch ROSALEEN!

My quaint ROSALEEN!

Can lend my copy a juicy vin,

Can give it the lift of the Cherubim,

My bright ROSALEEN!

O the Liffey shall turn

To a crystalline stream,

And Mr. WALTER LONG discern

Good in DUNRAVEN's scheme,

And the Gaels shall take to tea,
And boycott the best potheen,
Ere you forget the *Mail* and Me,
My rare ROSALEEN!
My own ROSALEEN!
O Ireland's Eye shall be sunk in the sea,
Ere you recover from HAROLD B.
My bright ROSALEEN!

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

OUR first thought this month must be the all-important one of *chapeaux*. And, by the way, I hear that the post-bag of a certain Cornish Vicar has been crammed lately with grateful letters from milliners, who wish to endorse his remarks about the shameful conduct of women who dare to appear *sans toque*, *sans chapeau* in his dear little church. There is also some talk of a deputation of prominent *artistes* attending the Church Congress to present a resolution on the subject, and to urge the Bishops to stand firm.

As little Madame JULIETTE said to me the other day with tears in her eyes, "It is not as eef *chapeaux* could not be arranged for every face. If those ladies who made the objection would but have come to me, I would have found them something to suit them. Me, I fail never!"

And now for the autumn fashions.

After a careful inspection of all the leading milliners' windows it is evident that this autumn will find our dear little songsters with us more than ever. Feathers, wings, plumes—all are being used for the tasteful and beautiful creations with which we women must cover our heads. And this reminds me of a beautiful thought that I saw sweetly carried out—in a well-known *artiste's* window, not many yards from a certain shop where they sell leather belts! The window was full of hats trimmed with birds' feathers and plumes. From all lands the little dickies had flown to perch on the crowns and brims—humming birds, birds of paradise—as I heard a charming American girl saying, "I guess there'll be a good many birds in Paradise this fall!"—and our own little feathered friends from the woods and hedgerows—all were there. But what brought happy tears to my eyes was the placard in front of the window. In one corner was the picture of a nest of young birds, with the mother sitting on it, while underneath was written, "Aids to church worship." Could anything have been sweeter and more appropriate? It was just that little touch of thoughtfulness and reverence that is so much needed in this dear worldly London of ours, and as I stood in front of that window I could not help wishing that that dear man in Cornwall could have been there beside me. How it would have rejoiced his heart!

Then about dress.



A NEW INTERPRETATION.

TIME—The Sabbath Day.

The Elder. "TAMMAS, D'YOU KEN THE MEANIN' O' A WORK O' NECESSITY?"

Tammas. "AY FINE THAT."

The Elder. "WIS SHOOTIN' THAT HARE A WORK O' NECESSITY?"

Tammas. "IT WIS THAT."

The Elder. "HOO D'YOU MAK' THAT OOT?"

Tammas. "WEEL, YE SEE, IF I'D WAITET TILL THE MORN, THE HARE W'ULD HAE BEEN AWAY!"

Our Scottish friends—the JEANS, and MARGARETS, and ELSFETTS, and JANETS—will be glad to know that their nice bright tartans will be much worn this autumn. The effect will be exceedingly martial and inspiring. One well-known tailor is making up the tartans in what he calls "the Knox Pattern," in allusion,

of course, to that disagreeable man's phrase, "the regiment of women." I hear that "tartan parties" are being got up already, where prizes will be given to the guests who name correctly the greatest number of tartans present.

Altogether, there is every prospect of a busy, happy autumn.



GUNNING KING

Nurse: "BRIGIT, GO OUT HERE AND SEE A FRENCH BABY BORN IN DUBLIN."

Brigid: "POOR LITTLE FARENT! IT'S A GREAT FORTUNY YOU'LL BE TO YOURSELF, I'M THINKEE, WHEN YOU BEGIN SHIFTEREES!"

A NEW GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

"Mr. ALBERT AUSTIN has been visiting Camberland and has recorded his opinion that 'People need not go to Switzerland for more beautiful scenery than this; there is nothing like it.'"

Of all the divers charms that dot
The pleasant face of rural Britain,
There lingers yet a beauty spot
Whose rare attractions are unwritten;
Accessible (by means of brakes
From Keswick) to the casual tourist,
Our recognition of the Lakes
Till recently—has been the poorest.

It needs a modern poet's eye
To note their restfulness and greenery
That more than adequately vie
With all your Continental scenery,
How little on a theme like this
The language of the common herd's
worth!

SOMMER, *e.g.*, appeared to miss
A lot of pounds, and so did WORTS-
worth.

True, they were Laureates: COLERIDGE too
(Although from want of inspiration

He never won like them and you
(That priceless piece of vegetation)
Has left behind some scattered tips
Upon the country's scenic merit,
Yet never caught the note that grips
Imagination like a ferret.

What did they know of flowers and trees?
Their shallow songs are mere mono-
tony.

They hadn't spent a cultured ease
In writing verses on botany,
Living, besides, so near the place,
How could they feel the tripper's duty
Of crying with enraptured face,
'Observe that mountain! What a
beauty!'

But you—who tramp in tourist's boots
(We like to fancy) up Helvellyn,
You can appraise the various routes,
And rub the local colour well in;
You see at once the classic side,
You know the Naiad like a daughter;
Where could we find a better guide
To Bessenthaite and Derwentwater?

The psychologic fashion stales;
We need another Nature poet;

Write—we implore—till fancy fails,
And mere exhaustion makes you stow
it;

So shall it be your lot perhaps
To lead the steps of after ages,
Published in parts with coloured maps,
8vo. cloth, and gilt-edged pages.

EXTRACT from a gentleman's letter to
the "*Western Morning News*":—

"At about one o'clock, when the eclipse was
on the sun, I saw a most beautiful star shining
very bright, just to the northward of the sun,
and I pointed it out to three ladies (who were
watching the eclipse in a bath of water) . . .
Is this an unusual occurrence?"

We sincerely hope and believe that
it is.

A DIVERTING example of absent-minded-
ness occurred at an indoor concert the
other day. A loyal old gentleman who
had been dozing was suddenly awakened
by the strains of "*God Save the King*."
He arose hurriedly, snatched off his wig,
and held it reverently in his hand until
the anthem was at an end.



THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

(Portrait of a Gentleman who is thoroughly satisfied with the Terms of Peace.)



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



NINETEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now did the Bit-Jappis, the heroes of Nippon
2. with *koppa-komplekshunz* and *ōblikh-aisokhetz*
3. half-moltke, half-ghurka . . .
4. with the brains of *markonih*, the thews of a panther, . . .
5. descendants of *daimios* with *Buddha-laik* features
6. who sat stiffly brocaded in turreted castles
7. looking sadly *ennuyés* in preposterous armour,
8. like so many bronzes, . . . with *Fuji-no-yama* and
9. red-lacquered temples as a permanent
10. background, while in secret they
11. *mugdup* the art of *Jiu-jitsu*
12. how to grip an opponent, and put
13. the *lokkonim*, just playing
14. the deuce with his limbs and his
15. muscles, in fact his entire *anatomi-al-strukture*
16. (now we come to the verb—a trifle belated,—
17. it's usual to have one and perhaps
18. it is better to, even in
19. tablets! So here it is),
20. play the same very trick on
21. with Russia.
22. They got all their armies, their *miriadz-or-kossaks*
23. in *moth-iten-kaftans*,
24. their *moujiks-in-knapsakz*, their *miyopikh-kurnuls*
25. and *rouél-ef-tenantz*
26. all stymied and *bunkahd*, cheek-mated
27. and flummoxed, . . . all up to their necks in
28. *saugars* and *sandbags*, in the land of
29. the Manchus (though no man would choose it)
30. reading *nihilist-tih-flets* and other
31. *inflamabul-mat'a* . . . *mhost sub-rersir*
32. of order. While their wily commander
33. inspired by a positive passion
34. for fighting . . . on paper (not to mention a
35. bottle of something that *luks-al-koholik*
36. —is it *rodki* or *rodka*?—it doesn't much
37. matter, it's *ikuali laib'lous* however
38. you spell it) sits and twirls his *mustashiz*
39. (mendaciously martial)
40. writes fire-eating despatches describing the pitiful state of
41. Kuroki! Tells his poor little master
42. who *crouchiz-in-ermin* that all is now ready
43. —one word will let loose his victorious legions ;
44. he proposes to take for his breakfast next morning
45. Oyama - on-toast, with Oku, and Nogí and Nōdzu
46. for luncheon that he can't quite decide which quarter of Tokio
47. he'll live in.
48. Then did Teddy the Toothful, the lord of
49. the Yankiz, the king of the Cow-boys,
50. the ruler of Hennessy, Dooley and
51. others,—a wonderful blend, Hohenzollern—
52. eum-Cody,—who dwells in the White House,
53. exchange his rough-riding, *raquero-laik*
54. garments for a more or less accurate
55. classical costume with property wings
56. safety-pinned to his shoulders,—a sweeter
57. presentment of Peace one can hardly
58. imagine adjusting
59. his *piuzneh*, his face wreathed in smiles that
60. would easily reach from New York to Vancouver,
61. his prominent teeth fairly gleaming with *hai-laitz*,
62. with the olive-branch sweetly extended towards them

63. in nice little portly and spatulate fingers
 64. and pointing his toes in a dancing position
 65. he advanced to the parties concerned and—
 66. well, really, they *couldn't* resist him.
 67. To the bay of the oyster did they come . . .
 68. The Bit-Jappis Komura did send
 69. *sed'it, mikroskopik*, frock-coated and silent
 70. And like as the shell of the oyster were his lips
 71. closed and the pushing reporter could get no admittance
 72. and wore out his boots and his language together
 73. as he tramped the *piyazza*.
 74. But Nikkithetsar sent the doughty Dewitte
 75. (they expected some *muskoraitghail* and they
 76. got it); with a *makhia-relyan keutniis* selected
 77. an *honest* diplomatist (no doubt of malice
 78. aforethought) who shared dear George Washington's
 79. sad limitation
 80. that cerebral defect which is always referred to
 81. with kindly regret by those who never yet suffered
 82. in *that* way. . . .
 83. Imagine the horrible misunderstandings, the claims that
 84. were yielded, the ghastly confusion into which the thing
 85. got when a Russian—I ask you, a *Russian*, sat there
 86. telling *truths*, saying *what he intended*, displaying an
 87. arrant and shameless uprightness in place of the usual *teryie-ers'eshan*.
 88. In the history of Russia this infamous treatment
 89. of hon'able foemen, this orgie of mean and contemptible
 90. frankness, will stand out in evil and black isolation. (Like the bold *samurai*, it is really too sordid.)
 91. Considering all things it's really a marvel
 92. the poor little Japs didn't give up
 93. Port Arthur, surrender their navy and Togo
 94. and Tokio, the Emperor and Empress
 95. and pay something handsome to show their
 96. regret for the trouble the Russians
 97. were put to . . . E. T. R.

Old Lady (reading headline of paper).
 "Conclusion of Peace?" Why, I quite thought it had only just begun!

THE DUST-BIN ERA.

AMONGST other suggestions made by a writer in the *Queen* towards the simplification of domestic help is a hint that the disagreeable business of "washing up" might be entirely obviated by eating off "paper plates and dishes which might be burnt after use." We seem to see here the dawn of a new epoch in which the house will be a mere annex to the Dust-bin, and the Sink will lapse into oblivion. "No cleaning" will be the motto of the scullery-maid, and there shall be no necessity to scrub the steps every morning. We shall simply tear off a leaf of prepared surface after the manner of a blotting-pad, and apply to the nearest stationer when the levels of the threshold are getting low. In like manner the yearly tenant will lay down his fifty-two paper carpets one on top of another when entering upon his lease, and convey a stratum to the ash-heap week by week. Laundresses, of course, are doomed, the waste-paper basket, when necessary, acting as their substitute. We have already "no-hatters" and "no-booters," and the principle will be extended, and we shall probably hear of "no-shirters" and "anti-collarites." The handkerchief question can be solved on the Chinese system. Where, however, a foolish prejudice retains these various articles of costume, a bonfire every Monday morning will soon dispose of all the soiled imitation-linen. The paper-drafter is going to replace the haberdasher and the modiste. Paper boots have long been obtainable from army contractors, so these can be bought and used up by the gross, thereby doing away with the distasteful task of blacking them day by day. Other portions of dress, if worn, may be constructed of brown paper, but much is to be said in favour of a return to the fashions of our early British ancestors. Darning and sewing will be classed among the lost arts, if indeed they are not so already.

At mealtime we foresee great changes. In old-fashioned households, where families still feed at home and do not patronise the restaurant, we shall have the service performed by dumb plate-bins, *alias* receptacles into which each dish can be thrown when done with. Paper knives and forks, it may be thought, present a difficulty, but, with the Japanisation of the world, we shall most probably learn to handle chopsticks. Paper constitutions and paper Acts of Parliament, and much else that looks well on paper, we have been familiar with for many years past, and now we are promised the reality.

It will not matter if anything "comes off in the 'and'" of the few remaining Phyllises of the future, as nothing will be made to last.

When most things go, after twenty-four hours' use, to the Dust-hole and the Destructor, the problem of the Simple Life for Housemaids will be solved.

The weary charwoman also, whose epitaph records her satiety of washing and scrubbing and sweeping, will achieve her desire on earth and be "going to do nothing for ever and ever."

SHOULD MILLERS WEAR WHITE HATS?

DEAR SIR,—What on earth is Canon Stacer driving at? In my young days a miller without a hat would have been considered a positive impropriety. In the case of the Miller's Daughter the matter is even more serious, and I regard some form of decent head-gear as absolutely indispensable.

Yours faithfully,

VICAR OF BRANSTOCK.

SIR,—As a prominent member of the No-Hat League, and one who has never yet been compelled to wear any ridiculous form of frippery, I wish to record emphatically my protest.

Yours ever,

Regent's Park. ZOË CROWTHER (Miss).

HOND. SIR,—The practice of mixing sand, seidlitz powder, dynamite and other deleterious substances with ordinary wheat-flour— [This letter seems to have strayed into the wrong column. —Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—A faint pearl-grey is more fashionable, Yours in haste,

THE MAD HATTER.

DEAR SIR,—Only for photos.

Yours, etc.

GERTRUDE MILLAR.

DEAR SIR,—Why not?

JOE MILLER.

DEAR SIR,—I remember my grandmother saying that she recollected meeting a friend of a certain very notable miller of the time, who pursued his unselfish vocation in the vicinity of the river Dee. She is not quite clear as to his opinion upon this very interesting topic, but believes him to have stated more than once that he was entirely indifferent to the opinions of the rest of the world, and that (so far as he was able to judge) they (the rest of the world) reciprocated this sentiment towards himself. Yours sincerely,

H. T. TOLLEMACHE TOLLEMACHE.

Other correspondents appear to have confounded the main issue of the question with more or less irrelevant topics, such as Should Cats eat Bats? What are the Wild Waves saying? and Are Mushrooms poisonous? Their effusions are therefore reluctantly withheld.



"SPOILING THE MARKET."

Young Spatchcock (who has just peppered a Boater). "IT'S DECEDED UNFORTUNATE, BAGS. NOW TELL ME WHAT HAD I BETTER GIVE HIM?"
 Hags (meditating). "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY. IT'S THIS WAY, YOU KNOW. BEATERS 'AS GOT VERY EXPENSIVE 'ERRANDS EVER SINCE MR. GULDERSTEIN 'AD THE SHOOTIN'."
 'E USED TO 'IT ONE OR TWO OF 'EM MOST EVERY DAY. AND MONEY WASN'T NO ORDER 'TO 'IM."

LILLIAN.

I. HER NARROW ESCAPE.

IN answer to certain questions of mine, LILLIAN has told me several times that she is not going to marry me. That may be so or not, but in the meantime I am taking care that she doesn't marry anybody else. This I do for her own sake, as it is so obvious to me that she doesn't know her own mind. For instance, that affair of the Vicar.

One imagines a Vicar an oldish man with an innumerable family. But this one was quite young. He must have got his Vicarage very early; at the record age, I should say. When he came down to us, the village immediately went mad over him, and LILLIAN simply threw herself at his head. He all but caught her. It was what the *Sportsman* would call "a sharp one-handed chance that the reverend gentleman got to, but could not hold."

The reverend gentleman's name was HAYLING. He had the ordinary sort of face, and the only point about him that I could see was that he couldn't pronounce his "r's." You would think that this would rather do for a Vicar, but the fellow had a positive genius for getting hold of words that hadn't got an "r" in them. Of course he couldn't help himself in the actual service, but he never once said "my brethren" in his sermons, which is pretty casual in a Vicar who has got his majority so early. And out of church he would often go through a whole week without giving himself away. He was awfully sensitive on the subject.

Well, LILLIAN, as I say, made herself silly about him; and I saw at once that it would want all my skill and tact to lure her away from the HAYLING's net. I used to spend days trying to have him on about his "r's," but the brute was extraordinarily cunning, especially when LILLIAN was about. We talked over the war a good deal, and of course I thought I had him there. But no. It was always "The People of the Czár," or the "Slav," or—what are those things you scratch?—oh yes, the "Tartar"; never once Russia or the Russians. Jolly luckily for him LISTENTON was in command just then, but once, when I did get round to KUROPAKIN, hang me if he didn't begin: "Ah yes. The KITCHENER of the East, as that gallant soldier has been well-named, is indeed of the kind

that—" something or other. Naturally I dropped KUROPAKIN after this.

HAYLING was very fond of dogs. Almost the first day he came into the village he practically asked for a fox-terrier pup that I was trying to give away. As I promised it to him then, there was no getting out of it; so some weeks later I took it up to him.

"Ah, thanks, thanks," he said. "I began to think you had forgotten that I had consented to take it off your hands. Have you given it a name yet?"

"Oh yes," I said airily. "I've taught the beast to answer its name. Here! *Raffles, Raffles!* Come along, old dog! Good dog, *Raffles.*"

the secret about the dog; and of course she knew about LILLIAN and me. We were all in the garden, and suddenly GRACE said:

"Oh, you've brought your dear little dog, Mr. HAYLING. What is its name?"

The Vicar looked away.

"*Waffles,*" he said.

"Oh, what did you say?"

"*Waffles,*" said HAYLING, angrily.

"Dick, if you make such a noise with your pipe I can't hear anything. I beg your pardon, Mr. HAYLING?"

"*Waffles,*" said the Vicar, looking absolutely furious.

"Ah, yes," said GRACE, vaguely. And we camped there for the night, so to speak.

After tea the attack was renewed. *Raffles* was being taught by LILLIAN to beg, and we were all sitting around and watching.

"Oh, by the way, HAYLING," I said, "Holt's got two ripping little Irish terriers he wants to get rid of. I said I'd take one, and recommended you for the other. Was that right?"

"I should be happy to do Mr. Holt a good turn," said the Vicar, complacently.

"Right. I'll tell him. They're splendid little chaps. *Raffles* and *Euffles* he calls them."

There was a moment's silence. Then the Vicar blew his nose.

"Holt is very keen that we shouldn't change their names, and as he's taught them no end of tricks—"

"I hate dogs who play the fool," said HAYLING, shortly.

It was a bit unlucky for him, for *Raffles* seized that very moment to stand on his hind legs and balance a sand-

wich on his nose. LILLIAN, whose idea it was, glanced angrily at the Vicar. I lit a pipe very deliberately.

"By the way, HAYLING," I said, "you won't mind, I'm sure, but as I was up there I chose mine."

There was really a fine pause here, just as I wanted. Then said HAYLING—he simply couldn't help himself—

"Which—which one did you choose?"

I lit another match.

"*Ruffles,*" I said.

GRACE came in eagerly.

"Oh, then Mr. HAYLING's is *Ruffles!* What funny names he has for his dogs! What do you call this? Something like *Apples* or *Raffles*, didn't you say?"

Then Mr. HAYLING said something that wasn't a bit like *Apples*—or *Raffles*.



Benevolent Lady. "NOW MIND THAT YOU DON'T GO AND SPEND THAT AT THE FIRST PUTTENHOUSE YOU COME TO."

Disreputable Old Pauper. "YOU BET I WON'T, MUM. YOU MEANS THE 'SCOTTED POG.' NOT ME. YOU'RE A GOOD JUDGE, YOU ARE. I'M FOR THE 'GREEN PUCK' FURTHER ON. I AGREE WITH YOU - THE 'SCOTTED POG' AIN'T NO CLASS AT ALL."

HAYLING went red.

"An unusual name, am I not wight?" he said, dropping his guard for the moment.

"Oh! he's called after the famous criminal *RAFFLES*," I explained.

"And who is this famous—ah—malefactor?"

"I am afraid you don't read your *Pall Mall Magazine*, HAYLING."

"I have no time to waste on minor fiction. HALL CAINE and Miss—that is, the lady of Avon—have no charms for me."

"*RAFFLES* was a thief," I said, "and so is this *Raffles*. He'll steal your slippers, HAYLING."

Three days later my sister-in-law and I went over to LILLIAN'S. As we expected, HAYLING was there. I had let GRACE into

"Really, Mr. HAYLING!" said GRACE, getting up indignantly . . .

Five minutes after we had gone the Vicar proposed to LILLIAN and was refused. She pretends, of course, that she would have refused him anyhow. But that is hardly fair after the disinterested and unselfish way in which I worked to save her.

A HARD CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to you for advice and assistance. Mine is, I hope and believe, a peculiar case, and only you can help me. The circumstances are as follows:—A month ago I met a man in the neighbourhood of Bouverie Street, and, *à propos* of nothing in particular, he told me a story. I know it was a very amusing story, for I remember laughing immoderately at it. I laughed so much that he clapped me on the shoulder and said, "There, my dear fellow, you put that on paper and send it to *Punch*. I present it to you." Then he turned and walked towards the Strand. There may have been something sinister in his eye as he looked at me, but if so it escaped me.

Fired with his generous offer I climbed to the attic in which I reside and proceeded to commit the story to paper. It was not a long story. It could have gone easily into one of your columns. I felt I could write it in half-an-hour. Mr. Punch, I am still writing that story. There was nothing involved about it. It only required plain telling to be irresistibly humorous. But I am still wrestling with the task of setting it down in writing. I thought half an hour would suffice for the task. Four weeks have elapsed, and it is still unaccomplished. At this moment I am sitting at my desk knee-deep in my own rejected efforts. I have written the beginning a hundred times and thrown it aside as unsatisfactory. Then, when I seemed to have got the beginning all right, the middle began to puzzle me, and every time I altered the middle I had to change the beginning. It is not a long story, as I have said, but my attempts to narrate it would fill

volumes. At the end of my first week of work on it my brain was dull and I ceased to sleep at night. At the end of a fortnight the floor of my chamber was entirely covered with discarded beginnings and middles, while the end was not even in sight. By this time I was so worn out that I could scarcely hold a pen. Then I think I must have become delirious. From constantly writing and rewriting that story I had lost all power of criticism. I ceased to be able to give what remains of my mind to its composition, and wrote and destroyed my copy, as it were, automatically.

Meantime at intervals I used to meet the other man in Fleet Street, and he never failed to smile at me with elabo-

short of patients issuing forth into Fleet Street and presenting his story to someone. After a few weeks the victim passes into his keeping. Or perhaps he also has suffered under the story, and the only way to get rid of the burden is to hand it on to someone else. But can I in cold blood save myself thus at the expense of another? My conscience revolts at the idea. Yet it is useless to suggest that I should merely cease trying to write it. That is out of my power. I can now think of nothing else. It has hypnotised me, and I cannot free myself from its deadly fascination. If however you have any habitual contributor whom you wish to get rid of, perhaps you will send me his name in confidence. I will then tell him the story and suggest that he should write it for your columns. In six weeks or less you will be rid of him for ever.

Yours despairingly,
A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Hotel Clerk. "ANY OF THE ROOMS NUMBERED FROM EIGHTY-FIVE TO A HUNDRED ARE VACANT, SIR. HAVE YOU ANY PREFERENCE?"

Dr. Lirrip, F.R.C.P. (author of "*Lirrip on Lungs*," "*Lungs and their Troubles*").
"SAY NINETY-NINE."

rate friendliness and ask how I was getting on with his story. I even thought I detected a lurking malice in the inquiry as the days went on, and became afraid of meeting him. I shut myself up in my room and laboured at that accursed story, and only ventured out at night when I could count on escaping his hateful inquiry.

Meantime I am still writing it, and I begin to think it will never be finished. I sit at my desk with blood-shot eyes and aching head, my pen rushing feverishly across the paper until now I can hardly believe that there was ever a time when I was not pursuing an elusive jest through reams of manuscript. And it is gradually being borne in on me that it is all a plot on the part of the other man. I suspect him of keeping a private asylum, and whenever he is

to her to know that her first Governor, as the *Times* informs us, is the Hon. A. FORGET.

The Altruist at Home.

THE following testimonial reaches us from a Colonial Paper:—"My wife was all twisted out of shape with facial paralysis, and five doctors failed to cure or even relieve. By the persistent use of Dr. —'s — Food I have been entirely cured, and have returned to work strong and well. I have gained in weight, and feel that I have a new lease of life."

By one of the intelligent Japanese rioters the *Times* correspondent was informed that their object in setting fire to the House of the Minister of the Interior at Tokio was to enlighten the EMPEROR.

CHANGE AND REST.

In your holiday should take you to a continental land,
And you meet a figure strange and hollow-eyed,
With a guide-rope girt about him and a *Murray* in his hand,
Rushing frantically up a mountain side;
Oh! think not 'tis a madman who has broken loose again,
Or a felon, by police officials pressed,
It is merely dear old Jonnyson, who, to soothe his weary brain,
Is seeking for a little change and rest.

He has only got a month, and there are scores of peaks to climb,
So he cannot waste his days in sluggish ease;
He wants to visit Nuremberg and Munich in the time,
With a detour by the Spanish Pyrenees,
Then to Sheringham or Cromer he will swiftly wend his way,
Where, to give, he says, his appetite a zest,
He will bicycle and bathe, and play two rounds of golf a day
His notion of a pleasant change and rest.

If, later on, it chance that down Throgmorton Street you pass,
And you meet a being hollow-cheeked and pale,
With nervous breakdown stamped on ev'ry feature of his face,
And knees that, in his going, droop and fail,
With garments hanging loosely on his worn and shrunken frame,
That once was plump and scrupulously dressed,
You'll recognise poor Jonnyson. He will tell you, to his shame,
That he's better for his jolly change and rest.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Shakespeare's Christmas (SMITH, ELDER) is the title of half a dozen stories "Q" collects and presents in a handy volume. Presumably, as he places this particular story first and gives its name to the book, he regards it as head, if not shoulders, above its fellows. That is a point of preference on which my Baronite does not agree with his gifted friend. He frankly admits that he is not in a position to judge of the work as a whole, since, to tell the truth, after honest endeavour he was obliged to give up the attempt to read it through. That fact has, however, its bearing on the case. For the rest, the stories are delightful, far beyond the average of this most difficult literary labour. They are full of character and action, touched up here and there with flashes of humour. For the most part "Q" goes back to historic epochs for his narrative plot and characters, and has evidently spent loving endeavour in acquiring local colour. The portrait of *Captain Bligh*, late of the *Bounty*, for example, is admirable. "The Rain of Dollars," an episode in the retreat of Sir John Moore's army from Corunna, is a masterful piece of vivid writing, and so is the story with the alluring title, "The Man Behind the Curtain."

The Quere Quakeress of the North and the Sly Seductive Southerner might comprehensively have been the title of *The Quakeress*, by MAX AUJER (WARD, LOCK & Co.). The plot is well conceived, and, certainly, it is a powerfully written novel. The story opens just before the commencement of the fratricidal American Civil War, and is carried through the earlier part of that deadly struggle between North and South. This somewhat dangerous ground is treated with artistic self-restraint, and we are spared the horrors in which MAX AUJER, had he given way to Zolaesque inspiration, might have plunged us. The interest aroused at the very first in the principal characters is well sustained up to the end. That to many English readers it may recall the earlier part of the story of *Steerforth*, *Little Emily*, and *Ham* is not improbable; but, unprincipled as was *David Copperfield's* hero, yet the gay young Southerner

Clayton, as a reprobate, can give *Steerforth* several points, and win easily. To compare the well-instructed Quakeress *Abby* with the uneducated *Emily* would be manifestly unfair, but though the former does not take the irreparable step that ruined *Peggotty's* niece yet her will consents, and there is little left of strict virtue in the beautiful Quakeress who retains only the peculiar costume and language of "The Friends." It is a clever and interesting portrait of a self-deceiving girl, who is necessarily a deceiver of those nearest and dearest to her. The character of the model young Quaker *George Fotherly* is admirably depicted, as is also that of the would-be seducer *Clayton*, physically brave, morally contemptible. The other secondary personages are all well drawn, and the comedy provided by the *Powder* family, though lacking in originality, is not obtrusive. Altogether a book that the Baron has no hesitation in recommending.

Driven (FISHER UNWIN) is a story gleaned amid the simple annals of the poor. It is set in the good old times of "the hungry forties," when statesmen did not handy phrases about Retaliation, Colonial Preference, and the like. They honestly spelt Protection with a big P, and openly enforced it. Mistress MAUGER WATSON, without attempt at preaching a moral, or effort at picturesque writing, tells, with pathos the more powerful, how the agricultural labourer and his family lived when corn was ten shillings a bushel, bacon eightpence a pound, wages for the head of the family nine shillings a week; the dulness of domestic life being varied by sending to jail for a month a starving man who ate a pennyworth of turnips pilfered from his master's field, fourteen days being the penalty for stealing five eggs. In such a state of things, crime in the way of poaching, burglary or highway robbery was common, not infrequently ending in the head of the family or other of its main supports being sent "over seas" for seven or fourteen years. My Baronite cannot recommend the book to any who when they take up a novel delight to find themselves in the society of those who siller hae and walk in silk attire. It is all very sad, but it is very human, and, by chance or design, has its special lesson for to-day.

The Fate of Luke Ormerod (HURST AND BLACKETT), by RICHARD DOWLING, commences so well that even a partial failure on the part of the author to keep up to his own standard is exceptionally disappointing. The leading notion has sufficient originality to be strongly attractive. "Blessed are they who expect nothing," says that irreverent old rascal *Major Monsoon*, "for verily they shall not be disappointed." Now, the earlier part of this novel leads the reader to be on the constant look-out for a mystery that shall puzzle the sharpest plot-detector among the most experienced novel-readers. A trifle more exagitation on the part of the author, another wet towel round his throbbing brain, just an extra day's isolation, and we might have had such a romance of real life as would have created a profound impression. Good as the plot is, it might so easily have been so much better. Yet can the Baron conscientiously recommend it, and much would he have liked to be able to add that here, at last, was an Englishman who had outgubioria'd Gaboriau.

Answer to Correspondent.—"Esquereu." No: Esperanto is not fit to eat: it must not be confused with other Potted Tongues.



LIST, YE LADIES.

[Prompted by the laudable desire to keep his columns thoroughly up-to-date and at the same time to promote national efficiency, Mr. Punch has resolved, in deference to repeated requests, to open a "Woman's Exchange Column" in which the legitimate curiosity of his fair readers will be fully and rationally gratified. The subjoined specimen inquiries and replies are accordingly submitted as a guide to intending correspondents.]

WHAT MANY GIRLS WANT TO KNOW.

"How can I break my engagement?" asks a correspondent, pathetically. "What is the best way to set about it?" Possibly some cynics may snort at the ingenuous candour of this question, but when we reflect that after all two lives may be wrecked by the perseverance in a course rashly adopted in a moment of expansion, compassion and not mockery should be aroused.

We fear, however, that no infallible remedy can be prescribed to solve this problem. Circumstances alter cases, and elopement can only be justified by results, or perhaps we should say, if the favoured swain is more eligible as well as more muscular than his rival. A few weeks earlier we should have been inclined to recommend swimming the Channel as a convenient means of extrication, but it is not all skins that will stand shark's oil supplemented by a coat of resin.—"AUNT SARAH."

TO-DAY'S INQUIRIES.

1. How can I cure my parrot (aged forty-five) of swearing?—VERONICA (Ashford).
2. What is the best way to make a Macedonia jelly?—Mrs. McTURK (Bexhill-on-Sea).
3. How can I make a horse and cabbage dumpling as in Germany?—HIPPO (Sadlers Wells).
4. What is the right way to extract the greatest amount of nourishment from a vegetable marrow-bone?—ANXIOUS HAIGITE (Poplar).
5. The figs on my tree never ripen. Would it be safe to make them into a fig pudding? My husband is a man of violent temper.—ANGELA (Peckham Rye).

TO-DAY'S REPLIES.

Cure for Laryngitis.—If anyone suffering from laryngitis, tonsilitis, or any kindred complaints, will put a heaped-up tablespoonful of red pepper into a half tumblerful of methylated spirits, light the liquid with a braided fusce and gargle for a quarter of an hour, the complaint will be completely and permanently cured. I can state positively that whenever and wherever the above remedy has been faithfully used, the sufferer has never complained of any recurrence of the symptoms, or indeed raised any complaint at all.—(Miss) WINNIE P. (Hanwell).



OMNE IGNOTUM PRO TERRIFICO.

"WOT'RE WE TER DO, BILL? IF IT WUS ONLY A DORG I'D CHAWNCE IT—BUT THEM THINGS!"

How to make a Chocolate Mould sit up.—If the mould is in a state of complete collapse, and the weather very warm, of course nothing can be done. But if it is only limp an injection of isinglass and shellac will work wonders. Failing that, it is best to prop up the mould with a small zarefa of whalebone, which, however, must not be included in the portion served to each guest.—MARIA JOLY (Bangor).

AMBIGUOUS.—The visitors' book at a seaside resort contains the following entry:—"The Rev. — returned and was again made comfortable. The needs of an entomologist are simple, if generally numerous, but the landlord was indefatigable and successful in supplying all wants."

A NEWSPAPER asks the question, "Are yachtsmen rude?" We don't know, but they are certainly often in Solent.

DEFINITIONS.

A SPEECH may be delivered at any length, on any subject, at any distance from that subject.

When that which is said on one side of a question is equal to that which is said on the other side of the same question by the same speaker, the figure of speech is called Balfourian.

A half-sheet of notepaper has position and magnitude, but no weight.

A legal joke is that which possesses length and breadth, but is without point.

A snob is a superficial figure consisting of nothing but side.

A sermon is the longest distance between two points, namely, the point at which it begins, and the point at which it leaves off.

It is computed that £800 a year is received in fines from motorists at Andover. Why omit the aspirate?

THE SEAMY SIDE OF MOTLEY.

LADY, when we sat together,
And your flow of talk that turned
On the Peace, the Play, the Weather,
Left me frankly unconcerned,
I could see how hard you labour'd
Till your brain was stiff and sore,
Never having yet been neighbour'd
By so dull a bore.

Later on, from information
Gathered elsewhere after lunch,
You had got at my vocation,
Learned that I belonged to *Punch*,
And in tones of milk and honey
You invited me to speak
On the art of being funny,
Funny once a week.

Madam, though your heart, I know,
meant
Well—in its peculiar way,
Yet I could not, at the moment,
Find a fitting word to say;
I could not for love or money
Own, aloud, the quite unique
Strain of trying to be funny,
Funny every-week.

'Tis a task that haunts me waking,
Like a vampire on the chest,
Spoils my peace, prevents my taking
Joyance in another's jest;
Makes me move abroad distracted,
Trailing speculative feet;
Makes me wear at home a rack'd head
In a sodden sheet.

Women hint that I am blinded
To their chaste, but obvious, charms;
Sportsmen deem me absent-minded
When addressed to feats of arms;
If the sudden partridge rises
I but rend the ambient air;
And the rabbit's rude surprises
Take me unaware.

Life for me's no game of skittles
As at first you might opine;
I have lost my love of victuals
And a pretty taste in wine;
When at lunch your talk was wasted,
Did you notice what occurred,
How I left the hock untasted,
How I passed the bird?

If my wits were vaguely wandering,
Here must lie my poor excuse,
They were in the net of pondering
O'er a *mot* for public use;
Theme (a horrid one)—the slaughter
Where the wells of Baku boil;
Joke—the need of pouring water
On the troubled oil.

Madam, haply you may miss it;
Mots ere now have fallen flat;
I could make it more explicit,
But we'll leave the thing at that:

Don't for *my* sake mar your beauty,
Tracking down the devious clue;
I have simply done the duty
I was bound to do.

Yet, if you would grant a favour,
In your orisons recall
One whose smile could scarce be graver
If his mouth were full of gall;
Let your lips (that shame the ruby)
Pray for mine all wan and bleak
With the strain of trying to be
Funny every week. O. S.

MILITARY NOTES.

[The announcement that the latest style of tunic adopted by the German Army is "cut like a blouse" has, it is said, aroused great interest at the War Office, and it is thought probable in many quarters that, at no very distant date, we shall see the idea adopted and very possibly developed in this country. If such is the case, the military notes of the future will, presumably, be couched in the following strain:—]

NEVER has the Dress Reform Committee of the War Office given us more striking proof of the excellence of its taste than in the latest issue of the *Army Fashions Intelligenceer*. Those amazingly clever modistic experts, Mesdames BLANCHE, ROSE and LILY, are ever on the *qui vive* for all that is new and *chic* in the world of dress, and it is mainly owing to their efforts that the British Army can now boast that it is the best dressed force in Europe. A few words on the latest ideas that have emanated from those active brains will probably not be unwelcome to our readers.

Especially fetching is the new mess jacket of the Ninety-ninth Hussars. Fashioned of a peculiarly effective cloud-grey estrella, it is made to fit closely at the waist, the coat being outlined daintily with deep orange velvet, which also appears on the prettily puffed sleeves. Over it the charmingly cut double collar fastens with *fichu* effect, crossing quite low down to show a V-shaped vest of Valenciennes lace. A swathed belt of taffetas is afterwards hooked over the left side and forms the finishing touch to what is really the daintiest uniform imaginable.

As is only natural, in the regiments of the Line a rather quieter tone is to prevail. The committee of experts, however, have left no stone unturned to make the uniforms as *chic* and attractive as possible consistently with lowness of price, and very well they have done their work. We cannot but hold, for example, that the Mufordshires' new bolero, with its blue velvet-faced collar, strappings, and rows of little metal buttons, is a miracle of cheapness at 69s. 11d. Extremely reasonable, too, at

48s. 3½d. is the Slopshires' latest tunic, an exquisite creation in black chiffon, accordion pleated and lined with *glacé* silk, a relief to the dead black being afforded by *motifs* of jet.

Our American cousins have a taste that is not to be despised in the matter of *chausserie*, and the committee have done well to go to them for their designs for this all-important department of military clothing. Is not the new button boot, with patent kid golosh, of most attractive *ligne*? It has a well-cut heel, specially worthy of praise in that it maintains a graceful outline for the foot without being in the least fatiguing on the longest march, as a heel of narrower proportions is apt to be. Especially to be commended, too, are the latest evening shoes, in *glacé* kid with straps and plain silver buckles. Worn with the regulation openwork stockings they will look unutterably modish.

Next week there is to be a really enthralling display of the latest things in military headgear at the house of Messrs. CUTTER AND CAPP, the well-known firm of military outfitters. The unpopular service cap has now been replaced by a very fetching toque in Parsifal blue or Duck's-egg green cloth, with a *chou* of satin and a prettily curved quill, just imported from *la rille lumière*. Another captivating design is a hat in brown *glacé* ruched in squares, each square being finished with a wee velvet button. Raised on the head by means of a bandeau of green velvet it should prove a most practical and becoming *genre*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAJOR.—We think you are very sensible to make your new uniform at home; it will certainly come far cheaper in the end. We can supply you with a paper pattern for 6s. 1d., post free, stamps with order. You need not fear any difficulty with the kiltings. If, as you say, your wife has a new machine it will turn them out quite easily, or they will be made by any one who does pinking, &c., for a few pence.

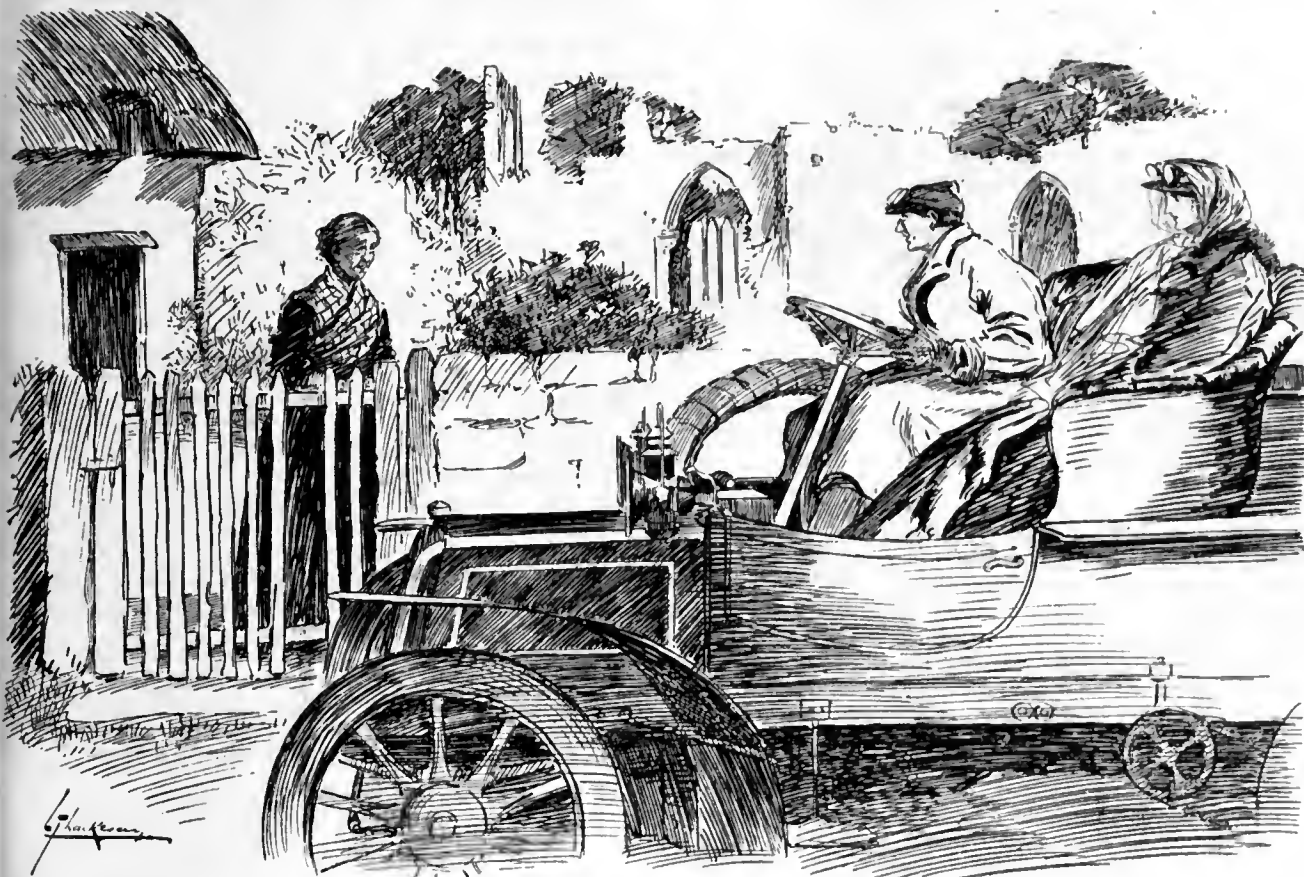
BRIGADIER-GENERAL.—We quite understand from what you tell us that the Dahlias and new Titian reds in your full-dress uniform do not go well with your complexion. As you intend to be in town for the next few days, we should strongly advise you to try a course of Mrs. BLENKINSOP's complexion treatment, which will effectively dissipate the roughness you complain of. When you return to camp, you should take with you her special "Beauty Chest," containing a tin of Lily cream, powder, peach bloom, lip salve, powder-puff, pencil, and a bottle of sunburn lotion. The price is only five guineas, and it is well worth the money.



“THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.”

F.M. MacPUGH. “I AM GLAD THAT YOU, SIR, TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE VOLUNTEERS.”





THE AMERICAN RUSH.

American Tourist. "SAY. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO SEE OVER THE RUINS?"

Caretaker. "ABOUT AN HOUR, SIR."

American Tourist. "AND HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO TELL US ABOUT IT?"

MY COMEDY.

Far from the loud and madding scene
Where trippers make high holiday,
O Reader, I have lately been
In silent travail of a Play;
A Comedy, which ought to run
For months—if I could get it done.

My plot is in the last degree
Funny; the stage has seldom heard
Such wit, such brilliant repartee.
I've done two Acts and half the
Third—

But, through a startling oversight,
I cannot get the climax right.

You see my leading lady, Z.,
Is wooed by X. (a knightly soul,
Whose qualities of heart and head
Acclaim him for a hero's rôle),
And Y. (a purely minor swain),
Who I proposed should love in vain.

Now, as at first the plot was hatched,
Z. would have sealed a lifelong bond
With X. (to whom I'm much attached);
And Y. (of whom I wasn't fond)
Would, by his agonies, emit
Some homely pathos for the Pit.

But Y., though otherwise designed,
Has burgeoned slowly from the start
Into the noblest of his kind,
With qualities of head and heart
That give him quite an equal claim
With that of X. to win the game.

And thus the basis of my plot
Has at the climax fallen through:—
I have *two* heroes now—there's not
A pin to choose between the two—
And, *as* my hero, one must win
The hand of Z., my heroine.

But, which? Were X. to gain his point,
The Public taste would never bear
His putting Y.'s nose out of joint,
Which plainly settles *his* affair!
Nor can I let the lady go
To Y., for that would spoil the Show!

That does for Y. In point of fact
It also seems to do for Z.!
And as in my concluding Act
I cannot let her go unwed,
It does for *me*! Which simply means
That everything's in smithereens.

It seems an obvious resource
To introduce a second bride

(Z.'s peer, in all respects, of course),
And thus get all the three supplied.
Or, failing that, to choose one's man
And kill him, seems the only plan.

But Z. "there is none like her, none!"
Z. is the concentrated blend
Of all I've ever loved, in one!
And though, no doubt, the sudden end
Of X. (or Y.) would solve the hitch,
Still there's the old conundrum—
Which?

O Reader, I would have you muse
On this obstructive point of mine,
And, if you find a likely ruse,
Don't hesitate to send a line!
This is a Play that ought to bring
In pounds—if I could end the thing.

DE M-DCM.

ALMOST CENT-RENARIANS.—"The following advertisement," says a correspondent, "might suit you":—

ON SALE, 80 year old HENS, good condition, from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. each.—*Bury Times*.

The advertisement suits us, but the hens would not.

"THE PRODIGY SON."

"What a game it is!" said the elder Mr. Weller, with a chuckle.
 "A reg'lar prodigy son!"—*Pickwick*, chap. xv.

A DRURY Lane drama is supposed to demand, as essential to its success, crowd and show, both of which, in this present instance, seem to be brought in only by way of concession to tradition, as they could be entirely dispensed with, without injury to, nay, rather to the advantage of, Mr. HALL CAINE's play entitled *The Prodigal Son*. The title is incorrect, as, evidently, it should have been *A Prodigal Son*. "*The Prodigal Son*," strictly speaking (which would not have much effect on the author of this drama), is definitely scriptural. This play has little to do with scripture, except in the last Act, where the prayer, offending not a few, and the reading of the Bible, should have been altogether omitted.

It is the story of two brothers, *Magnus Stephenson* (Mr. FRANK COOPER), and *Oscar Stephenson* (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER) in love with the same girl, *Thora Neilsen* (Miss LILY HALL CAINE). *Magnus*, the elder of the pair, sacrificing himself for the sake of *Thora's* happiness, and getting himself very generally disliked by his decidedly objectionable way of doing it.

Oscar, married to *Thora*, falls in love with his wife's wicked sister *Helga* (Miss NANCY PRICE), with whom, after he has ruined his father, *Stephen Magnusson* (in which character Mr. HENRY NEVILLE appears in full uniform as Governor-General of Iceland), broken his mother *Anna's* (Miss MARY RORKE) heart, and been the immediate cause of his wife's death in her confinement, *Oscar* goes away for five years. At the expiration of this period, we find *Oscar* and *Helga* together in one of Tom Tiddler's grounds, i.e. Monte Carlo, where, after a course of gambling and finally cheating, an awakened conscience causes its wobbling possessor, *Oscar*, to break the chain that binds him to *Helga* at once and for ever. An immorally reasoning Mephistophelian medical man, *Doctor Olsen* (Mr. LUIGI LARLACHE), much interested in the prodigal, prescribes suicide for *Oscar*. But when *Oscar* positively rejects this strong remedy, the Doctor, inspired by a "happy thought," discharges the pistol, pockets it, and calmly announces to the inquiring public that *Oscar* has committed suicide. As such an event need not stop the merriment of the evening the *bal masqué* proceeds, while *Oscar*—about whom as to "Where he goes Or how he fares Nobody knows and Nobody cares,"—makes a moonlight fitting.

Ten years elapse. *Oscar*, under the name of *Christian Christiansen*, has not only become a world-famous poet, but has also made a colossal fortune by his work! Here, indeed, is *The Prodigy Son*! *The Prodigal* has become *The Prodigy*. He returns home laden with money; nobody recognises him as *Oscar*; and, to put it shortly, after making every one happy, he is quitting his native land, when he is brought back by his brother, is welcomed by his mother, embraced by his daughter, who, not being the exceptionally wise child, does not know her own father when she sees him, and at the descent of the final curtain, it is to be inferred that *Oscar*, surrounded by this family circle, lives happily ever afterwards.

Now this is a drama without a sensation scene. What is wanted in "sensation" is supplied by tableaux, and by music in the orchestra furnished and conducted by Mr. J. M. GIVEN with all his usual energetic sympathy. But "sensation" is not missed when we have such excellent acting as is given us by Mr. FRANK COOPER impersonating the rough, honest, kindly brother, who is the real hero of the piece; by Miss MARY RORKE as the unobtrusive, affectionate mother; and by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE as the expansive Governor-General of Iceland, bearing himself as bravely as if he were a warrior of fifty, and looking some ten years younger than either of his sons.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD, a hostess in herself, supplies all the light and low comedy there is in the piece. She is wonderful. Risky sentences and words can be put into her mouth, and can come out of it, not only with safety, but so uttered as to compel the heartiest laughter and applause from a house crowded in every part. In this piece we have an example of a *casus belli* in an epigrammatic speech which from the lips of any other living actress would have led to a row in the house, perhaps even to an Old Drury riot. The part is comparatively small, but every line tells; they are the author's best, and Mrs. WOOD gives them inimitably. But for her the play would be sombre.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER plays the repellant part of *Oscar*, and carries it through triumphantly. But does he think he is so changed after fifteen years' absence that no one will know him in the last Act? Why, his *Oscar* returns home rather more like himself than ever! He is at once recognised by the entire audience, while his mother and his brother have not the slightest idea of his identity! The Returned Prodigal ought to be absolutely unrecognisable.

The part of *Helga* falls to Miss NANCY PRICE, but it cannot be reckoned among her successes. Miss LILY HALL CAINE is effective, perhaps sufficiently so, as the gentle *Thora*; but that she should afterwards appear as *Elin*, *Thora's* daughter, seems, as such an arrangement generally does, a dramatic mistake. She does it prettily enough.

The scenery by Messrs. McCLEERY, EMDEN, and BRUCE SMITH, is strikingly effective. The play has made a hit, and Old Drury is sure to be full up every night until the arrival of King Pantomime. "He may call himself CAINE," says Mr. ARTHUR CLEGG, "but as a dramatist he is 'able.'"

NATURE STUDIES.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that no good reason exists why such products of human nature and human activity as are in their essence not merely alive but also susceptible of change and development should not occasionally be included in this series. The supply of animals faithfully studied and intimately known to me, though it is not exhausted, is yet strictly limited. I propose, therefore, to vary their description by that of an American periodical which has been for many years the pleasant companion of my leisure.

I shall not investigate the question of this great magazine's origin. It suffices for me that it exists and has achieved its six hundred and sixty-fourth number. A division by twelve in the approved method results by way of quotient in the surprising knowledge that it is now in its fifty-sixth year. If fifteen years was *grande mortalis ævi spatium*, what shall be said of fifty-six?—especially when it is remembered that these fifty-six cover the most stirring and fruitful period in the history of the American Republic. Before ABRAHAM LINCOLN was heard of *Harper's Monthly* existed; it passed through the great Secession struggle; witnessed the reconstruction period; flourished under the Presidencies of GRANT, and now lives vigorously in the mild and magnificent eye (to say nothing of the *pince-nez* and the flashing teeth) of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. It is a considerable record of mere existence, a brilliant one when the distinguished merits that have marked that existence are taken into account. Long may it continue to instruct, to interest, and to amuse!

Let me, however, proceed to consider some of the elements that go to the making up of my companion's character. There is Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, novelist, essayist, man of the world—*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. He was once—I think my memory serves me right; I know I have been told that the penalties its lapses entail do so—he was once the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, and he still illuminates its columns. He has been writing in it about London and England, writing

with a grace, a peculiar charm, a vividness and a lightness both of touch and of fancy that would have conferred distinction upon the most brilliant magazine that even the rapt imagination of one of *Harper's* own poetesses could conceive in a moment of supreme exaltation. Besides, he is so reasonable and sane and human; shakes you by the hand (I speak in a literary sense) and links his arm in yours just as if you were the one friend he had been looking for through the wide world, and away you go with him on a voyage of delightful discovery through the murky streets of London or the hazy landscape of rural England. There never was so pleasant a guide or one who made you see so clearly and feel so keenly all the queer and fascinating beauties of our great city and our mother land. Hats off to Mr. W. D. HOWELLS!

I wonder if I am right in my conviction, carefully acquired from a perusal of *Harper's* pages, that all American poetesses own the name of JOSEPHINE? I cannot remember when the light of this knowledge first burst upon me, but now I hold it as an article of faith. It is a pretty name, obviously an American development of SAPPHO, and any poetess might be proud to be called by it even if American poetesses had not set the fashion in *Harper's Magazine*. Disguise in this matter is useless. It may happen that now and then one of *Harper's* poetesses tries to pass herself off as ETHEL or LOUISE or even as MARY or ALICE; but I know well enough that this is mere paltering and play. In sober earnest and in their poetical workshops they are all, without exception, JOSEPHINES.

Nothing in all *Harper's* strikes the heavy-minded Englishman with a greater astonishment than the extraordinary mass and variety of American women who write stories. I take up my *Harper* for September and I find stories by ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH, ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, MARY R. S. ANDREWS, and MARY VAN VORST. From this list it will be seen, by the way, that if you happen to be a woman and want to write stories for *Harper's*, the rule is—Miss VAN VORST is not really an exception because the VAN ought to count—that you must have at least three names. Miss ANDREWS has four, but then she doesn't print them all in full as the trinomial ones do. Another sound rule is that your short story must have a HENRY JAMES feeling about it. It must read as if it was not absolutely complete in itself, but had in reality been extracted from a longer story, or even from a novel. The reader is not told anything about the characters; he is violently flung at their heads, without the semblance of an introduction, and is expected to know all about them and to take the



FORCE OF HABIT.

(Express stopping between Stations.)

Irate Motorist (to Guard). "ARE WE PUNCTURED?"

deepest possible interest in their variations of feeling or caprice. It's a little puzzling at first to come upon a story ('tis an effort of fancy, not an actual quotation from *Harper's*) that begins something after the following fashion:—"Tuesday morning found Sigsbee still wearily engaged upon the old business. His look travelled from the waste of chimneys on which his window opened to a vagrant curl trailing coquettishly down the back of Helen's neck. He sighed and pushed the papers from him."

Mechanically your hand turns the leaves back so that you may discover the origins of these people, but it's quite useless. That is how the story starts, and you must take it or leave it at that.

A truce, however, to jesting. I know I wish September would hurry along so that I might get the six hundred and sixty-fifth number of *Harper's* and seek relaxation in its pages—and that is about the best compliment I can pay my old friend.

TOO MUCH STRAIN.

Is Music I may fairly claim
Some catholicity of taste,
For Music is to me a name
For anything that can be faced.

Like everybody else I know
I find it thrills me to the quick
To hear an oratorio
Or listen to a KUBELIK;

But that my range goes far beyond
These limits is my greatest boast,
In that I am extremely fond
Of things that don't appeal to most.

I simply love a German band;
I cannot think why people write
To curse the enterprising land
That sends these spirits of delight.

I dote upon the dulcet strains
That reach us through the party wall,
And really why my wife complains
I never can make out at all.

And yet, and yet, I must confess
My sympathy knows certain bounds;
My ears just now are in duress
To two quite independent sounds.

The time has deflected my song,
The clash has affected my nerves;
To start this new metre was wrong,
But the change in emergency serves.

Ah, this is too heavy a load,
I am rolling in pain on the floor;
There's the "Promise of Life" in the
road,
And the "Garden of Love" next
door!

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

*A series of specimen letters designed to meet
the exigencies of ordinary life.*

ASKING TO BE EXCUSED FROM WORK ON
ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS.

*Letter from a gas-fitter and plumber,
accidentally gored by a highly com-
mended bullock at the Agricultural
Hall, to his employer, explaining that
it will be impossible for him to be at
27, The Boltons, at 8 o'clock on Monday
morning to inquire into an impediment
in the sink, as arranged.*

41, Rosebery Buildings, Islington.
December 8, 1902.

TO MR. JAMES REDDIE,

SIR,—Having met with an accident
which makes it impossible for me to
walk, I shall not be able to go to
Kensington on Monday. I hope to be
well again by the middle of the week.
With regret for the inconvenience I may
be causing you, Believe me,

Yours respectfully,

ARTHUR PUTTEY.

OFFERING TICKETS.

*Letter from the widow of a rich soap-
boiler, living on Richmond Hill, whose
son is taking the part of the second
footman in an amateur performance
of "The School for Scandal," at the
Richmond Town Hall, in aid of the
funds of a Convalescent Home for the
children of reduced investors, to the
newly arrived lady at Vinolia Lodge
on the opposite side of the road, on
whom she has left cards, but who has
not returned the call, accompanying
tickets for the second row of the best
seats at the performance in question.*

The Nest, Richmond Hill.
January 14, 1903.

Mrs. GLOVER presents her compliments
to Mrs. PINSENT and begs her acceptance
of the enclosed tickets for Saturday
evening.

DECLINING TICKETS.

*Letter from the newly arrived occupant
of Vinolia Lodge, Richmond Hill, to
Mrs. GLOVER, a neighbour opposite,
whom she does not wish to know, but
who has left cards upon her and has
just sent over two tickets for the second
row of the best seats at an amateur
performance of "The School for
Scandal," in aid of the funds of a
Convalescent Home for the children of
reduced investors, in which her son is
playing the part of the second footman.*

Vinolia Lodge, Richmond Hill.
January 14, 1903.

Mrs. PINSENT begs to return Mrs.
GLOVER's tickets, as she makes it a fixed
rule never to witness amateur theatricals.

APPLYING FOR SITUATION.

*Letter from a youth of seventeen residing
with his parents, who are respectively
a bricklayer and a sempstress, at 13,
Nelson Row, Chatham, to a wealthy
Lieut.-Colonel, who owns a park in the
neighbourhood of Rochester, reminding
him of his need of an under-boots,
and suggesting the possession of many
qualifications for the post.*

SIR,—My aunt Mrs. MOODY, whose step-
daughter is scullery-maid at the Hall
and engaged to an ostler in your service,
tells me that you are in need of an
under-boots. I should be glad to serve
you in this position, for although I have
never filled such a situation before, my
grandfather used to supply milk to Mr.
MARTIN, of DAY AND MARTIN. I am at
present employed to scare rooks for
Farmer BLATHERWICK, who I am sure will
give me a good character. I think I
should give you terrible satisfaction, as
I am an early riser and have a large
appetite. I am fifteen next week and
very strong. I have a bass voice and
sing in the choir. Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM BUNN.

REFUSING APPLICATION FOR INCREASE OF
SALARY (RISE).

*Letter from the manager of a firm of
patent medicine makers, who have a
popular pill much in demand among
pillionaires, to a clerk of a year's
standing, with red hair and a slight
stutter, who has had the audacity to
suggest that twenty-five shillings a
week is an insufficient sum on which
to support life.*

17, Pilltry, E.C.

SIR,—We are unable to entertain your
request for a rise in your salary, and for
the following reasons. On the 3rd inst.
you came in three-quarters of an hour
late; on the 9th you absented yourself
on the plea that your youngest child was
suffering from convulsions; on the 13th
you asked and obtained permission to
attend the funeral of your wife's sister.
We have since discovered, by the aid of
our research assistant, that you are a
bachelor, and that you spent the greater
part of the 9th inst. at Kenpton Park.

But while we are unable to accede to
your proposal, we are so favourably
impressed by your fertility of resource
and command of language that we
propose to transfer you to the advertise-
ment department, when it will be your
duty to compile testimonials in praise of
the efficiency of our pills.—Faithfully
yours,

SANDSTONE AND WIGG.
pp. WALTER SWEEP.

ANSWERING AN INVITATION INTENDED FOR
SOMEONE ELSE.

*Letter from Mrs. JONES, residing at "The
Elms," North Hill, Putney, the widow
of a Major of Volunteers who resigned
his commission in consequence of his
refusal during some manoeuvres to
comply with the order that Volunteer
bands should not play when in ambush,
to Mrs. PENNEFATHER, a total stranger,
explaining how it came about that she
had opened a letter addressed to Mrs.
JAMES, who lives in the same road.*

Mrs. JONES presents her compliments
to Mrs. PENNEFATHER and regrets that
she is unable to accept her kind invita-
tion to dinner on the 14th inst., though
I am disengaged on that date, owing to
the postman's mistake, who delivered it
here instead of to Mrs. JAMES, the wife
of the dentist, who lives at "The Gunts"
a few doors lower down.

CONGRATULATIONS ON ENGAGEMENT.

*Letter from a young lady who, having
been engaged to a gentleman for three
years, has been badly jilted in favour
of an acquaintance, to that acquaint-
ance, on the public announcement that
she and the gentleman are engaged.*

Belle Vue, Sydenham Hill.

DEAREST MILLY,—I wish you joy.
Your sincere friend, PHYLIDA WING.



COURTESY AND COUNTER-COURTESY.

SCENE—A Third-class Railway Smoking Carriage.

Lady (just seated, to Workman, who is knocking ashes out of his clay). "PLEASE DON'T STOP SMOKING."

Workman. "NOV. I BE JUST A-GOIN' TO FILL AGAIN!"

IL RUSTICO.

(From a Highland Inn.)

HENCE, stuffy, stifling town,
The godless work of man's ungainly
hand,
Where toils the pallid band
Of city slaves, effete and trodden down!
Hence, with your tubes and trains,
That through the bowels of the earth do
tear,
Filling the poisoned air
With horrid shrieks and sounds and
smells unholy,
Through darkness black and coaly,
Where tortured mortals curse their
aching brains.

But hail, ye Highlands, fair and bright,
Birchen-clad and heather-dight!
Hail, Schiehallion's noble ridge,
Hail, delights of Tummel Bridge,
Where tumbling Tummel, all a-foam,
Fresh from his mist and mountain home,
Brawls evermore by rock and boulder
Around the great ben's mighty shoulder.

Here let me at my length be spread,
Bog-myrtle, heath and thyme my bed,
To breathe the breath of heaven that
blows
Straight from the land of cloud and
snows.

Here let me watch the waters plash,
And mark the sportive troutlet flash,
Or from some stilly peat-black deep
See a silver salmon leap;
While, as I laze upon the hill,
Let PHYLLIS' dainty fingers fill
With fragrant weed the briar bowl
That soothes and solaces my soul;
And mindful of her other task,
May she tilt the gurgling flask,
And with allaying Tummel tame
The mellow fire of Scotland's flame;
Till when the golden sunset sky
Proclaims the hour of dinner nigh,
When snell and nipping grows the air,
We hungry to the inn repair,
Whose hospitable door stands wide
To hint a table well supplied
With grouse and other Highland messes
Which the neat-handed hostess dresses.

Here amid the gathering gloom
Ghostly memories haunt the room.
Ifther, once upon a time,
JOWETT in his golden prime
From the Isis loved to lead
Bands of chosen spirits to read.
Oft these walls have heard of yore
Subtle talk of PLATO's lore,
And subtle worldly wisdom too
From the Master's mind who knew
Things of heaven and things of earth.
Nor was wanting gayest mirth,
For often at the side of JOWETT
Sparkled A. C. S., the poet,
From whose inspired and tuneful lip
Fell startling paradox and quip,
Or tale of Mrs. Gamp, once more
To set the table in a roar.

These delights as thou canst give,
Tummel Bridge, by thee I'd live.

NO OTHERS NEEDED APPLY.—"Wanted, a
VEGETABLE GROOM, who can neither read
nor write."—Haverfordwest and Milford
Haven Telegraph.



CHAFF.

Would-be "Knowing One" (who has been chaffing Cabman about the horse). "WAS THE DERBY, DIDN'T 'E?"
Cabman. "E DID TWICE!"

CHARIVARIA.

According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the SULTAN, always jealous of his rights, is taking steps to prevent a continued encroachment on a monopoly of his. He is stated to have protested to the Russian Government against the recent massacres of Armenians.

At all the villages around Czarskoe Selo arrangements are being made for providing winter quarters for large numbers of Cossacks. These cantonments will form a close cordon round the Imperial residence. The Czar, however, denies that he intends to attempt to escape.

Upon leaving New York, M. WITTE, in addressing a party of newspaper men, stated that never before had it been so forcibly impressed on him that the pen was mightier than the sword. We should have thought that some of the despatches of the Russian Commanders-in-Chief gave the lie to this assertion.

To show her disapproval of the Peace

terms, the Mikasa has committed harakiri.

A well-known firm of picture post-card manufacturers writes to a contemporary putting forward the pretty proposal that "every individual who appreciates the untiring efforts of President ROOSEVELT on behalf of humanity at large, which have culminated in so splendid a success," should send him a picture post-card with a line of congratulation.

President ROOSEVELT's repeated exhortations to his countrymen to have big families is having a curious effect. An epidemic of bigamy has broken out, and it may become necessary for the President to issue an explanatory statement to the effect that he wishes to see families of children, not of wives.

The doctors and warders at Carmarthen Prison have been much puzzled to decide whether a German prisoner there, who remains as motionless as a statue, is shamming, or is the victim of a strange disease. Our own opinion is that he is neither. He is merely attempting to

carry out the instructions given to his countrymen in the Baltic to be dignified in the presence of Englishmen.

Miss KELLERMAN, it is said, ate two chickens during her swim in the Seine last week. The local ducks are congratulating themselves on their escape.

The Bishop of MANCHESTER declares that if the people will not come to the Church the Church must go to the people, and follow them to their week-end resorts. It is, we hear, proposed to make a start by supplying golf-links with missionaries, who will sing a short hymn after each drive. In the event of a fizzle the hymn will be sung with extraordinary vigour in order to drown any lay remarks that may be made.

All the cats in the town of Frankfort, Kentucky, were ordered by the local Board of Health to be killed, because they were held responsible for the introduction of an epidemic of diphtheria. We hear that they died stoutly protesting their innocence, and bringing the wildest accusations against dogs.

Grave dissatisfaction is being expressed in the animal world at the omissions from the Drury Lane programme, which mentions everyone else who appears in the *Prodigal Son*, but fails to give the names of the sheep who take part in the piece.

French official statistics show that there are 17,107 motor-cars in France, and 3,355,155 dogs. This works out at 196 $\frac{1}{11}$ dogs apiece, which nobody can deny is a generous allowance.

A QUESTION.

["Indigestion in grouseland during the shooting season," says a contemporary, "is unheard of and unknown."]

Good food for thought is offered here,

If to research you have a leaning,

For simple though the words appear

They have a double-barrelled meaning.

The shooter is it, or the shot

Whose cause a friendly fate espouses?

Whose is this enviable lot—

The sportsman's or the little grouse's?

The Church Militant.

OKHAMPTON (NEAR).—RECTORY, situated high, in extensive grounds, to LET for three or four weeks; £1 weekly to clergyman taking light Sunday duty. Donkey and jingle shooting.

Donkey shooting should alone mitigate the disadvantages of any rectory, but when jingle (? jungle) shooting is added, who could resist? A chance for a minor cannon.



Linley Sambourne del.

BEWILDERED.

MR. BULL (utterly puzzled). "WHAT ON EARTH'S THE USE OF A SIGN-POST LIKE THIS?"





Visitor. "WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE I SHALL FIND A SEAT?"

Verger. "WEEL, SIR, THERE'S A GUID WHEN VEESITORS IN INVERNESS THE NOO; SO SIT WHAUR YE CAN SEE YER UMBRELLA!"

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

I rose at dawn. The silent leas
Were dressed in dewy spangles,
A pleasant breeze bestirred the trees
(Important when one angles).
I waded out into the stream,
By yellow pool and torrent,
And falls that gleam like curdled cream
(Whose chill was most abhorrent).

Smiling to think (the crisis past)
Of sluggards on their pillows,
I raised my cast and caught it fast
Upon some hanging willows;
My buoyant hope some fathoms sank;
It was a bright beginning,
Yet up the bank through rushes dank
I bravely started shinning.

I freed the gut (the branches tied
Long arms around my shoulder),
Then stepping wide sat down and tried
Conclusions with a boulder.
(The fools who praise that greenish gloss
One gets in river views, if
They'd slipped across some slimy moss,
Would not be so effusive.)

Rebounding with undaunted pluck
I mopped my streaming features;
Once more—worse luck—those flies
were stuck,

Once more I cleared the creatures;
For hours I flung that feathered sham,
For hours the "finny nations"
Unheeding swam; they cared no whit—
For worthless imitations.

Then poising on some sharpish rocks,
And 'ware that winged legions
From shirt to socks devoured in flocks
My more unguarded regions,
I said, "You too might seek a meal;"
I did, and lo! the hand which
With sanguine zeal explored my creel
Came back without a sandwich.

What had I done to suffer so?
I rose and flogged the water;
The sun grew low; I would not go;
I felt the lust of slaughter:
Onward I splashed with sodden soles
And saturated nppers,
While startled voles resumed their holes,
And went without their suppers.

Then, as the sinking daylight sought
Its screen of mountain ridges,
And Evening brought her mood of
thought

Accompanied by midges,
I rose at last a tardy trout,
(I never threw so neatly)
Two pounds no doubt—I grazed his snout
And missed the brute completely!

A Double Difficulty.

Foggy morning in September.

Head Keeper. It's no use shooting to-day, Sir. They can't see we, and we can't see they. Can us?

Mrs. DUNDERHEAD was dreadfully startled by the following item of news in one of our leading journals a few weeks ago:—"The Royal Special Train ran into the Victoria Station."

A RARE BARGAIN.—"Officials for sale. Board of Education, 5d. Government parcels, set of five, 7s. 9d.; all guaranteed genuine."—*Exchange and Mart.*

GEORGE AGAIN.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Ambleside, Monday. I made GEORGE'S acquaintance when last at Windermere, two years ago. Entry made at the time in this Diary of his strange experiences and his wise sayings; how out in stormy seas by Morecambe Bay his sole companion in the fishing lugger was washed overboard; how sometime later GEORGE, mastering his emotion at loss of a cherished companion, characteristically resumed business operations; how, hauling up the net, he was cheered by its unaccustomed weight; how his thoughts turned sadly to his lost mate and his fountained opportunity of sharing in the proceeds of the haul; how with herculean effort he landed the net on the deck, and behold! enmeshed in it was the lost JIM, apparently, like DOUGLAS GORDON, "drowned in the sea."

Always practical, GEORGE laid his prize out on the deck and proceeded, in accordance with familiar directions, to "bring him round." So vigorously did he carry on the process, that the hapless JIM spent the succeeding fortnight in hospital, victim of a fractured rib. When GEORGE undertakes to do a particular job he does it thoroughly. But on reflection JIM prefers being drowned.

A born seaman, with long lineage of sailor forbears, GEORGE is never so happy as when aboard his lugger under a stiff breeze off Morecambe, or on the *Anita* in the changing circumstance of Windermere winds, which blow where they list without notice of sudden, frequent, change. Single-handed he controls the buoyant boat, as a skilled rider sits and guides a restive thoroughbred. GEORGE admits that the master, as becomes the Vice-Commodore of the Yachting Club, can handle a boat in any weather. But he laments a tendency on his part to share his affection with the *Phantom*, a commodious steam-launch, which upon hospitable occasion has been known to accommodate forty guests.

On Sunday mornings the Vice-Commodore is accustomed to go about "making a collection" in quite new fashion. It is a far cry by road from Ambleside and Lowood to Wray Church. As the crow—or rather the seagull—flies across the Lake it is, by steam-launch, a ten-minute voyage. So the Vice-Commodore, always intent on doing kind things, sets out early on Sunday morning in the *Phantom*, "collects" friends and neighbours waiting at their various private landing-places, and delivers them, carriage unpaid, at the pier by Wray Castle.

That is very well in its way. Still GEORGE is constrained to admit that he "doesn't think much of them lanches." In idle moments he has estimated the amount of coal the *Phantom* burns in a

day. It is really ruinous. Becomes monstrous when contrasted with the absolute freedom from analogous charges enjoyed by the fleet-footed *Anita*. Then there is steering the launch. GEORGE can take the *Anita* up to any pierhead or any boat or buoy afloat, almost without necessity of using the boat-hook. But there are two to work in "them lanches"—the blue-jacket at the tiller, the engineer in charge of the engine. Just as the tiller is touched with sure intent of bringing the launch alongside, the engine either forges ahead or gives a stroke astern, and where are you?

GEORGE still leads a dual life, both phases full of strenuous work sedulously performed. When the yachting season is over at Windermere he tacks back to Morecambe Bay, ready to put out in all kinds of weather, a-fishing in his own little lugger. If there were room for a glimmer of conceit in this shrewd, simple nature, it would betray itself in reference to the fact that the seasons have no influence upon his sartorial habits. Summer and winter, in sunshine or snow, he wears the same clothes—trousers of rough pilot cloth and "a jarsey" (usually spelt jersey). In these, with contented mind and healthy body, he fronts any fortune the revolving seasons bring.

GEORGE more or less gratefully accepts whatever gifts the sea may yield to his net—including, as we have seen, an occasional half-drowned mate. His speciality is shrimps. He will take prawns if they come. But, to be quite frank, "give him shrimps." With characteristic loyalty he holds the opinion that no shrimp caught in any sea can compare with your real Morecambe Bay native. That this is not prejudice is established by the fact that the brand commands the market, bringing pennies a quart above the price of meaner brethren.

And here comes the rub. Germany steps in and robs the Bay fishermen of the fruits of their patrimony. Of course Germans may not fish in Morecambe Bay. But they have in or near their own coasts a thing they, in their own language, presumptuously call a shrimp. This they pot and send over to England, where it is feloniously labelled "Morecambe Bay Shrimps," and by the unwary is entertained as such.

The consequence is seen in reduction of price of the real article. Time was, and yet lingers in GEORGE'S glowing memory, when a quart of *vrai* Morecambe Bay shelled shrimps brought half-a-crown. Now a pampered middleman proffers eighteenpence. You may take it or leave it. Shrimps flourish in the waters of Morecambe Bay; but they are also "made in Germany."

Whether it be due to patriotic tenacity in holding on to office displayed by Mr.

BALFOUR and his Ministerial colleagues, or whether it be apprehension as to what may follow upon the apparently inevitable succession to office of C. B., are matters GEORGE does not discuss. The fact remains that the fishing business is not what it used to be. He remembers hearing his grandfather relate how it was his custom of an afternoon to put out a few miles to sea, casually spread his net, and bring it up "full of herrin's." Now there isn't a herring within hail of Morecambe.

The profits of sail-making, adjunct to the income of sturdy fisher-folk, have also gruesomely fallen off. Moreover, German competition affecting the sale of shrimps adversely influences the business of shelling undertaken by female members of the family. This reflection brings to GEORGE memories of his mother. He speaks of her with the tenderest affection. But his port uplifts, his honest eyes gleam with pride, when he recalls how she could in an hour shell more shrimps than any woman dwelling by the Bay.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

i.

AN advertisement recently put in the *Glasgow Herald* asking for a lad who could write shorthand and manipulate the typewriter, produced the following reply:—"I notice your advertisement in the *Glasgow Herald*. In reply to same I am not a shorthand writer, neither can I manipulate the typewriter, but at the interview which I am sure you will grant, I flatter myself I can prove to you that I have other abilities which will far outweigh the want of knowledge in regard to shorthand and typewriting. I had a certificate of merit, but I burnt it, as I did not consider that my abilities should rest upon the opinion therein expressed by a third party."

ii.

TOM (aged five and a-half) was interested in Natural History. He had already spent several mornings taking the slugs and snails out of the fishpond for the benefit of the fishes' health. The other morning he ran up to his mother's room with his pinafore wet through and his hands undried.

"Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I've been putting back all the slugs I could find into the pond, because I read in Wood's *Natural History* that carp thrive best in sluggish water."

iii.

Tommy (in perplexity over his sums). I say, Mummy, I wish I was a rabbit!

Mother. Why, dear, do you want to be a rabbit?

Tommy. 'Cause father says they multiply so fast.



OUR ARTIST'S "NET" PROFITS.

NOTES AT THE EASTROUNE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

FORGOTTEN HISTORY.

THE STORY OF HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND.

"THE past," as Miss MARIE CORRELL has so truthfully and epigrammatically expressed it, "is past;" and we often fail to realise how much we owe to our forgotten ancestors. We are far too ready to attribute to modern ingenuity the invention of our more successful modern institutions, many of which can trace their origin right back to what the Poet Laureate has so magnificently called "the dawn of History." Our present system of government, for instance, which is universally admitted in England to be the best in the world, is not by any means the mushroom edifice, founded on the Magna Charta, that most people suppose it to be. Recent discoveries in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, where considerable excavations have lately been taking place, have brought to light some interesting antiquarian knowledge, which has shown us that the British Constitution is, comparatively speaking, in its dotage.

The discoveries were made in a most romantic manner, fully in keeping with the sensational character of their revelations. For about two and a-half years several hundred workmen had been usefully employed in tearing up the roadway opposite the Horseshoe Hotel. They had already reached the depth of some six feet, when work was temporarily suspended, owing to the fact that they had apparently struck a layer of exceedingly hard soil, the removal of which would have entailed such tremendous exertion, that those in authority scarcely felt justified in continuing the work. By a fortunate inspiration, however, Mr. BRODRICK was consulted as to the best means of removing the obstinate impediment; and with a couple of happily-worded telegrams he succeeded in dislodging it. It proved to be a large slab of exceedingly hard material, probably brick or early English bread, covered with strange hieroglyphics bearing a remote resemblance to figures. At first sight it was mistaken for some form of old-fashioned bank pass-book; but the antiquarian authorities at the British Museum, to whom it was submitted, declared it to be nothing more or less than an authentic history of the British Constitution between the years

19,005 and 19,000 B.C. We have the privilege of being the first paper to submit its contents to the nation; though we have been compelled, owing to the broken and defaced character of the tablet, to tell its story in our own words rather than in a literal and unintelligible translation of the actual narrative.

As far as we can make out, it was called "The History of Our Own Times," and was published on the instalment system. The author's name, apparently written in French, is almost obliterated, but seems to have been something like "HE-OF-THE-RED-HILL," which is probably a *nom de plume*, and merely intended to convey the fact that

House of Wrong-'uns, however, was thoroughly representative of the nation, its members being returned by public election every seven years. Each district was supposed to select the most dangerous criminal in its area, and he was then sentenced to seven years' hard labour in the House of Wrong-'uns; at the end of which period, if he was still alive, his capacity for wrong-doing was practically exhausted. The idea underlying this scheme was extremely ingenious; for law breaking, both active and passive, was then the most popular sport in the country, so it was obvious that if the laws were bad, as they invariably were, owing to the character of the legislators, the fact that they were invariably broken kept the country in a thoroughly satisfactory condition.

Roughly speaking, the modern idea of party government was in force: that is to say, the more numerous and better armed party held control of the public finances under the leadership of the most powerful member of the assembly, who was known as the Prime Monster. The debates were presided over by an official called The Squeaker, whose duties consisted of calling "Time" between the different rounds. He maintained his authority by the possession of what was known as the casting vote—a large and carefully sharpened flint javelin, which he cast with almost unerring aim at anyone who ventured to question his ruling. From the rare occasions on which he missed probably arose the phrase "A near squeak."

The Prime Monster, at the period with which the tablet deals, was a distinguished statesman known as HE-OF-THE-



Voice from the Hill. "NOW THEN, YOU YOUNG COWARD, DON'T STAND ABOUT ALL DAY. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT AWAY FROM THE DOG?"

he was not far off being a "bright 'un." The narrative starts with a brief but illuminating treatise upon the nature of the British Constitution at that time; showing that our present form of government is practically the same as that which flourished in Great Britain over 20,000 years before the birth of Mr. HALL CAUSE. In the poignant query of that great author himself: "What is time, when compared with eternity?"

The government of the country appears to have been carried on in two large caves, known respectively as "The House of Wrong-'uns" and "The House of Frauds." The latter, as far as we can make out, seems to have been a kind of charitable institution for people who would probably have starved to death if compelled to work for their living. The

OPEN-MIND. His designation, however, in follytricks, which was the name by which Parliamentary affairs were generally described, was the Right Horrible ARTFUL BAFFLER, a complimentary title bestowed on him as a tribute to his extraordinary power of dodging the Squeaker's javelin and evading the well-aimed weapons of the Opposition. The latter were under the control of HE-WHO-CARRIED-THE-FLAG, a distinguished orator who wielded enormous power in the country owing to his popularity with the Army, and bore the honoured cognomen of Sir CANWELL-SHAMAMAN. So he could too, upon occasion, but not well enough to deceive the Right Hor. ARTFUL BAFFLER. In fact, as time went on, the Prime Monster became so powerful that he even aroused the jealousy of his own side, a large portion

of whom rebelled against his authority under the leadership of HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE. The latter was an ambitious chieftain, who believed firmly in the motto, "Nothing venture, nothing win"; so the tactics which he and his friends adopted to destroy the power of the Prime Monster were popularly known as the "Riskall Follycy." As far as we can learn from the tablet, it consisted of a determined attempt to keep out the supply of immigrants, furs, and flint instruments, which were being imported from Germany by the Anglo-Saxons; for, as HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE was never tired of pointing out, that race were a miserable set of foreigners who had no right on this planet at all.

How this great rebellion ended, and

Here at the end of the parade
(No doubt it's disinfected)
I catch the smell of fish decayed—
"Ozone?"—I stand corrected.

The gay hours fly, no moment limps,
Too soon the day is ended;
Homeward we go to tea and shrimps—
"To dine?"—You're not offended?

I hope forgiveness you'll extend,
These side-slips don't be hard on;
A charming place is gay Southend—
"Westcliff?"—I beg your pardon.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

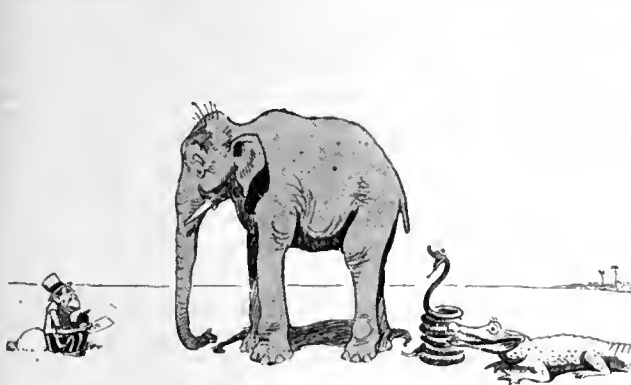
AMATEUR.—To make hens pay, you can, of course, take out a County Court summons in the usual way, but you must

house is certainly an Ancient Light, and if you were to attempt to build your flats round it you could be stopped by an interim injunction. Try another site.

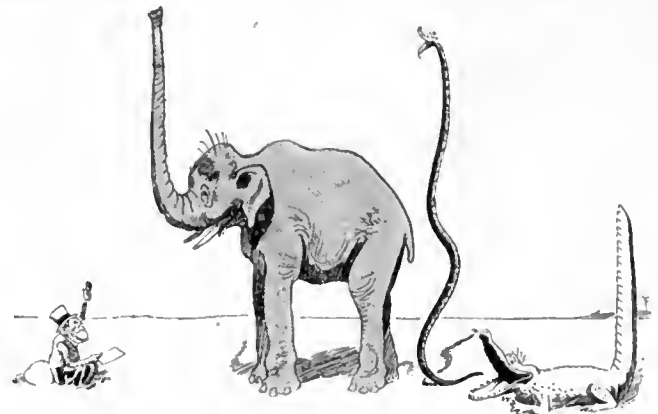
MERECAT.—For a cat to look at a King is not an indictable offence. If the look implies a threat of personal violence amounting to intimidation, the King would be justified in having the cat forcibly ejected.

WORS.—A Bee-hive is not a public place within the meaning of the Act.

BUNNY.—You must submit plans, elevations, and sections of the proposed rabbit-hutch to the County Council. If the rabbits sleep in the hutch, an iron ladder in case of fire must be provided giving access to the roof.



Mr. Monk (at the Jungle Election Meeting). "ALL THOSE
IN FAVOUR, PLEASE SHOW—"



—IN THE USUAL WAY."

whether HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE proved too strong for HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND, is a matter which in all probability will never be cleared up; for unfortunately one of the workmen, while attempting to shift the tablet, had placed his foot upon it in order to get a good leverage, and thereby obliterated about a yard and a-half of these priceless hieroglyphics. We have presented our readers, however, with sufficient of the narrative to encourage them, we trust, to visit the British Museum and study this unique record for themselves; for, in the deathless phrase of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD: "If you plough at all, plough deep."

SOLECISMS.

["We live at Westcliff-on-Sea, not Southend."
—Extract from a letter.]

WHEN backward creeps the surging flood,
In noble thoughts I lose me,
Gazing entranced across the mud—
"The beach?"—You will excuse me?

Yon noble bark the wild wave stems,
By wind and tide hard driven,
Fighting the fury of the Thames—
"The sea?"—Am I forgiven?

remember that an egg is not evidence of means.

DISTURBED.—You say the child is only six weeks old, and keeps you awake at night. What remedy have you? As the child has no visible means of support, why not deal with it under the Vagrancy Act?

DILEMMA.—Taking a bull by the horns does not constitute a technical assault, and the plea of self-defence would be a sound one; on the other hand a red rag would certainly be regarded as a provocation on your part. We cannot advise on the probability of success, as the result of any action taken by the bull would be a mere toss-up.

SIMPLE LIFE.—(i.) Your friend is quite mistaken. A man cannot just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, in this country; this is due to the fact that he cannot be hanged for either. (ii.) A horse, on being led to the water, is acting within its rights in refusing to drink thereof.

PASSENGER.—A Railway Company's legal charge for travelling on the roof of a carriage is, (i.) Not less than 40s. any distance, (ii.) One month (free).

SPECULATOR.—The Eddystone Light-

THE NO-HAT CRUSADE.

(An appeal to sundry young lady-pioneers
observed at the seaside lately.)

COME, ladies of the Bare Brigade,
Desert the pier and esplanade,
Where, hatless and unkempt, you've
strayed,

For now has come the wane of summer;
The clerk with nothing on his head
Back to his office-stool has fled,
The undergrad will soon be sped,
A "shop" will claim the resting mummer.

Old-fangled folk may look askance
At your unorthodox advance,
The scribbler seize his annual chance
And scarily you in the D. T. !
The ladies' hatter may go mad,
As trade is going to the bad;
You do not care—and yet we'll add
A note of desperate entreaty !

Come home—your time is overdue !
We have a place, a use for you,
A mighty mission to pursue—
We breathlessly abide the issue;
You'll find it in the stalls and pit,
Where Man has vainly plied his wit,
Endavouring to cope with It—
And there, I greatly fear, we'll miss you !

A GREAT LITERARY MYSTERY.

SPECULATION is still riotously rife in literary circles as to the meaning of *Carniola*, the title chosen by Mr. WATTS-DENISON for his famous new forthcoming romance, and our representative, on calling at the Authors' Club last Saturday, found that the premises had been open night and day for the last week to enable a debate on the subject to proceed continuously.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who was intercepted by our representative just as he was starting to catch the Flying Scotman, courteously granted a few words of illuminative comment on the great question of the day. "*Carniola*," he said, "is not and has nothing to do with any form of extract of meat. My theory is this. I give it you for what it is worth—that this word is an anagram for *Craniola*, i.e. little craniums, and affords a clue to the contents, which will, I believe, turn out to be a scathing satire on the epidemic of swelled-head from which so many politicians, publicists, and theologians are now suffering. The only thing that causes me to waver in this interpretation is that the fishermen of the east coast, of Scotland measure herrings by the 'cran,' from which it may be deduced that the romance will have a decidedly briny flavour, and that the scene will be laid at Aberdeen, Peterhead, Burghead, or possibly Lossiemouth, where Mr. ASQUITH has recently been playing golf. 'Iola,' I incline to think, will prove to be the euphonious name of the heroine, a fisher lassie of extraordinary fascinations and supra-Borroviau *bonhomie*."

Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., who had driven up in his motor-car from his constituency to join in the debate, had not the slightest hesitation about the solution of this great cosmic riddle. "Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL," he observed, "was on the right scent when he said that the word was an anagram, but he has rearranged the letters wrongly. *Carniola*—why it simply leaps to the eyes—is simply 'An oil car!' The romance, I have not the slightest doubt, will prove to be the most splendid apotheosis of the motoring industry that has yet been perpetrated."

Mr. C. K. SHORTER, also adhering to the anagram theory, expressed his belief that *Carniola* = *Calinora*, i.e., beautiful NORA, and that the heroine would prove to be of Irish extraction, "unless, indeed," added Mr. SHORTER, "we are to rearrange the letters '*Lira cana*,' i.e., 'O lyre, I sing,' or possibly '*Cara Nilo*,' which would of course suggest an Egyptian atmosphere, with a background of pyramids, donkey-boys and similar amenities."

Meantime we are assured that "*Carniola*" soap, an exquisitely super-fatted variety of toilet detergent, and calculated not to irritate even the most delicate and sensitive skins, will shortly be put on the market in myriads of fragrant tablets.

There were once two young fellows of Cambridge,
Who too freely indulged in that game, Bridge,
And lost all their cash;
But they made a good splash
By jumping at once from the same bridge.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEXT EDITION OF THAT MOST VALUABLE EDUCATIONAL MANUAL, "THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE."—Q. What proof have we that the celebrated beauty of her day, CLEOPATRA Queen of Egypt, was an uneducated person? A. Because only once in her life she used an aspirate, and died of it immediately.

RAPID SCORING.—"The Gentlemen had about four minutes' batting, and in that time lost two wickets for fifty-four runs."—*Leicester Daily Post*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY Englishmen have travelled in Holland, and have set down the record of their experiences. But the country has not been inspiring, and Dutch travels are poor reading." Thus Mr. E. V. LUCAS in one of his thoughtful asides. A *Wanderer in Holland* (METHUEN) has broken the record, removed the reproach. My Baronite has not for a long time read a more delightful book. Many passages recall the style of Mr. LUCAS's revered master, CHARLES LAMB. To be precise it is an amalgam of *Elia* and the modern special correspondent in search of human character and local colour. Accompanying the Wanderer by barge and train, the reader insensibly acquires vivid impressions of our ancient enemy the Dutch, and of the country ANDREW MARVELL savagely described as

Holland that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' offscouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by ocean's slow alluvion fell
Of shipwreck cockle and the muscle shell.

The picture galleries have special attraction for the Wanderer who not only discourses on their treasures but adds value to his volume by reproducing by photogravure thirty-four masterpieces. Having read all that has been written about Holland, Mr. LUCAS boldly, with happy effect, annexes passages from MOTLEY and others which cause to live again historic episodes relating to the town in which he chances to be sojourning. Holland is an ancient country, rich in historic associations. The Wanderer has added to it a new charm.

In *Alton of Somasco* (JOHN LONG) Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS has given us a striking romance. The protagonist is a fine manly character, intrepid, straightforward, generous; of rough material to be softened by love, and to be planed by civilised society. The perilous situations in which he, with a few devoted friends, finds himself, are admirably described. The gradual development of the best qualities in the heroine, *Alice Deringham*, a girl who in her first phase is quite unworthy to be the wife of *Alton of Somasco*, is cleverly worked out, although the result is not convincing, as the future of so radically selfish and essentially vain a woman as is *Alice* when she becomes the wife of this genuinely honest man, is a problem which only the author, in a continuation of their story on their return as landed proprietors to England, might satisfactorily solve. There are faults in style to which it is needless to draw attention when recommending, as the Baron heartily does, this story as a powerfully written and thoroughly interesting romance.



The Headless Man again.

Stock-jobber (to new Irish clerk, who is working out the Bull and Bear list). Hullo, why do you put "B" against your results?

Clerk. Shure, Sir, that's for "Bull," to distinguish them from "Bear."

MOTOR ARITHMETIC.—"Licences have been granted for 2,435 motor-cycles in France this year. This is 7,611 more than in 1904."—*Portsmouth Evening News*.



SCENE—At a Fire. Inn burning.

Irishman (who has run up a score there, to Firemen). 'PLAY ON THE SLATE, BHOYS!'

IN MEMORIAM.

Thomas John Barnardo, F.R.C.S.

BORN, 1845. DIED, SEPTEMBER 19, 1905.

"SUFFER the children unto Me to come,
The little children," said the voice of Christ,
And for his law whose lips to-day are dumb
The Master's word sufficed.

"Suffer the little children—" so He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,
Up to the arms of God.

Naked, he clothed them; hungry, gave them food;
Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care;
Led them from haunts where vice and squalor brood
To gardens clean and fair.

By birthright pledged to misery, crime and shame,
Jetson of London's streets, her "waifs and strays,"

Whom she, the Mother, bore without a name,
And left, and went her ways—

He stooped to save them, set them by his side,
Breathed conscious life into the still-born soul,
Taught truth and honour, love and loyal pride,
Courage and self-control.

Till of her manhood, here and overseas,
On whose supporting strength her state is throned,
None better serves the Motherland than these
Her sons the once disowned.

To-day, in what far lands, their eyes are dim,
Children again, with tears they well may shed,
Orphaned a second time who mourn in him
A foster-father dead.

But he, who had their love for sole reward,
In that far home to which his feet have won—
He hears at last the greeting of his Lord:
"Servant of Mine, well done!"

O. S.

MILLIONAIRES AT BAY.

["Talking of his next book, Mr. HALL CAINE, who sailed for America on Saturday, said that, as on previous American trips he had made a study of the life of the American millionaire and the problems which beset him, it would in all probability deal with the great commercial rulers of America."—*Evening Standard*]

MR. YERKES, who was caught by our representative just as he was on the point of descending into the Baker Street and Waterloo Tube, said that he had decided, on hearing of Mr. HALL CAINE'S plans, to remain in England until the danger was past. If on the gifted Manxman's return any assaults were made on him for fictional purposes, the millionaire proposed to retire permanently into a CAINE-proof subterranean cell which was being excavated for him at that moment. He had always, he added, maintained that the joys and privileges of the millionaire's life were greatly overrated, but he had never been believed. He should now expect to be taken at his word.

MR. J. D. ROCKEFELLER, who was interviewed in his new grey wig, said that he doubted if Mr. HALL CAINE would get much change out of him. He had not spent a long and not wholly unsuccessful life among oil and oilers for nothing.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN declined to be interviewed; but his chief office-boy, a gentleman of the highest position in New York financial circles, and himself the owner of one of the finest estates on the banks of the Hudson, pointed significantly to the Cold Storage chamber where the less welcome of Mr. MORGAN'S callers were kept waiting—sometimes for several weeks. "I hope Mr. CAINE has brought his Iceland sheepskin with him," he said. "He will want it."

MR. W. W. ASTOR was also invisible, but the seneschal of Hever Castle, acting as his representative, gave some interesting information as to Mr. ASTOR'S feelings on the subject. "Mr. HALL CAINE'S plan of campaign," quoth the seneschal, a fine commanding figure of a man, sanguine and loose-limbed, clad in a flame-hued tabard with a mangonel slung across his strapping shoulders, "maketh it clear why my master took up his abode in the old Motherland." Here he drained a gigantic beer-horn and went on in a terrible undertone, cracking his fingers and spluttering with rage. "There be few *oubliettes* in America, when prying varlets seek to worm themselves into the sacred privacy of a noble's home. But at Hever, by Goles, there are fifty-three!" And here he cut a gigantic caper, and, shouting "Loo, loo, Vixen! Hue, hue, Brack! Haro, haro, Hall Caine!" and other gross noises, withdrew to superintend the operations of the 1,200 lackeys over whom he exercises plenary overlordship.

MOTOR NOTES OF THE FUTURE.

["A young Swiss engineer is said to have succeeded in manufacturing a pair of stout boots, each of which is nothing more or less than a miniature motor-car mounted on four wheels."—*Evening Standard*.]

THE Motor-Boot, like the old-fashioned car which satisfied our fathers, is gradually overcoming the absurd prejudices with which it was first regarded. The opprobrious epithet "Boot-hog," which used to be hurled indiscriminately at all Motorbootists, is now, we are glad to see, very seldom heard. People are at last awakening to the fact that the old unwieldy car with its complicated mechanism, its ungainly body, and enormous wheels, must sooner or later disappear altogether from our roads to make way for its successor. The Moboot, as it is beginning to be called, has certainly come to stay.

The Eliminating Trials, we understand, will be held this year in the Calf of Man. While the 'Phit-eesi Panhard' is undoubtedly the favourite at present, from what we have seen of them, we are inclined to favour the 'Waukenphast-Wolseley.'

The Andover magistrates are evidently determined to keep up the evil reputation which their predecessors won among the old-school of 'motorists' (how old-fashioned the term sounds now!) Seventeen Mo-bootists were mulcted yesterday in sums amounting in the aggregate to £35 4s. 6d. for not displaying their numbers in a prominent position.

We notice that the De Dion Bootong Co. is now introducing a novelty in the shape of elastic-sided "Mo-shoes" for children. These tiny vehicles are in every respect equal in quality and workmanship to their famous "Bootong Mo-boots," while the sparking-plug arrangement is admirably adapted for those who will have to use it, being exceedingly simple in its application. There is now no excuse for parents to leave their children at home when going for short runs into the country.

One effect of the unfortunate accident on the Ripley Road (where a City gentleman skidded into and knocked over an elderly lady), is a large increase in the number of police traps.

A Lancashire correspondent sends a timely warning about Bootle, where babies are being used by the constabulary as bait for Mo-bootists.

MUSICAL COMEDY FOR VEGETARIANS.

["M. ROSTAND, the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, announces a new play for the winter in which all the characters are either to be birds or animals. M. COQUELIN is to take the part of a big dog."—*The Tatler*.]

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, who is one of our most enterprising Managers, intends, should it be required, to produce an entirely new Musical Comedy during the winter season, entitled *The French Bean and the Spring Cabbage*. All the characters are to be named after the vegetable world, or associated ideas.

There are to be two Acts. The first Scene is laid "three feet under the earth," and we are told that Mr. EDMUND PAYNE as *Lug*, a worm, has full scope for his wonderful powers. The Second Act, "The back garden of 4, Station Cottages, East Margate," is to be perfectly beautiful. It is said that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES has paid over £10,000 for this "set." We are promised many surprises, and some very pretty numbers. Miss GERTIE MULLAR as *Birdie Grounsel* will sing a dainty ditty called "*The Canary is nipping me now*," which is sure to be one of the songs of the season.

We are able to publish, for the first time, the probable cast, which, the public will see, is a very powerful one:—

CHARACTERS.

Mr. <i>Spring Cabbage</i> (an early visitor)	Mr. FRED KAYE
<i>Sprout</i> (his son, straight from Brussels)	Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER
<i>Lord Dan de Lyon</i> (a Peer)	Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY
Mr. <i>Walter Melon</i> (a landed proprietor)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
<i>Capt. Searlett-Runner</i> (a hanger-on)	Mr. G. GROSSMITH, jun.
<i>Bill Bury</i> (a gravedigger)	Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
Mr. <i>Jerusalem Artichoke</i> (a Hebrew)	Mr. JOHN LE HAY
<i>Baron Onion</i> (a Spanish spy)	Mr. ROBERT NAINBY
and	
<i>Lug</i> (a worm)	Mr. EDMUND PAYNE
<i>Mrs. Pumpkin</i> (a milkman's wife)	Miss CONNIE EDISS
<i>Marrow</i> (her daughter)	Miss OLIVE MORRELL
<i>Thistle Down</i> (a little bit of fluff)	Miss GABRIELLE RAY
<i>Rosie</i> } (a dainty pair)	Miss MABEL GREEN
<i>Posie</i> }	Miss ADRIENNE AUGARDE
<i>Nectarine</i> (a perfect peach)	Miss KITTY MASON
<i>Birdie Grounsel</i> (a maid)	Miss GERTIE MULLAR
and	
<i>The Sweet Pea</i>	Miss EDNA MAY
<i>Radishes, Turnips, Toadstools, Grapes, Cauliflowers, Medlars, &c., &c.</i>	



ONE WHO KNOWS.

SULTAN OF MOROCCO. "I SAY, WHAT AM I TO DO? THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD THAT CONFERENCE ON ME, AFTER ALL!"

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "SPLENDID, MY BOY! WHY, LOOK AT ME. I SIMPLY LIVE ON CONFERENCES!"





THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[Speaking at Salisbury, Rhodesia, Professor Darwin told a story of a Johannesburg workman, who declined to pass an opinion upon the merits of the British Association (which he evidently took to be a Soccer Team), because, he said, he "had not yet seen them play." We hear that the B. A., fired by this idea, got up a team and put in a little practice, but had to leave for home before a match could be arranged against a local representative eleven.]

PAST AND PRESENT.

(To E. B. L.)

I WENT last week to live again
My dim forgotten joy-days;
To find once more in Southwood Lane
The spirit of my boy-days.
I pierced the mists that roll between,
Shook off the years that load me,
And tried to fit the living scene
To what my memory showed me.

Far as my roving eye could reach
One villa flanked another,
Red-bricked, and each as like to each
As twin to twin-born brother.
With gates and doors and bells to ring,
And rooms for food or slumber,
They were alike in everything,
Except in name or number.

Upon my left I saw with grief
The woods we used to play through;
The mighty trees so thick in leaf
They hardly let the day through,
Where once the undergrowth was dense,
And all was green disorder,
Each prim retreat now owned a fence,
And every path a border.

'Twas there we had a fight one day—
I know not why it started.
I know we hammered them, and they
Hit back, and then we parted.
Where WILLIE gained a battered face,
And I a blackened peeper,
Behold a neat and gravelled space,
Paraded by a keeper.

His staff, his coat of velveteen
Would much have changed our
greeting;

How mild and fistless would have been
That sanguinary meeting!

My brow had never been embossed,
Nor WILLIE'S nose been gory;
And all our schoolboy friends had lost
A most exciting story.

Close by the spot where we had bled
There rose a rustie chalet;
A scent of tea and buttered bread
Was wafted o'er the valley.

I know it would have wrung your heart,
You would have felt as I did,
To see the place in every part
So resolutely tidied.

Well, well; I strolled along the road,
And scanned each undulation:

At every step some memory glowed
With fond anticipation.

And, as I dreamed and wandered on,
All modern sights had vanished;
The gaudy, whirring trams were gone,
And all the 'buses banished.

The villas were dissolved away;
The woods resumed their wildness;
On all the lonely landscape lay
Its ancient air of mildness.

And, oh, it made my soul rejoice,
And gave my dream consistence,
To think I heard our mother's voice
That called me in the distance.

A sudden shock unsealed my eyes—
My joy was evanescent—
For, lo, I stood by "Woodlands Rise"
And gazed on "Woodlands Crescent."

Gone was the magic of the spot
That drew my vagrant mind there;
The place itself I found, but not
The home I hoped to find there.

Gone, like a dome that melts in air
Before a genie's malice,
Like some thin bubble rainbow fair,
Was all our childhood's palace.
The shady lawns that felt our feet,
And heard our young carouses,
Were turned into a dusty street
Between two tiers of houses.

The stables on the other side,
Whose guardians were our cronies,
Where light of heart we'd mount and
ride

Our friendly little ponies,
All, yielding to an equal rule,
By change were desecrated;
Six shops did business o'er the pool
Where erst we fished or skated.

This was no place for me; I burned
To leave it and be gone thence.
With moody brow my steps I turned,
And swiftly hurried on thence.
Yet, since I dreamed my dream that day,
Though cynic tongues may quiz it,
No power can take that joy away,
Or make me rue the visit. R. C. L.

AN account in the *Gentlewoman* of a lieutenant's wedding at Didsbury contains the passage—"Two submarines brought up the rear of the bridal procession." This must be the most thorough naval wedding on record.

THE IMITABLE PERCY.

Being a humble essay in the manner of Mr Percy Fitzgerald's new "Life of Charles Dickens."

Though SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, JOHNSON, SCOTT, none read,—

What matter? Boz says everything we need.

THE autobiographical character of the works of the radiant and inimitable Boz has never been properly appreciated. Such was his Protean industry and universality that he never invented anything. Everything in his book had occurred in his own life. You remember, for example, how Mr. Pickwick lodges in the Goswell Road. Well, in one of his long and piquant conversations with me, of which however I forget so much, I remember the veracious and companionable Boz remarking that he himself once thought of that thoroughfare as a good place in which to live. *Verb. sup.* Again, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* there is a bird-fancier and barber named Sreedle-pipe. I remember as if it were to-day going into the office of *All the Year Round*, for which I wrote so many novels, and finding the witty and delightful Boz fondling a pipe of Swedish manufacture which had just been sent to him by JENNY LIND, the famous and engaging cantatrice. How reasonable to assume that therein lay the germ of the immortal friend of young Bailey! I need not multiply examples.

How well I recall that first red letter gala night on which I was asked to meet the amiable and ever-brilliant Boz! Nothing is so firmly fixed in my memory except the other occasions. On referring to my diary I find the entry, "At last, at last have I met the affectionate and refreshing Boz. I have long been the most valued contributor on his staff. I have written novels for him with both hands at once;* but never till to-day have I seen him in what St. Paul calls the flesh. How my heart beat, is beating still."† My diary ends there, but I can supply the rest from a vivid memory. The amazing and bewildering Boz was getting into a railway carriage at Belfast and had thrown away his cigar at the door. I rushed forward and picked it up, and it is needless to say that I have it

* One of these novels was christened by the ever-ready Boz *Nerer Forgiven*, which is, I consider, the finest title a book ever had. It says so much so emphatically. *Hardly-er Forgiven* or *Remembered Now and Then*—how tame these titles would be, although, perhaps, more accurate, for no one can continually keep a thing in mind: there are moments when even I lose sight of the dazzling and electrical Boz—compared with *Nerer Forgiven*. It is still sold like hot cakes, and a perfume has been named after it.

† This is one of the curious paradoxical phrases which even the best English writers have to use now and then. But how absurd—for if a heart is beating how can it be still?

still, set in a gold mount of my own design, with a suitable inscription from his own magic wand, i.e., pen. "Your cigar end, Mr. DICKENS," I said. "You're welcome," said he. The ice was broken, and I told him who I was. "Ah," he said, in his rich burr, "one of my young men. Come to Gadshill whenever you can." It was the proudest moment of my life. I can see him now as he stood there, the most famous man in the world, and shook hands with me, up and down. Always showy, he was wearing clothes.

I recall distinctly my first visit to Gadshill. There was a dinner party. I went upstairs to dress and looked out of the window as I buttoned my collar. It was a snowy night, and I saw the carriages coming to the house bringing the guests. The quaint and hospitable Boz's guests often drove to his house, and invariably so on snowy nights. One of these vehicles was the vicar's, Mr. HIXDLE'S. How many novelists to-day, in these degenerate times, entertain vicars? But the humorous and tolerant Boz had such infinite variety. The guests in their turn had their eyes fixed on Boz's cheerful red curtains, illuminated from within, and giving promise of snug blazing fires and logs, and maybe something to eat. For Gadshill was none of your sham hospitable houses such as great authors now dwell in. If you were asked to dinner by the generous and tactful Boz you were given some dinner.

Afterwards we had games. "Kiss in the Ring," "Hunt the Slipper," and so on. No one who was not there can conceive of the motor force of the high-spirited and divine Boz on such occasions. He was everywhere at once. Nowadays there is not an author who will play with or even notice his children or his guests. But the superb and energetic Boz was a man, not a mere writing machine. How he threw himself into the fun, how he joked and sang and danced and mixed the punch! Great nights, great nights! After the evening was over we went to bed, for Gadshill was an exceptional home.

To read the works of DICKENS with the complete knowledge of his character and habits that can come only from intimate personal intercourse, which is my privilege and, perhaps, mine alone, is to convert one's life into a series of eye-openers, so wonderful are the similarities between the novels and our own times. For not only did the inspired and prophetic Boz draw exclusively from his own experience, as I have shown, for the incidents of his novels, but he was so great and Titanic as to force Life to copy him. Thus, how could there have been at Woodbridge the inoperative unproductive author of my own name (but no relation) had not Boz first invented

Captain Cuttle? Again every day, almost, the papers contain descriptions of a *fracas* (as the French say) with a cabman, which could not be so had not the creative and buoyant Boz shown the way in the early chapters of the immortal *Pickwick*.

I can see the gentle and convivial Boz at this moment mixing a steaming beverage. He was almost a wizard with a ladle. I remember him making a drink entirely from borage and water, of which I partook very freely. Of the night itself I remember nothing, nor does my diary help me, but the next morning I had a splitting headache. How gay and raillery-full was the ever-droll Boz as I sat at breakfast and ate nothing! "What would you be like, my boy," he said, "if there had been anything stronger than borage in it?" I can see him now, as he ate his own meal. The brilliant and showy Boz used a knife and fork and stirred his coffee with a silver spoon. A delightful breakfast party it was! How many are gone now! I left early, and the ever-courteous and kindly Boz suspended his operations to accompany me to the door. How condescending in one so great! What literary man would do as much to-day? "Good bye! good bye!" he cried. I can hear him now, I can see him now, as he stood there framed in his piquant porch. If he had lived until 1912 he would have been a hundred years old.

How nobly the gay and hilarious Boz used to come down stairs! I seem to see him now descending in his own inimitable fashion, with his hand on the balustrade and putting one foot before the other. O those nights at Gadshill! There was a billiard table, and now and then the resplendent and eccentric Boz and I would play a game. I can see him now as he chalked the cue as surely none but he could, rubbing the chalk on the little leather tip and then looking keenly at the table with those wonderful eyes of his—seeing eyes—to decide which ball he would aim at. He was a fair player.

Gadshill was indeed a home. It is now a shrine for English and American pilgrims from all over the world. Never shall I forget my first visit to the house, with its rubicund exterior and piquant cupola. It was midsummer, and the ever-friendly and galvanic Boz insisted on my seeing the *chalet*. "No shilly-shallying about this," I remember saying, and the joke pleased him. He repeated it at dinner; not, as some literary men would have done, as his own, but giving me the credit, such was his bountiful and self-sacrificing nature.

L'En'ente Cordiale in Scandinavia.

Sweden (to her neighbour.) "Norway, with all thy forts I love thee still."

'BOLD RELIEF' OUR COUNCIL AND THE ACT.



"But when it occurred to them three that the Ratepayer 'ud be payin' their workmen instead o' themselves doin' it, they agreed."

"The ratepayer," says our District Council, "It be disappointed if we don't make a rate of a sovereign or so in the pound for the noo Unemployed Act. The Unemployed might build us a noo Council Palace, and we can use the one we've jest built as a pig-sty, or they might clear the dustbins, or plant flowers in the school-yard asphalt."

"'Old 'ard!' says the Chairman (who'd appointed hisself Builder to the Council), and two other members (who lately nominated themselves Council Dust-Contractor and Council Gardener), 'that's injurin' Trade and Vestried Int'rests!'



"We got 'eaps. 'Ere's one of the applicants."

"'The Ratepayer's outside a-lookin' disappointed,' says a member: so we made the rate £2 10s. to please 'im."

"'The tradesmen as ain't on the Board are makin' a fuss now,' says the Chairman; 'they say the noo scheme 'll injure them.'"

"But unfortnity there *wasn't* any Unemployed in our district; so we advertised for some."

"Then, so as not to injure trade, we set 'em to work in pairs—one man layin' arf-bricks on a post, and t'other takin' 'em orf."



"Then came a 'itch. 'I ain't used to workin' with my 'ands,' says the Unemployed. 'It's my feet as I uses in my trade. Look at my 'ands! I'm orf to the infirmary—at tuppence a hour extra.'"

"So we 'ad to raise the rate; but the noo scheme didn't injure trade."



LILLIAN.

II.—HER DISGRACEFUL STRATAGEM.

EVERY year Miss MALLEY's XI. plays Mr. BOODLE's XI. on the Boodle Ashurst ground. ("Miss MALLEY" is what Mr. BOODLE and many other people call LILLIAN.) Every year SOMERS and I help LILLIAN choose her team. (SOMERS is the doctor's son, and bowls long-hops with his left hand. I am sorry for all these brackets, but there are some things that have to be explained, and I think SOMERS' bowling is one.)

This year the committee sat on LILLIAN's lawn, and said hard things about Mr. BOODLE, and cricketers generally, and Mr. BOODLE's eleventh man in particular.

"It's BELLAMY of Somerset," I said. "He made a century yesterday. Who knows Fry?"

"Surely you do, Bill," said LILLIAN.

SOMERS thought a moment.

"I know a sort of cousin of CHAMBERLAIN's," he said at last. He said it very proudly, being rather keen on cementing the Empire.

"Dear Bill, so have we often heard. When I have an hour to spare we'll talk politics together. Dick, Bill's hopeless. Can't you help?"

"No."

"I wonder how Mr. BOODLE has the cheek to get a first-class cricketer down. He's no sportsman."

"BOODLE's doing it very quietly. A friend of his knows the BELLAMY man and said he'd send him down. They'll probably put him in the score book as JONES."

LILLIAN sat thinking.

"Well, never mind that," said SOMERS. "What about our eleventh man?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said LILLIAN, suddenly. "I've got a man coming by the ten train to-morrow. TOMMY's sending him." TOMMY is generally spoken of in the country as "LILLIAN's brother." I believe in town he has a proper profession of his own.

The ten train is the only decent train from town. It gets into Ashurst Junction at 11.30, and from there you go by a single line to Boodle Ashurst. That is, of course, if you want to go to Boodle Ashurst. For our village the Junction is the best station.

LILLIAN drove in next morning to meet, as she said, TOMMY's friend. She had told her family that she didn't know him, but could easily tell him by his cricket-bag. Well, the ten train puffed in, and out came a man with his bag. He spoke to the guard, and then walked along the platform to the local line. LILLIAN rushed up breathless.

"Mr. BELLAMY?" she asked.

Mr. BELLAMY bowed.

"Come along," said LILLIAN, "I'm

going to drive you out. It will be nicer than a stuffy train."

Do you begin to realise the enormity of LILLIAN's conduct?

"It's so good of you to come and play for us," said LILLIAN, taking the reins. "Come up, Derry."

"Derry?" said Mr. BELLAMY.

"Yes, isn't he a dear?"

Mr. BELLAMY began to laugh.

"And that reminds me," said LILLIAN, artfully; "we don't want the other side to know we've got such a splendid player on our side. Would you mind—of course it's awful cheek our asking you—playing under some other name?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"You may choose any name," said LILLIAN, magnanimously.

"Well—really—this is so sudden—"

"There's a man in our village called OAKEGGER, but I shouldn't have that."

"Well, what about DERRY, after your pony?"

LILLIAN gave a sigh of relief.

"Thanks so much," she said. "And, Mr. BELLAMY," she went on hurriedly, "it would be rather awkward, wouldn't it, if people called you DERRY on the field and you didn't answer at once, so may we all call you DERRY now, and I'll introduce you to father as DERRY, and then you'll get used to it?"

She stopped anxiously.

"What a joke!" said Mr. BELLAMY, and began to laugh again.

"You dear!" cried LILLIAN. She held out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. DERRY?"

"How do you do, Miss BOODLE?"

LILLIAN pulled up the original Derry with a jerk, and looked despairingly at his namesake.

"BOODLE?"

"I understood my host's name was BOODLE."

"Oh no, no. BOODLE's the man we're playing against. You must have muddled up the names somehow. Mine is MALLEY."

"Then how do you do, Miss MALLEY? and I hope we shall beat Mr. BOODLE."

"Oh, hooray," said LILLIAN to herself. "I've done it, I've done it, and all on my lonesome."

At lunch we were all introduced to Mr. DERRY, and he seemed a pretty decent chap. Afterwards we drove to the ground, where we found Mr. BOODLE looking as sick as if he had just been refused by LILLIAN. He tried to buck up when he saw us, but it was a pretty painful sight. It appeared that his eleventh man had not turned up.

"That's BELLAMY," I whispered to LILLIAN. "What luck!"

"I wonder why he hasn't come," said LILLIAN innocently. "Perhaps he missed his train."

They won the toss, but I am not

thinking of describing the game all over again. I did one account for the *Mid-Kent Herald*, and I recommend you to go for that. You will notice the modesty with which I treated my own brilliant bowling, and the sympathetic reference to a heady piece of work on SOMERS' part which led to a fine catch on the leg-boundary, this being his only wicket.

DERRY didn't bowl, he said, so we put him at cover, where he was safe enough. Altogether they took a hundred and ten, which is not bad for the wicket. "After tea Miss MALLEY's XI. started upon their arduous task, SOMERS and RAVEN opening the innings—," all of which is pure *Kent Herald*. DERRY was given the place of honour, No. 3.

But DERRY never batted; for how the first pair defied the bowlers, and how SOMERS hit while RAVEN blocked, and how we won by ten wickets—is it not written in the *Mid-Kent Herald* afore-said? (But in different language. "SOMERS," I wrote, "went for the gloves, while RAVEN played for keeps.")

At dinner that night LILLIAN was extremely pleased with herself, and of course we thought it was because we had won so easily. But when the dessert came on she picked up her glass and looked at DERRY and said, "I beg to propose Mr. BELLAMY's health."

We all stared at her, and DERRY looked rather an ass.

Then LILLIAN told us her sad, sad story. Of course we all yelled, and drank the BELLAMY's health, and said he was a jolly good fellow and all that, and we made him give us a speech.

He got up slowly with a smile, and said:

"Miss MALLEY, Ladies and Gentlemen. Many thanks. I think it was a splendid joke, and it has had very happy results for me. But I know a joke almost as good. BELLAMY is playing for the M.C.C. to-day, so he sent me to take his place. We thought it would be rather fun to pretend I was a county cricketer, as I nearly always make nought."

He couldn't say any more, because we were all howling with laughter at LILLIAN. At last she gasped out:

"Then who are you?"

"My name," he said, "happens to be DERRY."

LILLIAN screamed.

"And after twenty-five years I am quite used to it," he smiled.

It was rather a score off LILLIAN, don't you think?

The Dangers of Homœopathy.

FROM a "Notice to Smokers" on the Palace Pier at Brighton: "You are requested not to throw lighted matches, cigar or cigarette ends, on the Deck as a prevention against Fire."

ANY BARD TO ANY TYPIST.

So vile the script that once I scrawled,
So blotted and so blurred,
Some centipede might well have crawled,
Ink-footed, o'er each word.

In fact, my "fist" was such, it turned
Each correspondent sick;
Some swore 'twas Greek, but some discerned
Traces of Arabic.

And though my thought was bold and clear,
Mellifluous my song,
No Editor would lend his ear
Until you came along.

'Twas you who wrought, ingenious Maid,
The miracle I sing;
My work, thanks to your kindly aid,
Now sells like anything!

You disentangle words that seem
A mass of awful knots;
You cross my "t's" with skill supreme,
You give my "i's" their dots.

Thanks to those swift and cunning types,
By your fair hands caressed,
This singer simply sits and pipes,
And you do all the rest!

Now all my crooked lines are straight,
And you, with wondrous ease,
Unlock the editorial gate
With deftly-fingered "keys!"

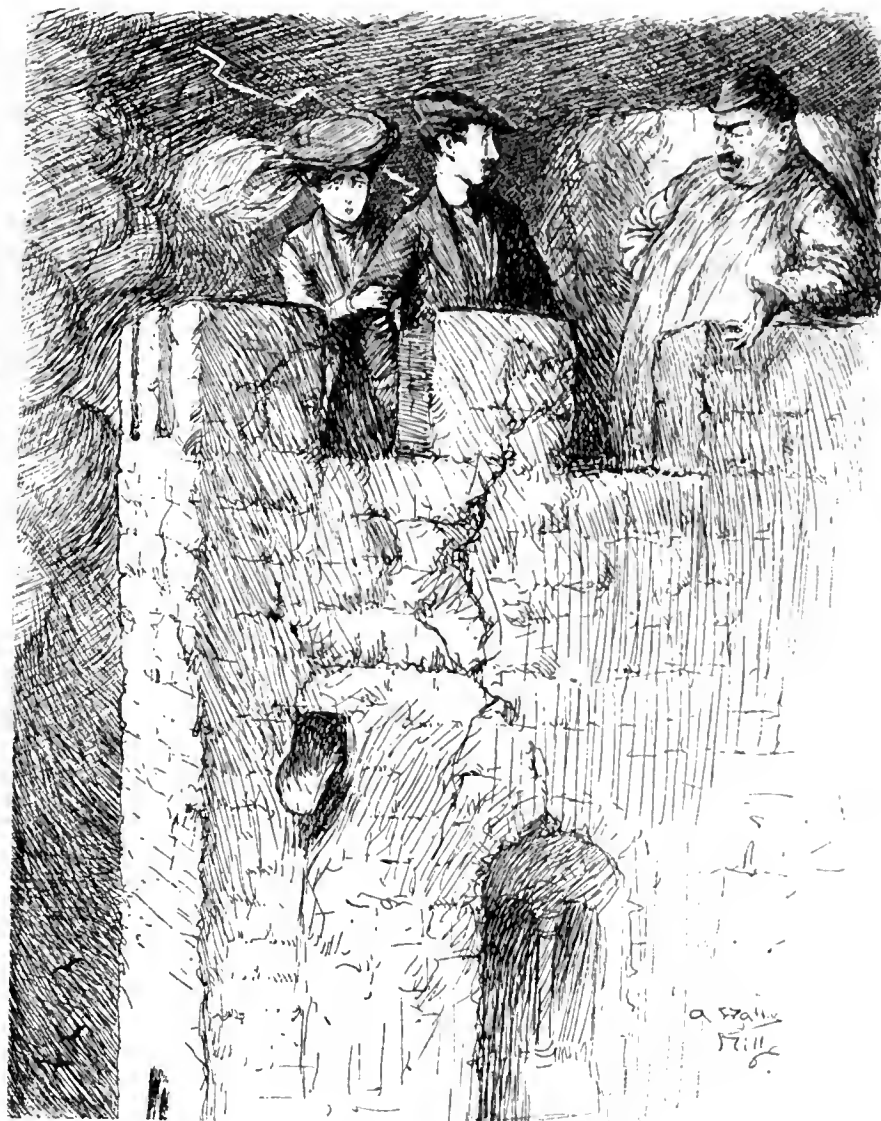
RIPER YEARS.

FOR LADIES IN SOCIETY.

THE middle-aged woman for several years past (says the *Daily Mail*) has been a genus extinct, but there are now indisputable signs of her re-appearance. This is good news from a humanitarian point of view, and relieves us of a haunting fear that we should be reduced to studying stuffed specimens of her in the Natural History Museum. It seems, however, to have been a near thing, and we can only marvel at the persistent vitality of a species thus re-asserting itself after annihilation.

If it is the mode in the near future to be middle-aged, we shall doubtless witness a rivalry in the middle-aged sex as to who shall be the *most* middle-aged. We shall thus have an extreme in the middle, which is illogical and unthinkable, but doubtless within the possibilities of dressmakers and coiffeurs. And, as a woman is as old as she looks, we fear her looks will be but middling. Still, better be *très médiocre* in point of age and appearance than be out of the fashion.

The various and hitherto rather unhappy ladies who were christened ALMA



A PLEASANT UNCERTAINTY.

Gigantic Guide. "ZE LAST PARTY ZAT WAS 'ERE-- NO ONE KNEW WHEZZER ZELY SHUMPED OVER OR WAS THROWN OVER!"

about the time of the Crimean war may now take heart of grace (whatever that may be) and pass a belated vote of thanks to their respective godfathers. Any one with the name of AMELIA, ALBERTA, AUGUSTA, or other mid-Victorian appellation, can similarly work it for all it is worth.

The holiday season is now nearly over, and we are thus spared a symposium in the papers under the headings "Is Middle Age on the Increase?" "Are we too Mature?" "Is the British Matron a Failure?" and such-like heart-searchings. Nevertheless, let the younger and the older generation see to it, and strive with all speed to mend their ways in point of Anno Domini.

Meanwhile, we think the Home Secretary, or whoever handles these matters,

has been somewhat lax in the first instance in taking no measures to prevent the elimination of a most useful class of the community. We can only suppose it died of inanition with the diminishing demand for chaperons. But now that the Young Person is put in her proper place, Mellow Maturity, it appears, is again to the fore.

We trust, we other male creatures *entre deux âges*, that we shall not come down to breakfast one fine morning, and read in cold print that our genus, too, is regrettably extinct, even though there is a chance of resuscitation. We do not like these matutinal shocks, and enter a caveat in advance. This trifling with climacteries is unworthy of the best traditions of the Newest Journalism.

Zig-Zag.



"MUMMY, DO MOSQUITOES BITE US BECAUSE THEY LIKE US, OR BECAUSE THEY DON'T LIKE US?"

A BALLADE OF SHATTERED IDEALS.

[According to the *Irish Independent* a sea-serpent has been caught at Derry. It was barely five feet when measured.]

On fair traditions lit with golden haze,
Destined, alas! to vanish soon or late;
Castles whose distant glories Hope displays,
That prove on nearer view but brick and slate;
How does grim science, fiercely up-to-date,
Delight to prove our old convictions wrong;
Now one more myth must share the self-same fate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

Giants who trod the earth in other days,
Colossus set astride the ocean's strait,
Titans, whose bulk filled mortals with amaze,
Children of Anak, long revered as great
What discount from your claims must we abate?
Were demigods much like the vulgar throng?
Was HERCULES (like us) some five foot eight?
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

Back! puny monster, then, avoid the ways
And haunts of man; in some dim cavern wait,
Until mendacious mariners shall raise
Afresh (your old repute to renovate)
Old crusted yarns, and to its pristine state
Restore your legend, till, when faith grows strong,
Men may forget the dismal estimate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

Envoi.

Punch, prince of Editors, long obdurate
To these my feeble flights of slender song,
An easier test henceforth I supplicate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's only five feet long.

The Edinburgh Catastrophe.

MR. PUNCH, who sincerely hopes that SIR THOMAS LIPTON is now well on the way to recovery after his fall at the Volunteer Review, disapproves of the attitude of levity adopted towards Sir THOMAS's unfortunate accident by various persons. Thus, could anything be in worse taste than this heading in the *Daily Dispatch*?

A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.

Or the remark, from a correspondent who shall be nameless, that "Everything at the Review came off beautifully?" or the suggestion that the gallant Bart. is to be known in future as Sir THOMAS LIPTOFF?

"Pathetic Fallacy?"

THE *Daily Chronicle* of the 22nd announced on its poster:
TOWN BURIED.

COLLAPSE OF MOUNTAIN.

Assuming that the *Chronicle* has got its facts in the right order, we consider it most unusual for a large piece of landscape to be so sensitively sympathetic.



THE PARTING.

THE KING OF SWEDEN (to Norway)—

“SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME, LET US KISS AND PART;

“SHAKE HANDS FOR EVER,” CANCEL ALL OUR VOWS.”—*Michael Drayton.*



CHILD POETRY.

[In view of the interest now being taken in the above-mentioned phase of the poetic art, as exemplified chiefly in the *Windsor Magazine*, Mr. Punch has been studying the matter, and has come to the conclusion that what is required to make such poems comprehensible by the average adult reader is a word or two of explanation in the last verse. He therefore offers the following as a model for future writers of child-poetry. It will be seen that the example given preserves the general style, while at the same time the last four lines explain the whole of the poem.]

I FLEW through Goblin-gardens once,
And half was land and half was sea.
I saw the Moon go spinning round,
As white as white could be.
The windows writhed like fiery snakes,
I saw a Comet flashing by,
And all the Stars went flaring up
Like rockets in the sky.

I saw the Road-hog's lantern flash,
I heard his great big carriage roll,
And the Cellar-man kept pouring down
A ton of Kitchen Coal.
The Steeple quivered like a flame,
It set a passing cloud alight,
And where it burned, the sparks flew out
As bright as bright as bright.

I heard the Fairy Bell toll nine,
It tolled until it broke its tongue,
I heard the Anvil-man at work,—
His hammer rung and rung.
I heard the Goblin-train roar past,
The Guard called out, "Hullo! he's
down!"
And the Pavement-folk went waltzing by,
Each with a fiery crown.

I saw the Blue Man come along,
With a glowing lantern in his belt.
His feet were hot, and where he walked
I saw the pavement melt.
He picked me up, and there I found
A fragment of banana-peel
Some boy had thrown upon the path,
Adhering to my heel.

AN AUTHORITY ON EDUCATION.

SPEAKING the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is reported to have said: "They did not want the educational standard in Wales to be set by Lord LONDONERRY, who, with all the advantages that wealth could confer, could not pass his Little Go at Oxford." The instantaneous success of this sneer will doubtless lead Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE on to more ambitious efforts, and we may hope to read the following:—

"Speaking at Pwllheli the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want the Army to be led by officers, many of whom had never passed their Smalls at Sandhurst.' (Loud applause.)"

"Speaking at Festiniog the other day



Angler (who has been shown a rather elaborate salmon fly). "WOULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME HOW THIS FLY IS TIED, AS I DELIGHT IN TYING MY OWN."

Shop-keeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. THE BODY IS OF THE DOWN OF A BEE'S BACK, DRESSED WITH OIL OF A PLANT FROM NORTHERN INDIA. THE HACKLE IS OF THE THREE FRONT FEATHERS ON THE BACK OF A GOLDEN EAGLE. THE TAIL IS OF THE FOUR LONGEST HAIRS FROM THE INSIDE OF THE EAR OF THE MALE SABLE BEAR, FOUND ONLY NEAR THE NORTH POLE."

Angler (reflectively). "AND I LIVE AT BRIXTON!"

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: "They did not want to be governed by a set of politicians to whom a rocketing partridge brought down with a left and right appealed so strongly that the Parliament of the people had to cease its labours by August the Twelfth at the latest." (Loud and continued sensation.)

"Speaking at Llanfairfechan the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want the House of Commons to be led by a man who gave more time and care to the choosing of a putter or a stymie than he did to the destinies of a nation.' (Breathless silence.)"

"Speaking at Machynlleth the other day Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE said: 'They did not want the finances of the Empire to

be controlled by gentlemen who mixed freely in a Society where Bridge was not only played for pound points, but where at the beginning of each game one of the players asked another whether or not he would care to double the club stakes.' (Stealthy groans.)"

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Daily Observer* the recent race for the Motor Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man was marked by many accidents. Thus, while Mr. HADLEY ran into a hedge, Mr. DOWNS (is there nothing in a name?) ran into a public-house, and only continued the race "after considerable delay."

A QUESTIONABLE STYLE.

"It is expected that in a few weeks those ladies with sufficient enterprise to thoroughly acquire the new poise will become perambulating imitations of the note of interrogation."—*Daily Express*, Sept. 21.]

The new perambulating mode
Appears a trifle eerie;
When walking (says the latest code),
A lady looks a ?

This fashion will no doubt amuse
The streetboy, ever cheery;
And Madame, when he airs his views,
Will feel more queer than P

Is it that Woman, fully drest,
Must grow of Nature weary,
And stay, in feminine unrest,
An everlasting P

Is it that she may cut a —
And beat the Ginson Peri?
Is it the charm of something rash?
Is everything a P

I give it up—such riddles make
Existence simply dreary—
And with a ! my leave I'll take
Of this, the latest Query !

A BLANK ON THE 'SCUTCHEON.

I was immensely proud of that bag. It was not so much the old associations that clung to it—though it awakened memories of many a pleasant jaunt in a peculiarly vivid way—as the distinction it conferred on the person who travelled with it. It had accumulated in the course of years such a covering of labels, indicative of what Mr. Cook calls first-class travel, that to carry it was a proclamation of cosmopolitanism, and merely to look at it a liberal education. The labels were of every shape and colour, giving to the bag, quite apart from their literary interest, a kaleidoscopic aspect that at once arrested attention; whilst the frequent partial superposition of one legend upon another offered to an intelligent public a most improving kind of missing-word competition, by which many of my fellow passengers were wont covertly to reinforce their knowledge of geography and modern languages. The national colours of many foreign countries might also, if necessary, be studied from that bag; the somewhat conventional view of Vesuvius, for instance, in green and red and white which adorned one end was still partly visible beneath the red, white and blue of a Paris label. I think I set as much store by its potential power of instruction as by its actual announcement, several times repeated, that its owner had been a cabin passenger.

It can readily be understood that I seldom allowed a bag of so much significance—sentimental and snobbish—to

separate itself far from me when travelling in this country. The average railway porter, armed with a paste-brush, has but little sense of the romantic, and would cheerfully obliterate the record of a journey to Baghdad or Bokhara with a Birmingham label, if in an unguarded moment you told him you were going to the latter place. Never shall I forget the Vandal who, having robbed me of a part of the reputation this very bag gave me by pasting the words Little Gaddesden over Oberammergau, actually expected to be rewarded for the outrage. It was only with the kindly help of BELLA the housemaid, and some hot water, that I succeeded, on my return from Hertfordshire, in wiping out much of this vulgarity.

That was the last occasion on which the bag had been out with me. It had for some weeks lain in the dark unfathomed cave known as the box-room, but with the coming of August I began to feel that it ought not much longer to waste its sweetness and light in such a situation. Fortune soon provided me with another opportunity of being seen about with it, and even of adding to its adhesive attractions. My old friend HARRIS, who comes of an ancient Highland family, has people who reside in the Island of Mull for at least a fortnight every year. I wrote to him two or three times, mentioning that I hardly knew whither to carry my bag this autumn, and after a considerable interval he replied that as I was evidently fond of fishing he supposed I might as well come to Tobermory. I at once accepted his genial invitation. Curiously enough, it was just what I wanted. Tobermory, sufficiently remote, and associated romantically with the Spanish Armada, was really not unworthy to have its name labelled upon the bag. Besides, there were several charming Miss HARRISES. I pictured them all meeting the boat, whilst I, as the steamer was being slowly moored to the quay, would stand on the upper deck, and, with a conspicuous display of the bag's many-coloured testimony to my culture make the beginning of a favourable impression that might end in—who could say what?

The idea enchanted me. "Get out my bag!" I cried, as a knight of old might call for his emblazoned shield when about to fare forth in quest of adventures, "the one with the labels, BELLA;" and presently from an adjoining room there proceeded that unmistakable bang which means that BELLA has placed something on the top of something else. As presumably my precious bag was involved in the disturbance I went to protect my property. And there, on the bedroom floor, was certainly a bag—but surely not *my* bag. BELLA, on her knees, was dusting the smooth, naked,

unlettered thing with a strange tenderness. "I've got all them dirty bits o' paper off it," she explained cheerfully, "in my spare time."

There are thoughts that lie too deep for tears, just as there are bags (mine was now one of them) which have the air of never having been on land or sea.

THE NEW BROOM AND THE NEW BIRCH.

Eton College,
Sept. 25, 1905.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You know, of course, that when we have a new Head the Captain of the school gives him a birch tied up with Eton-blue ribbons. Well, my tutor gave us the subject for verses. This is what I shewed up. He said it wouldn't do because the metre isn't right. All the same it seems to me jolly good. What do you think? Yours truly,

FOURTH FORM.

SALVE, LYTTELTON, Magister!
Virgam hanc cœruleis ter
Vittis rite decoratam
Summe, quæsumus, oblatam.
Cædat culpe gravis reus,
Levis decedat in eos
Studiorum qui obliiti
Ludis fuerint periti.

Tuum, O Magister, nomen,
(Faustum sit et felix omen!)
Omni civitatis statu
Bello, Legibus, Senatu
Et Ecclesia, honores
Tulit. Propter bonos mores,
Tuis, et exempla bona,
Quid non debeat Etona!

Arbiter nostrorum fati
Parce prisce libertati!
Aurem, siquid Genius Loci
Susurrarit, tende voci;
Noli leges alienas
Legibus, vel pœnis pœnas,
Addere, vel pensa pensis,
Puer olim Etonensis!

Sic alumni te, Magister,
"Festum bonum socium" bis, ter,
Pleno gutturo canemus;
Sic amore te colemus;
Sic melius sic ibunt dies;
Grata sic regnabit quies;
Sic pendebit ista virga,
Flebilis quod desint terga!

• "A jolly good fellow."—F. F.

THE old Croydon Palace Theatre of Varieties is being renovated, and will re-open on Boxing Day under the title of the New Empire Palace. As the *Croydon Guardian* allusively puts it, "a sphinx is preparing to rise from the ashes."

HISTORY ANTICIPATES ITSELF.

"BANDS OF BRIGANDS, CALLED 'CHAUFFEURS,' HAD BEEN ORGANISED, WHO SCoured THE COUNTRY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, COMMITTING THE MOST HORRIBLE EXCESSES."—*Dyer's "Modern Europe,"* Vol. V., p. 27.



COOKING A PARTRIDGE.

By an Occasional Suburban Correspondent

WHEN HARRY came home from the City last night I knew from his face that something had happened.

"Oh! what is it?" I said. "Is anybody dead?" And of course my thoughts flew to poor Auntie.

"No," he replied, "but Dixon has had a brace of partridges sent him, and he's given me half of it."

I breathed again. "How sweet of him!" I said; "when shall we have it?"

"It's ready for cooking now," said Harry. "Couldn't we have it to-night?"

I thought for a moment. "Yes," I said. "The hash will keep; it's Sunday night out, so I'll put my apron on and cook it at once."

It was a plump young bird, and really looked a picture when

I had placed it on the grid of the baking pan, nicely floured, with a lump of dripping on the top of it. At that moment the kitchen door opened, and HARRY came briskly in, with five or six copies of the *Daily Mail* in his hand.

"Let's see," he said, sitting down on a corner of the table, "how are you going to cook it?"

"In the oven, darling," I replied, smiling.

"Yes," said Harry, after a pause, "but you know, dear, it oughtn't to be on a grid; and where's its little overcoat of bacon?"

I may be unduly sensitive, but aspersions on my cooking always upset me.

"It isn't going to have one," I replied, forcing a smile.

"Oh! and where's the sausage?" said Harry. "There ought to be some long sausages, you know."

"Why, darling," I said, glancing at the morsel in the baking tin, "you've mistaken it for a turkey."

"Oh, no," said Harry, resenting my flippant tone, "I know what I'm talking about. And there ought to be a carrot cut in rounds, and white cabbage cut in quarters. The *Daily Mail* says so."

This was a facer, and I was nonplussed, as he deliberately opened the paper at the column headed "How to Cook a Partridge."

"Look here, Harry," I said, sullenly, "you'd better let me do it my own way."

"Then it will be dry," he said with conviction. I felt my cheeks redden under the insult.

"Was it dry last time?" I said quietly.

"Dryish," he replied. "Look here, darling, you're not too old to learn, you know; let me read you one or two extracts from the recipes of experienced cooks. 'It should

be roasted with a little overcoat of bacon,' 'cooked in layers of pickled white cabbage, fried shalots, a little white wine and enough water to cover it,' and you must be very careful not to use the *glanbeau* until it is *saignant*. But just you read them for yourself, and you'll see how it ought to be done."

"I'll do it my own way," I said, choking back a sob, "or not at all." Here Harry lost his temper as usual.

"But it's so simple," he said, cuttingly; "any idiot could do it."

"Then you can cook it yourself," I replied, as with trembling fingers I untied my apron, "and eat it yourself!"

"Right O!" said Harry, with an unpleasant smile.

"And you'll find the anchovy sauce and the candied peel in the cupboard," I added, "and I haven't any pickled cabbage, but there are plenty of

pickled onions, and if I'd known you were going to interfere in the kitchen I'd never have married you." With that I left him, and hurrying up stairs flung myself on the sofa in a passion of tears.

Half-an-hour later, in spite of my grief, I became conscious of a nauseous odour rising from the kitchen, and, drying my eyes, I leant over the banisters and sniffed it gratefully. I also heard muffled ejaculations in HARRY's voice, and concluded he was talking to the partridge. Presently there came the smash of crockery and more conversation, and then the back-kitchen door was violently opened, and HARRY,

apparently, went through into the garden. Next minute I heard him coming up the kitchen stairs, and I whisked back into the room and was deep in a book as he entered. He was very pale.

"Where's the partridge?" I said.

"In the dusthole," he replied fiercely; and then for the first time I saw his hand was wrapped up in a handkerchief.

"Oh, darling," I cried, "what have you done?"

"I caught hold of the oven door," he said. "I forgot it was hot."

He smiled wanly, and, as I dressed his burns, I knew he was mine once more; the

partridge no longer stood between us; we kissed again, with tears, and had the hash after all.

Miss EDITH KING, the young American lady detective, who spends her time capturing deserters, has announced to a press-man that she does not court notoriety, and *never allows herself to be photographed*. We cannot recall a more remarkable instance of the sacrifices demanded by Art.



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE.

LAST WEEK WE CALLED ATTENTION TO AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE *BURY TIMES* OF "80 YEAR OLD HENS FOR SALE." WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED THESE PORTRAITS.

CHARIVARIA.

It is authoritatively declared at St. Petersburg that the Russian Government proposes to address the Foreign Powers with regard to summoning a second Hague Peace Conference. Measures will, we understand, be put forward with a view to making it impossible, in the future, for a little Power to bully a big Power.

Both the French and German couriers who left Tangier for Fez on the 8th inst. have been robbed by the natives, and a better feeling between the representatives of the two Great Powers is now said to prevail.

The Germans are about to attempt to make peace with the Herreros. They are said to have got the idea from the Russians, who, it will be remembered, recently came to terms with the victorious Japanese.

With reference to the lists of war-vessels belonging to Norway and Sweden which have been published in the Press, we are asked to state that in both cases several powerful outriggers and canoes have been omitted.

The Sultan of Turkey has forbidden the introduction of wireless telegraphy into his country on the ground that it is "an invention of the Evil One." Curiously enough this is the very personage, if we remember rightly, of whom the SULTAN was alleged by a distinguished poet to be the most intimate acquaintance.

Some persons learn a foreign language less easily than others. A notice has been issued in Paris to the effect that the Shah of PERSIA requires six teachers of French.

As babies are constantly dwindling in numbers, a Congress has been sitting at Liège with a view to considering whether increased comforts and attractions cannot be offered to them.

At the same time the babies themselves are asking what possible good can come from a Congress to the deliberations of which not one of their own number has been invited, and they intend to refuse to be bound by such of its decisions as may be distasteful to them.

It has been suggested that steps should be taken by the L.C.C. to enforce a rule to prevent the industrial classes from riding in trams and trains when garbed in clothing which proves offensive to fellow-passengers. The proposal is likely to meet with keen opposition from those concerned, as at present they are free from the unpleasant overcrowding to which other persons are subjected.

"Motor-cars as Boots" is the sensational heading of a paragraph recording

Theatrical Managers' Association for allowing the performance of a sketch entitled "Our Curate."

Beads, it is announced, are to be all the vogue this season for the fair sex, and ladies with beady eyes are brightening up wonderfully. Meanwhile, for men, grouse bags are still the fashion.

"EDWIN LUTGENS," says the *Express*, "a tinsmith of Sparta, Wisconsin, scratched his name and address on a tin cup made by himself. The cup was eventually purchased by LOUISA HENSON, at Gothenburg, Sweden. She sailed on Thursday for America to marry LUTGENS." We hope that the above notice will reach Mr. LUTGENS in time!

A well-known motorist has been complaining of the campaign waged against motor-cars by humorous artists, who never seem to tire of depicting accidents. "One common and ludicrous error in many drawings," he said, "is the placing of the driver on the wrong side of the car." But surely, in an accident, that is just where he would find himself?

The report of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police just issued shows that in the past year among the 52,131 articles left in public conveyances were a rabbit, a pigeon, a cat, and a dog, but not a single elephant. Can any of our readers explain this?

THE tongue spoken by the youth arrested in Paris, and now proved to be a Tyrolean criminal, so baffled the interpreters that at one time they were convinced that he was speaking some Universal language.

OUR DUMB FRIENDS. "Captain MacDONALD, knowing that his boats were insufficient to hold everyone aboard, called for volunteers to stand by the ship with him and give others, including four women, a chance of getting ashore. Six horses responded, including the first and second mates, two wheelmen, and two watchmen."—*Worcestershire Echo*.

THE COURTESIES OF SPORT.—According to the *Globe* of the 21st, "the Earl of PEMBROKE has been entertaining a house partridge at Wilton."



Cassa Roulland 1905

Little Blithers. "OH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE PYGMIES WHEN YOU WERE IN TOWN. THE ODDEST LITTLE BEGGARS YOU EVER SAW IN YOUR LIFE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

the invention of motor-boots. We must confess that upon the only occasion when we had a motor-car upon one foot, the sensation was far from agreeable.

The total of the fines levied on motorists by the Andover Bench during the present year is stated to be now close upon £1000. The present fee for exceeding the speed limit is £3, but it is hoped that it will be possible to reduce this should the numbers be kept up.

The *rapprochement* between Church and Stage has suffered a set-back. The managers of the Empire Music Hall at Islington have been summoned by the

THE DEAD AND THE QUICK;

Or, How the Books of the Year are Written.

WHILE MR. SAMUEL SMITH, "Vidi" of the *Times*, and other pessimistic observers are lamenting the decadence of national fibre and the dry rot of London Society, our novelists, at least, show no symptoms of slackness or decline. Thus, in a publisher's announcement relating to "the novel of the year," we read how "Mr. keeps the romance well to the fore, although his characters play their parts in historical scenes and amid personages who have made and unmade history. To secure this effect has involved much careful study of the period, and no small amount of travel over the ground. Mr. has motored over many of the roads along which NAPOLEON rode so stoutly ninety years ago, but his chief concern has not been to re-write history, but to show it to us as it must have presented itself to those whose romance came to them while they were in the train of NAPOLEON, the most romantic figure of the last hundred years."

It is reassuring to learn that this noble example is not likely to be thrown away. Thanks to the resources of modern engineering Mr. SMITH BROWN has been able to pierce the heart of the Alps in a sumptuously equipped *train de luxe* many thousand feet below the exposed summits which HANNIBAL, the hero of his new romance, laboriously scaled on foot, splitting the most formidable obstacles by the lavish expenditure of the best Tarragon vinegar. These advantages will lend a peculiar vividness and vivacity to *From Carthage to Capua*, the marvellous narrative in which, by a free but wholly legitimate use of chronology, the rôle of heroine is entrusted to Dido, and that of villain to the notorious Carthaginian General.

In order to get a more detached view of the theatre of his new novel, *The Fall of Nerres*, than was possible to BYRON, we learn that Mr. SHAS K. CROCKING proposes to employ a swift turbine yacht, in which he will career from the Hellespont to Salamis in a hundredth part of the time occupied by the Persian potentate. Again, thanks to the invaluable enterprise of Dr. LEXX, Mr. CROCKING will be able to eat a quick lunch on the very spot where LEONIDAS and his 300 Spartans painfully partook of their last meal.

Readers who revel in wars and rumours of wars will be able to sup full of those delightful horrors in *A Royal Flute Player*, the great novel which Mr. BERT MAXIMUM has written round the crucial period of the reign of FREDERICK THE GREAT. Mr. MAXIMUM, always a conscientious workman, has spared neither time nor travel in mastering his subject, and, thanks to the generosity of his publishers, Messrs. BOONIE AND DUBS, who placed a magnificent 80 h.p. Mercedes at his disposal, he has been able, in less than seven days, to cover all the ground over which FREDERICK THE GREAT spent seven years laboriously marching and counter-marching.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As *Dogberry* had his losses, so Mr. BRAM STOKER, reckoned as a novelist, has had his successes. But his earlier works, popular as they remain, do not approach the level of *The Man* (HEINEMANN). My Baronite recognizes its place among the best half-dozen novels of the year. It starts on a note of originality rare in days when novels are turned out by the hundred. The heroine, a beautiful, high-spirited girl, conceives the idea that, woman being at least the equal of man, there is no logical reason why he should have the monopoly of selecting a partner for life. She accordingly proposes to her childhood's friend, Leonard Everard, who, exercising the equal right of man, declines the proffered hand. This is a fantasy that would bore if carried too far. Mr. BRAM STOKER skilfully uses it as the basis of his plot, and for the development

of the character of his chief *dramatis personæ*. The story is full of episodes that hold the reader at breathless attention. He will think nothing could be finer than the account of the saving of a child swept off the decks of a steamer in mid-Atlantic, till he comes to the story of the shipwreck on the English coast. This need not shrink from comparison with DICKENS's classic narrative of the wreck off Yarmouth to which *Peggotty* went to the rescue of *Steerforth*. It may be added that *Miss Norman* and *Harold* are the kind of woman and man with whom THACKERAY occasionally made us acquainted. Admirably written, vivid in narrative, rich in character, pure in tone, absorbing in interest, *The Man* will be found well worth knowing.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has done the State fresh service by revising and re-arranging his *jeux d'esprit* of more than forty years ago. The title selected, *Interludes in Verse and Prose* (GEORGE BELL), is the only unsatisfactory thing about the book. For the rest we have some of the brilliant things tossed off with the energy and vivacity of the clever University man who is just beginning to feel his feet in the larger world outside the college quadrangle. The sparkling, tripping verse looks alluring, easy to write. Disillusion would follow upon attempt to supply a few supplementary stanzas. The prose portion, including the vivid narrative of the Siege of Arrah, a piece of literary work the uncle might have envied the nephew, is chiefly selected from the "Letters of a Competition Wallah." Our old favourite, "Ladies in Parliament" (not improved by the new title bestowed upon it), reminds us that in those happy days of youth, the ex-Chief Secretary of Ireland was a constant contributor to the historic *Owl*, pioneer of the abundant Society papers of to-day. As far as my Baronite knows, there are only two other survivors of the light-hearted companionship Lord GLEMESK, then known as ALGERNON BORTHWICK, and DRUMMOND WOLFE, to-day a grave and reverend seigneur in whose spacious bosom are stored the secrets of many Chancelleries. In "Horace at Athens," an extravaganza in the classics written forty-four years ago, occurs the famous passage:

Can this be BALBUS, household word to all,
Whose earliest exploit was to build a wall?
Who, with a frankness that I'm sure must charm ye,
Declared it was all over with the army.

Sir GEORGE in the process of revision has resisted the temptation to bring the allusion up-to-date. It is obviously easy, and striking as showing how history repeats itself:

Can this be BONNES, household word to all,
Whose latest exploit gave the Beer a fall?
Who, with a frankness that should much alarm ye,
Declares it is all over with the army.

To do the undergraduate justice the faultiness of the last rhyme is as exceptional as it is daring.

The Zoo: A Scamper (ALSTON RIVERS) by WALTER EMAMEL, with illustrations by JOHN HASSALL, will be a source of infinite delight to childhood and old age, and all that lies between. My Nautical Retainer finds that the charming humour which Mr. EMAMEL brought to those most popular of animal studies, *A Dog Day*, and *The Snob*, is here renewed in all its freshness and piquancy; while Mr. HASSALL's pictures are astonishingly clever and sympathetic.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.

MODES FOR MEN.

(With grateful acknowledgments to several weekly journals.)

THE turning up of the cuffs of a frock-coat in order to show the rich sleeve lining will be quite the smart thing by the time London is full again. Two young men who strolled through the Park last week exhibiting this new fashion attracted marked attention. My readers should take good note of the change so as to allow proper length to the sleeves when ordering the new frock-coat, as very few tailors, so far, are aware of this clever notion, which has been devised as a pleasant change from the turning up of the trousers. Readers may be warned against the mistake of having both trousers and sleeves turned up simultaneously when walking. Such a style is only correct for carriage wear.

The new colour for ties is a plain canary (not shot) with a small pattern, not exceeding the size of a florin, in a shade to match the three-quarter hose, which should be of champagne silk with openwork on the heel and instep.

The new wing collar is coming in by leaps and bounds, and I have ordered a couple of gross to give it a trial. It is surprisingly comfortable, and does much to bring out the lines of a man's throat. For those who wear long beards the change to this collar is not, perhaps, of much importance, but I may add that long beards are not likely to be thought smart this winter.

Now that the evenings are drawing in and there is an occasional nip in the air, most men are longing to know of a serviceable under-vest. I have seen a very excellent article in scalded cream flannel. Chest protectors are never really fashionable, and I predict for this under-vest a great success. If it is guaranteed unshrinkable it will only occupy half the space after washing, and will be found to fit quite tightly everywhere, yielding the grateful warmth so indispensable in this treacherous climate.

The best type of overcoat for the coming winter will be Roehampton in shape, but with the new Australian shoulder, and lined with velvet. There will be four seams at the back and three tails, while the pockets, which will have neatly pleated flaps, will be at an angle of thirty degrees. At the same time the new pyjama overcoat should not be overlooked. It is excellent for camping-out in December, when the air is often more chilly than in September.

Trousers will get wider as the winter advances, and Melton cloths are likely to be a rage for these garments, so essential to the appearance of the well-dressed man. An attempt to reintroduce front pockets has been frustrated, but a happy and rather neat compromise has been hit



CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Counsel (during a salvage case). "AND HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR REMEMBERING THAT INCIDENT OF THREE MONTHS AGO SO PERFECTLY?"
Bo'sun, "BRAINS, SIR—JUST BRAINS!"

upon in the shape of a pocket cut on the cross. It should be noted, however, that there must be no pocket on the left side, the perfect balance of the figure being maintained by wearing the handkerchief in the left side of the opening of the vest. The handkerchief up the sleeve is now considered common, but it may be carried in the hand, a hand-bag for the purpose being rather effeminate.

The cummerbund will not be worn by really smart men this winter. Waistcoats will button in front, and the opening for the tie will be about one in seven, a distinguished personage having set his face against anything more extreme in this detail. Colours have not yet been settled, but I fancy that vests of crushed salmon with checks of some quiet scheme, such as Stewart clan tartan, will be much affected.

Now that so many men are out with the guns the subject of dickies is especially appropriate. For walking up birds they have become quite modish; but when the game is driven they are still rather *risqué*. Another article of sporting attire, the respirator, changes little in cut as time goes on, and all the old favourite styles are as safe to-day as ever they were. Button boots are very little worn for shooting now, and for fastening the sportsman's foot-wear Honiton laces are completely driving out the old mohair and porpoise, the hides of which animals may consequently be expected to drop in price. Panama hats will be incorrect for cover-shooting.

The new breakfast jacket has a storm collar lined with bear. It is best with two yokes and coffee-proof lapels. List-slippers give it a very effective finish.

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

[Being the bitter complaint of a Radical M.P., who finds himself greatly inconvenienced by the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and deems it advisable that his engagement to address his constituents should be postponed till the effect of this Tory triumph has blown over.]

This is a very awkward thing for me.

This new Alliance in the name of Peace,

Sealed by Conservative diplomacy

Which guarantees to her a ten years' lease;

Others may count it as a common boon;

Myself, I call it *most* inopportune.

For, being full of excellent ozone,

I was to blow it off upon the stump,

Explaining how I never yet had known

A Government with so pronounced a slump;

And now this feat of diplomatic art

Threatens to dislocate my apple-cart!

When, willy-nilly, all the World admits

That they have done a monstrous clever deal,

How can I well apply to Tory wits

The usual epithet of imbecile?

Or say, "What wonder if the Greater Powers

Mock at a maudlin Ministry like ours?"

How can I aptly urge that British arms,

Strong in their own unaided force and weight,

Are good enough to cope with all alarms

In or about our Empire's Eastern gate?

I that have never kept this truth concealed:—

We have no Army fit to take the field!

How can I argue it is *infra dig.*

To own a weakness in the Lion's whelp,

To own that India finds her task too big

And needs to call KUROKI in to help?

I that have always very loudly said

That our prestige is practically dead!

How can I hint that by this fatal pact

We plunge a sword in Russia's riven hide?

When well I know that, once she grasps the fact

Of certain frontiers not to be defied,

She will console herself with these amends:

"Since there's no use in fighting, let's be friends."

And, lastly, if I said that this combine,

Rankling in jealous bosoms, might embroil

Our cousinly *entente* across the Rhine,

I doubt if anybody's blood would boil;

I even apprehend that ribald folk

Might treat it as a pleasantry, or joke.

All which considered, I had best defer

The apostolic progress I had planned,

Till more congenial events occur

(Such as a mutiny upon the Rand)

To put the Tories' triumph out of mind,

And prove them, once again, obtuse and blind.

(O. S.)

"The Long Result of Time."

"MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P. for Oldham, has grown a moustache. He has nearly finished the important work upon which he has been engaged for the last three years. . . ."
—*Halifax Evening Courier.*

Zoological Specialist (gazing at solitary sea-lion in the Dublin Zoo). Where's his mate?

Irish Keeper. He has no mate, Sorr. We just fade him on fish.

A REMINISCENCE.

WE had missed him again—a closer shave than ever. If the lieutenant had put a few men to block the spruit, as Harry entreated, we should most certainly have bottled up the slim De WET. But that spruit behind the farm served as his back door, and all we had for our trouble were six of the raggedest warriors ever seen, and a score of played-out screws. Harry was our colonial scout and general godfather; born at Heilbron, and knowing the country like the palm of his hand. But what is that to coming out near the top of the list at Sandhurst?

So there we were, jogging back to Kroonstad through the bush, and full of swear-words as a Kaffir's dog is of industrious fleas.

Presently we passed a cleared patch of, perhaps, fifty acres. Evidently some time had elapsed since it was cropped. "My colonial oath!" remarked our Australian Briton, "if this yere don't remind me of the Gawd-forsaken Murray scrub, an' no mistake 'bout that. Was we in this burn-out, 'ARRY?"

He pointed to some charred walls and a chimney, mute and melancholy remnants of the original skillion and barn.

"Lor', old son," Harry answered, good-naturedly superior, "that's DALY's old place. The fire happened years ago. Didn't none of you never 'ear tell of *Bosthoon*?"

We had not. So he told us how this same clearing had been celebrated for its first-class mealies and an instance of extraordinary equine acuteness. JIM DALY belonged to one of the early circus shows coming to South Africa. He met with an accident which lamed him and compelled him to retire from the profession. He settled on this particular clearing in company with a horse imported from Ireland, and therefore christened *Bosthoon*. The animal was preternaturally gifted and sagacious. Being a bachelor, DALY had no woman near to make things lively, and time passed somewhat heavily on the lonely holding. Teaching his horse the old tricks grew from a casual amusement into a serious habit with DALY, who wonderingly noted that *Bosthoon's* imitative faculties were seldom at fault.

By degrees he trained the horse to lie on its back and keep an empty kerosine tin dancing in the air with its feet. *Bosthoon*, besides, soon became able to sit on a bench, smoke a pipe, and drink tea out of a pannikin specially provided with a big broad handle through which the horse could pass a hoof. For want of better company, DALY used to spend most of his evenings in *Bosthoon's* society. Sitting before the shanty thus, DALY got to talking at *Bosthoon*, who, watching the movements of his master's lips, would attempt a reply. The intelligent animal's inclination was diligently cultivated, and presently DALY had the intense satisfaction of hearing *Bosthoon* distinctly pronounce the words "Papa," "Mamma," "Tea," "More," in a rough, deep, loud voice. Curiously enough the animal seemed incapable of whispering, a drawback which made the safe exchange of confidences impracticable.

Among other exercises, DALY taught *Bosthoon* to open the front door every morning at five o'clock. He accustomed the horse to march from the stable when an alarm, set always at that hour, went off, lift one foot up to the old-fashioned latch, and press against it until the door yielded. By degrees the manœuvre was performed so punctually that DALY found all necessity for setting the alarm entirely obviated.

It occurred to DALY one night, after the usual practice with the horse, that if *Bosthoon* could be taught to cry "Fire!" should accident bring it, and give the alarm, the chance of damage from the terrible element to his large, new, neatly thatched barn would be greatly lessened. He endeavoured to accomplish this by holding a shovelful of burning embers under *Bosthoon's* muzzle, shouting "Fire!" meanwhile, and inducing repetitions of the latch trick. After spending



A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

NICHOLAS, THE MUSCOVITE MARVEL. "DEAD FROST THAT WAR TURN. I'LL GIVE 'EM THE HAGUE BUSINESS AGAIN. HURRY UP WITH THE DOVE AND OLIVE BRANCH!"





Beggar (on receiving alms). "God bless yer honour! The Saints preserve ye! May the Heavens be yer bed!"
Benevolent, but Modest, Old Gentleman. "Not at all—NOT AT ALL!"

an hour in the task, DALY could not obtain from the horse a single formulation of the desired word, and, pitching the embers carelessly away, went disappointed to bed.

He could never tell whether that first hoarse cry of "Fire!" rang through his brain as an accompaniment of nightmare, or after he had awakened. But it seemed as if he was no sooner comfortably asleep again than "Fire!" formed the staple of another cry. Next came the sound of the latch's opening, with an additional yell of "Fire!" DALY recognised *Bosthoon's* voice, smiled to think how the effectiveness of his training had thus been practically exemplified, struck a light, found it barely past midnight, anathematised the clever animal, and dropped once more into peaceful slumber.

Again that cry of "Fire!" and battering at the latch forced him awake. He started up, annoyed at *Bosthoon's* conceit. Presumption on a newly acquired accomplishment formed just the one thing which in animals or men roused DALY's bitterest spirit of opposition. A

long bullock whip hung conveniently near. Gripping this, JIM sallied in his night-shirt from the front door, firmly intending to teach *Bosthoon* a lesson in proper modesty. To his utter dismay he saw the barn in flames and nearly burnt to the ground, while *Bosthoon* capered madly about, bellowing "Fire!" in tones calculated to bring an envious blush on the bulb of a fog horn. Then sparks rained on the tindery shingle roof of the shanty, and soon nothing remained of JIM's possessions beyond the charred walls and chimney, scanned by every passing traveller ever afterwards.

It was clear that the live ashes so lightly thrown away had worked the entire mischief. It was, as well, none the less clear that had JIM given *Bosthoon's* warning the attention which the intelligence of the noble animal deserved, the disastrous fire might easily have been put out.

Bosthoon did not long survive this want of confidence on the part of his master, dying peacefully at Ermele, smoking a long sweet briar to which he was passionately attached. DALY went

fossicking on the Rand, struck heavy gold, and later bought back the desolate acres merely for the sake of their inextinguishable associations.

HARRY's artless recital—here faithfully summarised—was just ended when the terse order rang in our ears:—

"Trot! Gallop!"

And miles were quickly separating us from what had once been the home of *Bosthoon*.

The Pedantry of Sport.

First Golf Maniac. I played a round with Captain BULGER the other day.

Second G. M. When did you get to know him?

First G. M. Oh, about the end of the Gutter Ball Period.

Life's Little Ironies.]

A SHOP in the Strand has been exhibiting some engravings of celebrated Judges (framed complete), together with the sinister legend—

"ALL THESE ARE READY FOR HANGING."

LILLIAN.

III.—A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

"I suppose you do really want to marry LILLIAN?" said GRACE.

This was too much. I stood up and became heavily sarcastic. SOMERS says that sarcasm is bad for me, and being a doctor's son he should know. But there are times when one must take one's life in one's hands.

"Do the Liberals want a dissolution?" I said, bitterly. "Oh no! Does the *Times* want new subscribers? Does M. WITTE want to be interviewed by Mr. BLATHWAY? Do the farmers want——"

"Yes, yes. And how do people get what they want? By sticking to it."

"As the fly said."

"What fly? Oh, I see. It's a joke. Well now, do pull yourself together, and I'll help you however I can."

And then GRACE smiled very prettily to herself, and blushed a little, and I know she was thinking of how LILLIAN and I helped her to marry ARTHUR. Or the other way round.

ARTHUR is my elder brother. We four were staying at GRACE's father's place at the time, and GRACE's father is a very enthusiastic golfer. He is too old to play now, but in the days of his prime he collected all his lawns and orchards and chicken runs and brick walls and turned them into a small links. Here

the four of us used to play. LILLIAN was much the better of the two girls, and though I'm not much good myself I am a bit classier than ARTHUR. So, you see, GRACE and I used to take on LILLIAN and ARTHUR about three times a day.

In those days I hadn't yet got that all-devouring passion for LILLIAN that occupies my present waking moments. In fact, I was rather leaving her for ARTHUR, GRACE looking quite decent when "driving." But on a never-to-be-forgotten day ARTHUR came into the smoking-room after lunch with a look of grim determination on his face, and LILLIAN's clubs in his hands.

"DICK," he said, with the air of a conspirator, "I want to speak to you."

"Speak on," I said.

"Well, it's like this. This is my last day here. We're having our last game together, and we've only just time for it before my train goes. May I play with GRACE this once? I've a particular reason for asking."

He looked such a fool as he said it that I knew directly what was up.

"I thought it was LILLIAN," I said.

"No, GRACE."

"Hang it, you might have told me before. Here I've been wasting my time being pleasant to another man's girl. All right, play with her. We shall beat you badly."

"Oh, Dick, thanks awfully," he said.

"But I don't know when you'll get your chance," I went on. "We can never be far away from each other on links this size."

"Oh, I've thought of that," he said eagerly. "If you slice your ball at the eighth tee it'll be all right." And he added most unnecessarily, "You generally do."

Well, after all he was a brother. At the eighth tee (being then seven up) I

I started well by finding the ball, standing on it, and issuing vague directions to LILLIAN as to where it was. This might have gone on indefinitely, had she not decided on a business-like method of looking for it. She mapped out a little square for me some yards off, and then as soon as my back was turned she actually went and found the thing.

"Now let's see what I can do. Where's my mashie?"

I should have said a "spud" was more the kind of thing she wanted, but somehow she got the ball out, and about five yards further on.

"Two. Now, Dick, one of your really brilliant shots."

I took a mashie and looked round. I saw GRACE swing her club, and the two of them walk on a bit. I should have to hold the fort a little longer. I hit as

hard as I could.

"Bother," I said, "it's in again. Three."

"Dick! You aren't knocking in nails. Four. Well, that's a bit better. Now do be careful."

"Five. I say, I am sorry."

"Oh, let's pick it up."

"No, no. We must win every hole now. And they aren't out of the long grass yet. Six. Bad luck."

ARTHUR is a nervous sort of chap, and takes some time to pull himself together. If you had walked across to him and GRACE at, say, our ninth shot, you would probably have

arrived just in time for the proposal. As far as I can gather from the two of them this was how it was done.

"Sixteen. Now, Mr. ARTHUR, do try and hit the ball this time."

"Seventeen. GRACE, I may call you GRACE, mayn't I? GRACE——"

"You're deliberately hitting the ball into the thickest places you can find. Eighteen. Oh, I shall pick it up."

"No, no. Look, they're still stuck there. GRACE, dear, I have been waiting—nineteen, bother, your turn——"

"I don't think—twenty—you ought to talk to me like this."

"GRACE, I must tell you—twenty-one——"

"You're not trying—twenty-two——"

"Oh, if you only knew how I want—twenty-three—to tell you——"

"Twenty-four. Oh, but this is too ridiculous!"

"This is much the most difficult hole—twenty-five—GRACE!"

"Well—twenty-six."

A PROTEST.

Any

(Vide 'Any Bard To Typist.')

'Punch,' 27th Sept. 1905)

You lately sir advanced the creed

(With which I cannot say I'm bitten)

'What manuscripted no man can read

is lucid when typewriter written

Please tell me how you came to sing

In favour of this sort of thing!

drove off for us. The ball fairly flew in the direction of cover point, and dropped in the long grass there.

"Good old Dick," said ARTHUR. "There he goes again!" (And poets say there is such a thing as gratitude!)

"Oh, Dick," said LILLIAN. "We shall never get out of that."

"I bet ARTHUR's is worse."

It was. Never in my life have I seen a ball pulled so badly. It rose up against the wind, and then fell plumb into a patch of dandelions, marguerites, and things all as thick as could be. "I say!" said GRACE, reproachfully.

LILLIAN and I marched to the right, GRACE and ARTHUR to the left. Now GRACE all through had been talking no end, in a nervous sort of way, and ARTHUR had hardly said a word. So I guessed he would want all the time he could get to bring the thing off, and that GRACE would do all she could to keep him away from it. (I can't think why girls are like this.) And I thought I might help him a bit.

"GRACE, I love you—twenty-seven."
 "Oh, ARTHUR!—twenty-eight."
 "Oh, my darling!"
 "Don't. They can see us. Quick, it's your turn. Twenty-nine. Good shot, dear. We shall do it in thirty-one, I do believe."

I saw them walking slowly (and very close together) towards the green. I seized my mashie. I took the Taylor stance and the Braid grip.

"Now," said LILLIAN, "we've got it a bit out at last. You're playing the twenty-ninth."

"Fore!" I cried—and played the twenty-ninth.

"The most extraordinary shot I've ever seen," said ARTHUR, as we came up. "Holed from there!"

"Pretty decent," I said, airily. "What did you take?"

"Thirty-one."

"Thirty-one? Great Scot! We just—er—toddled across in—twenty-eight, LILLIAN?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Twenty-nine. It's not much of a match for you, I'm afraid."

ARTHUR took GRACE'S hand.

"Good enough for me," he said.

And I fancy that was what GRACE was thinking of when she said she would help me with LILLIAN whenever she could.

THE SEAL AND THE POLAR BEAR.

ONCE there lived a Polar Bear,
 Where the North's magnetic;
 Creamy white his trousers were,
 And his glance pathetic.
 For he loved a little Seal,
 Who despised his passion,
 Scorning every fond appeal
 In the coldest fashion.

Serenades in vain he played,
 Vainly corybantic,
 Danced the Arctic fling and made
 Half the Penguins frantic;
 Climbed the Pole that coyly shuns
 Expedition leaders;
 Begged imaginary buns
 From pretended feeders.

Up she turned her nose in pride,
 Down she curled her whiskers,
 Vowed she never could abide
 Sentimental friskers.
 He, rebuffed each day anew,
 Found his health affected,
 Lost his appetite, and grew
 More and more dejected.

Desperate he made his way
 To an iceberg sailing
 For the Continent one day;
 Then she started wailing.
 "ALGERNON" (such was his name),
 "Let us not be parted!"



"Is Mr. FORBES in?"—"No, Sir." "Is he on the TELEPHONE?"—"I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, SIR."

Ah! too late repentance came,
 For the berg had started.
 ALGY soon in sunny France
 Drew large audiences,
 Sang his songs and danced his dance,
 More than paid expenses.
 But the little Seal, bereft,
 Couldn't stand the racket,
 Pined away till nought was left
 Save a sealskin jacket.

Wayward beauties! Notice here
 For yourselves a warning;
 Waywardness may cost you dear,
 Take no pride in scorning.

She, whose haughty maidenhood
 Bade her say she wouldn't,
 When at last she thought she would,
 Found, poor dear, she couldn't.

A Probable Exchange of Courtesies.

["M. BOUTIGUINE, Minister of the Interior, has decided that Siberia may have fifteen representatives in the Duma."—*Daily Mail*.]

It is not yet decided in what numbers the Duma will eventually be represented in Siberia; but it is anticipated that the latter will be more than repaid.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A
PET BOMBAY DUCK.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR, -Knowing your deep and affectionate interest in the animal world, I venture to send you the following simple narrative. On Thursday morning last I read aloud to my family at the breakfast table that extraordinarily beautiful and poignantly pathetic letter of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE on "The Death of a Dog," from the *Daily Mail* of the previous day. My wife and children, aged respectively 39, 7, 9, 14, 16, and 18, were deeply affected by the touching recital, and our parlour-maid, who came in during its progress with a further supply of bacon and eggs, was so engrossed that she dropped the dish on the floor, which had only been covered with fresh linoleum last week. But the member of our family circle who was most affected by Mr. BEGBIE's noble prose was our great pet *Quambo*, a beautiful little semi-Bombay duck, endeared to us and to a large circle of our friends by reason of a remarkable joyousness and vivacity of disposition, which could not fail to inspire sympathy and create affection even in those who never have and never will set eyes on him.

But from the moment of my reading that letter *Quambo* was a changed being. His appetite dwindled, his plumage wilted; he no longer joined in our part-songs after dinner—in which his rich and oily contralto was quite inimitable—his joy left him, and he crawled painfully about the house and garden, with arched back and drooping fins, gazing up at us with a sublime piquancy in his eyes which was enough to out-harold HAROLD BEGBIE himself. None of us could stand it. The parlour-maid gave warning, and to make matters worse a robin "wept" all the time close to the house. On Friday night we missed our faithful little friend. Round and round the garden and through the shrubberies, with candles, with acetylene bicycle-lamps, tändstickors, braided fuses, bullseyes, fireflies, in short with every form of illuminant that science could supply or fancy prompt, we hunted and we hollae'd, calling him by all his endearing aliases, promising him every form of entertainment, including *Drake's Drum*, the *Harmsworth's Encyclopædia*, and even half-an-hour's tête-à-tête with BURT KENNEDY. All in vain. And all the while the robin "wept" roundly, and the Cochins, moved by some strange Asiatic affinity to their lost playmate, sobbed in solemn unison.

Personally, I had given up the chase in stark despair and was making my way home at 6 A.M. thoroughly worn out, when a sudden inspiration seized me

and I turned back to the artesian well at the corner of my Dutch garden. Truth, says the proverb, lies at the bottom of the well, and *Quambo* was the soul of veracity. With the aid of willing hands I was swiftly lowered down the abyss, and there, sure enough, faintly quacking, I discovered the beloved truant, with the portions of a newspaper protruding from his bill. We were swiftly hauled up to the outer air, and further examination revealed the unquestioned fact that our devoted little friend had literally endeavoured to swallow the narrative which I had read aloud at breakfast the previous day, but failing in his heroic attempt had descended the well to hide his humiliation. Restoratives were applied—amongst which Kümmel was by far the most effective—and I am thankful to say that at the moment of writing, *Quambo* is in a fair way to convalescence.

Why he should have chosen this spot I have already endeavoured tentatively to explain. For as I review all the facts of the case I cannot help thinking that in thus stealing away from human caresses, he sought to hide the pain of his loss from those young lives so devoted to his pleasure, driven by that mystic sympathy with Truth which, when all is said and done, is the guiding star of feathered as well as featherless bipeds.

H. O. PHIBBS.

Fair 'Oaks Villa, Fakenham.

A CANINE WONDER.

DEAR PUNCH, -MR. HAROLD BEGBIE'S soul-stirring letter in the *Daily Mail* of September 27 has roused my deepest sympathy. It is some time since I wrote of the weird insight into the soul of things displayed by the spaniel *Sniff*, who committed suicide on the general lines of CATO UTICENSIS, but with the assistance of poisoned meat. I have now to record a worthy parallel in the behaviour of my beloved mongrel, *Tim*. *Tim* has been brought up hand and glove with a Persian pussy of the most refined instincts. Dearly did they love one another, till the feline mew was hushed by the hand of death. We held a solemn funeral, and *Tim* looked on. He would willingly have been buried in the same grave, but could do nothing, absolutely nothing, to assist. Mark the sequel. The next morning I saw the grief-stricken animal rehearsing every detail of the ceremony. He carried a big bone to represent his departed friend, dug a grave with his forepaws, and deposited his burden within it. So distracted was he in his sorrow that, when I sympathetically interfered, he snapped at me! I need say no more, but will add my signature of a few years ago.

A REAL ENTHUSIAST.

AMERICAN MODESTY.

["The Americans have the reputation of being a boastful people, but the recorded facts of history make exaggeration impossible."—*The New York Army and Navy Journal*.]

I GUESS it used to rile me some
To hear you British say
We Yankees brag about our flag
Across in U. S. A.
But now I hear such charges come
With dignified sedateness;
My appetite they do not mar,
Nor even give my pride a jar,
Because I realise they are
The penalty of greatness.

We tell of some historic act—
James River or Bull Run—
And you suppose we draw long bows
About the deeds we've done.
We simply can't! The very fact
Forbids exaggeration;
For any sane and truthful quill
Admits that ALEXANDER'S skill
Pales before ours at Bunker's Hill
When we became a nation.

You talk of MAHLBOROUGH, you prate
Of CLIVE and RALEIGH too,
You boast of BLAKE and FRANCIS DRAKE,
You vaunt your Waterloo;
But you forget our greater great
Who fought in gallant manner—
The countless Colonels who have filled
Our annals—heroes who were killed,
Or, at the very lowest, drilled
Beneath the spangled banner.

The least event, the smallest deed
Recorded of our land,
Is big with fate, supremely great,
Superlatively grand.
Then when we use the word we need
Why brand us empty braggers?
If we describe our naval men
As staggering the world, can pen
Use any other language when,
In point of fact, it staggers?

Our cheeks would blush with shame
to use
Exaggeration's art;
If there's a thing to which we cling
It is a modest heart.
But Truth must also have her dues.
And therefore it is clear to us,
If we have been designed by Fate
As preternaturally great,
Our bounden duty is to state
The facts as they appear to us.

Is nothing to remain sacred from the curious eyes of municipal authorities? "In Chicago," we learn from the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, "loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker." We can understand their wanting to know his name; but his weight! Surely this is an impertinence.



First Frenchman. "Ah, mon cher ami!" Second Frenchman. "Ah, c'est mon cher Alphonse!" British Workman. "BLOOMIN' GERMANS!"

CHURCH AND STAGE.

[The recent participation of a Congregational minister in a theatrical performance, with a view to making his religious services more widely known, suggests the following possibility:]

No more extraordinary scene has probably ever been presented upon the stage than that witnessed on Saturday night at the Southsea Pantechnicon, when the Bishop of Portsmouth and Wight carried out his project of appearing in a travesty of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, with a view to commending the Decayed Curates Fund to the audience. Opinions may differ as to the methods of the Rt. Rev. Gentleman—indeed he candidly admitted to an interviewer that they do among his brethren of the Cloth—but no one after being a spectator of the enthusiasm that greeted his appearance on this novel occasion can question the popularity of the Prelate, or do otherwise than admire him as an exponent of wide-aproned philanthropy. A packed house was laughing heartily at the clever antics of the protagonist who had just uttered the words "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" when a gaitered figure sprang through a trap-door, grace-

fully leapt before the footlights, waved an episcopal crosier and, without further ceremony, said:—

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of addressing a music-hall audience, though I have assisted at numerous diocesan councils."

The incongruity of the situation was at once apparent, and it became more striking when his Lordship added, in a friendly, colloquial way, "I think you know me, but I really doubt my own identity to-night." Hearty laughter and applause greeted these words. The Bishop then plunged into the Decayed Curates Fund. Though he could hardly be called an old stager, he knew a good deal about what SHAKESPEARE, doubtless thinking of his (the speaker's) diocese, had rightly called "A see of troubles." (Applause.) He was there, to quote the immortal Bard again, to "take up alms" on behalf of decayed and indigent curates. He had arranged for his hat to be sent round, and the only request he had to make was that threepenny bits should be regarded as "outside the radius," a sally received with great cheering.

The Right Rev. Gentleman then moved to the "wings;" thunderous applause

accompanied his steps. Returning to the front he made the following remarks:

"I have consulted a lexicon of slang, and find that this ebullition of feeling corresponds to what is there termed a 'call.' What shall I do?" "Sing 'Good-bye, Little Girls, Goodbye,'" burst from scores of lips. The Bishop thereupon without any form of accompaniment broke forth into the well-known song, the audience joining in the chorus. At the conclusion he left the stage, and the protagonist, again repeating "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" proceeded with his piece of resistance.

In the interview referred to, his Lordship justified his action by saying he dared do all that might become a Bishop: who dared do more was none.

Vicarious Religion.

According to the *Scotsman*, the prospective Unionist candidate for Berwick maintained, before a meeting of electors, that "the only way to deal with the religious question was to allow each denomination to provide religious teaching in school hours for the parents of such children as desired it."



"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

[When a name is given to a greyhound, the almost invariable rule is that it should begin with the same letter as that of its owner.]

J. Hinks, Esq. "WE'LL 'AVE TO GET A NAME FOR THAT BIG PUPPY, 'ARRY. WHAT WOULD YOU CALL 'IM?"

Kennel-man. "I WAS A THINKIN' HINKSTAND WOULDN'T BE BAD, SIR."

J. Hinks, Esq. "WHY, YOU HIGNORANT BASS, DON'T YOU KNOW HINKSTAND BEGINS WITH A HL."

TO ANDREW LANG.

At the Sign of the Ship.

[The publication of *Longmans' Magazine*, to which Mr. LANG has been the most constant and brilliant contributor for many years, will be discontinued after the October number.]

FORMERLY, when, sated by sensation,
Gentle readers sought an air serene,
Refuge from the snapshot's domination
Might be found in *Longmans' Magazine*.

There at least the roaring cult of dollars
Never took its devastating way;
There the pens of gentlemen and scholars
Held their uncontaminating sway.

There no parasitic bookman prated,
No malarious poetasters sang,
There all themes were touched and decorated
By your nimble fancy, ANDREW LANG.

True, some hobbies you were always riding,
—Spooks and spies and totemistic lore;
But so deft, so dext'rons was your guiding,
No one ever labelled you a bore.

But alas! the landmarks that we cherish,
Standing for the earlier, better way,
Vanquished by vulgarity must perish,
Overthrown by "enterprise," decay.

Still with fairy books will you regale us,
Still pay homage to the sacred Nine,
But no more hereafter will you hail us
Monthly at the Ship's familiar Sign.

There no longer faithfully and gaily
Will you deal alike with foes and friends;
Wherefore, crying *Ave atque vale!*
Punch his parting salutation sends.



Lindsey Sandbourne. Del.

ALLIES.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"—RUDYARD KIPLING.





GYNNING KING

"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

Nervous Lady Cyclist. "I HOPE IT ISN'T VERY DEEP HERE."

Ferryman. "SAX HUNDRED AN' FIFTY-NINE FEET, MISS."

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

PACK up your traps, September ; you 're moving very slow ;
Look how the leaves are falling ; it 's time for you to go.
The *Ampelopsis* blushes to see how long you stay,
You paltry half-and-half month, you ought to be away.

October 's up and stirring ; I hear him stepping on.
He won't delay his coming when once he knows you 're gone.
Put off your hesitation and swiftly disappear,
And let me feel the Autumn is actually here.

The leaves, I said, are falling ; the mists rise chill and thin.
My rustic friends inform me the days are drawing in.
At six o'clock each evening, when things are getting dark,
It is their sacred custom to make the same remark.

The lord of light, Apollo, has ripened all our corn,
And, daily growing idler, postpones the hour of morn.
It does not reconcile me or mitigate my pain
To know our loss is only Antipodean gain.

And, oh, the leaves are falling — I 've said it twice before.
The wind has started howling ; the rain begins to pour.
And twice five hundred freshmen, all stuffed for their exam.,
Prepare to haste to Isis or hurry off to Cam.

Last year I saw some freshmen ; I cannot bring my tongue
To say how green I thought them and how absurdly young,
How enviously I scanned them and wished that I might be
Once more myself a freshman agape in Trinity.

From the *South Wales Daily Post* :—

TO LET, 3 Unfurnished Rooms, with young married couple.
The advertisement comes under the head of "Too late for
Classification." This may explain, but can hardly excuse it.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MR. PUNCH has endeavoured to oblige the lady who wrote the following letter to MIRANDA, "Hints" Editress, and inadvertently addressed it to 10, Boulevard Street :—

MY DEAR "HINTS" EDITRESS,—Though I don't know you of course—personally, I mean, but it is so clever of you to answer all those letters every week : I remember Lady MURIEL, only yesterday—but I must not waste your valuable time. What I want to tell you is, I never can remember people's addresses. I am afraid it is very silly of me. I do hope you will be able to give me one of your "hints"—if you are sure it won't be bothering you awfully much. Yours, with very many thanks, EXID.

[Here follows the answer to the above.]

EXID.—Cut out with a pair of scissors (a pen-knife will do) the addresses on the letters you wish to answer, and paste neatly in an address book (quite inexpensive at any reliable stationer's). Now pay attention carefully to this, or you may go wrong. When wishing to address a letter to—the Marchioness of GRIMSBY, we will suppose—run your thumb (or fore-finger) slowly down the steps of the alphabet, so cleverly arranged at the right-hand side in all these little books, until you reach the letter G (not M); retain the thumb in position, deftly jerk back the preceding pages, when the address you are looking for will at once be seen; unless you have put the paste on the wrong side, in which case it will be found face downwards on the opposite page. Copy this at once on the envelope, taking care not to put the Marchioness of GRIMSBY's address on the letter intended for Miss ROBINSON, say, or what would of course be still worse, *vice versa*. Not at all. I shall be pleased to help you at any time.

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

(Conveyed in Illustrative Examples from Real Life.)

THANKS FOR A PRESENT OF GAME

A letter from a widow lady residing in a semi-detached villa at Bournemouth to Sir HANBURY VOKES, a Yorkshire gentleman and ex-Member of Parliament, whom her husband, a florid capable man of mixed Irish and Scotch extraction, had served for some years in the capacity of election agent and general factotum until death cut him down by an attack of diphtheria which, owing to the incompetence of the local practitioner, had been treated as follicular tonsillitis, thanking him for a brace of partridges which he had sent her.

*The Nook, Bournemouth,
September 13, 19—.*

Mrs. LARK begs to thank Sir HANBURY VOKES for his kind present of a brace of partridges.

COMMUNICATION OF BAD NEWS.

Letter from Mr. WYMARK POTT, L.R.C.P., Principal of the Eastern College, Dover, to Mr. HARRIS HARRIS, a Welsh merchant in Lothbury with a private residence at Penge, on the Sydenham side, informing him that his second son, DAVID HARRIS, known in the school either as HARRIS MINOR or MARIOW BONE (after the theft by "Taffy" in the old rhyme), while pulling the roller over the cricket pitch in company with a number of other boys, among them a nephew of the late SIDNEY LOCK, the composer, slipped and fell, and before anyone could stop it, was rolled into the ground by the heavy cylinder.

*Eastern College, Dover,
July 8, 19—.*

DEAR SIR.—It is my painful duty to inform you that your second son, a very promising lad, was completely flattened by the cricket roller this morning. Our medical attendants, both of them men with the highest credentials, have reluctantly come to the conclusion that life is extinct. Need I say that Mrs. POTT and myself sympathise with you very deeply? I think not. Awaiting your instructions, believe me sincerely yours,

WYMARK POTT.

ORDERING DECORATIONS FOR A PARTY OF A HUNDRED.

Letter from a lady in Cadogan Square, who is about to give an evening's entertainment, consisting of a dinner-party of twenty-two, at which the principal guest is a big-game hunter from the Zambesi, accompanied by two native chiefs who eat nothing but raw pork and bananas, followed by a small dance to which a hundred and eighty guests

have been invited and to which she is expecting a hundred will come, to a firm of ball furnishers who have lately moved to Marglebone from Paddington, ordering suitable decorations.

*19, Cadogan Square, S.W.
December 8, 19—.*

Mrs. LUNN-PARKES would be obliged if Messrs. TOPLADY would again prepare her house for the 14th as they did so efficiently on December 12th last year.

THANKS FOR A GIFT OF A BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR.

Letter from a Cabinet Minister who has received a copy of a novel entitled "Blood and Borax" from the authoress, Miss LOUIE BALMANNO, who is personally unknown to him, but who, owing to a motor accident, had recently to be accommodated for an hour or two in his sister's house near Tisbury while a doctor was fetched to stitch up a cut over her left eye, to Miss BALMANNO, acknowledging the receipt of her book; the letter being written by his Private Secretary, a young and very ornamental man of twenty-eight, who, after being President of the Union, had left Oxford with a great future before him, but up to the present had done nothing.

*House of Commons,
March 14, 19—.*

DEAR MADAM.—I am instructed by Mr. FIREBRACE WENDOVER to say that he is in receipt of your kind present, and that he will spare no pains to give it the attention which it deserves.

Dear Madam, I am yours faithfully,
ALGERNON LOSTWITHIEL.

INVITATION TO GOLDEN WEDDING.

Letter from a lady of more than middle age, residing at Bedford with her father, a retired tea merchant of eighty-three, who, after beginning in a very small way as a shop-boy in the Theobald's (pronounced Tibbles) Road, found a situation at a tea-house in Mincing Lane, and by dint of hard work and not a little cunning, became a taster, and married his employer's daughter, a good-looking girl of twenty-five, who had been educated at Clapham and Dieppe, and sang solos from "Mariana" very charmingly, and ultimately became a partner, but was now bed-ridden, while his wife suffered from total deafness and rheumatism in the right limb so acute as to make it impossible sometimes to stand up, to her second cousin, a Baptist minister at Pudsey, in Yorkshire, asking him to be present at her parents' Golden Wedding on the third of the next month.

*The Limes, Bedford,
April 8, 19—.*

DEAR COUSIN BERNARD,—The great day

is fixed for May 3, and we all hope you will be able to come.

Your affectionate Cousin,
MATILDA BINNS.

MAKING APPOINTMENT.

Letter from a rural Dean who has had toothache consistently for three nights in spite of all kinds of remedies suggested by his family, including a plaster of brown paper, whiskey and pepper, similar to one which once gave instant relief to the cook's grandfather, but which has only burned his cheek, to his dentist in Wimpole Street, asking if it is convenient for him to make an appointment for the next day at noon.

*The Rectory, Little Grayling,
August 4, 19—.*

The Rev. WILLIAM SLACK will be glad to know if Mr. TONKS can see him at 12 o'clock to-morrow. In the event of no telegram arriving to the contrary, the Rev. WILLIAM SLACK, who is in great pain, will be punctual.

EDITOR'S REGRETS—AND MINE.

My deep compassion marks the one
Who occupies the judgment seat
In matters which concern the run
Of monthly mag. or weekly sheet;
For lo! his workday dawns and sets
To one sad tune—regrets, regrets.

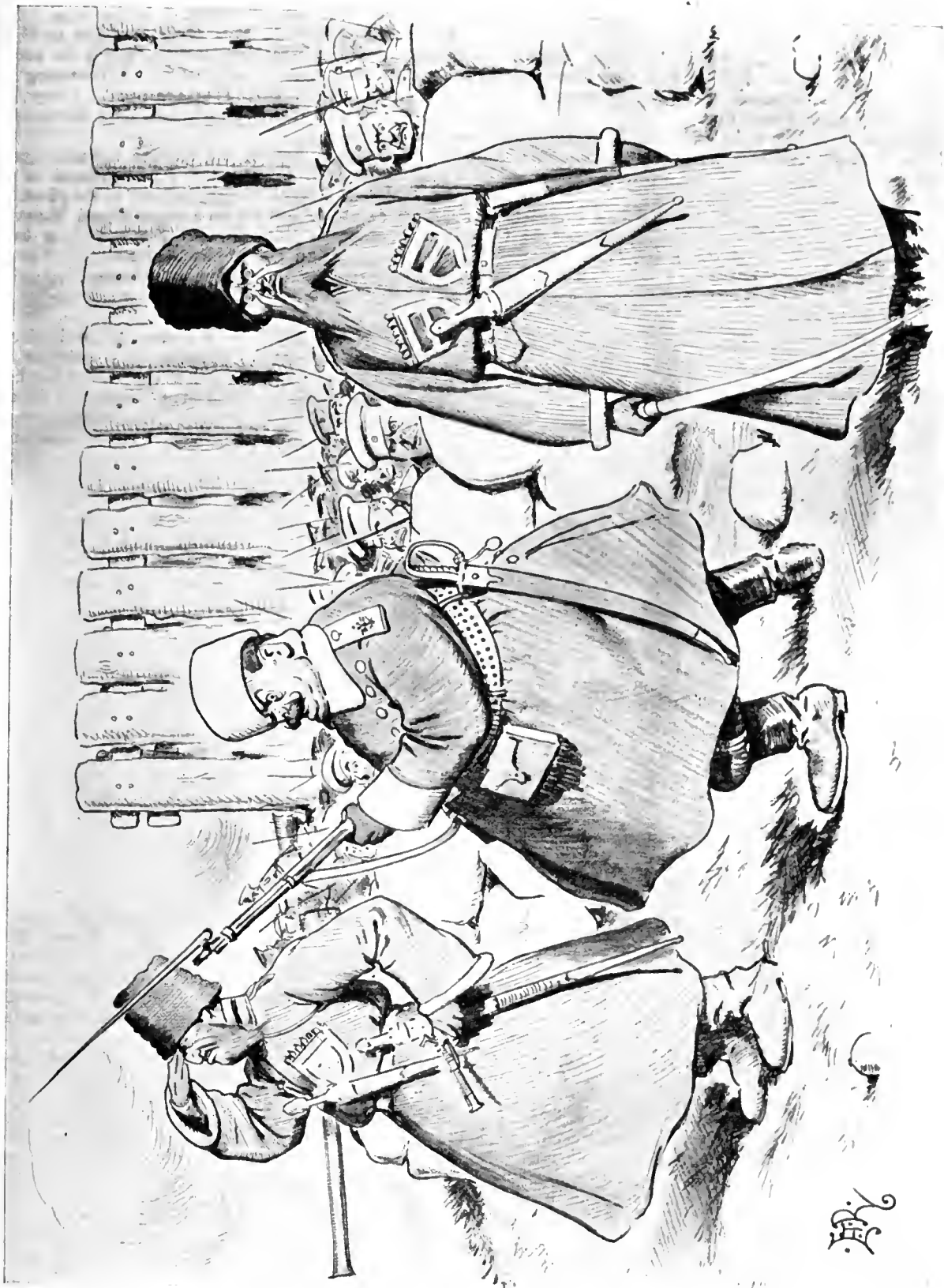
Uneasily, with guilty eyes,
I seek the breakfast-room each day;
Therein with shame, but not surprise,
To let my wistful glances play
On long buff envelopes that wait
Supinely by my placid plate.

For oh! I feel that once again
I've caused some worthy chief distress,
Wrung wantonly his heart with pain,
And filled his soul with bitterness,
By plying him with rhymes for which
The laws of space refuse a niche.

How it must hurt him to refuse
The faultless work which he receives,
When, being favoured by the Muse,
I forward the result in sheaves.
With what dim eyes and trembling lips
He gropes for those "rejection slips."

Instead of coin, sweet thanks I'd earn
Let I my fountain pen run dry,
But there! new leaves are hard to turn,
And even having turned one I
Should have to check myself in time,
Lest I adorned it with a rhyme.

Perhaps, when life no longer frets,
Some Editor and I may go
Where, in a world without regrets,
Illimitable space we'll know;
And where shall be my lord's delight
To sit accepting all I write.



A NICE QUIET PICNIC IN FINLAND.—EXTERNAL VIEW.

It is stated in the Press that the Tzar has several times landed from his yacht during the last few days and picnicked on the shores of Finland to be present, but *this* is the nearest he could get to it. (Puzzle,—to pic-Nicholas out. He is in a bomb-proof shelter inside the timber defences.) Our Artist would have given anything

CHARIVARIA.

THE fortunes of the members of our Royal Family are followed with an affectionate interest by all loyal subjects, and two successes announced last week have caused genuine pleasure. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has obtained the coveted position of Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India, and H.R.H. the Princess CHRISTIAN has been awarded second prize for a black Orpington hen at the National Poultry Organisation Show.

THE Czar has held a review of the battleship *Imperator Alexander II.* and the cruisers *Pamyat Azova* and *Admiral Korniloff*, which now form a considerable proportion of his fleet. It is reported that the vessels darted about here, there, and everywhere in a plucky attempt to make themselves look more.

WE gather from the papers concerned that the first Battle of the Sea of Japan was an unimportant affair compared with the second one which is now raging between the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

AT a time when we are told every other day that pluck is dying out in our island it is good to read that during the past season the members of the Writtle (Essex) Sparrow Club killed 11,625 of these ferocious birds.

THE City Corporation has declined to contribute to the Merton fund for the celebration of the Battle of Trafalgar, the mover of the resolution expressing the opinion that we ought not to rake up these "brutal victories" after a hundred years. A proposal will, no doubt, now be made to celebrate some of our "graceful concessions."

AFTER being blind for a considerable time, a Northampton grocer named VAUGHAN, the *Daily Mail* tells us, "recently ran into a letter-box, and owing to the shock he received suddenly recovered his sight." We hope that steps will now be taken to fatten him.

"If the next Liberal Government fail to remove the obnoxious coal impost, I shall cease to be a Liberal," said Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS at the annual meeting of shareholders of the Broomhill Collieries. The Liberal leaders are

gradually having a programme forced on them.

LEICESTER has made a profit of £30,785 out of its gas, and we see no reason why, with careful management, the House of Commons should not become a paying concern.

MR. SANDOW has returned from abroad with an international troupe consisting of two Americans, a New Zealander, two South Africans, a Swiss, an Irishman, an Italian, two Sikhs, a Japanese and a Chinaman, and the Czar is summoning a new Hague Tribunal.

day are greatly enjoying their money-moon.

MR. ROCKEFELLER has advised young men to turn their thoughts to higher things than money, which is not all there is in the world. If the young men will look after the higher things, Mr. ROCKEFELLER will look after the money.

Among the charges brought against M. GENTIL, the Agent-General of the French Congo, was one to the effect that he had beaten a negro named MAPAKO to death. MAPAKO has now been found and denies the statement. M. GENTIL's enemies, however, refuse to believe him.

WE seem to be in for an epidemic of mysterious disappearances. "The last horse omnibus," states a contemporary, "has just disappeared from the streets of Sheffield."

One by one all our dear quaint old British customs are slowly going. The unwritten rule by which at the end of a man-of-war's commission all the mess plate is sold off and the furniture destroyed is now to be abolished.

THE unfortunate monkey with a short twisted tail (like that of the domestic pig) who arrived at the Zoo from the Malay Peninsula the other day is, we are sorry to hear, suffering the mortification of social ostracism. Neither the monkeys nor the domestic pigs will have anything to do with him.

FOLLOWING close upon the sympathetic action of a Mountain which suffered from collapse on the occasion of the burial of a Town (as recorded in our last issue on the strength of a *Daily Chronicle* poster) we read in the *Eastern Daily Press* of a somewhat similar, though less hysterical, display of feeling on the part of a portion of the cliff at Southwold. There had been a "high tide combined with a north-easterly gale," and damage was apprehended. Accordingly, as we are told, "during the afternoon a lamp-post, standing on the cliff, was pulled down by means of a rope, and the cliff" (presumably with the idea of making kind enquiries) "went shortly afterwards up to the spot where the lamp-post had stood."

SUGGESTED NAME FOR MOTOR-BOATS.—Watermobiles.



"I wish, Madam, you would not interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you're talking?"

"No, you brute, you go to sleep!"

"Cooking by Electricity" is one of the features of the Show at Olympia, but the operation appeared to offer no attraction to some passengers on the Liverpool electric railway, who hurriedly left a train last week when flames appeared in their compartment.

THE proprietor of the Scala Theatre, it is announced, intends to build another play-house on a scale of even greater magnificence, a feature of which will be improved methods of seating and emptying a theatre. The method of bringing about the latter consummation by means of the play itself is certainly a clumsy one.

WE hear that the Millionaire and the Millionairess who wedded the other

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. E. V. LUCAS modestly claims for his *Life of Charles Lamb* (METHUEN) that it is the first attempt made since TALFORD's day to write the story of the brother and sister. He has done much more. From a variety of sources he has gleaned particulars that throw light on the home life and the personality of the singularly interesting literary brotherhood in whose centre *Elia* shone with lambent light. There are innumerable odd jottings, sometimes by their own hand, anon by friends and companions more or less dear, about COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, LEIGH HUNT, SOUTHEY, HAZLITT, WILLIAM GODWIN and his loveless wife, DE QUINCEY, CRABBE ROBINSON and others. It cannot be said that these famous persons are endeared by closer acquaintance. To tell the truth, they are revealed as being, in the main, an impecunious, dissatisfied, quarrelsome, drinking, self-drugging lot. The most delightful is GEORGE DYER, an eccentric of whom, though a voluminous writer, the world outside parochial limits would, save for LAMB, never have heard. To him he was a perennial pleasure. It is probable he invented some particulars, notably in his narrative of DYER's Sunday visit to him at his cottage at Islington.

"Upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered, staff in hand and at noonday, he deliberately marched right forward into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappeared." It is doubtless true that, entertaining PROCTOR at breakfast, DYER quite forgot the tea. The omission being pointed out, he set it right by emptying a paper of ginger into the teapot. Spending an evening with LEIGH HUNT at Hampstead Heath, he came back a quarter of an hour after leaving, the family meanwhile having retired to their bedrooms. "What's the matter?"

asked HUNT. "I think, Sir," said DYER, in his simpering, apologetic way, "I have left one of my shoes behind." He had shuffled it off under the table, and did not observe his loss until he had gone a long way. On another occasion, visiting elsewhere, he marched off with the footman's cockaded hat, oblivious to the mistake until someone commiserated him on his fall in fortune. To LAMB he was a great consolation in his saddest moments, and these were many in proportion to the length of the day. His earlier years were a constant struggle for the necessities of life. At the age of twenty-six, his aspirations were bounded by desire for £50 a year to be earned in journalism in supplement of his salary of £150 drawn from the India House. LAMB was "the onlie begetter" of those pointed paragraphs perversely dealing with current news, to-day common in our journals. He avers that his payment was at the rate of sixpence a joke, in itself a very poor joke. Here, including italics, is one of them, rescued from the *Morning Post* of 1802. "The bird that *can* sing and *won't* sing, must be made to sing. *PRE* (Poet Laureat) is a bird that *will* sing and *can't* sing and never was made for singing." Which in a personal particular suggests curiously close parallel in the opening years of two successive centuries. Of LAMB's work Mr. LUCAS skims the cream, handing the dish round to a company that never can have too much of its contents. Of his home life

we have intimate glimpses, loving LAMB the more the closer we draw near to him. His life-long, self-sacrificing devotion to his sister, a thing of beauty, is truly a joy for ever. My Baronite can conceive nothing more pathetic than where MARY LAMB, feeling her paroxysm recurring, tells her brother. Then, arm-in-arm, they walk to the Asylum at Hoxton, where he leaves her, going back to his desolate home to wait patiently for her recovery and return. In his *Life of Charles Lamb* Mr. LUCAS has contrived a double debt to pay. He has done a service not only to Literature but to Humanity.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—A *Servant of the Public* (METHUEN), by ANTHONY HOPE, is a faithful study of the disturbing influence which may be exerted upon a variety of typical existences by a personality that escapes classification. Though *Ora Pinsent* breaks no hearts and ruins no lives, and though in the end she makes a commonplace choice from among her own kind, yet meantime, of all those with whom she comes in close contact, she leaves no man or woman quite as she found them. An irresponsible nature, altogether devoid of moral balance, she is capable of anything, even of a

technical fidelity, sustained through many years, to her miserable first husband; and also of a breach of faith, after only a few months' absence, with the only man who ever really possessed her heart. The excuse which she pleads—namely, that he had knowledge of certain facts which might have brought about her freedom by divorce, but had declined to use them—is of the most inadequate, since she herself, when her need was sorest, had never suggested, or even seemed to entertain, the idea of instituting investigations into her husband's obscure career with a view to this desirable process. But to all such charges of inconsistency Mr. HOPE has the sufficient answer that this is the very key-note

of her temperament as he defines it; she is a woman *tantum constans in levitate sua*. That she remains adorable is a high tribute to the author's art. But the epithet of "fearless," which one critic applies to his study of this character, is scarcely justified. Mr. HOPE has deliberately foregone the courage of his earlier cynicism. Something of sterner judgment has here been sacrificed to the mellowness that comes with maturity and the philosophic mind. This development is evident, too, in his obvious resolution not to combat the unromantic tendency of things, but let his characters go eventually the way of least resistance, drifting into natural combinations, like with like.

How far the unconscious insincerity of *Ora* was due to qualities inherent in her nature, and how far it should be referred to that exposure of herself, physical and emotional, which her profession of actress entailed, are questions that the author leaves unsolved. Little assistance for our doubt is to be had from the title. It has the air of implying that the service which her genius owed to the public reacted on her own individuality, compelling her to renounce its realisation at the demand of an art of make-believe. But this is not clear, and the title seems to suggest something for which the book itself never gives a perfect authority. Why could it not have been called *La Prima Donna è mobile*, or just *The Excursions of Ora*? But this last was anticipated by *The Intrusions of Peggy*, that delightful figure which offers so



THE LAST MAN AT THE SEASIDE.

END OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

With acknowledgments to "The Prodigal Son" poster.

admirable a foil to this other heroine from the borderland of *La Bohème*.

Brilliant as a study of character, I find the book not less remarkable for its perfection of technique. For a critic to associate the author's methods with those of Mr. HENRY JAMES is to make a flourish of his own superficiality. Careful and penetrative in his analysis, Mr. HOLT never fails to avoid the meticulous obscurity of Mr. JAMES; he is, indeed, lucid to the verge of fastidiousness. And not only in isolated passages, but in the linked sequence of his arguments, there is about his style a fine flavour of Latinity. But the features proper to analysis and narrative—the studied logic and the nicely-balanced rhythm—these are never allowed to impose themselves upon the dialogue; his conversations remain as ever a model of spontaneity.

If the autumn season, which this book so notably inaugurates, is to give us any other work that is likely to make a stronger appeal at once to the general reader and to the lover of style, I shall be glad to hear of it.

The Dreamer, by LUCAS CLEEVE (DICKY, LONG & Co.). *John Page* is the dreamer, a man gifted with talents which bring him up to a certain point, within half a yard, apparently, of the ladder of fame. A few more steps in the right direction and he will be able to place his foot firmly on the first rung. Steps, indeed, he does take, but either to right or left, never absolutely straightforward. He is always "to be or not to be;" he is "to be" something great in the future; he is "not to be" anything at all, save a failure. He never "arrives," because he is really never near "arriving." Capable of being swayed by a grand passion, he is also capable of considerable self-restraint. He is *toujours à peu près*. In *Gray Moreton* he meets a kindred spirit. She, too, is a dreamer of dreams; she, too, is swayed by a grand passion, and hers dominates his. *Miss Moreton* is the only child and sole heiress of an ambitious millionaire; she is a beautiful girl, of the sweetest possible disposition. She loves *John Page* as ardently as he loves her; sacrifices her position and her brilliant future in order to become the wife of the man she adores, the poet she worships, in whose great future she fully believes. She joyfully anticipates the time when her father shall forgive her elopement and offer a welcome to her husband. After a while her mother secretly visits her; and her father, without word by letter or message, sends her some money. The love of this unhappily happy pair suffers no diminution. Children are born to them, but sweet *Mrs. Page* cannot last out the struggle. Dying, a mere child-mother, she fondly commits her children to her husband's care, and so, loving and hopeful to the last, she dies. Then follows the sad story of his *décadence*, painful to read, because described with true artistic power. The drama is incomplete, as it is in two Acts which represent the first two parts of his life; and the deeply interested reader will be disappointed at discovering that the Third Act, which should have told us of his final failure, or of his first, and then of his ultimate success, is withheld. "The new *John Page* goes out with a quick step, leaving his dreams behind him, done with them for ever." Does this same *John Page* turn over a new leaf? Or is this but one wakeful moment ere he relapses, exclaiming "Let me dream again?" Will "LUCAS CLEEVE" make the curtain rise on the Third Act? *The Dreamer Awakened?* *En attendant*, the Baron strongly recommends to all who honour him with their confidence "LUCAS CLEEVE'S" *Dreamer* just as he is.



TO A FAIR BOTANIST.

DEITY, your hobbies I have bravely borne,
Croquet and silkworms, cameras and cycling;
Though your vagaries from your side have torn
Full many a swain, to you still faithful I cling;
But this new mania for horticulture
Is driving me to premature sepulture.

If walking in the garden at your side
I seek to put an end to my anxiety,
You note the roses, and pronounce with pride
The name of each remarkable variety,
Making my dearest wishes unfulfillable
With some brain-devastating polysyllable.

Or if I send to you a choice bouquet
That you may bear it at some social function,
Each rarer bloom you promptly steal away
And press them in a book without compunction.
Think you my righteous anger will be pacified
To see the dashed things ticketed and classified?

Oh, find some other pastime, I implore,
E.g., your tenants' children in admonishing;
The little beasts, when lesson time was o'er,
Would vanish with a keenness quite astonishing;
And such an occupation has the benison
Of the immortal ALFRED, late Lord TENNYSON.

For though, no doubt, that which I call a rose
(It often proves to be a large carnation)
Would waft the same effluvia to the nose
If known by any other appellation,
It seems to lose its fragrance (if it's got any)
When viewed as raw material for botany.

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

THERE was once (or twice) a Drama which included amongst its characters a Detective. Off the stage, however, he was only Mortal, and so on a day he fell ill when the Company was touring far away from the purlieus of Covent Garden, and his Substitute only arrived just as the Curtain was going up.

"Sorry we can't rehearse you, old chap," said the Stage-Manager to the Newcomer, "but all you need do to-night is to walk up to the Hero in the Ball-Room scene, arrest him in the Name of the Law (or words to that effect), and drag him off the stage in spite of his Determined Resistance. Here are the Bracelets."

"Right O!" remarked the Newcomer, with true detective laconicism, as he hurried away to dress, and affix his side-whiskers. And being suddenly called for the Ball-Room scene he made his entrance and forthwith laid hands upon the Man whom he deemed the most heroic in appearance.

"Ass!" hissed the Man, below his breath, "it isn't Me!"

"Oh, I've heard that before, my Man," said the New Detective at the top of his voice; and encouraged by the rapturous applause of the Audience he adroitly slipped the Handcuffs upon the Man's wrists. "Resistance is useless!" he shouted, amid the Thunders of the Gallery, as he struggled across the stage with his Prisoner—admiring all the time, with an Artist's eye, the latter's remarkable simulation of embarrassment, and proudly conscious that he himself was making a great Hit withal.

But in truth the real Hero was quietly waiting to be handcuffed in another part of the Stage.

MORAL.—Do not be deceived by an heroic exterior.

AN INTERNATIONAL TWOSOME.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

St. Bunker, N.B.

THE great International Golf Match between Major FOOZLE of England and Provost MacDUFF of Scotland commenced here this morning. The players in question represented the maximum handicaps of their respective countries. The weather was wet, and a large company assembled to witness the match.

At the first hole (385 yards) the Major led off with a low, bumping shot to within 350 yards of the pin. The Provost drove to the edge of the tee. Twenty minutes afterwards the hole was halved in fourteen.

The Provost took the lead at the third, the Major having just missed a put of an inch. At the next—the short hole—the Major sliced his seventh into the quarry, and, taking ten to get out, became two down; his opponent having holed out a rather lucky fifteen.

With his drive at the sixth, the Major struck a spectator who had stupidly been standing almost at right-angles to the tee.

On the eighth green the Provost skied his put, and lost the hole. A mechanical eleven followed, and the Scotsman turned one up.

At the tenth, playing a determined game, the Major smashed his brassie. At the eleventh, the Provost drove a divot 150 yards.

Approaching from the edge of the thirteenth green, the Scottish representative made the second longest shot of the match. At the eleventh, the Major tee'd a dozen Haskells before clearing the burn; the Provost, who went round by the "brig," winning in nineteen.

The long hole was halved in a strenuous twenty-five.

Late in the day, the Major drove into the last bunker on the course, the Provost following with the like. Here, for the next half-hour, play was of an even nature. Then the Major sent for a new niblick.

Later.

After the landslip, the Umpire decided to postpone the Match.

A GERMAN Military Expert who witnessed the recent British Army Manœuvres is said to have reported to the KAISER that, if the Germans landed at Hull, they would cross Trafalgar Square in three days. It sounds very slow going. It may be, of course, that this selected route would engender great stiffness in the joints, but certainly we know many people, not specially trained, who have made the transit of Trafalgar Square under the minute.



"YOU'RE DREADFULLY UNTIDY AGAIN, MARY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BAKER WILL THINK OF YOU WHEN HE COMES."

"THE BAKER DON'T MATTER, 'M. THE MILKMAN'S BIN!"

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

SCENE—Editorial office of a "progressive" evening paper.

Editor (as Reporter enters). Any news of the murder case?

Reporter (gloomily). None whatever.

Editor. Didn't you see Detective FIND-LATER?

Reporter. Yes; while I was trying to get some information out of him a passer-by pointed out casually that his tie had worked up the back of his neck, and the detective made that an excuse to leave me hastily.

Editor. Do you mean to tell me that you don't see something sensational in that?

Reporter. I don't see anything in it.

Editor. Then you're no good at reporting, young man. Here, SMITH,

take this down quickly and see that it gets well displayed.

"THE GREAT MURDER CASE.

"Mysterious Stranger Gives Information to the Police.

"While our Special Correspondent was in conversation with Detective FIND-LATER this afternoon, a stranger came up and volunteered some important information, the nature of which we are not at present at liberty to disclose. The detective ascertained the truth of the man's statement and at once acted upon it. Further developments will be awaited with interest."

There, young fellow, this is a truthful paper and we want facts, but facts must be put before the public in an intelligent and attractive manner!

[Exit Young Fellow.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

"The failure of General Von Tschira's campaign against the Hereros has, according to *Kender*, "not given satisfaction to the authorities" in Berlin."

Is our adolescent time,
 WILLIAM TWO,
 'Twas from your erratic prime
 That our taste for ribald rhyme
 Took its cue;
 Every fresh Imperial caper,
 Every change of martial kit,
 Made us go and put on paper
 What was meant for airy wit;
 Till your foibles reached a stage,
 WILLIAM TWO,
 Where we had to close the page,
 Treating further badinage
 As taboo;
 For it seemed absurd and silly,
 And it left the public cold,
 When we tried to paint the lily,
 Or to gild the purest gold;
 So we left your mailed fist,
 WILLIAM TWO,
 To its only parodist,
 Namely, you!

Now at last the lyre emerges
 From the lumber where it lay;
 But our lips are shaped to dirges,
 And the tune will not be gay;
 No, our bosoms melt with pity.
 LORD OF WAR,
 And we'd rather not be witty
 Any more;
 For the news from nigger regions
 In your Hinterlands afar,
 Seems to prove your German legions
 Barely conscious where they are.
 And, because you set the fashion
 When we fought the neighbouring Boer,
 We would show a like compassion,
 We would offer words of healing,
 Since we fear you must be feeling
 Somewhat sore.
 You whose face grew pale as plaster
 When we suffered each disaster,
 LORD OF WAR;
 You whose breast would often moan
 Even over our retreats,
 Must be sad about your own
 Army's Hereroic feats;
 You that, blinded with emotion,
 Still could entertain the notion,
 LORD OF WAR,
 That DE WET and LOUIS BOTHA
 Would, if matched with men like Tschira,
 In a trice (if not before)
 Hite the floor;
 You, in fine, from whom the nations
 Learn their military lore, —
 You must need our consolations,
 LORD OF WAR.

So, to salve your disappointment,
 And to pay our honour's debts,
 We enclose you wine and ointment,
 Coupled with our deep regrets.
 If you care to take them, do,
 WILLIAM TWO.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE BOY.

THE Boy of whom I propose to speak is not—at least in so far as I mean to deal with him—the ordinary boy, such as you may find in most well, or ill, regulated families in this happy and populous island. He is to be found, no doubt, in a great many households (mine amongst the number), but he is not related by blood to their authorities. In his leisure moments, that is to say in the privacy of his own domestic circle, he is a boy like most others. During the performance of his duties he is a beef-and-mutton-devouring, plate-breaking, mischievous animal, provided with a resonant guffaw, a row of bright metal buttons traversing his chest perpendicularly, and an infinite capacity, not for taking, but for getting into, trouble. He is, in fact, that curious and unaccountable variety of human nature which is set to clean knives or boots inadequately, to stroll, rather than to run, messages, to bear the blame falling justly to his fellow-servants, and generally (except in regard to the last-named detail) to make himself useless about the house. It is possible that he owns a Christian name by which the giggling lady of his awkward affections will on some future day hail him when he prepares, in bashfulness and gloom, to walk out with her; but it is certain that when he enters service he becomes nameless, and is always spoken of as THE Boy. No power on earth can persuade me that he ever possessed a surname.

The particular specimen of the Boy tribe who has honoured my house by making it his place of meals and the scene of his varied inactivities is a weedy, pale-faced person of fourteen summers who has a fairly well-pronounced tendency to knock at the knees, and a flow of language (all ill-pronounced) which, though it streams strongly in the passages or the regions adjoining the pantry, becomes suddenly frozen at its dreadful source when one of his employers looms in sight. He can sing too, and does. Every morning, as I sit in my sanctum, I hear him declaiming with a gusto as wonderful as his lack of ear is complete that he proposes henceforth to be a bee and live on honeysuckle. There is also a ditty which states very broadly certain home truths as to the mother-in-law of one BILL, and of this he is particularly fond.

The Boy is supposed by those who know nothing about him to rise very early in the morning, and to begin bustling cheerfully about his tasks. But here again his failure is painful and extensive—at least if one may credit what the butler says. Certain it is that the Boy has few, if any, friends. The butler, as I have hinted, pours scorn on his early rising; the footman, smarting under the conviction, impressed upon him by his mistress, that he himself has neglected some duty, takes it out of the boy in cuffs; and the cook, a pattern of benevolence, openly denounces his uncontrollable, butcher's-bill-increasing appetite. I cannot believe that an abhorrence so universal is entirely undeserved. Yet it is marvellous how in this atmosphere of enmity the Boy maintains his impudence, his incapacity, and his gift of casual song, to say nothing of his determination to fray the edges of his trousers, to lead a soapless life, and to be deprived in some mysterious way of the buttons that should adorn his jacket. He is, of course, supported by a tonic sense of martyrdom, for he must realise that, while he is debited and discredited with every fault committed in the household, his size and his lack of years make it impossible for him to defend himself against the countless injustices that are perpetrated upon him. For instance, this morning, when the mistress of the house asked the butler in a tone of frost, "Who hasn't filled the library coal-scuttle?" the butler, instead of answering, as truth permitted him, "King EDWARD THE SEVENTH," or "Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR," or "Sir OLIVER LODGE," at once said "The Boy," and added, under his breath, that he would dust the young rascal's



THE UN-LICKED CUB.

[The New Zealanders have met several of our best Rugby teams, and easily defeated them.]



IN COUNTY CLARE.

"GLORY TO GOODNESS! SURE 'TIS A MOTOR-CAR. WHERE'S ME COAT? BAD SCRAN TO IT, IT'S OVER YONDER ON ME SPADE. NIVER MIND, DARLINT, I'LL PUT ME WAISTCOAT OVER YOUR PURTY FACE THE WAY YE WON'T SEE THE GREAT MURDERIN' SPLUTHERIN' DIVIL."

jacket. This, I haven't the least doubt, he did promptly and with zeal, for the butler, of whom I hope to say something on another occasion, is a stark man of his hands and is frequently addicted to the truth. I assume, however, that the Boy not only survived but was not much hurt, for this afternoon I saw him deviously making his way to the post-office, having under his cheek a bulge of apple, which did not prevent him from exchanging a series of highly elaborated insults with the Boy of a neighbouring establishment. His careless ferocity turned swiftly to meekness when he perceived me; and the other Boy, not being similarly restrained by the presence of his master, got in a last and blood-curdling piece of abuse.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. I.

GEORGE JOLLIBOIS, my excellent old friend, whom I have neither seen nor heard from since we last parted in Paris some years ago, took it into his hospitable head to invite me to witness *Les Vendanges* (this is not the name of a French play, but expresses the harvest time of the grapes) in the Médoc country where he passes a considerable part of the year.

"It will give you," he wrote in excellent English, "two days and a-half by sea from London to Bordeaux; and then as long as you like *chez moi*; et après you can return to London *via* Southampton. Wire 'Yes,' and you will find your berth secured *aller et retour*. In three days' time from now I will meet you à l'hôtel Terminus, Bordeaux."

Did I hesitate? Not for the millionth part of a second.

"*Mon cher*," I wired, at twopence halfpenny a word, "*j'y suis*." As my excellent host had said, so it was all done; and more, as he at once telegraphed, "*JUDKIN is coming; he will be company for you*." JUDKIN is an excellent chap; capital companion, - at least I believe so. I take him on trust. We arrange to meet on Saturday at the Thames Navigation Wharf, and sail by *La Hirondelle*.

With only two bags, and necessary encumbrances of waterproof, rug, and umbrella, I went, *per* Underground Railway, to the far East of London. Here, difficulty to find four-wheeler. At last, in vehicle of one (dilapidated) cab-horse power, we pass the Tower: descending a slippery stone-paved hill, we suddenly find ourselves in labyrinth of warehouses fifteen floors high. The lane winds like the Thames, and the stream of traffic would flow smoothly enough but for its being temporarily choked at intervals by blocks, sometimes perfect icebergs, of traffic. Occasionally these melt away, and we pass along for some fifty yards or so. Another block. Swung high up above our heads are two heavy bales, various threatening crates of enormous capacity, and, further on, when we can move, we shall pass along, like a modern *DAMOCLES en voyage*, with all sorts of dangers in a state of suspense over our heads, that is, the cabman's (unprotected), and mine (protected). There are heavy chests bound (in iron) for Bordeaux, packing-cases packed, big barrels—in fact, anything that, being portable by machinery, could be available for containing anything, however big or heavy, that somebody might wish to send for a change to Bordeaux. Packages mostly in the air at present, as if about to pay flying visits. Some in waggons, some in the last (landing) stage

of transitional existence. It seems as if several giants, with their families and households, bent on immediately going out of town, had settled on taking sea trip, and were now just in the middle of transporting their necessary baggage.

In face of these apparently impenetrable and certainly insuperable obstacles, our gruff-and-grumble cabby becomes the most obsequious of men. In a cajoling tone he addresses himself to the giants' carmen. "I say, old man," says he, wagging his head knowingly, "couldn't you just give us a inch or two? We've to catch a boat at the wharf." "Back a bit, Guv'nor," says the jovial-looking carman, roughly but genially. "Guv'nor" obeys his order. Then a lane is somehow opened out for us, kindly leaving quite a couple of inches between the wheels of our cab and those of the carts. Along this we crawl. There is no policeman visible anywhere. Constables, if required, might spring out of some of the barrels, as the forty thieves would have done had not their intention been cleverly anticipated by *Morgiana*. There is no one to regulate, or control, the congested traffic; it is evidently one of those things that is all done by kindness. Irritate a carman in this narrow lane down by the docks, and if he chooses to stop the way you won't get to Bordeaux this week. That's a certainty. The order of the day is, "Who would catch a boat must keep his temper."

At last! Everybody comes to the boat that waits. "For the Bordeaux boat?" asks a porter, who, in a grimy blouse, suggests the idea of a stoker whose ablutions, just commenced, have been suddenly interrupted.

Yes. Let there be no mistake. The *Hirondelle*. "That's 'er, Sir." And while I am settling up with the cabman, the active member of the Partially Washed, carrying my bags, disappears among a lot of casks, barrels, rope ends, girders, iron spanners, chains, horse-boxes, and odds and ends of all sorts. There is a gangway from the wharf leading on to the deck of *La Hirondelle*. After dodging several mechanical effects and providentially escaping from under a horse-box which is making an aerial ascent, the horse in it looking out over the scene with an air of quiet amusement, I cross the gangway crouching and then stand erect, as did Mr. Micawber to face his fellow man, on board *La Hirondelle*. I look about me. No one I know. Groups talking together. JUDKIN, my intended companion, not visible. Suddenly I remember my bags; and with them the porter. Gratuity bestowed and porter withdraws. No JUDKIN. Perhaps not coming. A sharp, dapper little man politely requests me to identify myself. I do so, and he does the same service for himself on my behalf, informing me that he is the agent of Mr. GEORGE JOLLIBOIS, from MAISON JOLLIBOIS ET C^{IE}, and has orders to see that everything is all right for JUDKIN and self before we start. Being practical, Mr. Gray, the agent, summons the steward, whom I at once recognise as having been of the greatest service to me years ago on some other ship. No time for reminiscences. I ask him "Does he know JUDKIN?" He refers to his list. Certainly, he recognises the name. "You mean," he asks, "Mr. J. H. JUDKIN, your fellow-passenger?"

I do not like the sound of "fellow" passenger. "Here is your cabin," says WILLIAMS, the steward, opening a door at the head of the stairs, right-hand corner, and showing a cabin as neat as one could wish. Berth above and berth below. Having my suspicions, I at once ask, "Have I got it all to myself?" Steward is doubtful. Good heavens! Not all to myself!! Then, in spite of all JOLLIBOIS' kind promises, in spite of his tempting invitation, in spite of my great personal regard for JUDKIN (who may be the best fellow in the world), I would rather turn back at the last moment than have another individual, no matter who he may be, sharing my cabin.

Mr. Gray is certain it can be arranged. Steward says it depends on whether there may be a passenger short or not. At this moment JUDKIN himself turns up from below. Our

greeting is not marked by the enthusiastic cordiality that characterised our parting years ago.

JUDKIN is a difficulty. I take the bull—that is JUDKIN—by the horns.

"I don't object to sleeping two in a cabin if *you* don't," he says to me, accommodatingly.

"I do object," I return, emphatically.

He tries to make some stupid old joke on the word "berth." If anything could have determined me on ridding myself of JUDKIN as a stable companion, it is his having indulged in this very stupid old joke. Fortunately at this instant up comes the steward with Mr. GRAY. There are three persons unavoidably detained ashore; they have sent telegrams. A berth is entirely at JUDKIN's disposal; where he can be all alone, and can practise his own jokes to himself as much as he likes, and die of laughing at them into the bargain, if he chooses. JUDKIN is reinstated as my friend.

Bell sounds. Mr. GRAY departs. *Bon voyage!* Crowd melts and is carried away behind the ship, which apparently doesn't move. The wharf, with tubs, casks, and odds and ends still on it and Mr. GRAY waving his hand, swiftly floats away, going astern, and in another few minutes it is forced upon my powers of observation that we are proceeding at a comparatively swift pace on our way towards the mouth of the Thames, which is opening voraciously at the sound of "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." It is 1.30 and we throng into the dining saloon, where our stewards place us, as if for some game, and in a general way direct our movements. The river traffic occupies the Captain's attention; so at lunch he is unable to preside.

Passengers, not in couples, are a bit sly of one another at first. The places at our table opposite to JUDKIN and myself are vacant. Both of us being anxious to watch the vessel's progress down the river, we hurry over the mid-day meal and return to the deck.

I am saluted by somebody giving me a hearty slap on the back. I hate hearty slaps anywhere. I am about to protest, when the slapper comes in front of me, which he might just as easily have done at first, and, holding out the offending right hand, in a Crammery sort of fashion, he exclaims:

"Well! by Jove! this is first rate!"

It is BILLY BICKERSTIFF; in full, Colonel WILLIAM BICKERSTIFF, whose welcome I return with as much cordiality as can possibly be expected to be shown by one man to another who has just, to put it nautically, taken the wind out of his sails.

"Hallo! Colonel," I say, "this *is* a treat!"

"Going across to Bordeaux, eh?" asks the Colonel. His observations and deductions are always so original.

JUDKIN, to whom I introduce the Colonel, remarks that his guess as to our destination is a peculiarly sharp one, as this boat is only bound for Bordeaux.

BILLY laughs. He enjoys a joke. "Good boat this," says he. Then, without pause, he tells us its tonnage, carrying power, what it takes and doesn't take, and how often he has travelled by this or some other on the same line, until JUDKIN and I settle down in our deck chairs.

"We shall meet again! *Au revoir!*" cries BILLY, cheerily, turning to descend.

"So long!" says JUDKIN, sententiously.

A delightful evening on the river as the sun goes down. We shall be very soon dropping the pilot and making towards the French coast.

In these days of seismic disturbances we are not surprised to hear of entire towns being removed to another neighbourhood. This is what seems to have happened at Leamington and Malvern, which figure in the *Daily Telegraph* under the romantic heading, "By the Silver Sea."

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

(Illustrated by examples drawn from real life.)

AGREEING TO PURCHASE A MOTOR-CAR.

Letter from Sir LIMPET LUCK, a Baronet of sporting tastes, after a week's trial of a Puanteur car, which he likes by far the best out of the fourteen varieties which he had been trying, to the Puanteur Motor Car Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 301, Long Acre, in reply to one from them enclosing a prospectus of their business and enlarging upon the merits of their car, agreeing to keep the same, and informing them at the same time that he will no longer require the services of their chauffeur, a very agreeable Swiss mechanic, aged twenty-seven, with a wife and two children in the canton of Berne, and a licence up to the present entirely free from endorsement.

Stork Castle, Wildon, R.S.O.

Sept. 4, 19—.

Sir LIMPET LUCK has decided to take the car at £780. He is sending LE-MERCIER back.

CONGRATULATIONS ON BIRTH OF MALE CHILD FROM DISAPPOINTED HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

Letter from the brother of a peer who for many years has indulged the reasonable hope of succeeding to the title and estates, his brother being an invalid and childless, and has even raised a considerable amount of money on his property and talked very freely of what he meant to do when the time came, to his brother the Earl, who, after being married for fifteen years without issue has been presented by his wife, a daughter of the Tomato King, an American millionaire, with a son, congratulating him on his good fortune.

94, The Albany,

April 8, 19—.

MY DEAR BILL,—It is impossible for me to say how glad I am. Yours,

HARRY.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Letter from a gentleman of middle age who has retired from business and does nothing all day but watch his investments, play the pianola, and occasionally go to tea with his niece, the wife of a reporter a few streets distant from his own home, which consists of two rooms at Forest Gate, the landlady of which is a Mrs. RIBBONS, the widow of a fish salesman at Billingsgate whose Lodge gave him a very handsome funeral in '89, to a lady in rooms across the road, at No. 8, who has a small dachshund dog and takes the "Church Times," after several months of faint intimacy during which he has been asking himself continually if he really



Friend (below). "ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHEN I THROW YOU THE ROPE IS TO MAKE IT FAST TO THAT PROJECTION OVER YOUR HEAD, AND LOWER YOURSELF DOWN!"

wishes to marry or not, and has at last made up his mind that he does.

3, Milton Road, Forest Gate,
December 8, 19—.

DEAR MISS LUCKIN,—Will you marry me? I am forty-five, have £350 a year, and am insured on the most favourable scale for £2000. An answer will oblige

Your obedient servant,
HORACE HOME.

Catastrophe in the Fur Trade.

IN King's Lynn, says the *Standard*, "they had the highest tide that they had had for the past two-and-twenty years, and as a consequence great havoc was wrought there amongst the goods stored in waterside warehouses, rats being drowned literally by the thousand."

Spots on the Sun.

- EVEN the best and most loyal natures sometimes lapse from their single-eyed fidelity, as is shown by the following notice in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

"STRAYED from —, devoted Persian Cat (blind of one eye)."

More Reckless Motor-Driving.

"MARIE STUDIOLME," says the *Royal Magazine*, "is a motorist, and in her own garden is a terror to caterpillars when they are eating." We confess that there is something peculiarly sinister in the suggestion that this lady deliberately runs over her victims at the moment when they are preoccupied with their meals.

SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

(Being a domestic drama composed by an infant of ten summers, who, after reaching mature years, retrieved it from a box containing her toy theatre, and copied it out with faithful reproduction of the original spelling and punctuation.)

ACTERS

Baron Hearth
Sir Collins
Lady Hearth (the Baron's daughter)
James (the Baron's valet)
Clensdale (Capt of the Baron's men)
Wilson
Williams
Tim the Baron's men
Tom

3 Acts & 3 Sciens

Act I Scien I (enter Lady Hearth)

L. Hearth What father not home yet (looking out of window) and such a frosty night (she calls out) James (enter James)

James yes my lady

L. Hearth Have you had any news from London about my fathers return

James no my Lady (bell rings)

L. Hearth Listen that may be father (bell rings) go quickly and see (exit James)

L. Hearth Who can it be if it is not Father (enter James)

James my lady it is a note for you brought by one of my lord's men saying I shall return to morrow morning at 10 o'clock B. Hearth

L. Hearth has the man gone

James no my lady

L. Hearth then Be quick and give me a pen & paper (she writes) . . . tell the man to deliver this to its owner from Lady Hearth

James yes my lady (exit James)

L. Hearth (taking a chair and sitting down) I have written a hurried note telling Sir Collins to come here as my father is out I love him almost more than any one we have always loved each other since we were children much to my father's horror for he hates all the Collins family he said there is a fude between them of which the Collinses take no notice and he swears he will have the house search if he suspects me of having him in the house (knock at door 3)

(L. Hearth approaches door and says) is that you Sir Collins

(Sir Collins in a whisper) yes let me in quick (enter Collins)

S. Collins I got your not all right shu What was that

L. Hearth Henry hide quickly (he does so)

(enter James)

James My lady my lady there is some one in the house I heard him talking in a wisper

L. Hearth go away (laughing) your

getting old it was only your stupid fansey (James exit) (Sir Collins comes from hiding plaes)

L. Hearth but Sir Collins what is that noise again hide quick again

S. Collins (slowly) it is the tramp of the Barons men

L. Hearth no it cant be (faints) & curtain

2 Act Scien 2 2 weeks

L. Hearth To weeks have past and I have not heard from Sir Collins and I have not felt half so well since that fright I had and after all it was only James and the gardeners who had come for there wages

B. Hearth (behind scien to James) oh I cant bother about dinner Ask my daughter And besides prehaps I shant be here to dinner go and pack my box As I tell you I want to leave this house in ten minutes (enter Baron Hearth)

L. Hearth (laughing) Well father I here you are going away I shall have a lonely evening only as you have left the dinner to me I shall have something to do

B. Hearth Well I am Blessed I thought you were out for a walk

L. Hearth you thought wrong but I have been for a walk

B. Hearth well goodbye

L. Hearth good bye (exit B. Hearth)

L. Hearth James

James yes my lady

L. Hearth take this note to Sir Collins

James yes my lady (exit James)

L. Hearth Sir Collins will soon be hear (bell rings) this cant be him (she goes to door and says) come in (enter Clensdale)

L. Hearth Clensdale

Clens my lady

L. Hearth what pray do you want hear at this time of night

Clens My Lady I am sent by my master with a warrant to ask you if any one is in the house besides James if you wont answer I must surch the house is there any one or not in the house I want your answer

L. Hearth I am Mistress hear when my father is away leave this house at once my answer is NO Curtain

Act 3 Scien 3

(enter Sir Collins finding Lady Hearth sleeping taps her on the shoulder)

S. Collins wake up quickly

L. Hearth who is that

S. Collins Sir Collins

L. Hearth Clensdale came here and etc etc (tells him all)

S. Collins they are shore to come to night

L. Hearth If so there is a trap door under the carpet in wich you can hide

S. Collins shu they are foreing open the back door the trap door quick (before

he has time to get right in the trap door Clensdale and men enter sieze S. Collins Suddenly Baron Hearth enters)

B. Hearth What is this (Lady H tells her tail)

B. Hearth loose this man And you Clensdale I shall send you and your men to custody (turning to L. Hearth and S. Collins) I give my consent to your marriage as this wrong has been done you for I never mensond this to Clensdale

Clensdale (turning to B. Hearth) then you are putting a sheep in wolfs clothing into custody

B. Hearth no you are a wolf in sheep clothing and Lady Hearth is the sheep in wolfs clothing Curtain

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE VON BÉLOW having made a reference to his country's projected isolation, the Sultan of TURKEY has hastened to assure him that, in return for past and future favours, Germany may always rely on his support.

Negotiations, it is said, are now on foot for the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance between Norway and Sweden. We understand that Norway will take the offensive part, while Sweden will do the rest.

It is a pleasant change to hear of practical use being made of the lessons of the Boer War. A constable at Chester has declared that after the War many poachers adopted khaki clothing, as they had discovered that the colour was a protection against the police.

At the Church Missionary meeting at Norwich, the Chairman asked for £100 as the day's collections, and the grand total of the offertories reached £99 19s. 11d. Could not Mr. CARNEGIE be asked to make up the deficiency?

The inventor of the crinoline has died. We hope that this may serve as a warning to others who may be thinking of devising any such hideous fashion.

Dover has been visited by millions of small black flies from the Channel. London still has to be content with the old-fashioned four-wheelers.

A rag and bone dealer of Zivettte, Austria, died, leaving all the money he possessed, amounting to £160, for the benefit of his twelve cats. The man's relatives are now disputing the will, and the result of the case, which is looked upon as a test one, is being anxiously awaited by all cats who have expectations.

"The number of noted Scottish houses," says *The World and His Wife*, "where the lady shot is made really welcome is comparatively small." We must confess that we ourselves prefer a lady who has not been shot.

There are some natures—and, frankly, we admire them—which see poetry in everything. In the list of "Books Received" in a recent issue of the *Daily News*, under the heading "Poetry" appeared (*inter alia*) the following items:—

Peace, and Other Poems. By F. BAINES.

Military Hygiene. By R. CALDWELL.

How to Invest Money. By E. R. GARDOTT.

Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu. By W. A. DUNNING.

Another unfortunate misprint! A blameless lady has been called "The apostle of the Simple Lie."

The trustees of a new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral have decided to change the faces of thirty or forty female angels which formed part of the original scheme of decoration, because of the protests of several clergymen, who pointed out that the Bible does not mention female angels. Fortunately the alterations will not present much difficulty, the addition of a beard or a moustache being a comparatively easy matter.

A correspondent wishes to know which is the smartest regiment in the British Army. We presume, the 1st Bucks.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has published an article on "The Japanese Smile." We understand that, owing to exigencies of space, "The Russian Smile" was crowded out.

The King of STAM, whom one had imagined to be a man of poor physique, has opened as many as twelve and a half miles of tramways in Bangkok.

Cremation makes slow but steady headway. Three motor hearses will shortly be at work in Paris.

It is announced that a man 7 ft. 10 ins. high and weighing 255 lbs. has just joined the German army. France is none the less determined not to make any concessions in Morocco.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, it is announced, has withdrawn *The Conqueror*, because the public did not like it. The public, we feel sure, will appreciate the concession.



MUSIC HATH NOT ALL THE CHARMS.

Young Lady (philanthropically slumming). "AND IF YOU COME TO THE MEETING TO-MORROW NIGHT YOU'LL HEAR ME PLAY THE ORGAN."

Guttersnipe. "OH, MISS, AND WILL YOU HAVE A MONKEY?"

Owing to a strike of the pharmacy employes at St. Petersburg, the public are unable to obtain medicines, and patients are recovering in hundreds.

The current number of the *Strand Magazine* contains an article on "The effect of diet on the face." The most disastrous effect we have ever seen was caused by giving a small boy, three years old, some bread and jam.

H.M.S. *Powerful* has lost its pet, *Peter*, the goat, and the Admiralty has decided to abolish the ram on other vessels.

"THE DENE-HOLES OF ESSEX."—Such was a startling heading in a recent number of the *Times*. In our time there has been only one Dean HOLE (bless his memory!) and he was of Rochester.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

THE splendour of the Year has gone.
The summer skies are overcast;
Down the dark slope the Year moves on
To his dead fathers in the Past.

He hears no twittering from the eaves,
Nor music from the haggard bough;
He stoops, and twines the fallen leaves
Into a chaplet for his brow.

Beneath his shadow as he goes
The last sad lily pines away;
The rose—the very royal rose—
Drops, and is trampled in the clay.

O golden Summer merged in gloom,
O glory of the land, adieu!
Autumn has come, and I resume
My yearly cold—Atish! Ashoo!
DUM-DUM.



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING—No. I.

HE MAKES HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A MOUNTAIN PATH, A HIGHLAND PONY, AND A PACK-SADDLE—NONE OF WHICH HE APPRECIATES AS HE SHOULD.

THE AGE OF EDUCATION.

THE scrubbing-brush is idle; the pick-axe and the spade
Lie rotten, forgotten—unused of man or maid.
The hands that once were horny will no longer bear the stain
Of toiling and moiling—this is the age of brain;
For why should people labour when a thoughtful L.C.C.
Befriends them and sends them to read for a degree?

They're burning for learning,
Their culture-craving hearts
Are turning with yearning
To pedagogic arts
And the golden stores of knowledge
In a Correspondence College.

MARIE ANN'S "selected," though her skirts but reach her
knees,

To figure, when bigger, among the girl P.T.'s;
Before she puts her pigtail up and takes to using "Hinde's,"
MARIE will try her fair hand on youthful minds.
Instead of helping Mother with the babies in the slums
She'll hammer at grammar, psychology and sums.

She's burning, &c.

The policeman's son's an ex-P.T., and views, with nose
turned up,
Pickpocket, lost locket, and law-defying pup;
The butcher's boy is reading for "Matric." and doesn't care
A button for mutton—his fancies fly elsewhere;

• Pupil Teachers.

The grocer's lad is busy with his "Inter. Arts," and he's
Forsaken the bacon, the butter and the cheese.

They're turning, &c.

When all the world are graduates at twenty pounds a year,
When biceps and triceps begin to disappear,
There'll be a boom in muscle, and the navy's day will dawn
All sunny, when money goes hand in hand with brawn.
And so farewell to Trinity, for soon I hope to find
Brick-laying more paying than any skill of mind.

I'm turning from learning,
My money-craving heart
Is burning with yearning
To ply the hodman's art,
And forget the worthless knowledge
Which I gathered up at College.

"If Youth but knew."

UNDER this title "KAPPA" has been writing in the
Westminster Gazette to prove, amongst other things, that
too much time is devoted to athletics in our schools. And
now our contemporary says: "We give this morning a
first selection of the large number of letters which have
reached us during the last few days on the series of articles
by our contributor 'KAPPA' dealing with public-school educa-
tion, which was brought to a close last Saturday." What, no
more education? If youth but knew!



WHY NOT?

FRANCE (to RUSSIA). "AREN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE WITH MR. BULL?"

RUSSIA. "I THINK I SHOULD RATHER LIKE TO, IF HE WOULDN'T TREAD ON MY TOES."

FRANCE. "OH, BUT HE WON'T. HE'S IMPROVED IMMENSELY. I FIND HIM ADORABLE!"



THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. I.—How to TAKE A CAB.

CABS as we know them to-day may be taken in at least two ways. The Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX, when in the process of sowing his wild oats, is said to have taken a cab whose driver or "jarvey" was asleep inside, and driven it to the City Temple, where he left it. The famous principle of common law, however, that

He who would steal a pin

Would steal some greater thing,

is now held to apply to cabs as well as to bank-notes and postal-orders, and anyone who would "take a cab" in the sense of appropriating it to his own use without paying for it would soon find himself in trouble, and even liable to a severe punishment.

No. When you announce your intention of "taking a cab" from one place to another, what you actually mean is that the cab is going to take you. It is one of those little inversions of speech common in our language about which there is no difficulty, as they are universally understood.

Let us suppose that you wish to drive from your house in Piccadilly to your Club in the Strand. (You probably do not live in Piccadilly, and there are no Clubs in the Strand, but the example will suffice.) You go out into the street, hold up your stick or umbrella and call out "Hi!" By these means you are understood to be hailing a cab, and two or more hansoms will instantly dash up to you from different directions, the respective drivers of which will immediately start abusing one another. Select the one who comes off *worst* in the contest. He will be more easily disposed of at the end of the journey.

When you have told the driver where you wish him to go, climbed up into the cab, and given a penny to the street loafer who has picked up your hat (which has been knocked off into the mud by the reins), you will have nothing more to do until you reach your journey's end, except sit still and examine yourself in the small pieces of looking-glass supplied for that purpose. In some of the best-appointed hansoms you will find a box of matches and the stump end of a cigar in a little tray by your elbow. It is not advisable to smoke the latter, but there is no objection to your filling your own matchbox from the stock provided. If the horse falls down, sit where you are until he gets up again, and leave somebody else to take the seat of honour on his head.

Arrived at your destination, get out and pay the cabman a shilling. He will hold it in his palm, regard it sceptically and ask, "What's this?" His question is in the nature of a rhetorical utterance,



TRIALS OF A FIANCÉ.

Young Lady (to Fiancé, who has rashly promised to teach her to shoot). "TELL ME, GEORGE, WHEN YOU WANT TO TAKE OUT THE LITTLE RED THINGS, YOU PULL THIS THING BELOW, DON'T YOU?"

for he knows perfectly well what it is. You will reply briefly, "It is your fare," and turn away as if you wished to close the incident. The cabman will then ask if you call yourself a gentleman, and without waiting for a reply will give you to understand that in his opinion your conduct unfits you for the society of your fellow creatures. By this time you will have enticed him off his box into the vestibule of your Club, where you can deal with the situation unhampered by a crowd of spectators.

You will now be in a position to play your trump card. This will take the form of an allusion to the subject of horticulture. In some subtle way you will imply that your adversary's real calling is that of a gardener. You may say, "You ought to be earthing up your celery, not driving a cab;" or, "I suppose there wasn't anything to do in the garden when they sent you out."

This will drive him into a state of apoplectic incoherency, and you must at once follow up your advantage by demanding his number. Press this point firmly. He will at first retort by asking for your card, intimating his intention of summoning you if it costs him a day's work. Do not give him your card, but ask him for his number again, and continue to ask for it until he goes away. He will do so eventually, after a final contemptuous reference to your appearance, birth and behaviour, which you will affect to receive with indifference.

It follows from the foregoing remarks that a man with capabilities for repartee will be in a better position to take a cab than a fool. But those of the slowest wits need not despair of being eventually able to cope with the most abusive of cabmen. Stick to the word "gardener" and you will never suffer crushing defeat.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BAD SHOT.

In all other respects I have a tolerably good opinion of myself. Also I am good at games, as the saying is—cricket, football (that was in my palmy days), croquet, golf, and the rest of them. At all of these I flatter myself that I am a better performer than the average middle-aged Briton. But when it comes to partridges and pheasants, games in fact in the singular number, which have—no, has—to be shot at, I lose every atom of self-confidence which I possess, and endure a martyrdom of self-conscious agony. I arrive—let me describe my sensations for the benefit of my fellow-sufferers—at the scene of my self-inflicted torture by the train which lands me there in time to dress for dinner. So far so good. Previously, on the platform of the London terminus, I have nervously scanned my fellow travellers, and carefully avoided getting into the same carriage with anyone whose *impedimenta* included a gun-case, so as not to prolong unnecessarily the agony which I am about to endure.

For that is the simple fact. It is almost unmingled agony to me to join a shooting party. And yet, as one finds a certain painful pleasure in poking at an aching tooth, I do it, very occasionally, because—I suppose because I have to live up to my birthright as an Englishman. Every well-bred male Briton is popularly expected to be a sportsman, just as he is credited with the ability to ride, and a complete knowledge of the points of a horse. The horse I can manage, when I am not on his back, and it is comparatively easy to refuse a mount. Also, by a judicious avoidance of technical terms, such as "pastern" and "hock," it is not difficult, when you are doing the stables after lunch on Sunday, to affect, to your own satisfaction at all events, a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the geography of the noble animal. I can slap him on the flank, or whatever the correct term is, and say "get over," with any man in England. But shooting is different. I cannot, except on rare occasions, succeed in hitting what I aim at with a gun. Consequently I do not enjoy the society or the conversation of those who can.

Before the shoot begins, if I pretend to any practical acquaintance with the sport, I am uneasily conscious that in a few hours I shall be regarded as an impostor. And yet, *que faire?*

To feign ignorance is to be looked upon as a dangerous shot, a mad dog to be avoided at all hazards. Consequently I (or perhaps I may say you, for I have a suspicion that there are plenty of us) talk in the evening as though I were a normally good shot, well knowing that

in the morning I shall be revealed in my true colours. And all through dinner, and afterwards at Bridge (I always play Bridge on these occasions, though I've no memory for cards, because, being a silent game, it makes sporting conversation impossible) I suffer, how I suffer, because I know what the morrow will bring forth.

The morrow dawns, and I feel in my bones, from my first appearance at breakfast, that the other men, and the women too, have already seen through my pinchbeck mask. Why on earth, I ask myself, with dismal self-reproach, was I such an idiot as to accept my host's invitation? I might so easily have said that I had another engagement, or even that I could not shoot. ARTHUR BALFOUR doesn't shoot, and he, like me, is a male Briton. But then he is Prime Minister. And a Prime Minister's record is already so black that nothing, not even the inability to shoot, can make it worse. But still, I *might* have been playing golf, or even sporting with AMARYLLIS on the croquet-lawn. There are numbers of Amaryllises here, but I feel instinctively that they shun me with one accord—because I cannot shoot. If it were cricket, now, the most difficult of all games, the case would be different. The best cricketer in the world may miss a catch or get out for nothing. And even if you are a self-confessed or a detected "rabbit," no one despises you for it. But to miss one is anathema marmatha.

The first drive begins. It is always a drive nowadays, which makes matters worse than they used to be. Over dogs I do sometimes hit. Once I even got a right and left. But at the end of a drive, when an officious keeper comes up and asks what birds I have got, attention is drawn to my want of success in a way from which there is no escape. When the next drive is over he doesn't ask, he merely looks, and after that he doesn't even go through the formality of looking for the birds which I ought to have shot. If by some lucky chance I do hold my gun straight, it makes no difference; the man next me, whom, privately, I consider to be almost as bad a shot as myself, always claims the birds which I *know* I have killed, and I am far too generous, or, to tell the truth, far too certain that my protest will be unavailing, to dispute the point. Before lunch arrives (and, to add to my sufferings, the ladies) I have become one of the least self-respecting creatures on God's earth. Wild ideas of sending myself an imperative telegram next morning recalling me to town, or of cutting my trigger-finger with my razor, flit through my disordered brain. But nothing comes of it. I stay on to the bitter end. For the rest of the shoot I dree my weird, occasionally

knocking over a sluggish bird, always when no one is looking. But nothing can restore my self-respect until I have left the house and all its Nimrods, male and female, behind me. For the time being I am become a criminal and an outcast. And yet what is my crime? I have tried to do the duty which England expects of me. I have gone out after breakfast and endeavoured to kill something, and my only reward is the scorn of my fellow-creatures. Perhaps I even cause them pain, and that hurts me. Which proves that I am no true sportsman. A true sportsman never feels really bad about the pain he inflicts.

MUSICAL NOTES.

As erroneous reports of the name and contents of RICHARD STRAUSS's coming symphony have been widely circulated in the organs of the hardware industry, we think it advisable to state the truth of the matter once and for all. It is *not* true that the title of the work is "*Symphonia Turbinia*," or that it is dedicated to Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S. The sober fact is that the new work will be entitled "*Systematica Discordia*," and that its aim is to translate into terms of music some of the most striking features of railway travelling.

The first Section will deal with goods—in which especial prominence will be given to a strepitous episode for milk cans,—the relative merit of trucks of the American and English patterns, and cognate topics. Attention is especially directed to an idyllic passage over which is written in the full score "The Stoker's Bath," where the turbid character of the instrumentation is noticeable, while the composer's preference for liquid fuel as opposed to coal is delicately indicated in the scale passages in the *Coda*. Sect. II., "*Maestoso assai*," is headed "Parliamentary Trains," and is of a uniformly tranquil character, punctuated here and there with an impressive *lunga pausa*. The principal subject is of a distinctly South Eastern type, and in the working out humorous employment is made of a characteristic figure representing an Irish engine-driver stopping suddenly to refresh himself at a wayside inn. Sect. III., "The Express," is cast in the form of a *moto perpetuo* or non-stop run, which is maintained with unflagging energy, passing without a brake into the superbly sonorous Finale (Section IV.) headed "Collision." Here RICHARD STRAUSS has exerted all his powers, with a result that can only be described as Pandemoniacal. Indeed the President of the Amalgamated Society of Boiler Makers, who has been specially retained to assist in the rehearsals of the instruments of percussion,



'Arry. "Hi, there! You there! Hi! Come off the grass, can't you? Don't you see the Notice? It's the likes of you trespassin' chaps as makes 'em shut their Parks."

Noble Owner. "Oh, I beg pardon. I forgot the Notice. I'll come off at once!"

is enthusiastic in his praise of the score, and says, "In the whole of my life I have never been so riveted before."

The "Railway Symphony" will be performed on April 1 at the Queen's Hall, and Mr. ROBERT NEWMAN has already made extensive preparations for carrying out the intentions of the gifted composer with a realism and completeness unprecedented in the annals of programme music. Thus, in the Collision Section (*Presto fraccassoso*), the orchestra will be reinforced by the following extras:—

Twenty-four Chinese geese, to imitate the escape of steam from the wrecked engines.

Four Burmese gongs.

Two steam hammers.

Six pompoms.

One complete Javanese Gamelan.

Four cow-catchers.

Twenty surgeons.

Five anaesthetists.
Sixteen stretcher-bearers.
Ten naphtha flare-holders.

It may interest our readers to learn that the Chinese geese, which have been selected on account of their superior sibilatory prowess and are now being trained at Hissarlik, will be accommodated in the organ loft, and will be placed under the exclusive control of Mr. Otto Twice, who has long been a corresponding member of the Ornithological Society. To lend further verisimilitude to the performance Mr. NEWMAN has thoughtfully arranged that the leading officials of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade (Colonel H. A. YORKE, R.E. and Colonel P. G. VOX DONOR, R.E.), and the editors of *Bradshaw* and the *A.B.C. Guide*, shall be accommodated with seats in the orchestra, while tablets of corridor soap, Bunbury cakes, and luncheon baskets will be circulated

amongst the audience. The attendants will be dressed as railway guards or porters, but it is requested that no gratuities will be given them.

Encouraged by the success which has attended STRAUSS's "*Symphonia Domestica*," KRELIK has composed a Nursery Overture entitled "*Gemini; or, A Day in the Life of my Twins*." A peculiar feature of the score is that there are two parts for every instrument in the orchestra down to the triangle, and that the use of triplets is rigorously eschewed. The slow movement takes the form of a duet for two muted double-bassinettes. Professor MELLIN HORLICK, the famous Viennese infantologist, has written a masterly analysis of the new work, in which he declares that the florid counterpoint in the whooping-cough episode in the *finale* cannot be matched in the whole range of BACU's compositions.

PERFECTING THE PARENT.

"It is a great development of the times that the ordinary child who is past twenty is altogether better educated, more experienced and wiser than are his parents! It has occurred to me to suggest that after the eldest child reaches twenty the parents should, therefore, come under the control of the children." *From a letter to the "Graphic."*

PENDING the time when the above suggestion shall be universally adopted, we have pleasure in submitting one or two hints as to the management of parents which have been prepared for us by an expert.

It is a great mistake to suppose that any parent is amenable to reason, and it is because many children forget this point that so much friction is caused in a number of families. Fathers especially have a most unfortunate idea that because they have lived in the world some twenty or thirty years longer than their children, and have had more experience of men and things, therefore they know better than their offspring what course should be pursued in any given circumstance.

Firmness as a factor in the successful rearing of parents cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The child that allows its father or mother to get the upper hand will inevitably regret this foolish lenience. It is not, moreover, a difficult matter, a well-trained parent being as docile as a lamb. Preferably this part of a parent's up-bringing should be commenced while the child is still an occupant of the cradle. Should a mother attempt to move away from the cot while the babe is awake, screams, cries, and, if necessary, convulsions, should be brought into play until the errant woman returns. The habits of obedience thus learnt will not be easily forgotten.

During the first ten or fifteen years of a child's life much may be done in the way of training. For a child who has the well-being of his parents at heart there are many courses open which, if used intelligently, will eventually cause them to look with pride upon their father and mother. Too much strictness with a parent is to be deprecated. They should be humoured in all sorts of ways, provided always that the indulgence craved will not act to their detriment.

There is, for example, a very harmless little pleasure which may be accorded to nearly all parents; a pleasure which never seems to fail to delight them. It is produced by that sacrifice of time and

energy which is known as "going to school." A child indulging his parents in this little relaxation rarely regrets his generosity. The parent, with that blind faith in human nature which is his most charming characteristic, may believe that "going to school" and "being educated" are synonymous terms; but, of course, the intelligent child knows better. However, the sacrifice is so small a one to make, and it is regarded by parents with such evident delight, that children who are earnestly endeavouring to train their parents are all advised to make it.

Of the two subdivisions into which parents may be divided, the female

intention to come home as and when you please.

An ancient custom has decreed that the male parent should be permitted to control the finances of the family, and that the child should be given only a certain allowance upon which to support himself. This ridiculous prejudice has often before now led to embarrassment, and it is full time that the matter was given careful consideration by the Children of the Empire. To begin with, it is impossible for a parent to know the many calls which are made upon a child, and therefore the allowance which is made to the latter is invariably inadequate. There seems to be but one

solution possible. Until he has reached the age of say twenty or twenty-one, the child should, perhaps, allow the parent to retain his control over the finances. At that age, after the years of experience which he has had, the parent should know exactly what his own yearly expenditure ought to be, and he should therefore be required to hand over the whole of his money to his child, who will make an allowance of the sum per annum which the parent thinks necessary to support him, always provided that the demand is not exorbitant, and that the finances of the child permit the due and regular payment of the amount.

Provided that obedience in matters of principle is insisted upon, parents may be treated with the utmost consideration and kindness, and nothing but good will come of it. Many a child who to-day is most proud of his parents has granted them almost every facility for enjoying themselves, and not permitted their duty as parents to become a burden to them.

In conclusion: be firm but gentle. Remember that many parents are not half "bad sorts." If you would have your parents a credit to you, spare no effort that will lead to the desired effect. Then, when in years to come you are able to show them to your friends, you can say, with your hand on your heart, that "they have all been trained by kindness."

Wedding Modes for Women.

FROM answers to correspondents under the heading "Manners and Customs" in the *Ladies' Field* we cull the following:—

"IRISH GLADYS.—Certainly a frock-coat should be worn at a smart wedding. The correct style of dress is a frock-coat, a high silk hat, a white waistcoat, a coloured tie, and subtle gloves in light grey or pale lavender. Grey trousers should be worn, and smart black boots."



ANOTHER REFORM IN CHINA.

Suggestion for an up-to-date "Willow Pattern."

section (mothers) is by far the most difficult to cope with. Many a mother who originally had the germs of a well-ordered obedience in her composition has been utterly spoiled by a too lax indulgence of her absurd whims. Who, for instance, has not known the ridiculous disturbance created by a mother on the first occasion on which a son does not return home until after ten o'clock? Some of them, indeed, have been discovered weeping, having convinced themselves, on an entirely baseless ground, that something dreadful must have happened to such son. This weakness, if manifested in a mother, must be firmly and immediately checked. She must clearly be given to understand that you will be seriously annoyed if the thing occurs again, and at the same time she should be informed that it is your



SEPTEMBER.

Pheasant. "HULLO, OLD CHAP! How do? WHAT, REFALLY! GOING TO STAND TREAT AGAIN? WELL, YOU DO KNOW HOW TO DO A FELLOW PROUD!"



OCTOBER.

Same Pheasant. "HERE, I SAY! HANG IT ALL! WHAT HAVE I DONE? LAST MONTH NOTHING WAS TOO GOOD FOR ME, AND NOW I'M BEING CHIVED ALL OVER THE PLACE TILL I'M BLEST IF I KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

FIRST night of Winter Season, Thursday last, October 5. A good opening for any gifted person with a career before her, and when that gifted person is Madame MELBA, the part her favourite one of *Mimi*, the opera our (at one time) special favourite *La Bohème* (as played at Covent Garden with certain eminent persons whose names are not in the present bill), it may be fairly expected that the winter season will be highly successful, if all the operas promised are up to the generally satisfactory level of to-night's *La Bohème*.

For this *première*, our accepted Bohemian Girl, Madame MELBA, was not at her very best; yet did she not play and sing the part as only she can play and sing it? Has not the representative of *Rodolfo*, Signor DE MARCHI, a beautiful voice? *Musetta*, as represented by Signora TRENTINI, is full of "go" and melodiousness. The three Bohemians, *Marcello*, *Colline*, and *Schaunard*, have not been seen to better advantage than when represented by Signori SAMMARCO, DIDER, and NIOLA, while landlord *Benoit* and the elderly beau *Aleindoro* were capitally impersonated by two artistic natures rolled into one under the delightful Anglo-Italian designation of Signor WIGLEY.

The Conductor who led the band of orchestral brothers was Signor MUGNONE, an Anglo-slangily suggestive name for a gentleman whose work compels him to keep his face (or "mug" as it would have been termed in the *Aleindoro* period) so entirely away from the audience as to give those who would speak of him behind his back considerable latitude. Royalty was present, enjoying itself and storing up all the best tunes

for future delectation in India. *Bohème* is a great success, not a little of which is due to Signor DE MARCHI. But just a friendly word in the Syndicate's ear: don't overdo this opera, stick to the programme, and let there be variety.

Friday, Oct. 6.—To witness the performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the House was not by any means over-crowded. Royalty conspicuous by absence. But there was little wanting in "numbers," as, musically speaking, every "number" was excellently rendered, and the performance as a whole was thoroughly successful. Signor ZENATELLO as *Riccardo* was first favourite both as singer and actor. Signor SAMMARCO as *Renato*, Madame BUONINSEGNA (*Amelia*), Signora DE CISNEROS (*Ulrica*), all sustained their well-established reputations, and Signor MUGNONE added to his as Conductor.

The Metric System.

ARE WE RIPE FOR IT?

THE answer seems to be No, if we may judge from the *Daily Mail's* account of the MADRALI-JENKINS wrestling match. "Though the American," it says, "stood nearly 5 ft. 10 in., he was conceding a couple of metres in height." This brings the Turk out at about 12 ft. 4 in. Truly, a "Terrible" Turk!

HAS HE COME HOME?—To the Small Mammals House at the Zoo has lately been added an *Aretictis Binturong*, known in its native Assam as *Bhal-billi*. We seem to recognise the name. Can it be our old friend *Bhil-billi* under a slight disguise?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANYONE taking up Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's *Life of Charles Dickens* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), expecting to find it a revision, supplement, or extension of FORSTER's classic work, will be disappointed. It does not add anything in the way of biographical detail to information already possessed. It is, in truth, in no sense a *Life of DICKENS*. Rather it is pleasant chat round a selection of quotations from familiar works by a man who knew and loved the great novelist. It is none the worse for that. The clippings, made from many volumes and brought together in one, cast new sidelights upon DICKENS's character, invariably with the effect of endearing him more than ever to his disciples. We see him at work and at play, at which latter occupation he was always ready to lend a hand. His generous, bountiful nature shines forth in many incidents, half forgotten as the years have sped. Admitted to the inner circle of his intimacy, Mr. FITZGERALD came in contact with most of his chums. One of the best chapters in the book is the account of JOHN FORSTER, whom my Baronite suspects Mr. FITZGERALD did not love in the flesh, but to whose best points he manfully does justice. A letter from DICKENS's father, given in facsimile, dispels doubt, if any existed, that he was the original of the immortal *Micawber*. "Will you," he writes to MESSRS. CHAPMAN, "do me the favour to deduct the £4 I owe you from the enclosed bill for £20, due April 7th, with 3s. 4d., the amount of interest, and let me have the balance, fifteen guineas?" In the recorded utterances of Mr. *Micawber* there is nothing more delicious than this. With lofty air of conferring a favour he proposes that his creditor shall pay himself four pounds out of his own pocket, and, that indebtedness comfortably, honourably wiped out, shall advance on the airy nothingness of JOHN DICKENS's security a further sum of fifteen guineas. Mr. FITZGERALD, in an ingenious passage, traces DICKENS *père* not less in *Dorrit* than in *Micawber*. He sees JOHN FORSTER in *Podsnap*, Mrs. MASSING (hung in a satin frock) in *Hortense*, the French woman of *Bleak House*, but does not accept the popular belief that CHARLES DICKENS's mother sat for the sketch of Mrs. *Nickleby*.

H. H. the Raja-i-Rajgan JAGATJIT SINGH of Kapurthala, to give him his full title and postal address, has written a book. My Baronite warns His Highness's enemies (if he has any) that they will not find in it opportunity of clearing off old scores. *My Travels in China, Japan, and Java* (HUTCHINSON) is a brightly written record of travel by a shrewd observant man. Of China and Java the RAJA has not much to say. Japan had for him the fascination it wields over all visitors. Arriving just before the outbreak of war, H. H. had the opportunity not only of studying the people but of making the personal acquaintance of the MIKADO and the greater powers behind the throne. His MAJESTY appears to be lacking in conversational facility. "He asked me," the RAJA writes, "if I had enjoyed my visit to Japan; if I liked the country and"—here was a flash of originality—"if I had caught any duck at the duck-hunt a few days before." When my replies were translated the EMPEROR gave vent to a loud "Ha-Ha-Hum-Hum." A man of less courage than the RAJA would have trembled at this signal. In accordance with familiar tradition, the natural sequence of the line would have been, "I smell the blood of a Kapurthala man." It happily turned out that "the remark was merely indicative of satisfaction or acquiescence in one's reply." A few minutes later the MIKADO bowed out the RAJA. All was well, and Peace reigns between Punjab and Japan. The sprightly narrative is illustrated by many photogravures which add to its value.

While reading *The Hundred Days* (CASSELL & Co., Ltd.) it

occurred to the Baron that on this occasion its clever author, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, must surely have been inspired by a fairly clear reminiscence of one of CHARLES LEVER's best works, entitled *Tom Burke of Ours*. The Baron may be wrong, but he cannot help being struck by certain points of resemblance in the two stories. In *Tom Burke* the hero, an Irishman, an exile from his country, enters the service of France under the Great NAPOLEON, whose officer he remains up to the time of the EMPEROR's farewell at Fontainebleau. The romance of LEVER's novel is intensified by the love shown for the gallant young Englishman by *Minette the Virandière* who is devoted to the EMPEROR, and by Tom's tenderness for poor *Minette*. Tom did not behave well. In *The Hundred Days*, which of course is after NAPOLEON's return from Elba and immediately before Waterloo, with which decisive event the stirring story concludes, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's hero of romance is a young officer (with an Irish servant) compelled to self-exile in France. Falling desperately in love, he follows the fortunes of a capricious girl who, though belonging to a Royalist family, is so mad a worshipper of the EMPEROR that she serves him in attire somewhat resembling that of a *virandière*, as she would sacrifice honour, religion, position, everything, in order to throw herself into NAPOLEON's arms. Yet she returns the Englishman's love, as did *Minette* that of *Tom Burke*; and in the end, when all obstacles have been removed, and when the Battle of Waterloo has put *le petit caporal* out of existence for ever, sending him to St. Helena, then, as BONAPARTE is no longer to be had for the scheming, *Mademoiselle Yvonne de Feyrolles*, "the child of adventure and intrigue, her mission ended," clings to her English lover, *Bernard St. Armand*, "as one who might save her from the débâcle." And so, knowing that the gates of her home are closed upon her, never again to be re-opened; that all had been staked and lost on a NAPOLEON (including her—ahem—male attire), and that nothing was left to her out of this mad enterprise except a brave man's love, she consents to become this brave man's wife (brave indeed!) and returns with him to England, where, being cleared of all charges against him, he can dwell in peace, if only Yvonne his wife will let him. Methinks, quoth the Baron, that our author has somewhat hardly treated his hero. Better for him, that is if we are to judge of the possibilities in the future of this adventuress by what has happened in her past, had his eccentric lady-love, to whom female attire has been comparatively strange and certainly unusual, met with the fate of LEVER's broken-hearted *Minette* and expired on the battle-field, as she might well have done, had her author been so minded. It is less a story than a well-arranged series of sensationally romantic adventures, vividly pictured. NAPOLEON always is, and ever will be, an intensely fascinating figure, and this, the penultimate phase of his career, has for all of us the most profound and most painful interest. The romance is called *The Hundred Days*, and we watch for the movements of the EMPEROR, listen for his words, and with anxiety await results in which his success or failure may be involved, rather than dwell upon the stirring parts played by the real heroine and hero of the drama.

A Call to Arms.

"Will any young gentleman with heroic instincts correspond with young lady, age twenty-four, good-looking, with view to matrimony?"—*The Pioneer* (Allahabad).





THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

DANCE WHERE AND WHEN YOU LIKE. CHOOSE YOUR OWN TIME AND TUNE. NO COUNTRY HOUSE SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

UNCOMMON PETS.

THE recent publication of Mr. RICHARD BELL's interesting volume, *My Strange Pets*, has revealed the existence of numerous private menageries in England and Scotland. Further researches have brought to light the interesting fact that many of our leading men find solace from the strain of their professional duties in the companionship of animals not generally chosen as pets.

Greeba Castle, the palatial residence of Mr. HALL CAINE in the Isle of Man, is famed far and wide for its magnificent aviary, the special feature in which is a gigantic bittern, whose perpetual boom vies with the thunder of the caves of Bradda. This bird, which though tailless, is of an extremely affectionate character, frequently accompanies its master when he is taking horseback exercise, and, perching lightly on his left shoulder, presents so formidable an appearance that it keeps the most inquisitive Baconians at bay.

Sir OLIVER LODGE is also partial to birds, and keeps a small ostrich farm at Birmingham for the digestion of the materials required in his Psychological researches. He has also succeeded in

training a secretary bird to use the typewriter, and is in the habit of dictating to his feathered amanuensis most of the lighter articles which he contributes to the society journals.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, the gifted Director of the Royal College of Music, as becomes an ardent yachtsman, exhibits a marked preference for denizens of the vasty deep. In a large tank adjoining the concert room in Prince Consort Road he keeps two whales, which he captured in a cruise to Iceland in the summer of 1903. They are both "right" whales, but one of them, curious to relate, is left-handed, or perhaps one had better say, left-finned; and by an ingenious mechanical attachment, invented by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, every time they blow they sound a Pair of Sirens, which are found to exert a most stimulating effect on the students. Further experiments are now in progress with a view to teaching the whales to blow the organ, in place of the electrical apparatus at present employed.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD, whose command of the orchestra is only equalled by his mastery of the dryfly, keeps a sumptuous aquarium in his back garden at Kensington, where on the occasion of

our representative's visit he was playing on a mouth-organ an arrangement of "The Entrance of the Gods into Wal-hall" to an attentive bevy of rainbow trout. "The curious thing about rainbow trout," remarked Sir CHARLES, "is that, probably owing to their iridescent character, they evince a marked preference for *coloratur* singing. Scale passages, again, appeal to them with peculiar force. I feed my trout frequently from my hand," he continued, after a brief musical interlude. "But the last time I offered that big fellow a chocolate cream, he took in the whole of my thumb instead. He soon discovered his mistake, however, and was greatly distressed, rubbed his head against my hand, and seemed to fear some sort of punishment. Since that time I have had great difficulty in persuading him to eat unless I sing to him in the Mixo-Lyidian mode or take him to my study, where he will lie in a finger-glass for hours together, with his head in my hand."

Lord CURZON is another devoted lover of animals. The latest acquisition to his private menagerie is a splendid Thibetan porcupine which goes by the name of "The Brodder," and needs very careful handling.

THE OLD SONGS.

A PARENTAL REMIKE.

[A contemporary has been publishing reminiscences of the comic songs that used to delight an earlier generation, and has issued a warning to our youth not to judge the taste of its parents too severely.]

AND so you find them somewhat thin,
The songs that made your sire to grin
When mid-Victorian modes were in?

You snort at that historic wit
Which once provoked in stall and pit
The frequent apoplectic fit?

The bear and hallowed tag that got
Home on the intercostal spot
Now seems the most amazing rot?

Yet were it rash, my boy, for you
To entertain the impious view
(Held, as I hear, by one or two),

That, Humour having changed its style
From what inspired your parent's smile,
His taste was relatively vile.

'Tis true that Time has dulled the fame
(Almost, I fear, beyond reclaim)
Of "*Champagne Charlie is my name* ; "

'Tis true that rolling years obscure
The subtle charm, the fine allure
That underlay "*The Perfect Cure*."*

But, *en vogue*, the vogue of rhymes
Which you have heard a hundred times
Emitted by your favourite mimes—

The last comedian's lyric verse
On which you waste your nightly purse—
Affects me like a funeral hearse ;

Or would, at least, affect me so
If I could be induced to go
To this depressing kind of Show.

Therefore, my son, if you are wise,
You will observe without surprise
The wayward shifts of Humour's guise ;

Nor deem another's taste is cheap
If where you laugh he wants to weep,
Or giggles while you go to sleep.

You, too, in turn, may have a son,
And marvel how he finds his fun
In wheezes where you notice none.

For here, on this terrestrial ball,
Nations and markets rise and fall,
But Humour wobbles most of all.

No man may say, with hand on breast,
Challenging Time to be its test,
"Lo ! I have wrought a Cosmic Jest."

And he alone of other folk
Can still be stable as an oak,
Who never made, or saw, a joke.

O. S.

* The following extract illustrates the tenor of what has been described as "a colossal success of another generation" :—

"With my hi gee-wo,
There I do go,
For I'm the perfect cure."

NATURE STUDIES.

THE BUTLER.

Is sketching, as I did last week, the idiosyncrasies of the Boy, I mentioned incidentally the Butler who sometimes dusts his jacket. Let me now describe in such detail as the importance of the subject demands the essentials of the Butler's character.

I have lived under the temporary sway of many Butlers—principally, be it noted, the Butlers of other people—and I have observed that no specimen can ever be classed in the first rank unless he possesses to some extent that staid and solid demeanour which seems to permeate the frivolous atmosphere of our daily life with an old-world dignity and a convinced sense of personal worthiness. Yet it is not necessary that a Butler should always be solemn and impressive. Indeed, if he is, the effect on those to whom he ministers is apt to be too ponderous for perfect happiness : he becomes a creature too bright and good for human nature's daily food and its service to those who sit at table.

It has been my good fortune, not once or twice in my rough island story, to visit the learned Lodges of those who are heads of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and my judgment is that so far as mere weight of deportment and a deep sobriety of conversation go, the Butler of a Master or President is more highly fitted by nature and his acquired training to regulate a College meeting or rusticate an undergraduate than the learned gentleman whom (for his own ends, no doubt) he serves. Never, while this machine is to me, can I forget the chill that froze my heart and the leaden weight that settled on my being when the Butler of the Provost of St. Mary's received me into the panelled hall of the Provost's Lodge. It was not merely that he was dressed in black—other Butlers are like that—or that the curve of his lower waistcoat was both semicircular and ample, or that he moved noiselessly and spoke his few words in a low and carefully articulating voice. All this I could have stood ; but there was about him a sense of mystery which daunted my spirit as much as if he had been a haunted house. How came it, I asked myself (after I had recovered from my terror, *bien entendu*), that this man, whose only fit associates were Chancellors or Prime Ministers or Ambassadors, should have condescended to wait upon a mere mortal like the Provost, and to take from me my coat and hat and deliver cutlets to me at lunch? I have not yet found an answer to the question.

The Butler whom I have in my mind is not quite so highly exalted in the hierarchy of servitude as the Collegiate one of whom I have spoken. Yet he, too, has his dignity and, so far as the Boy is concerned, his dislikes. Far back from the remote and misty days of childhood I can pick out the memory of him, can hear him rated by voices that have long since passed into silence for the faults that he joyously displays to this day, and see him moving across the domestic scene with all the cheerful and kindly *abandon* that still characterises him. A new generation, the third, is springing up about his knees, and impeding him in the performance of his duties, but he continues absolutely without change, the same to-day as when I first set eyes on him a thousand years ago. He was never—I quote the dictum of a fellow-servant, a contemporary and a friend—one to mind the fires or to see that the footman or the Boy minded them. He had from the earliest times a weakness for tripping over the somewhat projecting back-legs of his master's chair ; and this afternoon he tripped over them with all his ancient agility and recovered himself with the traditional remark (muttered as though to himself) that he cannot make out how ever he came to do it.

In ancient times it was his custom to forget an elaborately



THE NEW JOHN BOULE-VARD.

MADAM LONDON. "YOU SEE I'VE TAKEN A LEAF OUT OF YOUR FASHION-BOOK, MY DEAR."

MADAME PARIS. "YOU FLATTER ME, CHÉRIE. THE BOOK IS ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE."

[The Municipal Council of Paris has been invited to attend the ceremony of the opening of Kingsway by His Majesty, October 18.]

detailed instruction, and he still has rare intervals of brilliantly accurate memory. In short, what he was years and years ago he still is and always will be,—a Butler with a share of human frailty and more than his due share of those serviceable virtues that make of an old retainer an attached friend. His master, whom he remembers in knickerbockers and trundling a hoop, he treats with such indulgence as may be bestowed on a child who will never grow up to manhood, and who still shows those queer little freaks of temper which it is the part of a good Butler to suffer cheerfully and to forget readily. With his mistress, too, he exercises great forbearance, considering her to be a little chit something younger and even more capricious than his master. The children are all devoted to him. The friends of the household are his friends, and so closely does he identify himself with his family that in their momentary absence he has been known to invite a favoured visitor to stay to dinner. He has just come across the lawn singing, and has tripped over a croquet hoop to the rapturous delight of the youngest of his tormentors.

HOW TO BEAT THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

DEAR SIR,—All this hysterical outcry about new methods and re-organisation of our Rugby football teams is sheer feeble-minded nonsense. Our players are good enough for any country under the sun, New Zealand included. The present trouble is merely caused by that immoral innovation of the wing forward, who, being neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, can only be stigmatised as a *treeeny*. The way to meet the difficulty and stop the contagion from spreading in our own country is to produce a referee who will systematically penalise the methods of this tricky gentleman until he is forced to resume his proper place in the pack, being glad, in fact, to hide his head anywhere. If heroic measures of this sort are practised it will be unnecessary to adopt the suggestion that New Zealand tries shall count two, and goals three points.

Yours faithfully, SPORTSMAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is our National Physique Deteriorating, indeed! Not a bit of it! Look at Durham and the try we scored. It may be said we were beaten, but when you take into consideration the comparatively small number of points scored against us I consider, and many Durham people agree with me, that a moral victory was ours. Everybody knows we started two men short, but it is not, I think, so well known that HORSLEY had left his football boots in the train. Let them wait till HORSLEY gets his boots on—that's all!

Yours truly, DURHAM LAD.

DEAR SIR,—At a time like the present, when we are on the brink of a tremendous cataclysm in the football world, surely the petty considerations of tradition and convention must be thrust aside. When drastic changes are made in the modelling of our teams, when new styles and unexpected formations are the vogue, when each man plays with the strength of a SANDOW, the speed of a SHRENN, and the wisdom of a DE WITTE, then, and not till then, shall we top the score of our Colonial Cousins. I have watched the games at Torquay, Redruth, Bristol and Stamford Bridge, and I am convinced that to meet the New Zealanders on an equal footing we must arrange our team as follows:—1 back, 5 three-quarter backs, 2 half backs, 2 five-eighths, and 8 forwards. Even thus we shall be two short of the number of our opponents—that is to say, of their *apparent* number. If this suggestion is adopted I venture to predict that, though the Scotchmen are not to be awarded caps in the forthcoming match, it will be necessary to present the New Zealanders with fresh jerseys.

Yours truly, FAIR PLAY.

MY DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the representations of a great nephew, who was one of the players, I recently attended

a football match at Torquay, and was much shocked at the conduct of our young Colonials. The barbarity of their behaviour was ruthless in the extreme; in fact, each time my dear nephew had the ball, one of the ungentlemanly fellows knocked him down and snatched it away from him, and the same thing occurred to his companions, all young men of good position, not once but many times. Is it sport? Is it even seemly? It would not have been considered so in my young day, or in the young day of my brothers and cousins, who were all excellent cricketers, and it is to be hoped that such an exhibition will never again be witnessed on an English ground. Believe me to remain

Yours very truly, (MISS) MARTHA MYTTENS.

THE GOLFER'S PROTEST.

["MANY worthy golfers, who do not know that they are speaking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and the character of the bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky."—"From a College Window," in "Cornhill."]

A NAMELESS writer in the *Cornhill* thinks
That modern golfers, when they're on the links,
Are so besotted by the little ball
As to be deaf and blind to Nature's call.

This proposition, in my humble view,
Is utterly malicious and untrue,
As any honest reader will admit
If he will listen to me for a bit.

Thus, never seems the skylark's note to me
So shrill as when I fozzle off the tee;
Never the duckling tunes a livelier lay
Than when I throw an easy putt away.

Nor do the feathered tribe alone arouse
Emotion in the golfer; sometimes crows
Will stir him strangely, and a casual goat
Has led to language that I dare not quote.

To heedless minds, as WORDSWORTH sang of yore,
A primrose is a primrose, nothing more.
To me a blade of grass, however small,
Becomes a portent if it touch my ball.

Non-golfing persons, when they see a sloe,
Or even several, do not care a blow.
I never see a sloe but I am thrilled
With memories of the gin therefrom distilled.

I love the golden glory of the gorse—
When I am in the middle of the course,
And my opponent drives into the whins,
Loses his ball, and scarifies his shins.

Golf, too, has taught me clearly to distinguish
Heath (with bells) from heather, *alias* ling;
The latter, past all question, of the two
Needing more beef to whack the Haskell through.

Golf also teaches me to note the habits
Of various rodents, notably of rabbits,
Whose burrows oftentimes have I explored
Searching in vain for my Lost (rubber)-Cored.

Again, I take an interest deep and keen
In earthworms, when I'm playing through the green;
Likewise the operations of the mole
Electrify at times my pensive soul.

Need more be said? The case is crystal clear;
The golfer's love of Nature is sincere;
The eye that "from a college window" blinks
Has not the penetration of the lynx.



THE TEST OF COURAGE.

She. "YOU MEN ARE SUCH COWARDS."

He. "ANYHOW ONE OF US MARRIED YOU!"

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. II.

On board the Hirondelle. Between the Tower and Gravesend.—I explain to JUDKIN, who does not seem to have taken kindly to the acquaintance just sprung upon us, that the Colonel is a man you won't often meet.

"Glad to hear it," says JUDKIN drily.

"Very amusing," I observe.

"None so," says JUDKIN.

"Full of information," I add.

"I have no wish to deprive him of any of it," returns JUDKIN. "He'll want it more than I shall." Then presently he asks, "What is he a Colonel in?"

Oddly enough, although I've known Colonel BICKERSTIFF all these years—off and on—yet it has never occurred to me to ask in what, or of what, he is a Colonel. It is not in my nature to play the private detective or insidious inquisitor. If any friend of mine introduces any friend of his as a "Colonel," I take the rank for granted, and from that moment, to me, that friend of my friend, so introduced, is a Colonel. A Colonel's a Colonel for a' that, an' a' that. The man is what any man of respectability may be, but a Colonel, whether he bear the guinea stamp of Guards, Line, Cavalry, Infantry, or Auxiliary Forces, is a Colonel for a' that.

Thus I am continuing to explain in detail when JUDKIN asks brusquely, "Militia or Yeomanry?"

There is something in his tone that I don't care about. "What does it matter?" I return, with an assumption of careless indifference I am far from feeling. That a doubt should be thrown by JUDKIN on the genuineness of the professional rank of any friend of mine seems to imply a stigma on that friend as an impostor, and on myself as either idiotically, or knowingly, encouraging an imposture.

"Hang it!" continues JUDKIN, with irritating pertinacity, and after all it is really no business of his, "when a man has a distinctive title indicating a certain rank, he must be either a professional, or an amateur. A Colonel can't be in the Navy, can he?"

"All right, old man," I say cajolingly. "What BILLY BICKERSTIFF's rank in the regulars, militia or yeomanry may be, is a matter of no importance to anyone, except himself."

"It's evidently a good deal to him," puts in JUDKIN.

For some minutes we stand side by side, silently watching a mud barge. I never was so nearly quarrelling with a friend—and at the beginning of a voyage too!

La Hirondelle is a mere infant ship, just out of its cradle, built somewhat on the "P. & O." model. It will not offer many opportunities for getting away from anybody. If two men who have quarrelled are walking the deck at the same time (and it is ten to one they will be doing so) they

are bound to come face to face every other two minutes, and if there's a "bit of a sea on," the meeting would be peculiarly unpleasant.

"Interesting, isn't it?" observes Colonel BILLY, coming up to us as we, JEDKIN and self, in the temporarily assumed character of two nautical pioneers, "stand for'ard" (as JEDKIN expresses it), silently keeping a rather dull look-out.

"Very," says JEDKIN shortly.

"Most interesting," I return emphatically, echoing his own word and throwing into the observation a slight but touching dash of romantic tenderness. I feel that this is required—by way of a little sweetening for the JEDKIN-AND-BILLY mixture.

"Let's see," continues the Colonel, looking round, "we've passed Greenwich, the home of pensioners, and the 'Ship,' the House for Parliamentary whitebait dinners in my time, eh?"

"Not now," says JEDKIN, unyielding.

"Then there's Hampton Court," says the Colonel. "Capital tap there—eh?—and tapestries too."

"My dear Sir," interrupts JEDKIN testily, "Hampton Court is miles away—beyond Richmond."

"Of course it is," continues the Colonel, jovially. "Fact is I was thinking rather of the dinners than the place."

"Ah!" grunts JEDKIN.

"Then there's Purfleet good dinner at Purfleet," the Colonel says; "that's the place where Queen ELIZABETH—eh?"

"You're thinking of Tilbury," grunts JEDKIN.

The Colonel laughs. "Of course," he says to JEDKIN; "you're right." Then he quotes, "'And in this fort of Tilbury,' eh? can't beat *Shakespeare*!"

"That's *Sheridan*," says JEDKIN, frowning.

The Colonel seems to be quite astonished at his own mistake.

"What could I have been thinking of?" he exclaims. "Why, *Sheridan*! Everyone knows that. Now if my wife were here she'd give you chapter and verse and every line of the scene. Wonderful memory she has!"

"Wonderful indeed!" I echo.

"What an escape we've had!" whispers JEDKIN to me, as the Colonel walks to the side to examine a large building through his glasses.

"That," he explains, on returning to us, "is the new Powder Magazine office—"

"My dear Sir," interrupts JEDKIN, "it's a hotel. I've stayed there."

"Couldn't have stayed there if it had been a Powder Magazine, could you, eh?" asks the Colonel, laughing jocosely. "You're right, I'm wrong; the Magazine is on the other side of the river."

The undefeated Colonel points out to us Blackwall for Southend, Gravesend for Rosherville, Clacton-on-Sea he muddles up with Benfleet, loses himself geographically in the Isle of Dogs, and throws in a few other places of interest, accompanying every mention of them with anecdotes of days long past, when Rosherville Gardens, which he confuses with Vauxhall, the Surrey, and Cremorne, were in their glory. He is perpetually placing the right places on the wrong side or at the wrong end of the river, from which position they are invariably, and without any sort of ceremony, removed by JEDKIN, and restored by him to their proper sites. Then, as *La Hirondelle* is taking its farewell of the river, the Colonel is in the process of shifting Erith round the corner into Essex, when JEDKIN, the land-restorer, rushes to the rescue, and returns it safe to the spot it has occupied with credit to its inhabitants for many years.

"I was wrong," admits the undefeated Colonel, addressing JEDKIN. "Of course you're right. I was thinking of Scarborough. Don't know what made me think of Scarborough." Nor does anyone else.

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry Irving.

BORN, 1838.

DIED, OCTOBER 13, 1905.

Ring down the curtain, for the play is done.

Let the brief lights die out, and darkness fall.

Yonder to that real life he has his call;

And the loved face beholds the Eternal Sun.

"MÉSALLIANCES."

["It is rumoured that an alliance, to be known as the Quadruple Alliance, is projected between Great Britain, France, Japan and Russia."—*Daily Paper*.]

This announcement opens the field to numerous possibilities. The following rumours are already afloat:—

The GERMAN EMPEROR has announced his intention of forming a world-wide alliance to include all the Powers save the Principality of Monaco. It is thought that moral reasons have dictated the elimination of this State.

The Isle of Man has entered into an agreement with the Isle of Dogs. Mr. HALL CAINE is leaving shortly to arrange the terms, and it is rumoured that he will be the first Head of the Twin Kingdoms.

In view of the "splendid isolation" of the Republic of San Martino, it is said that that country will shortly conclude an alliance with the Celestial Empire.

The Minister of Tierra del Fuego has frequently been seen of late at the Bulgarian Foreign Office, and it is whispered that the SULTAN is preparing for eventualities.

Great interest attaches to the recent launching of motor-boats on the Lake of Lucerne. A secret convention with Italy is said to be the reason of this grave step.

The Queen of MADAGASCAR and the King of SAMOA have lately interchanged numerous visits. Their object is reported to be a coalition against France, Germany, and America.

The Republics of Venezuela and San Domingo have concluded an agreement on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine. They have conveyed an intimation to the Powers that all foreign interferences with the territory of the United States will be forcibly resisted by them.

"PUSSY."

EXTRACT FROM THE RICESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

London, Monday.—It is hard to believe that more than fifteen years have sped since I last saw Earl GRANVILLE standing at Table in House of Lords purring into the ear of the MARKISS pleasantly spoken things that left behind a bitter taste. Am reminded of fact by appearance of EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S *Life* of his old chief, issued by LONGMAN in two fat volumes.

Entering Parliament in the year Queen VICTORIA came to the throne, GRANVILLE for more than fifty years remained at work near the hub of the wheel of public affairs. To write the memoirs of such a man is to annotate the history of a nation. Lord EDMOND has accomplished a stupendous task with skill and discretion. Effacing himself, he allows GRANVILLE to tell his own story in letters, memoranda, and diaries, supplemented by the personal correspondence of his colleagues. In the thousand pages I do not recall a single intrusion of

the first person singular on the part of the biographer. He does not even mention, what should be recalled as adding value to his work, that for three years he was GRANVILLE's colleague at the Foreign Office.

Outsiders reading the biography will have borne in upon them the conviction that they habitually under-estimated its subject. The pet name which, among his wide circle of personal friends, clung to GRANVILLE throughout his long career, is indicative of the error. "Pussy" suggests a velvet-coated, soft-pawed, benevolent-visaged personage lazily blinking in the sun. This particular "Pussy" could, upon occasion, scratch, as many contemporaries beside the MARKISS discovered. A truer metaphor is supplied by the familiar reference to the steel hand beneath the velvet glove.

GRANVILLE was the sweetest-mannered man that ever sat in a Cabinet. GLADSTONE happily described him as "one holding a position of great impartiality in regard to divergent opinions." He was constitutionally prone to approach a man or a turn of circumstance with disposition to believe that he or it would turn out all right. But the kindness of his heart was not permitted to paralyse his unerring insight or dull the brightness of his intellect. Courteous beyond the manner of the average Englishman, he could, when necessary, lisp a scathing remark whose effect was the greater by contrast with his accustomed suavity.

The curtain lifted from the door of the Cabinet Council, we see GRANVILLE in a light hitherto reserved for his colleagues. Whenever dissension broke forth—and it was equally rife in GLADSTONE's Second and Third Administrations—the disputants straightway sought out GRANVILLE. Both (or all) believed with equal confidence that if matters could be put straight, he was the man to smooth them out. The PRINCE CONSORT whilst he lived, Queen VICTORIA till she died, were in constant private communication with him on Cabinet affairs.

At one time the PRINCE CONSORT showed a disposition to use GRANVILLE as a sort of QUEEN's man in the Cabinet, one who would undertake to keep HER MAJESTY privily informed of what passed in its councils. Under date July 12, 1859, the PRINCE CONSORT, pleading "anxiety of the QUEEN about the deliberations of the Cabinet," tried to pump GRANVILLE. Here, among other examples, was revealed the sterling character of the man, sometimes obscured by the lace and frills of the courtier. For a still young man, the position suggested, HER MAJESTY's confidential representative in the Cabinet, was alluring. GRANVILLE replied with dignity and firmness. "Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL," he wrote, "are



"I'M TAKING MY BOY TO THE ZOO."

"INDEED! I'M SENDING MINE TO ETON."

the Ministers to whom it is natural the QUEEN should look for information respecting discussions in the Cabinet on Foreign Affairs. They would resent such information being afforded through any other channel. They would consider it as a want of confidence on the part of HER MAJESTY and an improper interference on the part of a colleague." This remarkable instance suggests that Royalty, like commoner folk, did not truly estimate the character of "Pussy."

As disclosing the secret history of successive Liberal Governments Lord EDMOND's massive work supplements MORLEY's *Life of Gladstone* as a priceless contribution to modern history. Correspondence passing between occupants of the Front Opposition Benches

in both Houses proves afresh how history repeats itself. In 1879 the end of DISRAELI's Government was close at hand. But the certainty of Liberal triumph at the poll was marred by personal dissensions among ex-Liberal Ministers. "The varnish is off the Government," GRANVILLE wrote. "But the Opposition is not popular." Twenty-six years later the apophthegm would pointedly and accurately describe the political situation.

For the Liberal Party sorrow comes in with the reflection that the wise counsel, the genial good-humour, the shrewd judgment, the persuasive personality of the Peacemaker is no longer at the service of his colleagues and his Party.



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 2.

HE SIGHTS A STAG, BUT GETS A LITTLE TOO EXCITED WHEN DESCENDING A SLOPE.

PRIVATE VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

THERE can be no doubt as to the complete success of Mr. R. C. CARTON'S *Public Opinion* at Wyndham's Theatre. It is neither "a light comedy" nor a "farical comedy," but it is "a farce," a genuine farce; quite a *tour de farce*. And it is thoroughly original, owing nothing to any French piece bowdlerised to make a Londoner's evening entertainment. There is not the slightest fault to be found with the farce until the Third Act, when there is just some slight danger, at a critical point, of wasting time on what looks like a repetition and over-elaboration of "business" that has already served its purpose. It may be that ere this criticism appears the excision will have been made. But what a cast! Mr. HENRY KEMBLE has only to appear as the Hon. Mr. Justice Mulley to be received with shouts of laughter, which are intensified as the difficulty in which he finds himself is clearly placed before a sympathetic and highly appreciative audience. Mr. KEMBLE is immense, and as his brother, Sir Babington Mulley, F.R.C.P., the eminent fashionable physician, Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is so artistically made up as to bear towards him just that unemphasised facial resemblance which is the very note of what is known as a family likeness. Their high social position compels respect, and they are both faced by the awful probability of a dreadful *exposé*. If the compromising revelation he made, if their indiscreet love-letters come into open court, there is an end to the career of the judge and of the eminent physician. Both parts are excellently played.

Capital is the incisive sketch of character given by Mr. CHARLES CRAWFORD as Viscount Poffley, the loose, careless young cub who, when we last see him, has engaged himself to Pansy Bligh "of the halls." This fascinating adventuress finds an apt representative in Miss ANNIE HUGHES. She is

sprightly, she is sweetly demure, playfully in earnest, and a very tiger cat when thwarted. It is one of the best things clever Miss ANNIE HUGHES has done. Pansy has troubled the life of the Judge, of the Doctor, and of Lord Percy Kilgour (neatly rendered by Mr. ATHOL STEWART), whose intended marriage to Phillis Dagenham, prettily and vivaciously impersonated by Miss DAISY ATRIERTON, has been placed by the designing music-hall artiste in considerable jeopardy. Then Pansy Bligh has another victim in Horace Wibsey, the solicitor, in which character Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS is immensely amusing. Mr. FRED KERR, too, as Spencer Troughton, C.B., ex-British Consul at Honduras, is at his very best; in fact this must be said of them all, as from first to last the fun is never allowed to drop for an instant.

Then the plot is so good, so simple, so easily followed; for Miss COMPTON as Lady Diana Caldershare carries it right through from beginning to end. Quietly, unobtrusively, making every line and every action tell, her character is a bit of artistic workmanship, both for herself and for the author, which may well be taken as a model. The serious interest in the farce is with her, and the delighted audience closely watch her every movement, and won't let a word escape them.

The small parts are all good. Neither Mr. HENRY STEPHENSON as the Solicitor's head clerk, nor Mr. HOWARD STURGE as Fincherp the junior clerk, could possibly be improved upon. Miss ETHEL BERNARD, as Charlotte the music-hall artiste's maid and "dresser," gives a sharply observant bit of low-type character. Mr. DUCE, as Towers the much-tried respectable man-servant of the peppery ex-British Consul, is a perfect little sketch, highly amusing, very natural, and not in the least overdone. How good they all are, and what a laugh it is from beginning to end! Congratulations to the FRANK CURZON management, and to Mr. and Mrs. CARTON, who will have "*Public Opinion*" in their favour for some time to come.





Henry Sanderson Jones.

1805—1905.

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON. "MY SHIPS HAVE PASSED AWAY, BUT THE SPIRIT OF MY MEN REMAINS."





MEN AND MOTTOES.

MR. SOFTROE OUT HUNTING. FAMILY MOTTO—NIL TIMERE.

MORE ABOUT THE "PSYCHIC PARCEL POST."

AFTER the close of the recent Church Congress at Weymouth, as a correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has informed its readers, a "prohibited" lecture on Spiritualism was delivered by a popular Archdeacon to a crowded audience, "which included two Bishops at least and fifteen clergymen." The lecturer, as an illustration of Spiritualism, gave the following highly interesting personal experience: On a particular Friday in June, 1876, he was, it seems, cycling from Southsea to Chichester with several yards of white muslin under his clothes next his skin. Feeling, not unnaturally, "no little discomfort," he, on arriving at Chichester, made "an unwrapped-up small bundle of the attire," and, loosely pinning his card to it, with no other address, made a surprise visit, accompanied by his fiancée, to "a young lady medium of his own developing." Close on midnight, "after supper, and two hours of music, he placed the bundle on the little medium's lap and saw it fade away and melt like vapour." He had willed it to go to London, to a friend who did not live there, and whose address he did not know. At Southsea next morning he had a telegram and letter from his friend to the effect that, having been to the opera and missed his last train to his home out of London, he had gone to a hotel, where the bundle had "fallen upon his face just as he had gotten into bed." It was afterwards found that the muslin "and card so insecurely pinned to it" had done the seventy miles from Chichester in something under five minutes!

Mr. Punch frankly admits that, had this anecdote reached him on the authority of any lesser ecclesiastical dignitary

than an Archdeacon, he might have regarded it with some misgivings, at least until it was confirmed by documentary or other evidence.

However, he has received so many communications on the subject from writers whose good faith he has no reason to distrust, that he is now convinced that such occurrences are by no means so singular, or even unusual, as, in his ignorance of psychic matters, he had previously imagined.

He regrets that he can only find space for a very few of the letters with which he has been favoured:

No. I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that a well-known Archdeacon has lately described, in the course of a lecture on Spiritualism, how he once, in 1876, despatched a bundle of white muslin from Chichester to London by Psychic Parcel Post. May I, without egotism, relate a somewhat similar, though I venture to think, even *more* remarkable experience of my own? On Thursday last, the 12th of October, I had to go down to Birmingham on business. On taking up my newspaper and noticing the date, I suddenly remembered that it was the wedding-day of two very dear and intimate friends, to whom I had forgotten to send the customary offering. After arriving at Birmingham and having luncheon at a hotel there, I went to the nearest silversmith's and selected a suitable gift in the form of a copper stand with spirit lamps for keeping breakfast dishes warm. To this I affixed my card with best wishes. After wrapping it up in brown paper, the assistant asked me to what address I wished it forwarded. I smiled and told the man that I had means of my own for ensuring its delivery.

I shall never forget his dismay when the parcel, which was rather a bulky one, slowly shrivelled into nothing on the glass counter between us.

It was then (as far as I could judge) about two minutes to three; I had willed the thing to my friends, and dismissed the matter from my mind till the next morning, when on opening my paper, what should I see but the following, which I will quote *verbatim*:—

"SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE AT A SMART WEDDING.

"TILED BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LAID LOW BY MYSTERIOUS MISSILE.

"The marriage of Lord 'Algy' Cockshott with the Hon. COCA KNUTT, to witness which a large and aristocratic crowd had assembled in Saint George's, Hanover Square, yesterday afternoon, was interrupted in an unexpected and, at the time of our going to Press, entirely inexplicable manner. Shortly before three o'clock, just as the happy pair were about to exchange their vows, some heavy object, which is believed to have emanated from the free seats in the gallery below the organ-loft, caught them both on the backs of their heads with so much force as to prostrate them at the feet of the Bishop of Knocktopher (Ireland), who was conducting the ceremony. After their injuries had been attended to by a distinguished surgeon, who, by great good luck, happened to be among the invited guests, the unfortunate couple were removed to their respective residences, being too much upset to proceed any further with the service that day, though it is hoped they may be sufficiently recovered to do so by this afternoon. We understand that the missile, on being examined, was found to consist of metal of some kind, but, beyond the fact that it is stamped with the name of a Birmingham firm, there is no further clue to the author of the outrage."

Thus, Sir, I realised that my little token had reached its destination in excellent time, though evidently the card I attached to it had, less fortunate than the Archdeacon's, somehow failed to re-materialise during transit—which, seeing that it was accomplished (so far as I can calculate) in less than ninety seconds, and Birmingham being forty-three miles further than Chichester from London, the increased rate of speed will sufficiently account for. I need hardly say that I wrote at once to let my friends know that I was the person to whom they were indebted, but (and this is, to my mind, the only *really* extraordinary circumstance in the case) I have not hitherto had any letter of thanks, or even acknowledgment!

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

ALFRED DAVITT.

No. II.

Sir,—I feel it my bounden duty to testify that it is perfectly feasible to transmit any object by psychic current by a simple effort of the will, as is proved by the following instance:—

On a certain night last July, while walking home from an evening party at North Kensington, I happened to pass a street in which there was a house on fire, and stopped to enjoy what was not only a grand, but a gratuitous, spectacle. I was wearing a valuable gold repeater, engraved (inside the case) with my name and address, and, observing that the crowd in which I found myself was of a somewhat disorderly character, I wished with all my will-power that I had not got the watch upon my person. A moment after, on feeling in my pocket, I satisfied myself that the watch was no longer there. I went home in the firm expectation of seeing it lying on my dressing-table, but found that for some reason it had not arrived. However, strange to say, the very next morning a person, quite unknown to me previously, called with the intelligence that my watch had been found inside the pocket of another gentleman, also a complete stranger!

The latter's story—in which, let me say, I have implicit credence—was that, on putting his hand in his pocket, he had been astounded to discover my watch, which he was actually on his way to restore to me when he was apprehended. I am glad to say that my evidence prevented a miscarriage of justice, as the magistrate took the view that, seeing that I did not press the charge, and had admitted that I might uncon-

sciously have myself placed the watch in the prisoner's pocket, he was entitled to a discharge. Whether I failed to concentrate my will-power sufficiently to transport the watch at once to the desired destination, or whether some irregularity in the psychic current caused it to go astray, is not for me to decide. But that it *did* turn up eventually will only surprise those who are still ignorant of the great Force which, if we but knew it, is at the service of all alike.

I remain, yours faithfully,

CYMON PUREFOY.

No. III.

HONOURED SIR,—As a high-class purveyor of meat and firm believer in Spiritualism for many years, should be glad to embrace this opportunity to inform you that what that Archdeacon said at Weymouth touching the Psychic Parcels Post was nothing particularly *out of the way*. Sir, take my own case. Generally speaking, I have executed all orders by ordinary trade vehicles, such as a cart and tricycle. Lately, however, I have taken into my employment a young person as book-keeper who has turned out to be an advanced medium, which has enabled me to supply customers direct with all but prime joints per Psychic Parcels Post, and give satisfaction. I will not say that the sistym is always reliable. There have been complaints, as when two kidneys and a lb. of beef suet ordered by a most particular customer by some regrettable oversight materialised inside of the grand piano, not being detected till days afterwards and occasioning some unpleasantness. Also it has been asserted that meat has been known to lose weight during psychic delivery, which (after all) is only what you might expect under such circumstances. Anyhow the plan works so well that I am already thinking of disposing of my horse and cart, if not the tricycle. I enclose price-list, and hoping for the esteemed favour of your patronage, remain

Yours respectfully,

ELIJAH WALKER.

Mr. Punch feels that, in the face of such testimony, of which the above is only a sample, the most hardened sceptic must be reduced to a reverential silence.

F. A.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

[According to a contemporary, the mannish element is to be introduced into feminine fashions once more, and the modern girl will not merely wear masculine dress but will also expect presents such as have hitherto been considered suitable only for men.]

KITTY's birthday's to-morrow; say, what shall I get her?

A diamond heart, or a locket of pearls?

Or think you a necklace or belt would be better?

Or tortoiseshell combs for her dear little curls?

A brooch for her throat, or a ring for her finger?

A box or a tippet? New kerchiefs or hose?

A desk, where the scents of the Orient linger?

At trifles like these she would turn up her nose.

For KITTY this winter would have you believe her

The like of her possible master and lord.

A caddy or coachman would covet her beaver,

Her collars and shirt-fronts are stiff as a board.

Her dresses are cut by a tailor of fashion,

Her jackets are homespun, her coats are of frieze,

For knick-knacks men love she's developed a passion

That almost amounts to a kind of disease.

Away then to Bond Street, for clear is my mission.

I'll buy her a cane, or a glass for her eye,

Some links, of the kind that are known as "perdition,"

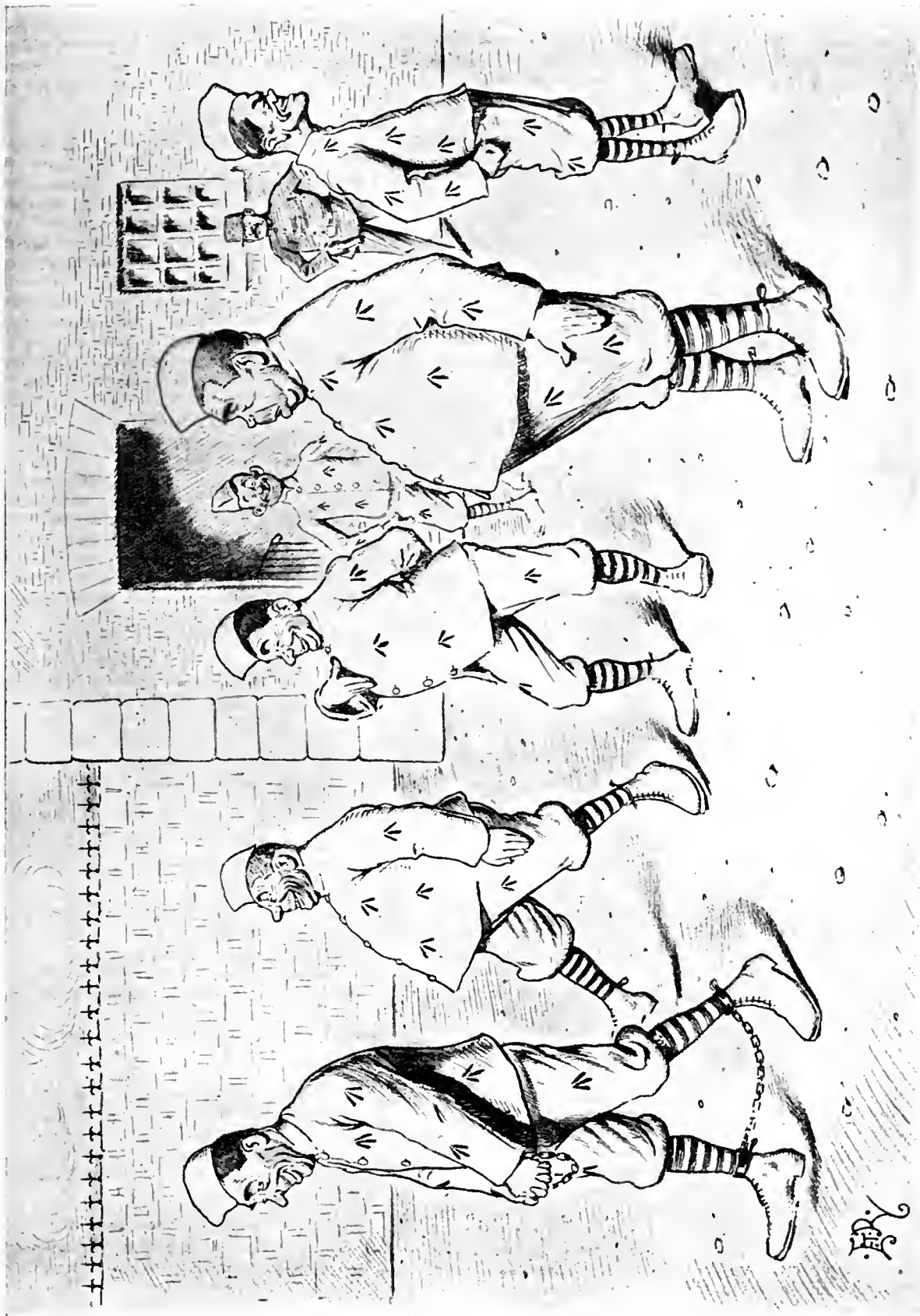
A hundred cigars, or a masculine tie.

For KITTY's a man, and you must not forget it,

But sometimes I wish, though I dare not complain,

That Fashion, most captious of tyrants, would let it

Be *chic* for our girls to be women again.



"THE INTERNATIONAL PRISONS CONGRESS."

THE ABOVE GENTLEMEN WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY TOO PLEASED TO GO TO THE CONGRESS AS DELEGATES OF GREAT BRITAIN BUT FOR A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT ENTERED INTO SOME TIME AGO FROM WHICH THEY SEE NO IMMEDIATE LIKELIHOOD OF RELEASE. IT SEEMS A FITTY, TOO, FOR THEY COULD HAVE SPOKEN WITH CONVICTION AND ALMOST LIFE-LONG EXPERIENCE ON SUCH QUESTIONS AS PRISON FARE, MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES FOR REGULAR HEALTHY EXERCISE, ETC.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour that Russia is desirous that her strained relations with ourselves shall cease, is now confirmed. A Russian ice-breaker has recently arrived in the Tyne.

We understand that the South American Governments have consented to participate in the new Hague Peace Conference conditionally on no attempt being made to interfere with their internal Revolutions.

The Servian Government is again negotiating with the British Government with a view to the resumption of diplomatic relations. King PETER, we understand, has pointed out that he is happy to be able to state that no Sovereign has been assassinated in his country for some time now.

THE KHEMVE has presented the Sultan of Turkey with an electric motor-car. We understand that his Sublime Majesty chose this in preference to a motor-bicycle.

Apparently the struggle between the motorists and the anti-motorists in France is about to enter upon an interesting phase. Prizes are being offered by *Le Journal* to makers of automobiles for a field gun mounted on a motor-carriage.

It is denied that the birch is to be abolished at Eton; on the other hand, the *Military and Civil Gazette* informs us that Mr. WEBSTER has secured patents to do away with the harmful propensities of tannin.

"Nothing short of a good stout rope," says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, "and two strong horses will ever move Mr. BALFOUR from the position he occupies." We hope that after this pronouncement we shall hear no more of donkeys making the attempt.

The Admiralty have made it known that in future all officers of the Royal Navy occupying cabins will have their pay increased by the sum of one penny *per diem*. The announcement, we hear, has caused great satisfaction to those concerned, and every day little groups of officers may be seen gravely discussing what they shall do with the increase. A

suggestion that each of them shall now be presented with a Savings Bank Book has been well received.

In America the civilization of blacks by whites is progressing. Last week in Georgia a mob of negroes lynched a negro who was accused of an offence against one of their own race.

American multi-millionaires are threatened with beggary. Commander ROOSEY, U.S.N., proposes that it shall be made illegal for anyone to hold a fortune exceeding £2,000,000.

The re-opening of His Majesty's Theatre was made the occasion of the issue of a special souvenir booklet containing a portrait of DICKENS, and one of

It was stated at a meeting of the Blackburn Town Council that a man who is now working for the Council had been in its employ for sixty-four years without a break. How many domestic servants can make a similar boast even for one year?

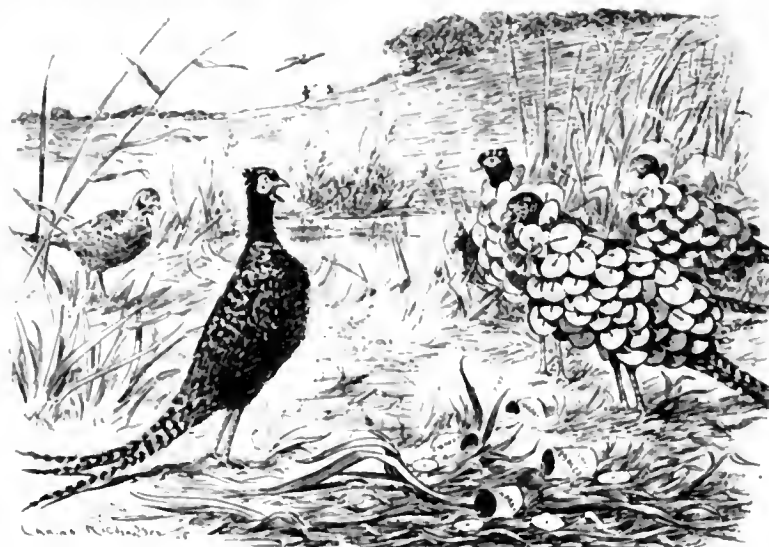
"A mare's nest" is the description given by the *National Zeitung* of the reported negotiations for the transfer of German South-West Africa to Great Britain. That may be a very good name for the rumour, but the country itself is just now more like a *hornet's nest*.

Members of a band of young Hooligans, known as "The Silver Hatchet Gang," wear a silver hatchet on the lapel of the coat bearing the motto, "Tried, trusted, and true!" One of them was tried last week, and is now in prison.

A locomotive jumped the rails at Parson's Green Station last week. The Anglican clergy regard this as a fair set-off to the recent athletic meeting at the Vatican.

Lady (accosted by little girl with collecting card, headed "Centenary of Nelson"). Do you know what this is for? What does "Centenary of NELSON" mean?

Small Girl (after long and thoughtful pause). I think, M'm, it's to help to bury him.



PROFESSOR WALKER, WRITING ON PHEASANTS, SAYS THAT HE NOTICED SOME OF THE MORE INTELLIGENT BIRDS HAD CONSTRUCTED FOR THEMSELVES MULLET-PROOF COVERINGS; THESE WERE MOSTLY MADE FROM THE LIDS OF CIGARETTE TINS LEFT ABOUT BY PICNIC PARTIES.

Mr. TREE. His admirers are asking, "Why only one of Mr. TREE?"

The *Daily Mail* has published an article on "The Inside of a Havana Cigar," by Mr. MACKENZIE, but we understand that its accuracy is to be challenged by the Editor of the *Paper Trade Gazette*.

It is denied that there has been any change in the proprietorship of *The Nineteenth Century*, and *After*. The *démenti* is necessary in view of the KAISER's assertion that the Twentieth Century belongs to the Germans.

The greatest indignation, not unmingled with a certain amount of amusement, has been aroused among dogs throughout the country by a decision of Judge ABDOSON awarding damages against a man for killing a cat.

We are glad to see advertised *The Proper Psalms*. We trust that "all to the contrary" will not be allowed to appear.

We anticipate much amusement from *Angry Raspberries*, which has probably been suggested by *Cross Currents*.

A Costly Fowl.

UNDER the general heading of "Poultry, Eggs, &c." the *East Anglian Daily Times* prints the following advertisement:—

BANTAM, very strong frame, all plated and enamelled parts in splendid condition. Price £3.

The New Hair Restorer.

The management of the Scala Theatre is now advertising its patent remedy on the omnibuses. Thus:—

FOR THE CROWN. CARROTS.
FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Mr. G. R. STYS must look to his laurels.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, October 9.—A satisfactory operatic night. As an *habitué* of Covent Garden during the regular opera season, I confess to having been at first rather bothered by the novel surroundings in the arrangements of the auditorium. When the place is full, these novelties are decidedly advantageous. What is called The Grand Circle is far preferable, both in appearance and for convenience, to the sort of private pigeon-holes into which, during the season *par excellence*, the reserved dove-cots are divided. Whether such a "redistribution of seats" as is now observed at Covent Garden, with popularisation of prices, would be a lasting financial success is quite another matter.

Manon Lescaut, Puccini's, not Massenet's *Manon* (which I fancy would be found the more popular, as it certainly is the more dramatically effective), was given to-night with great success. Signora GIACHETTI was charming as *Manon*, and the part of her lover *Des Grieux* was admirably rendered by Signor ZENATELLO. Signor SAMMARCO was a perky representative of *Lescaut*. The ill-treatment that *Geronte*, capotally played by Signor WULMANN, receives at the hands of the vivacious cocotte, seemed to have slightly affected some of the naughty old gentleman's notes. The stage management in the First Act was, I regret to say, exceptionally ineffective; and though it was better in the Second Act the action was not by any means clearly intelligible. Towards the close of the Second Act the following stage direction occurs in the book: "*At Lescaut's exclamation an indescribable confusion takes place.*" This was in a most praiseworthy manner carried out to the very letter.

There was a hearty recall for the quartette, Signor ZENATELLO, Signora GIACHETTI, Signor SAMMARCO, and Signor WULMANN, followed by prodigious applause for somebody who, at the first summons, did not appear. It was whispered that GIACOMO PUCCINI (born 1858) was in the house, so all hands went for PUCCINI, and on the curtains being drawn apart, there we saw the quartette just mentioned evidently having exerted their power of adding one to their number by dragging into the centre an apologising, smiling, bowing, protesting, skipping little gentleman in evening dress. Rounds of heartiest applause.

"That," said someone next to me in the stalls, with the air of one who knows, "is Puccini!"

"Indeed!" cried a delighted visitor, his neighbour. Down went glasses, up went hands, and voice, with "Bravo, PUCCINI!"

Herr GANZ stood at my elbow. Now what Herr GANZ doesn't know about operatic people isn't worth remembering.

"GANZ," I asked quickly, pointing towards the little black figure on the stage, "is that Puccini?"

"No," answered Herr GANZ immediately, "that's MUGNONE."

To my enthusiastic neighbours, both still shouting *rivas* for PUCCINI, I bent down and said, "That's not PUCCINI, that's MUGNONE." They stared at me blankly; the shock had been too much for them. "MUGNONE, the conductor," I whispered impressively, as I hastened away. The poor men had collapsed. GANZ had gone.

Wednesday Night.—Opera going strong. House not great but good. *La Tosca* is rather trying for the *prima donna*, and excellent as is Signora GIACHETTI in the leading

part of *Floria Tosca* yet she seemed compelled to use greater force in production than ought to have been necessary. Her acting rose to the height of her topmost notes; it was admirable, and the song, "*Vissi d'arte e d'amor*," in the Second Act, most feelingly rendered, created a deep impression. Signor DE MARCHI, as *Mario Caravadosi*, showed himself worthy, both vocally and histrionically, to bear a name so operatically celebrated as MARIO.

For the amusing part of *Il Sagrestano*, no better operatic comedian could be named than the artist with the distinctly and pre-eminently Italian appellation of Signor WIGLEY, who played and sang it to perfection.

It is impossible to forget Signor SCOTTI as the villain *Scarpia*, yet it will not be taken as detracting from the merit of Signor SAMMARCO in the same character to say that "honours" in this case might be considered as "easy" between the two. The part is difficult from every point of view.

The enthusiasm at the descent of the curtain on Act II. was immense, and then came modestly but gaily on the stage Conductor MUGNONE, and after him, to finish up fortissimo, appeared the real Simon Pure, PUCCINI himself. GIACOMO PUCCINI, "born 1858," and thought much of since 1870, a star that ought to have been visible to the naked eye on Monday last, beams to-night. Better late than never! Immense enthusiasm!

Thursday.—*Aida*. A fine performance. Exquisitely staged. Signora BRONX-SEGNA as the heroine charming. Third Act a triumph. The *Amneris* of Signora DE CISNEROS was great; the *Radames* of Signor ZENATELLO superb, both in acting and singing. Signor TIROS, as *Il Rè*, excellent. The applause was deservedly unstinted. The scenery was, as it always is for this opera at Covent Garden, most effective; and the staging was more than up to its usual high-water mark. The entire performance must be recorded as a distinct and decided success. And this, so far, is true of the series.



"IS MIXED HOCKEY DANGEROUS?"—WE ONLY PLAYED IN ONE GAME—BUT WE THINK MOST DECIDEDLY SO.

A Very Proper Modesty.

The following notice hangs in the fitting-rooms of a prominent ladies' tailor:—"As the principal fitter desires to try on his own garments personally, customers are requested not to call between the hours of one and two."

New Source of Food Supply.

Why should not Londoners consume their own fog? It seems to be done in the more enterprising of the Provinces. The *Doncaster Gazette*, for instance, advertises:—

"FOR SALE, to be eaten off, 15 acres of fog."

A Fortissimo Finale.

ACCORDING to the *Musical Times*, Mr. WILHELM BACKHAUS'S English Tour is to end somewhat noisily. "At its conclusion," we are told, "*he will be heard in Germany, Austria and France.*"

To bring order out of chaos we beg to suggest to the Dublin Corporation that, instead of abolishing the office of Lord Mayor, as one member proposed, they should merely reduce his rank to that of Knight Mayo.: thus allowing the official title to indicate, by suggestion, the mutual relations of Head and Corporation.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF we are to take *Nelson and the Twentieth Century*, by ARNOLD WHITE and E. HALLAM MCGROUSE (Cassell), as a fair sample of the books for which the NELSON centenary year is responsible, we may be thankful that we shall not live to witness another crop in the year 2005. The book is a *farrago*, and not well mixed at that. No doubt the chapters on "Backyards" and "Discipline" may be useful though it is certain that, if there is substantial truth in the allegations contained in the latter chapter, a very searching inquiry ought to be made into the condition and treatment of our sailors—but the rest is poor stuff, not calculated to do much honour to the great shade of NELSON. Was it, for instance, necessary, or even proper, that in pleading for the erection of statues to NELSON's captains, the writers of this book should speak in a tone of scarcely veiled contempt of NAPIER, HAMELOCK, and GOMEX, three of the noblest and most chivalrous names in the history of British warfare? "Where British heroes of the sea ought to stand," they say, "statues of GEORGE IV. and SIR CHARLES NAPIER occupy places of honour. A sum of £30,000 would cover the cost of erecting statues to ten of our sea captains in Trafalgar Square, and of transferring the effigies of the three major-generals and the First Gentleman in Europe to fitter spots for the commemoration of their valour and their virtue." I make the authors a present of GEORGE IV.; but if they suppose that NELSON or any other man can be shamed by association with the three major-generals, I can only submit, with deference, that they are mistaken. Of the Preface, contributed by a "nameless writer" (so the authors describe him), it is difficult to speak with due restraint. It is a mere exercise in hysterics, having the inaccuracy inseparable from hysterics. It was DANTON, not NAPOLEON, who spoke of "*Laudace*" thrice over as the "secret of victory;" and if a great French Admiral ever wrote of "*La génie de Nelson*" he was less highly educated than most French Admirals are. Besides, if my memory serves me, "the golden words on NELSON attributed to Mr. GLAISTONE" were, as a matter of fact, spoken by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN with reference to Mr. GLAISTONE himself. But it is in his reference to Lady HAMILTON that this nameless writer becomes most gushing. "What fearful effeminate folly," he says, "has been written of NELSON and Lady HAMILTON. It was perhaps the only time he erred, and did he even then really err?"—with more to the same effect in eulogy of the worthless woman who enslaved NELSON and was painted by ROMNEY. The authors of the very book to which this is a preface provide in some degree an antidote to it, and if more is wanted it can be found in the sober pages of MAHAN.

If Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has not made sympathetic study in the art of novel writing as it is ordered in France, it is because, coming to him by nature (like reading and writing to some others), the discipline was superfluous. The only criticism my Baronite offers on *Sacred and Profane Love* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is that the English language is not a suitable conveyance for the story. It should have been written in French. Only once does the indestructible British style obtrude itself. At the height of her career, unblushingly recorded, Mr. BENNETT's heroine dies of appendicitis! A Parisian novelist would have rounded off with a fatality much less prosaic. Nevertheless it is a powerfully presented picture of the class we prim insulars usually keep with its face to the wall.

Once upon a time Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD made an undeniable hit in romantic literature with *She*. To express it in cockney form, "*He an' She made a 'It.*" Why was he not satisfied? Or was he so hopelessly under the spell of *She*

who-must-be-obeyed that wherever the enchantress, mounted on Pegasus, saddled with a pillion licensed to carry two, chose to take this Rider as her companion, he was perforce compelled to go? And so, when we meet with Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's *Agesha* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), we are not at all astonished, though indeed somewhat disappointed, to recognise our old friend *She* (may we be pardoned for speaking of her in so familiar a manner), who, in no way changed from what she was before, is simply "continued in our next."

Mr. HAGGARD has made a gallant attempt to revive the first fresh enthusiasm with which *She* was originally received. He has tried to exploit some new properties, to burnish up the tinsel, and to intensify a flagging interest which it is difficult to keep up to anything like the highest pitch of excitement. Rare, very rare, are the instances of success attending the revivification of a once favourite character. *Holly*, *Kahma*, and *Leo*, people of Mongolian, or Mongoosian, type who were true to the *Kôr de Bally*, all, as the story proceeds, become less and less real, and then gradually wearisome. Much as the Baron objects to illustrations to stories, yet he has no hesitation in saying that not only are Mr. MACRIE GRIFFENLAGEN's excellent, but they are of the greatest assistance as stepping-stones to the weary narrative-tracker.

There is nothing new to be told in the life story of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Few painters have been written about so continuously and from so varied a range of approach as the P.R.A. of the mid-eighteenth century. BOSWELL began it. HORACE WALPOLE, Mrs. Piozzi, and FANNY BURNEY frequently chatted about him. From the publication of Northcote's *Life* in 1818 to Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's quarto published in 1899 there has been much making of books on the topic. In presenting his *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (METHUEN) Mr. BOLTON makes due acknowledgment of these sources of information. Whilst admittedly he has nothing new to say, he has gleaned the rich stubble land with skill and sympathetic care, presenting what may be accepted as the last word about the popular man, the supreme painter. He gives half a hundred reproductions of REYNOLDS' best work, a picture gallery itself worth the price of the volume.

Had DION CLAYTON CATHROP been content with writing this amusing and eccentrically clever story entitled *The Guide to Fairyland* (ALSTON RIVERS), and had he employed the services of one or more masters of the black and white art, whom we could name, to do the illustrations, we might have had a work to which, though it specially appeals to Christmas fancies, we could have justly apportioned a place of honour on the bookshelf at no very great distance from the immortal *Alice in Wonderland*. The illustrations are best when least pretensions, and those making any claim to artistic value are lacking in humour. This is a pity, as the writing is light, and full of lively fancy. Had it been half its length, its literary value would have been doubled.



In the *Daily Mail's* account of *Amerika*, the new Hamburg-American liner, we read of a play-room for cosmopolitan child passengers where "nursery heroes of three nations are painted on the walls. French Pierrot grins at the Pied Piper of Hamelin, while the British JACK SPRAT stuffs himself in a corner." There seems, however, to have been no recognition of the claims of the JACK HOUNSER who could eat no fat.

DUCAL DÉBUTANTES.

(With acknowledgments to the "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette" of the 19th inst.)

A GOODLY company of daughters and granddaughters of Dukes are likely to be among the *débutantes* of the winter. Foremost amongst them is Lady VIXOLIA BORVIL, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of OXFORD. Lady VIXOLIA is a tall, handsome, spacious girl, with terra-cotta hair and a salmon-pink complexion, and is an accomplished musician, playing equally well on the gramophone, the jamboon, and the kinkajou.

Lady BETSINDA BORAGE, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of MULL, is just sixteen, but will probably spend the winter with her mother in the Canary Islands. She is, for the daughter of a Duke, a distinctly good-looking girl, and, like many of her contemporaries, of a decidedly athletic turn, being generally admitted to be the best titled lady hockey player in the island of Mull.

The Duchess of DONNYBROOK's three daughters, Lady PEGGY, Lady OVOCAL and Lady BONANZA DARGLE, are not triplets, though their resemblance is so remarkable that the Duke constantly mistakes one for the other. Lady BONANZA's birthday, curious to relate, is on February 14, which interesting date she shares with HARRY VARDON, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, and Admiral TOGO. Lady BONANZA is a lovely girl, tall and willowy in figure, with a superb Wellington nose, dusky hair and wonderful large eau-de-Nil eyes with pale pink pupils. Her elder sister, Lady OVOCAL, has a rich contralto voice, and sings in better tune than many untitled amateurs, besides playing a good game at "snooker" pool, and weighing just on 11 stone.

Lady MARSALA DAVIOT, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of CULLODEN, and granddaughter of the Duke of LEITH, is sure to come out at some of the country winter gaieties. She is extremely winsome, with wonderful gamboge hair, emerald eyes, and an astounding complexion. Lady MARSALA, who is a great favourite with the Duke, has marked literary tastes, and makes quite a handsome income by her contributions to the *Leith Pilot* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Her presentation was to have taken place last spring, but was postponed on account of an epidemic of measles, from which, happily, she has now completely recovered.

Another Duke's granddaughter whose *début* is imminent is Lady HESTER SALSIFY, the eldest child of the Marquis and Marchioness of SEASCALE. Lady HESTER, though a pronounced vegetarian, never misses a meet of the Thirlmere Stag-hounds, and has several silver-mounted brushes as trophies of her equestrian



Small Boy (to R.A., *Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, &c., &c.*). "OH, FATHER, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK WE'LL TURN BACK HERE. THERE ARE SOME OF OUR FELLOWS COMING ALONG AND—YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW—BUT THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR TIE!"

proWESS. Lady HESTER is known to her intimates by her charming second name of VASELINA, derived from the fact that one of her ancestors took service under GUSTAVUS VASA. She is a bright, cheery girl, with rich chestnut hair and a brilliant colouring, though she has received the most careful home education.

"CAN any lady recommend a reliable flat servant for a single lady?" This seems to be the plane cook's chance.

THE BETTER PART.

(Concerning the Kimberley-Sapwell duel, proposed and abandoned.)

"I'LL shoot you dead!" cried TWEEDLE-DEE,

"Let's catch the evening boat."

"No guns," said TWEEDLEDUM, "for me," And shed his little coat.

With rage their little hearts were hot,

Till peaceful FOLKES cried "Don't!"

"Well, if you think we'd better not,"

They both replied, "we won't."

ENGLAND EXPECTS !

(Thoughts on the Nelson Centenary, October 21.)

If earthward you could wing your flight
And look on London's central zone,
Seizing that eligible site

Where stands your counterfeit in stone,
I wonder, NELSON, if your eye

Would even form the faintest image
Of what emotions underlie

This tumult, this stupendous scrimmage.

Could you desert that heavenly place

Where sailors know their pilot-star
To view the many-peopled space

Named by the name of Trafalgar ;—
Remembering how your signal ran,

That still remains a thing of beauty,
You might expect that every man

This day, as then, would do his duty.

Alas ! we have no ships afloat

Upon the basins in the Square ;

It is the landsman's lusty throat

That rends to-day a saltless air ;

And, save from such as hold the main

To guard her pride among the nations,
England has ceased to entertain

Much in the way of expectations.

O yes ! they'll shout all right enough !

It costs them little ; noise is cheap ;

But have they hearts of quite the stuff

That made your loyal pulses leap ?

They'll roar you till their midriffs ache

Under the hunting's brave devices,

But wouldn't lift a hand to make

The least of all your sacrifices.

A wind of words— and nothing more !

But if the test were sought in deeds,

If England asked the sons she bore

Each man to serve the Mother's needs ;—

If she " expected " such a debt

To stir the blood of those that owe it,

The sole response that she would get

Would be, " No thanks ; not if we know it."

Just now they pipe a patriot tune ;

Anon they'll wonder why they spent

A precious football afternoon

Mallicking round a monument ;

And myriads who go mad to-day—

Give them a week, they'll go yet madder,

Watching the modern heroes' fray,

Where hirelings hoof a bounding bladder.

Much you would have to marvel at

Could you return this autumn-tide ;

You'd find the Fleet—thank God for that—

Staunch and alert as when you died ;

But, elsewhere, few to play your part,

Ready at need and ripe for action ;

The rest—in idle ease of heart

Smiling an unctuous satisfaction.

I doubt if you could well endure

These new ideals (so changed we are)

Undreamed, HORATIO, in your

Philosophy of Trafalgar ;

And, should you still " expect " to see

The standard reached which you erected,

Nothing just now would seem to be

So certain as the unexpected.

O. S.

SOMETHING WANTING.

The Perfect Lover strikes me as an imperfect play. It is described by its author, Mr. ALFRED SUTTO, as "an original play," and no one who has seen it, will care to deny either its title to originality, or the merit of its well-written dialogue. It is acted for all it is worth, and its literary and dramatic value is considerable. That Mr. SUTTO does not aim at pointing a moral is evident. In the entire list of characters there is none that doeth good, except the irresponsible young daughter. The high-principled man falls before a very slight temptation ; his ordinarily good wife has done so before him, and to her he yields. Thus far they have the model of ADAM and EVE. The criminal act of *Joseph Tremblett* (Mr. LEWIS WALLER) aids, abets, and encourages the criminality of *Lord Cardew* (Mr. FRANK MILLS), of *Lilian Tremblett* (Miss EVELYN MULLARD), and of the *Hon. Susan Lesson* (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON) ; the last of whom renounces her principles, her preaching, and her practice, in order to give the sanction of her respectability to the crime of her nephew and her god-daughter. What becomes of this trio of criminals the author does not tell us. With the fall of the curtain they have disappeared, and then are heard of no more.

Too late the unfortunate *Joseph Tremblett* and his wife *Martha* (touchingly impersonated by Miss EDYTH OLIVE) repent of their digression from the path of virtue. *William Tremblett*, the villainous brother, instigator of the deed which has caused the crime,—a part strongly played by Mr. NORMAN McKINSEL,—indeed, had the play been called *The Perfect Villain*, the reason of the title would have been more evident,—takes nothing by his motion, as *Joseph*, returning to the path of virtue, destroys the deed which would have given him twenty thousand pounds and would have made his brother a millionaire.

So the wicked brother, who did love his wife, but didn't show it, and whose wife didn't love him and did show it, loses his chance of making a fortune, and loses his wife into the bargain unless he chooses to follow her to Canada, where, if the *Hon. Susan Lesson* shall have insisted on *Lord Cardew* and *Lilian* being ever with her, always in her presence, on absolutely platonic terms, he may find that there is really no harm done, and that *Lord Cardew* and *Mrs. Tremblett*, having become pretty considerably bored by being fettered, watched, and preached at by *Miss Susan* (aunt and godmother), will both be only too ready to part company, when *William Tremblett* will return to England as a really devoted husband with a vastly improved wife. This is how it ought to end unless all principle be thrown to the winds, and *Lord Cardew*, his aunt *Susan*, and (as she must be) his mistress, *Mrs. Tremblett*, become a trio of scamps.

What is it all ? It may be simply described as an incident in the life of *Joseph Tremblett*, an incident which is fraught with awful consequences to everyone except *Joseph*, who momentarily renounced his principles and went *au diable*, but returned safe and sound. Quite possible, but as a play most unsatisfactory, suggesting the idea that the author had got his characters into a hopeless mess, out of which he could not rescue them without having to reconstruct the play or to add an Act by way of epilogue. Who is *The Perfect Lover* ? Why the name ? Does any one believe in the perfection of a love which induces a married woman to desert her husband, and go off with her old lover, even though there be a third person singular present to play propriety ?

As I have said, all the parts are capitally played, nor must the disreputable *John Collis* of Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS be omitted, as it is one of the very best things in the piece. Miss EVELYN MULLARD makes all that seems possible of a part that offers few opportunities. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON has a telling character, and it loses nothing in her hands. Miss EVELYN TITHERIDGE is nice as *May*, the very youthful daughter, but



TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY IRVING.





OUR EVENING ART CLASSES HAVE COMMENCED.

Mr. X. (our dear Professor, who always puts things so tellingly). "IN CONCLUSION, I CAN ONLY REPEAT WHAT I SAID LAST TERM—'IT'S ALL LIGHT AND SHADE, LADIES, WHETHER YOU'RE PAINTING A BATTLE-PIECE, A BUNCH OF GRAPES, OR A CHILD IN PRAYER!'"

she has to invest with a natural air a creation that is neither child nor woman. Miss TIPHERADGE does it well, perhaps she may yet improve upon it; but if there be a really difficult part in the piece to render naturally it is this.

As *Lord Cardew* Mr. FRANK MILLS is excellent. That *Lord Cardew* (aged between twenty-three and thirty), being a steady, sensible man, should be absolutely indifferent to making his fortune by coal unexpectedly discovered on his estate, or that he should not effect in some way a compromise between his sentimentalism and his commercial instinct, is indeed most difficult to admit as within the bounds of probability.

Incidentally in the Second Act, Miss HELEN FERRERS cleverly renders an absurd vulgarian, *Mrs. Morphitt*, most acceptable as some light relief to the serious interest of the play.

As to Mr. LEWIS WALLER, he is impressively natural. His long speeches are rattled off as outbursts of passion, which is just what they are intended to be. There is no fault to be found with his impersonation, except flashes of self-consciousness when the personality of the actor dominates his assumption of character. This never occurs in the earlier portions of the play. But do not we all feel that Mr. WALLER is depriving us of some rare impersonations by choosing plays in which he has to appear in conventional modern dress? Cavalier, Puritan, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, a Shakespearian character, or a hero of romance—what you will in costume, with passion and declamation, such are *par excellence* the parts for Mr. LEWIS WALLER. But, *exceptis excipiendis*, modern up-to-date drawing-room comedy let him regard with affectionate distrust.

At His Majesty's, *Oliver Twist* is going strong. Mr. LAX HARDING'S *Bill Sikes* is a performance no less striking than Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER'S *Nancy*. Both these impersonations

will be ever memorable in the history of the stage, as will be also the fine acting of Mr. TREE, whose *Fagin*, rendered with hardened conscientiousness, is the most fiendish, ghoulish, repulsively humorous villain, a perfect realization of all the infernal, cowardly, murderously malign instincts with which the lurid imagination of CHARLES DICKENS endowed this repellent monstrosity in human form. It stands apart among Mr. TREE'S many weird impersonations as a triumph of histrionic genius. When he first started in this career of crime he was a bit uncertain, but now he's as perfect a devil as anyone could desire to see.

Well contrasted with this *monstrum horrendum* is the *Oliver Twist* of Miss NELLIE BOWMAN, just the very weak little "mealy boy" of CHARLES DICKENS. Where all are so good it is difficult to single out anyone for special praise, but it would be impossible to pass over the *Mr. Grimwig* of Mr. GEORGE SHELTON, a difficult, eccentric, thoroughly "Dickensy" part, in which with one touch of nature, when he begs the "mealy-faced boy's" pardon, he wins the hearty and well-deserved applause of the audience. Mr. COMYNS CARR is once again to be congratulated on the success of his remarkably clever adaptation.

It is officially stated that the air on the Underground Railway is becoming purer every day, but it would be premature as yet to look for the establishment of a Garden City between Portland Road and Gower Street.

SUBMARINE A 1, which nearly caused the death of her crew in Stokes Bay, now stands in the dock charged with attempted murder.

THE SPADE'S PROGRESS:

OR, SOME ADVICE TO LADY CLODOPPLES.

["Spade parties represent one of the latest outcomes of the mysterious delights of the herbaceous border in 'week-end' country homes, and they cost a hostess almost as much careful consideration as the made head of the family exercises when he makes his plans for a battue. And the woman who is invited to 'bring her spade' feels not a little of that sense of prowess implied which a man experiences when reminded not to forget his gun."—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

THE recent development of spade husbandry in country-house society renders it imperative to add a new chapter or two to *Mr. Punch's Book of Etiquette*. We have pleasure in appending the groundwork or subsoil of the same.

In the first place, as smartness and vulgarity are now practically synonymous, no lady, whatever her looks, banking account or antecedents, need be ashamed to call a spade a spade. To term the now fashionable plaything a *bêche* or a *béquille* is going out of the way to confirm the *entente cordiale*, besides confusing the gardener, who has already as much Latin as he can manage. Young girls in their first season should be chary of using dialect. It is at any rate safer to make a little *moue* when tossing off such phrases to an admirer as "Fetch I the spud, matey," "Where's the bloomin' shovel, Bill?" and the like. Young married ladies who are sure of their ground can of course be more racy of the soil, as occasion demands. If their vocabulary runs short, any enterprising under-gardener will no doubt oblige with a few private lessons.

The more considerate country hostesses now engage "spade-caddies" for their guests. These intelligent lads are of service in carrying the garden implements from flower-bed to flower-bed, and also—it is whispered—in keeping an eye on amateur disarrangements of the landscape. It is as well, therefore, to take their advice as to the lie of the various geranium or calceolaria plants that you may propose to dig up, or when badly bunkered, say, by a tree-root. As the end of October approaches, there is quite a furore for "pleasance-golf." The fun, it is almost needless to say, consists in uprooting a nine—or eighteen—*parterre* course with as few strokes of the spade as possible. It is best played in a foursome, as the Bogey score sometimes runs into four figures. A practised golfer will of course avoid "topping" and "slicing" her hostess's hardy annuals. The new lofting-spud will be found invaluable for all doubtful strokes and approach shots. It will ensure the "lying dead" of any lobelia or begonia you may be called upon to tackle. The "putting" into the flower-pot can then easily be effected with a trowel.

Lady spade-wielders must be prepared to encounter an occasional earthworm. There is really no need for fear, as these reptiles have never been known to bite. With a little firmness and manipulation the worm can usually be coaxed on to your neighbour's patch, if you can manage to distract her attention in the meanwhile. It is waste of time trying to discover which is the tail end in order to put salt thereon. If the creature appears recalcitrant and likely to cause a scene, the true sportswoman will keep her presence of mind, and retire slowly, and with dignity, behind the nearest bush. It is bad form to bandy words or enter on a personal struggle with a common or pleasure-garden worm.

All ladies who have any regard for *conenance* should take care that the baby-ribbons round the spade-handle match their costume, and that *écaré* or *batiste* frillings are continued down the shank as far as the blade. The instrument should be carefully wiped and scented with eau-de-cologne before being put away in its case for the evening. There it must be left in repose, as it is quite unnecessary to hand your treasure round the Bridge-table, or to exhibit it ostentatiously, should the same happen to be jewelled.

When digging, however dainty and well-turned your ankles may be, do not try to put both feet at once on the blade. Very few ladies can successfully imitate the spade-dance as seen in the music-halls. Also, avoid splashing, as the lady opposite, if you have a *ris-à-ris*, may resent having a shower of mould in her face. Practise at home until you are proficient in the moves before displaying your prowess as a clod-hopper among the landed gentry or the horn-handed nobility of the realm.

ZIG-ZAG.

NOTABILIA FICTA;

Or, Wise Words of the Week.

A LESSON FROM OVER-SEAS.

THE success of the New Zealanders in the football field is perhaps the greatest evidence of the value of the Simple Life that has been forthcoming in the last decade. These stalwart Colonials, who are always in the pink of condition, though they wear black jerseys, have never heard of Harris tweed or suffered from over-pressure. Need I say more?—*Sir James Crichton-Browne* in "*The Daily Scare*."

A LAMINOUS SUGGESTION.

THE re-cementing of friendly relations with Germany is at the present moment by far the most important problem of our foreign policy. As a simple but impressive inauguration of the new era I should suggest that the street connect-

ing St. James's and Regent Streets should be re-spelt "German" Street.—*Lord Londale* in "*The Spectator*."

OUR FRUGAL ARISTOCRACY.

ON Newmarket Heath Lord BOOBLE had only a single pink Malmaison in the buttonhole of his exquisitely fitting pale grey frock-coat.—"*Algy*" in "*The Perfect Gentleman*."

THE DANGER OF "TIPPING."

LADIES do not realise how the system of "tipping" destroys the whole spirit and comfort of Club life. The servants themselves are degraded by this injudicious system. From "tipping" to "tippling" the transition only requires a single liquid.—"*Araminta*" in "*The Woman Abroad*."

A GREAT HISTORIAN'S JOKE.

THE British cavalry, now that it is possible to get into it without examination, may be fairly styled "Our Headless Horsemen."—*Mr. Frederic Harrison* in "*The Positivist Review*."

HOME TRUTHS FROM TEDDY.

Non omnia possumus omnes. Golf is a game for Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes, plutocrats and professors. But a President might as soon do crewel work as frequent the links. Bear-shooting, bare-back riding, boxing—these are fit pastimes for the leaders of men. But to waggle a flimsy stick at a little ball and then miss it is unworthy of the strenuous youth of our great Commonwealth.—*President Roosevelt* in "*The Oyster Bay Bulletin*."

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

Wherefore in strains of melody profuse
I, wearer of imperishable bays,
And weaver of unprecedented
rhymes,
Salute you, and your leader, Doctor
BROUSSE.

In this the latest of my loyal lays

Communicated solely to *The Times*.
—*Mr. Alfred Austin*, in a *ronnel* addressed to the Paris Municipal Councillors in "*The Times*."

IDEAL CRITICISM.

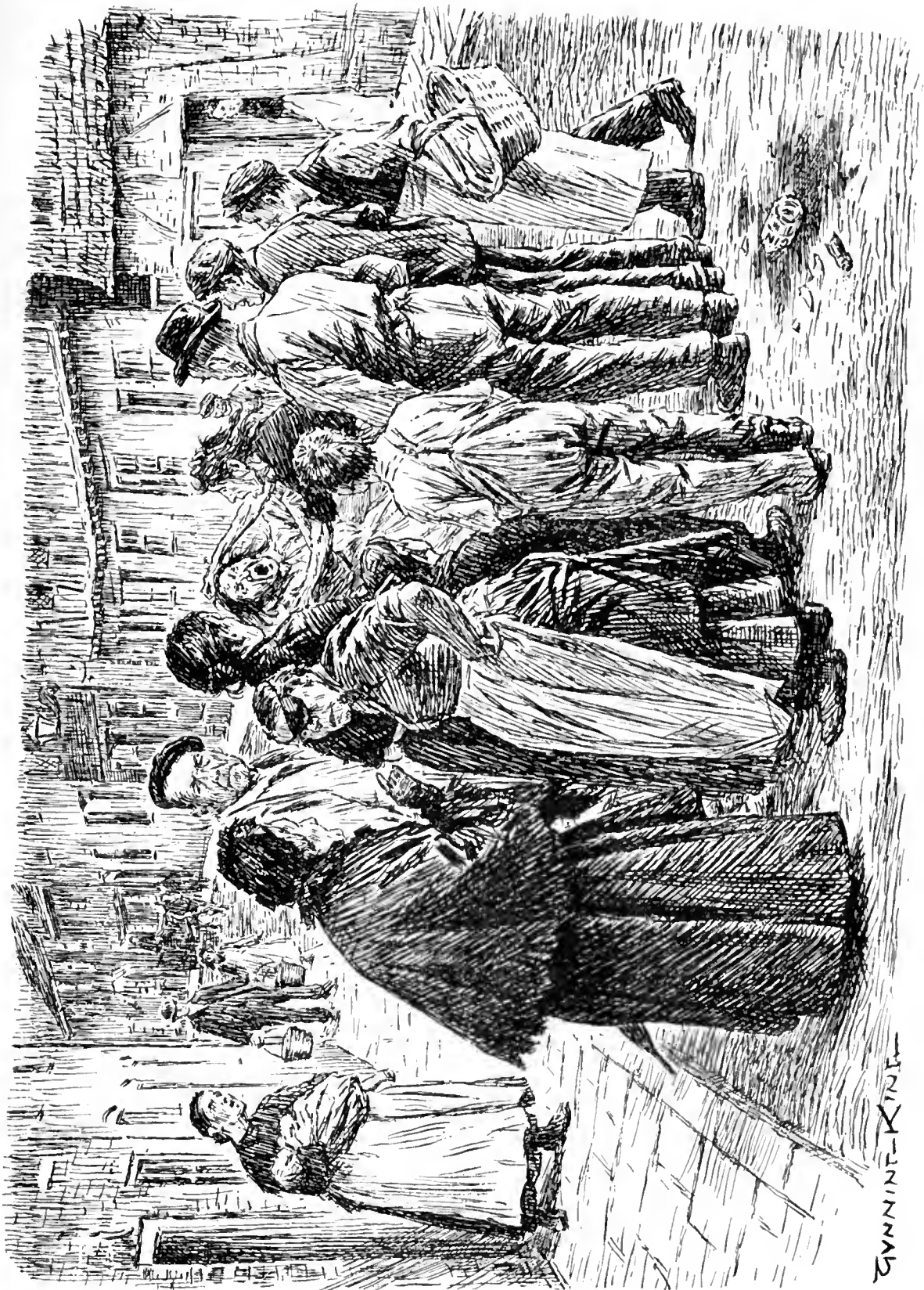
Books should always be reviewed by their writers, for that is the only way to ensure that they have been read by the reviewers.—*Mr. Bernard Shaw* in "*The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*."

More Commercial Candour.

EVERYBODY IS CRAZY
after

KILPANG

The Great 20th Century
TOOTHACHE CURE.



Old Lady. "How CAN YOU USE SUCH SHOCKING LANGUAGE!"
Old Woman. "BEG PARDON, MUM, BUT I BE VERY DEAF, AND I CAWNT EIGHTLY 'EAR WOT I SAYS."

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. III.

Aboard La Hironnelle, en route for Bordeaux, between 10 and 11 p.m.—With the exception of a group of three men and two ladies, forming a whispering, arguing, laughing, earnestly chattering committee, poring over maps and pencils, eager to hear casual witnesses and to take evidence with advice, the majority of our fellow passengers have gradually disappeared into their bunks. Perfectly calm night. I should like to read myself to sleep in my berth, but the electric light has been so craftily arranged that I foresee the trouble of having to get out of my berth to extinguish it. To do this involves thorough awakening; and what is the use of going back to your bunk when you are completely wide-awake? I decide to renounce the luxury of reading myself off to sleep in my bunk. Will finish reading outside: then when sleepy will extinguish light, *i.e.* turn out and turn in. This last-mentioned operation, which has to be at first performed with the extreme caution of an amateur experimentalist, may be ultimately achieved with consummate art. Kneeling, bending, doubling myself up, or rather, halving myself so that by stealthily laying myself out to advantage on one side I may get the maximum of possible comfort with the minimum of hopeless disarrangement of bedclothes. One thing is evident, that as I choose my side so I must lie on it. I close my eyes, feign perfect rest, until sleep comes and catches me absolutely napping.

Morning. Splendid day. Out on the ocean, somewhere. Calm. Marvellous appetites for a meal at 8.30, which on shore I should have called a heavy mid-day lunch, only that we have tea, coffee, and porridge. Breakfast over, and all aboard fresh as larks ashore, that is, as fresh as uncommonly well-fattened larks would be after such a breakfast. Gulls and other sea-birds, having been out all night, look pale and tired; they are sleeping lazily on the water, yet they keep abreast of us.

Colonel and Mrs. Colonel are on deck.

Mrs. Colonel is in raptures about the gulls. "Beautiful! Such poetry of motion!" she exclaims.

"Divers!" cries the Colonel. "There they go!"

There they *have* gone. All disappeared.

"That was a red-breasted Merganser, dear, wasn't it?" asks the lady.

"No, dear, that was a Surf Scoter." Then, turning to JERKIN and myself, whose attention the Colonel evidently wishes to attract, he says, "Curious thing, I remember off one of the Indian Islands seeing what I thought was a *Scotus*, but it turned out to be a *Merganser*, genus *Mergus*. I knew it instantly by its bill."

"One recognises many queer birds in that way," says JERKIN. I nod to him patronisingly, as forgiving him this time, and the Colonel, quite oblivious of the pun, continues—

"Now a curious thing about these *Mergansers* and the *Smeir*, too—by Jove, there goes a *Smeir*!" and he points out to us something flying away, but as it does not carry round its neck a legible descriptive label from the Zoological Gardens, we take the Colonel's word for it, and ask inquiringly:

"What did you say the name of that bird is?"

"A *Smeir*, Sir. Greenish patch in the eye, known in some parts as 'loons,' found 'em frequently in the Hebrides. When cooked—excellent!" And the Colonel appeals to his wife.

"Yes," answers the lady very quietly, "they are very delicate. But, dear," she adds reproachfully, "not to be compared with the dusty *Greenshank* and the *Squacco Heron*!"

"True. My wife's right. The *Squacco* is first-rate. I'm not sure," the Colonel says deliberately, looking round at his audience as if to challenge an adverse opinion, "I'm not sure that a *Squacco*, in autumn, isn't the best bird that flies."

His wife shakes her head at him reprovingly. "My dear WILLIAM," she says reproachfully, "you forget the *Épervier*."

"Lightly done through, on toast, perfect!" cries the Colonel. "I don't know how it escaped me. Yet it is a curious thing," continues the Colonel, looking puzzled, and addressing us as if for a consultation, "why the *Whimbrel*, the *Phalarope*, the *Knot*, and the *Dunlin*, should all choose this particular time of year to migrate, to travel across the sea, to go to Africa, or America, or Southern Europe, so that not one of the lot is to be found in the British Isles: not one," repeats the Colonel emphatically, with the air of a man resenting a personal injury.

"Dear me! is this so?" we say, at least I do. And I am inclined to blame Nature for not having consulted the Colonel previous to making her final arrangements.

"It is so," asseverates the Colonel, and, warming to his subject, he goes on putting to us questions as problems which neither individually nor collectively are we able to solve.

"Where's your *Little Grebe*?" says the Colonel warmly.

"Where's your *Sclaronian Grebe*? Where's your *Eider*?"

Where's your *Poehard*? and where—look where you will in the north and see him every day up to now—where," finishes the Colonel, with an air of universal defiance.

"Where is your *Ferruginous Duck*?" Quite a small crowd has gathered about him and his wife, as the latter repeats sadly,

"Ah, where indeed!" At this point a perfect stranger, a small man with a bristly beard like a convict, and a dull grey flannel suit differentiated from a gaol costume by the absence of the broad arrow, puts himself forward and asks in a husky voice, "What is a *Ferruginous Duck*?"

But the inquirer does not take much by his motion. Everybody turns, looks at the cause of the interruption, and laughs deprecatorily. The idea of anyone being ignorant concerning a *Ferruginous Duck*! And if ignorant, why expose ignorance by asking a question? This is conversation, not a lecture class. So *soleuntur tabulæ risu*, and our party disperses itself.

"Bless you!" says the Colonel to his wife as they walk away, "he knew what a *Ferruginous Duck* was well enough. I was ready for him."

Captain TWINKLER looms gradually out of his deck cabin. His jovial countenance lights up the deck as would a visit from the rising sun. Our Captain is a man of few words, and all to the point. Evidently he is much amused.

"Some people know a lot," says Captain TWINKLER, winking knowingly to himself, JERKIN, and one or two other messmates. "I'd half a mind to ask our good friends if they'd ever come across a certain kind of old bird that ain't to be caught with chaff!" Then he soars to regions up above, where he represents the cherub that keeps watch up aloft for the safety of crew and passengers.

Later in the day, when we are in view of nothing except an expanse of sea bare of any ships—and where they have all got to is a marvel to me—coming on the Colonel when he is "conning"—taking observations and making none, except to himself—I ask him to tell me whereabouts we are.

"Well," he says, frowning a bit as though he might possibly make a mistake by just the millionth part of a logarithm as to precise latitude and longitude, "I make it that we're just off Cherbourg."

Our Captain happens to be passing, and to him I repeat my inquiry, embodying the Colonel's information.

"Off Cherbourg!" repeats the jovial Captain, smiling; "see that haze just lifting there?" I do, and as the Captain



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

Father. "Now, Sir William, I want JACK to go INTO BUSINESS—his MOTHER wants him to READ FOR THE BAR. JACK'S UNDECIDED. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"

Sir William Grubbe. "You go INTO BUSINESS, my BOY. SEE WHAT IT'S MADE ME!"

Jack (emphatically). "Oh, Sir William, I've QUITE DECIDED to TAKE THE MOTHER'S ADVICE."

speaks, the objects, two big rocks, loom clearly out of the very far distance.

"Let me see," says the Colonel, and there is, perceptibly, a slight and unusual hesitancy in his manner, "that *ought* to be Cherbourg, oughtn't it?"

"I won't venture so far as to say what it *ought* to be," returns the Captain, with just the glimmer of a wink at me, "or what I might want it to be. But that's *The Caskets*." And the Captain rolls up aloft, vanishes, disappearing into his watch-box.

"*The Caskets*, Colonel," says JUDKIN slyly. "Don't you recollect?—on which the *Portia* nearly came to grief in SHAKESPEARE'S time."

"How ridiculous!" murmurs Mrs. Colonel, who having quietly approached now takes her husband below to comfort himself with tea and biscuits.

PROSPECTIVE NOVELTIES.—*How to get Thinner*, by the author of *General Principles of the Law of Corporations*.

The Tudor Loaf, by the author of *The Plantagenet Roll*. With a Table and Plates.

MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD, who has recently returned from the Black Forest, says that it is not half so black as it's painted.

THE COON AND THE TIGER.

A SMALL dark Coon was walking one day in the desert for the sake of his appetite, when he ran full tilt into a large and comparatively healthy Tiger. The Coon realised, instinctively, that he would require to exert all his wits to keep things going on as satisfactorily as usual. And so he spoke up in a perfectly candid way.

"Good morning," he said to the Tiger, who did not answer but looked at him roguishly.

"The desert air is very fine this morning," continued the Coon, and the Tiger smiled in a humorous manner.

"But I derive no benefit from this very fine air," proceeded the Coon, "for I am ill. Yes, I have taken poison!" he went on, with a feverish look in his deep brown eyes. "Last night I ate a pailful of strong arsenic which I mistook for whitewash. My physician tells me that I am so saturated with poison that, if anything only just touches me, nothing could postpone immediate death. If you, for instance, touched me with your teeth only it would kill you instantaneously. Nothing could postpone death!"

"Why wish to postpone death?" said the Tiger, cheerily. "I may tell you that I consider this meeting sheer good luck, for I am tired of life, and came out to commit suicide . . . Kindly stand still, so, while I spring. A little further to the left, please . . . Thank you!"



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 3.

AS HE SAID AFTERWARDS, FLESH AND BLOOD COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER,—HE SIMPLY HAD TO SNEEZE!

JOHN THE POST.

We live aloft in heatherland; the only link we boast
With others, our brothers, is worthy Jony the Post.
O Jony, we watch the road for you and wait the moment when
We see you, like Jehu, come driving down the glen;
For then with all the gossip of the countryside you feed
Our need;

You never fail to sort the mail, and as you sort you read.

"Ye're comin' for a wee bit ride? There's room upon the box—
Ou aye, Sir—jist try, Sir! Sit in among thae cocks!
That's richt! As ye were sayin', Sir, it's bonny by Loch Lhu,
But then, Sir, d' ye ken, Sir, the spot they ca' Queen's View?
There's aye a pictur' postcard in the mail bag. Na! no you,"

Says Jony,

"Jist stir again! Aye, here is aye, frae Mistress Effie Dox.

"Eh, Sirs! I'm wae to think of it! She's writin' here, ye see,
To HECTOR, th' Inspector, her brother in Dundee.
Puir thing, she's sair forfoughten, for her man's jist deid,
an' sue,

To double the trouble, her coo is decin' tae.
Her man was no great loss, mebbe; he aye was gey an' fon',
But on,

I'm feared her heart will break to pairt wi' sic a bonny coo.

"Aye, yonder's Castle Clunie. Na, the laird's nae langer there;
He's let it to PETTIT, the mustard millionaire.
They say his shootin's wunnerfu'—the fouks are a' at one
Admirin' his firin' an' wond'rin' hoo it's done.
Aye, Clunie shows the mixedest bag o' any shot this year,
Nae fear

Ae sheep, twa hogs, sax collie dogs, ten gillies an' a steer.

"That minds me—I'd a wire for him—a lang aye, a' about
Some crisis in prices—we cudna mak' it oot;

I studied it wi' LONEY—he's the postmaister—but, 'faith,
It lookit sae crookit it fairly beat us baith.

An' noo whaur is't? I canna mind. Can I hae let it drop?
But stop!

Nae doot I'll find 'twas left behind in PETER LONEY's shop.

"Important? Dinna fash yersel'; sae's ither things, ye ken,
An' PETTIT will get it next time I'm down the glen;
'Twill likely be on Friday, for f'm busy wi' the corn—
Jist startin' the cartin'—I'll no be here the morn.

Weel, here's the 'Plough'—I'll no refuse a drap o' Hielan' dew
Wi' you—

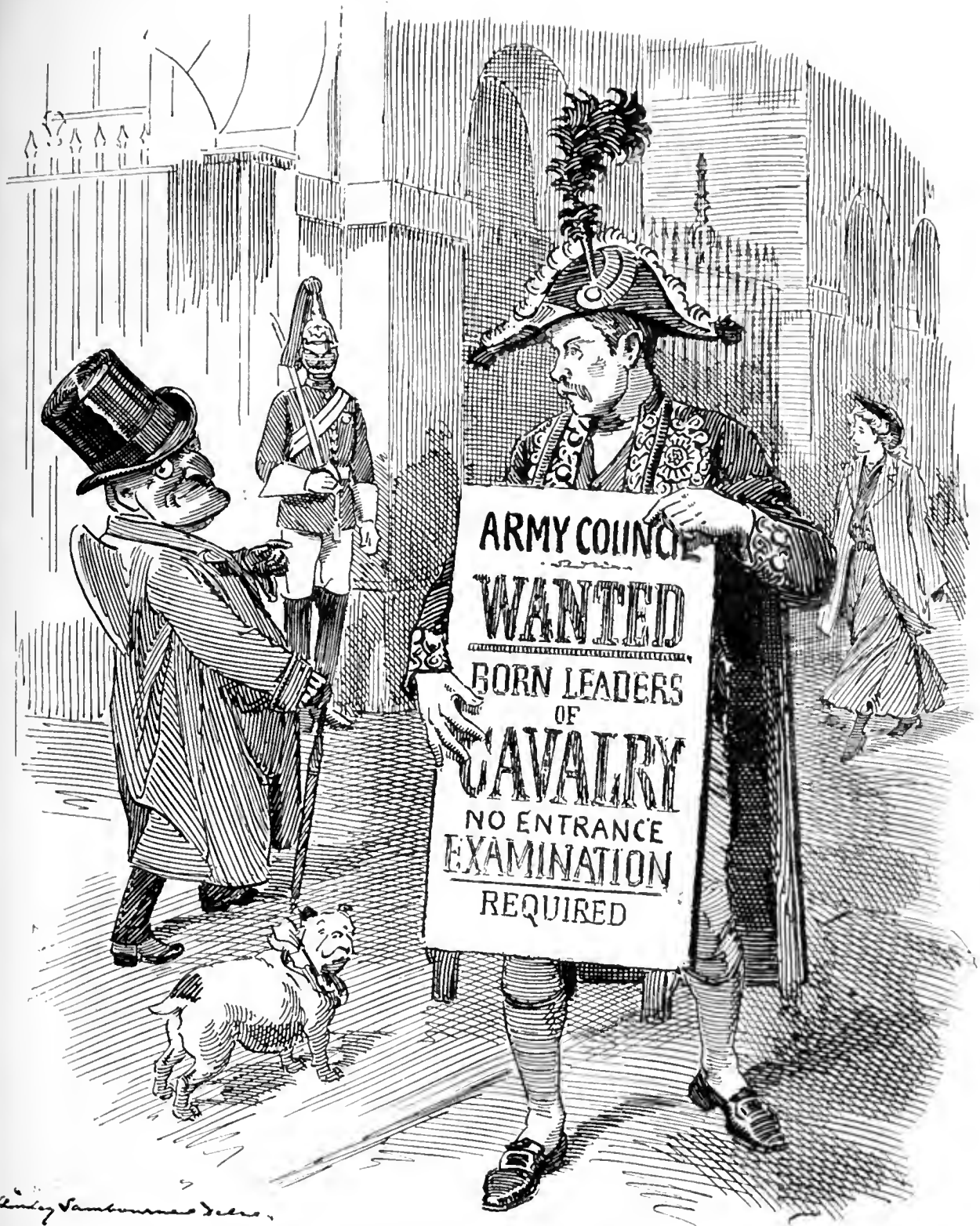
Weak—half-and-half—Na, dinna laugh! I'm 'maist teetottle
noo."

WANTED, the GIRL who helped a lady with a leg down a coalhole
on Sunday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock . . .
Manchester Evening News.

The descriptive phrase, "a lady with a leg," seems lacking in
the preciseness which makes for recognition; but the number
of ladies, with or without a leg, who on any given afternoon
would be likely to be "helped down a coalhole," must be
very small. So the good girl is likely to get her reward.
Unless—horrid thought—the leg belonged to *her*, and she is
"wanted," in the more sinister sense, on a charge of having
used it to help the lady down the coalhole.

NATURE NOTE.—A reindeer was recently born in Edin-
burgh. *The Daily Mirror* believes it to be the first reindeer
ever born in the United Kingdom. What makes its position
still more exceptional is that (according to the same autho-
rity) it was a *female* reindeer that gave birth to it.

It is rumoured that Mr. A. J. BALFOUR proposes to compete
on the Turf under the name of Mr. ARTHUR JAMES.



THE GOLD STANDARD.

Mr. Punch. "AH! I SEE THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE BRAINS TEST. PITY THEY HADN'T THE SENSE TO DROP THE MONEY TEST INSTEAD!"

[Under a new order issued by the Army Council, candidates for commissions in the Cavalry—that branch of the Service in which we were told that intelligence was most needed—will be admitted, without examination, as probationers "if in possession of either a school-leaving certificate or a qualifying certificate of education," whatever that may mean.]



THE INTERVIEW THAT FAILED.

FOLLOWING the somewhat indistinct directions of a small and impertinent errand boy, we sought out the Great Man's chambers, and knocked at the Great Man's door. Receiving no answer or assistance from within, we admitted ourselves, and beheld the Great Man seated at his desk, with his back towards us. For a while we stood unobserved, till at last, by coughing for a third time with offensive noisiness, we attracted his attention.

Without turning round, he addressed us in the following gracious and outspoken manner . . . "I have paid my Income-Tax, I cannot give you bread, money or Hospital Tickets, nor do I stand in need of anybody's Back-Ache Pills. You need not, therefore, stay."

"Excuse us," we replied, "we are neither tax-collectors, beggars nor touts."
"In any case," he said, "you will find the door behind you."

Encouraged by this genial welcome, we proceeded to the object of our visit, and arranging in our minds a series of questions as to the Great Man's past, present, and probable future, his own, his wife's, his children's, and his servants' Domestic Pets, we opened with the usual question:—"You are, we believe, the renowned Mr. ETTSETERER?"

"I am," he replied, "*not*."

Feeling that further interrogation was as unnecessary as it would be impolite, we wished our host a cordial "Good-night," and, whistling merrily, took our leave.

THE ALCHEMY OF INK:

or, Heroines à la Mode.

THE girl who put the damask rose

In point of loveliness to shame,

Whose purely decorative nose

Suggested petals of the same,

Whose locks absorbed the morning sun—

This lady has been overdone.

No longer novelists aspire

To paint CLORINDA void of flaw,

The pink-and-white complexions tire,

The sylph-like figures fail to draw;

To-day the daughters of their brain

Are introduced as "almost plain."

Yet, after reading for a while,

We find this men: "Her pallid face,

Thanks to a rare mysterious smile,

Was rescued from the commonplace;"

And (being there when this occurs)

The hero twine his heart in hers.

Proceeding, with a pained surprise,

We hear that Mr. TOMPKINSON

Observes a glory in her eyes

That has not glowed in Chapter I.

(Not mentioning the "Titian red"

That now transmutes her sandy head.)



CUB-HUNTING.

(Only a "retainer.")

Elderly Sportsman. "HERE! Hi! YOU YOUNG CUB, DIDN'T I GIVE YOU A SHILLING TO CATCH MY HORSE?"

Young Charabacoon (keeping at a distance). "ZOO YE DID, BUT IT'S ANOTHER 'ARF-A-CROWN NOW 'E BE KETCHED!"

A laugh (accustomed to elude)

Exposes teeth resembling pearls

With more precise similitude

Than those possessed by other girls;

And vagrant blushes tend to flow

Through Chapter XXXIX or so.

She proves the goddess in her walk,

A grace attends her every act;

One notes when she begins to talk

The compromise of truth and tact;

While half her beauty seems to dwell

In what is termed a "subtle spell."

Till when at last the loyal swain

Has squared it with the archer-god,

And Love's true course runs smooth
again

After 300 pages odd,

When bells unite the lucky brace

And "Finis" stares us in the face—

Once more we mark the well-known tints

Connected with a peach's bloom,

The eyes that drop celestial hints,

The Peerless Type, in fact, on whom,

Lit by the sun's ingenuous glare,

There shines the usual golden hair.

A Chance for Collectors.

FROM the chapter on Museums in a book on Denmark by MARGARET THOMAS we extract the following interesting piece of news:—

"Entrance is free, the arrangements so excellent that no object in the collection can be missed."

MY TAILOR'S BILL.

'Tis ever thus. My noblest aberration
Results in wisdom—after the event;
I never yet conferred an obligation
Of which I didn't bitterly repent;
I never paid a tailor's bill
(And after this I never will!)
But that I shivered for the precedent.

o o o o o

Brief was the scene, yet moving while it lasted.
At the first shock, when he beheld the Boon,
The noble fellow looked quite flabbergasted,
Turned a pale green, and seemed about to swoon;
While all his chorused tailorhood
Marvelled, and praised me where I stood
Balinily beaming, like the bland, grave, Moon.

Anon, with watery smile and due obeisance,
He bore the rare and curious receipt,
And gave me peace; and I, in full complaisance,
Patted him thrice; and moved upon my beat,
Exuding merit, till the mood
Waned, and I felt strange doubts obtrude,
If, in my action, I had been discreet.

True that to such impulsive generosity
Self-approbation lends a fleeting charm,
Yet, save we learn to curb impetuosity,
Our afterthoughts will fill us with alarm:
For pauper's dole and Tailor's cheque
Alike may bring a soul to wreck,
And Charity may do a power of harm.

Ay, many a vessel's lot has thus been blighted;
Men have been moral, even to excess;
When lo! a windfall came! They got excited;
Threw off their cloak of frugal stodginess,
Rose up, and did so carry on
That they, and all their dross, have gone
Down to Gehenna, leaving no address.

I trust that no such prodigal backsliding
May lure my gentle Tailor to his fall.
The loss of one so patient, so confiding,
Would do me injury beyond recall.
His homely faith is much to me;
And, failing him, I fail to see
Whom I should honour, how he clothed withal.

And what if in his breast the Dun should waken?
What if I have but edged his Vampire-tooth?
And he should be so grievously mistaken
As to seek blood—more blood; and, void of ruth,
With foul and ghoulish lust assail
His unsuspecting clientele?
The dear gods hold him! This from me, forsooth!

Myself, I fear him not. But much I tremble
Lest he should pass the news to other ears,
And round my gates a ravening horde assemble,
Sharp with the concentrated hopes of years,
Thinking (vain optimists!) to find
Their patron squeezably inclined,
Till I be wearied of their vile arrears.

It is such doubts as these that come in legions:
Such thoughts as these that pierce me to the core;
While deep, deep down in mine interior regions
I hear my muffled inward monitor
Mourning the loss of such a sum
To that financial vacuum
Which, as a child of Nature, I abhor! DUM-DUM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, October 14. — *Rigoletto*, that melodramatically effective opera, to-night. Madame MELBA singing; but even this, somehow or other, does not bring an overwhelming crowd. Yet the *prima donna* is a favourite, the opera is popular, the story well known, and *Le Roi s'amuse* in French, and *The Fool's Revenge* in English, have yet some hold on the stage. Can it be that the public, regarding the printed programme of the week's work, is suddenly struck by the awful appearance of a black hand with index finger sternly pointing to a notice stating that the Management earnestly requests every one to remain until the end of the last Act, or to turn themselves out, as neatly as possible, "during the interval immediately preceding it?" Laudable in intention, but absolutely impracticable. Who that cares for music and money, will consent to lose any part of what he has purchased simply for the convenience of others who certainly are utterly indifferent to what may become of him as long as he doesn't bother them? Why not let the vendor at the ticket office ask, "Can you remain till the end?" If the reply be, "I and my party must leave just when two-thirds of the last Act are over," then let seats be allocated to them in such a part of the house as will not be disturbed by their departure. The outside numbers of the Stalls, the back row of the Grand Circle, and certain Balcony Stalls, will meet these requirements. The occupants of Private Boxes can come in and out as they like (quietly, of course) without causing inconvenience to anyone. And remember, those who wish to support the Opera for the love of music are at liberty to take their seats, pay their money, and stay away altogether should they consider that their leaving too early, or arriving too late, might possibly interfere with the enjoyment of others. However, "that's as may be," and so back again to the Opera, though this notice must necessarily be somewhat belated, as, if *Rigoletto* be given again, the cast already announced will be somewhat different from the one now under review.

As Gilda, MELBA at her very best. Yet the audience did not respond. And this indeed is the summary of the evening's entertainment. Signor GIORGINI, as our friend *Il Duca*, did not make his hit until the last scene with Maddalena (Signora ARANDA, who has a fine contralto voice), when he fully atoned for any previous deficiencies.

As *Rigoletto*, Signor STRACCIARI was passable; "comparisons are odorous." Signor DIDEN's rendering of the music of *Sparafucile* was excellent. Apparently Signorina CAPELLI's view of the wicked old, or very middle-aged, *Gioranna* (do we not remember Mlle BACHERMEISTER's sordid avarice in this part?) is that she belongs to the soubrette order of light comedy. Such a novelty in rendering this part seemed to make Signorina CAPELLI somewhat nervous.

During the week the operas represented have been *Traviata*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Aida*, *La Tosca* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, whose record will have been already found in these "notes."

Inciting to Crime.

THE *Daily News* gives publicity to a letter "just received from Johannesburg by a prominent British politician." The writer, in language at once legal and colloquial, describes himself as "an interested party re the treatment of Chinese," and goes on to say: "I would not be a bit surprised to see them (the Chinese) rise some night and murder half the people of the country, and as far as I am personally concerned, they would be quite justified." What the writer has done to merit such violent conduct does not transpire; but even so, one can not help feeling a strange admiration (faintly indicated by the italics) for the gentleman's astonishing frankness.



"GRAND SLAM" IN THE STONE AGE.

IT IS, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, UNDENIABLE THAT A GREAT WAVE OF "PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE" PASSED OVER THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE AT A REMOTE PERIOD. IT IS NO USE BLINKING THE FACT THAT WHILE IT LASTED IT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR A MARKED "SET-BACK" IN THE CENSUS RETURNS.

LILLIAN.

IV. A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

If ever I find the author of *June Herring*, I shall probably treat him to something in the half-Nelson line. At present I am looking for him.

In *June Herring* the hero starts on page 253 pretending that he loves somebody else—*Margaret* to wit. On page 289 the heroine is in his arms, full of remorse, jealousy, love, hysterics and other emotions. At page 299 I closed the book and said to myself, "This is a good thing. I will go and do likewise."

The difficulty in my case was to find the *Margaret*. There was simply nobody in the neighbourhood that LILLIAN would be jealous of; and, anyhow, all the single ones were engaged about three deep. Ours is rather the county for that sort of thing.

After thinking it over, I decided to pretend that there was somebody in town who loved me. I had, and indeed still have, a very regular correspondent in the West End, who writes most charming little notes. (The last one said: "Referring to our reminder of last month, may we ask what you propose to do in the matter?" The obvious answer was: "Let's go on as we are.") As a reward for his perseverance he should be my *Margaret*.

For the next few days I acted my part before LILLIAN, and *TUE* himself in a new make-up wouldn't have done it better. I used to take out my letters and sigh, and read them over and over, and then sigh again—and I give you my word that before the week was over LILLIAN was caught. "Who is she?" she asked suddenly, and I got out the landing-net.

"Who is she, Dick?"

"Who's who?" I said, which is really a quotation.

"Is she dark or fair?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, pretending to be awfully embarrassed.

"Dark, I expect."

"Then you're wrong. She's got blue eyes, and the loveliest golden hair."

"Beautiful figure and all that?"

"Divine," I sighed, with a far-away look in my eyes.

"And I suppose she thinks games and all that awfully wrong for women, and walks about in a stately way—"

"She's most fearfully good at golf," I put in.

"What's her handicap?"

"Scratch."

"Scratch?"

"Oh no, let's see, it's three, I think." Three sounded so much more truthful somehow. Any fool could think of scratch.

"Very clever?"

"Not so very," I said carefully. I wanted her to seem decently human.

"What do you mean by 'not so very'?"

I hadn't expected to be cross-examined like this.

"Well, what do you mean by clever?"

I said, rather snarlingly, I think.

"Does she make her own things, and so on?"

"Ethel? I know one or two *ETBELA*, I wonder—"

"That is to say, I call her *ETHEL*," I went on hurriedly. "Her real name is *HENRIETTA*—*HENRIETTA DAINTRY*."

"Which is why you call her *ETHEL*?"

"Well, I couldn't call her *HENRIETTA*," I said sharply.

"And when are you going to see her again?"

"I felt on safe ground again."

"Next Wednesday," I said. "I'm just running up to town, and we shall probably do a lunch and a *matinée* together."

"Wednesday? Why, how splendid! Father and I are going up on Monday for a week. We might all have tea together."

"Well, *ETHEL* is not quite certain yet whether it will be this Wednesday or the one after. She says here—"I took a letter from my pocket—"now where is it? Oh yes—she asks, in fact, what I am going to do about the matter."

"What matter?"

"*Matinée* was what I said. I am reading her actual words. What do you propose to do about the *matinée*?"

"Well, what do you propose?"

"I think we shall get better seats if we go on Wednesday week."

"Well, I suppose she'll write and settle it definitely?"

"Oh yes," I said confidently.

On the Monday LILLIAN went up to town. My last words as I saw her off were, "It will be Wednesday week after all, I'm afraid." But on Wednesday morning I got a telegram. I opened it, and gasped. It ran:

"Please call for letter at Post Office. Forgot your

address in the excitement of hearing from you so soon.—*HENRIETTA DAINTRY*."

As soon as I had recovered I made for the Post Office. I went in feeling—and, I expect, looking—an absolute idiot. The grocer's daughter, who manages the P.O. side of the place, smiled all over as she handed me a letter with "*To be called for*" written on it. I took it away into a quiet corner of the grounds, and read the following:

"DEAR MR. DICK,—I may call you Mr. Dick, mayn't I? It will be *this* Wednesday after all! I will meet you at Prince's, and we will go to the Haymarket after lunch. I shall be wearing my hair dark, but you can recognise me by the pink hat, which I trimmed myself. (You know I make *some* of my own things, don't you?) And oh, Mr. Dick, there's just one thing I want to say, and you won't



HEARD AT THE FAIR.

Tethered Critic. "WOT! TRAINING FOR THE BALLET, ARE YER?"

"Oh, yes. That is—er—some of them."

"Which?" said LILLIAN.

I looked sharply at her. "Really," I began.

"Musical?"

The technicalities of music always do for me.

"No," I said, emphatically. I thought it safer.

"I suppose she *can* sing in tune?"

"I suppose so," I said crossly.

"Well, that's something."

There was silence for a little. I didn't quite know what to do. I lit a cigarette.

"What's her name?" said LILLIAN suddenly.

"Name?" I repeated vaguely.

"Nomenclature," said LILLIAN.

"Er—*ETHEL*."

mind, will you? It's this. I don't think I quite like the name of *ETHEL* that you have given me. I know *HENRIETTA* isn't pretty, but I have a poodle called *Ethel*, and somehow it doesn't seem quite complimentary, does it? Would you call me some other name, say *LILLIAN*, on Wednesday? I think *LILLIAN* is pretty.

"Goodbye. My golf handicap went down to one last night. Wasn't that good? But it's up to three again this morning.

"Yours sincerely,

"*HENRIETTA DAINTRY.*

"P.S.—To save time I bought the tickets for the Haymarket, and you can pay me back when we meet."

That ended the third page, but there was a little note on the fourth in *LILLIAN*'s own undisguised writing:

"P.P.S.—You'll have to run to catch the train, won't you?"

I ran and caught it. It was an expensive day, coming on top of the friendly enquiry as to what I proposed to do about the reminder of the month before; and, though I enjoyed it very much, I still wish to meet the author of *Jane Her-ring*. Let him take care. I have a clue.

CHARIVARIA.

To every one's surprise the centenary of Trafalgar has come and gone without a single German newspaper asserting that the battle was really won by *BLÜCHER*.

The Poet Laureate, in writing to *M. CLÉMENTEAU* on the subject of Trafalgar, addressed him in prose. *MR. AUSTIN* has always been a true friend to *M. CLÉMENTEAU*.

"It is now certain," says the *Paris New York Herald*, "that *MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT* will be decorated on January 1st next." It would be a graceful compliment if the steeplejack who attended to the Nelson Column were to offer to do the work.

By an oversight the enterprising journal which, on Trafalgar Day, issued an account of the battle as it would have appeared in a modern newspaper, omitted to double the figures.

The Sultan of Morocco has objected to *Algeiras* being chosen as the meeting-place of the Conference which is to

decide the future of his country. He has been requested to mind his own business.

It is not, we believe, generally known how the release of the British officers captured by the Moroccan brigands was so promptly brought about. According to our information, formal notice of our alliance with Japan was sent to the Chief.

at Simla, Lord Curzon said that he was probably the only person on the ground who had broken both a shoulder and an arm at the game. Whose, we wonder?

While President ROOSEVELT was receiving the delegates of the American Bankers' Association the other day, a man arrived with his wife and eight children. The President shook hands with him, and called for three cheers. With characteristic American enterprise a large General Emporium is, we hear, now advertising that persons desirous of having the President's handshake supplemented by three cheers may hire children at twenty dollars a dozen by the day.

The Liberals are jubilant over their continued success at the polls. They do not realise that such success is merely due to the politeness of their opponents. The Conservatives are keeping them waiting so long that nothing could be more natural than to allow them to take a seat.

We are pleased to be able to announce that the behaviour of the clergymen who accepted the invitation to see *The Prodigal Son* at Drury Lane was so exemplary—there was not a single case of disorderly behaviour—that the Manager hopes to repeat the treat next year.

There is, of course, no such thing as pleasing everybody. We hear that *MR. HALL CAINE* himself was much annoyed on hearing that, at the conclusion of the performance, there were loud cries of "Author!" *MR. CAINE* considers that every one ought to have followed his movements sufficiently closely to know he was in America.

"*Mrs. JENNIE CORWIN*, of Brooklyn, New York," says the *Express*, "whose valuable pearl necklace was stolen on her wedding day thirty years ago, has just received it back in good condition in a neat postal packet." We are ashamed to say we had forgotten the incident.

We are pleased to be able to state, from exclusive information, that tailor-made clothes are to be the fashion for men, as well as for women, in the coming season.



"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."

Intending Passenger on the Electrified District (inserting himself as the electric train starts). "IS THIS THE EALING—GEE!—GEE! HELP! HELP!"

At one time, exaggerated reports of the incident, converting it into a grave disaster to the British Army, were current. It was declared that the two prisoners were Cavalry officers, and the only ones we have left.

By-the-by, we may be mistaken, but is not *MR. WALTER HARRIS*'s annual kidnapping due about now?

Speaking to the Army football-players

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Discovery*, which set forth in the summer of 1900 to probe more deeply the mystery of the Antarctic region, triumphantly accomplished her mission. Captain Scott and his dauntless crew came nearer in touch with the South Pole than the footsteps of man had hitherto carried him. Through two perilous winters, with the temperature so far below zero that the record seems fabulous, they made sledge excursions into the unknown. They added a new territory to the British Empire, naming it after King Edward, who, with the QUEEN, was among the last to bid the explorers farewell when, from snug anchorage at Cowes, they sallied forth. They solved the mystery of the Great Ice Barrier that baffled Sir James Ross. They came upon a magnificent mountain region undreamt of in man's geography. They enriched Science and Natural History by many prizes taken with dredger and gun. Here be great achievements. But my Baronite regards as their supreme triumph the testimony, splendidly renewed, of the indomitableness of the Britisher when he takes a tough job in hand. In his record of *The Voyage of the Discovery* (SMITH, ELDER) Captain Scott, whilst simply narrating the daily doings of himself and his companionship, makes light of danger and discomfort. Only once does he comment unfavourably on the situation. To do him justice, it was comparatively early in the voyage, before he had become inured to his hourly privations. As he was prospecting for safe harbour through the coming winter, a furious gale swept down. The ship was in close contiguity to a dangerous ice-floe, above which towered many bergs. So little control had they over the ship they could not alter their course by tacking. The wind blew with the force of ninety miles an hour. As evening fell they were helplessly driven down on a line of pack among several small bergs, raising in the driving gale clouds of spray that froze as it covered the anxious crew. This is pretty bad; so bad indeed that it leads Captain Scott to his solitary protest appearing in a book of a thousand pages. "Our situation was not pleasant," he writes. Pleasant is a good word. After this it is comparatively naught to read of the captain, caught in a blizzard, jotting down in his diary the remark, "I shall remember the condition of my trousers for a long time, they might have been cut out of sheet-iron." Or again, in other circumstance of temperature, "If one exhales a deep breath one can actually hear one's breath freezing a moment or two after it has left the mouth." The South Pole is all very well in its way. But to stand about *en route* in sheet-iron trousers listening to your breath freezing is a stiff price to pay for nearer acquaintance. Captain Scott set forth to beat the record on the southward track through Antarctic wilds. Hungry, thirsty, frost-bitten, scurvy-smitten, snow-blinded, he won his way. Not less plucky and uncomplaining were his officers and crew—a dauntless company worthy of such leadership. Written in the simple literary form in which brave men naturally narrate their doings, no more glowing narrative of adventure is to be met with in the English language. Its value is vastly augmented by nearly 300 photographs and sketches, some in colours, taken on the spot by Dr. Wilson and Chief-Engineer SKELTON.

When folks get to praising a writer called "HYNDAYNE,"
It shall certainly not be my function to stand aside,
To praise him (or her) I am all the more willing
Since his volume (or hers) costs no more than a shilling.
It is just—so to speak—a collection of posies,
As fragrant as thyme, as attractive as roses;
And the angriest man will abandon his scowls
As he reads *The Four Gardens* (it's published by FOLIO).

Mr. ANDREW LANG has edited *The Red Book of Romance* (LONGMANS), but he tells us that "the stories in this book

were done by Mrs. LANG out of the old romances." It is a delightful book, full of gallant adventures, great excitements, fights, magic, splendid knights and lovely maidens. Mr. HENRY FORD has adorned it with beautiful pictures. Altogether it is as good a six-shilling's worth as any one can want to buy.

Most of us read Sir FRANK BUCHANAN's *Records and Reminiscences* (METHUEN) when, in 1901, they appeared in a couple of volumes. Having in eighteen months run through three editions, which shows the public knows a good thing when it sees it, they are now being brought out in cheap one-volume form. Those who read the story before will like to renew the pleasure. For those who did not earlier read, my Baronite advises them straightway to run and order the book. Thus it will come to pass that, as of old times, he who runs may read.

Rarely nowadays do we get anywhere within hail of Christmas without being reminded of one of the most charming of all charming legends associated with the festive season by having brought before us some new edition of WASINGTON IRVING's immortal story, *Rip Van Winkle*. This present edition, produced by Mr. HEISEMANN, is worthily got up, its first merit being the finely-printed and thoroughly legible letter-press. Mr. RACKHAM is in the main to be congratulated on the artistic character of his distinctly original illustrations. Unqualified praise the Baron can confer on all the drawings for their skill and technique, but he feels that the artist has in several instances failed to catch and reproduce the overpowering awfulness of the author's weird idea. The very last effect that the sight of these quaint grim-visaged old phantoms, solemnly playing their thunderous game of bowls, had on *Rip*, was to make him laugh. He was overcome with fear. About his gnome-like guide, for whom *Rip* carries the keg, there was something "that inspired awe and checked familiarity." This gnome, as represented by Mr. RACKHAM, is an odd-looking pantomimic mannikin, decidedly comic. When *Rip* finds himself among the queer goblin-like assemblage "his heart bounds within him and his knees smite together." Nothing grotesquely ludicrous in this description; yet Mr. RACKHAM's representation of it is more suggestive of a comic nightmare than of anything fearful. But apart from these dealings with the supernatural—a very difficult matter—Mr. RACKHAM's illustrations are charming in design, tone, and colour.

Mrs. COLLISON KERNAMAN has a delightful touch when dealing with ordinary country life in Ireland, and it is just this capability of hers that makes some chapters of *A Village Mystery* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) pleasant reading. Otherwise the story is somewhat dull. "Missing caskets" are well-worn conventional "properties" of melodramatic romance, but the incidental sketches of genuine Irish character are the story's apology.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, practised novel readers in want of a relish, allow the Baron to recommend you *The Vampire Nemesis, and other Weird Stories of the China Coast*, by DOLLY (author of *China Coasters*), which, contained in one small pocket-volume of Arrowsmith's British Library, will hold you enthralled for just about an hour before going to bed. That is the time for reading *The Vampire* and *Death Grips*. To ladies, perhaps, the place for settling down to these weird stories is the bed-room, before a good fire, within easy distance of bed.



THE SELF-ELEVATOR.

WE have determined to put the Golden Key of Success into the hand of every person in the Land, at no matter what cost to ourselves. The possession of that key will cost you a halfpenny a day—a mere nothing—but *that's* not the point. The point is, Can you afford to do without that key?

The Self-Elevator is not an old book; every word of it has been written for you within the last week, and absolutely *no* time has been lost in revising it before going to Press.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a great man. That we willingly admit. He discovered the law of gravitation and made a great name for himself, but Sir ISAAC NEWTON knew little or nothing about Voice-production, Cider-making, Hall-marks on Silver, How to take Stains out of Carpets, or the respective merits of Wood-block or Asphalte Paving. You, however, have no excuse. All this is Yours for a halfpenny a day!

MARCUS T. CICERO was, as every schoolboy knows, the greatest scholar of his day, but if he were with us now we very much doubt whether he would command a salary of 30s. per week. What, for instance, did he know of Sanitary Steam Laundries, Shorthand, Dust Destructors, Septic Tanks, Tonic Solfa, Celluloid Combs, Fret-work for Amateurs, or How to Make and Fake Photographs. Yet You may revel in all these things for a halfpenny a day, by getting *The Self-Elevator*. To give one more instance. Let us take PLATO:—

PLATO

received his name from the largeness of

his shoulders. He would in all probability have received a very different name, and that for the largeness of his brain, had he but lived to enjoy the advantages of *The Self-Elevator*. Learned he certainly was, for he lived in an age when there was little to learn. Yet in these days of cheap education how

hero, when they placed NELSON upon a Column in Trafalgar Square. You will find no fewer than *Five Columns* upon Nelson in *The Self-Elevator*.

The Self-Elevator covers the whole of Life, and does not merely touch its fringe. It contains a short History of the World from the beginning of All Things up to the elevation of Cardiff to the rank of a City, and including the result of the match between the "All Blacks" and the Midland Counties.

THIS IS NOT AN OLD HISTORY.

Every word of it has been written for you within the last few days by (perhaps) some of the brightest minds in the Kingdom.

The Self-Elevator will lift you from the humblest position and deposit you upon the highest pinnacle of Fame, and

IT WILL COST YOU NOT A PENNY!
(but a halfpenny, a day.)

We are informed that the Automobile Club, for the purpose of collecting evidence for the Royal Commission on Motor Traffic, has issued a circular to every medical practitioner in the United Kingdom asking for replies to certain questions, including the following one:

"Can you mention any instances

where by travelling in excess of the speed limit you reached a patient in time to save life when otherwise you would have arrived too late?"

We suggest a supplementary question to this effect: "Will you kindly state at the same time, in round numbers, how many men, women, children, dogs, etc., you have killed with your motor in the course of these life-saving excursions?"



Mr. Binks. "ONE OF MY ANCESTORS FELL AT WATERLOO."

Lady Clare. "AH? WHICH PLATFORM?"

ignorant he would appear! PLATO knew nothing about the Manufacture of Glues and Adhesives, Practical Bee-keeping, Dry-rot in Timber, How to read the Gas Meter, or the Duties of the Housemaid. *The Self-Elevator* is a fountain of learning on all these points. And the price? A halfpenny a day!

Our fathers could think of no better way of perpetuating the memory of a

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATIONS.

[Adapted from Lord Rosebery's speech at Stourbridge.]

My Liberal brethren, we are on the eve
Of such a boom in styles of long ago
As you might possibly not well believe,
Unless your old friend came and told you so:—
A boom that gratifies us all the more
After the weary slump that went before.

Ask not the warrior blinded with the fight,
Who scarce can gather how the day has gone;
But rather those that from a distant height
Enjoy the vantage of the looker-on;
Ask me, in fact, who have at leisure brooded
Over the dismal decade just concluded.

I say the Tory citadel is doomed
(I have observed the slain as thick as flies);
And from its ashes, when the place is fumed,
I look to see a peerless structure rise;
Even the phoenix, cited in the fable,
Will stand abashed before that Tower of Babel.

Already I remark that certain folk
Clamour for booty in the by-and-by,
Licking, like *Horner* (*Little Jack*) to poke
Their thumbs within the half-baked Liberal pie;
It does disgust me when I see a comrade
Showing such greed about a private plum-raid.

For who can gauge our strength when all is done?
Men cut their clothes according to their stuff,
And our desires may reasonably run
To trousers, yet the cloth be not enough;
And then our Party—so experience teaches—
Will have to be content with Irish breeches.

One awful heritage we have to face!
England has earned the enmity of some;
And we must therefore use, to meet the case,
Infinite tact in perils bound to come
As the result—if I foresee the end—
Of making everybody else a friend.

Well, we must try and see the country through
This legacy of danger, nor decline
The claims of pledged affection, though 'tis true
Such things are not in our peculiar line,
Whose forte has ever been to keep the nation
Orbed in a sphere of dazzling isolation.

Further, the Government will have to cope
With the great mass's more immediate needs;
And here our various leaders rightly hope
To find a common ground in all our creeds;
It is their dream to have the country fed
Gratis on most enormous blocks of bread.

But, since the people's stomach ill would thrive
If on their nobler parts no care were spent,
We shall, for good example's sake, revive
The pristine dignity of Parliament,
And what of manners used to be the code
When last a Liberal Party set the mode.

Where is that ancient pattern stamped so clear
As in our leaders (few, I grant, but fit), —
REDMOND, the glass of fashion, yet austere?
LLOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON, types of courtly wit?
Where is the old-world grace more fine and rare
Than that of CAMPBELL-B., the debonair? O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE JEUNESSE DORÉE OF THE VILLAGE.

LORD GRANVILLE relates (the letter is printed in his *Life*) that when JOHN BRIGHT dined at Osborne he amused Queen Victoria by quoting to her his brother's remark:—Where, considering what charming things children are, do all the funny old men come from. For myself I have often wondered how a village child, which is normally a pleasant, cheerful, well-mannered little specimen of its tribe, can ever develop into a thing so obtrusively disagreeable as the hobbledey who haunts the village corners on Sunday afternoons and evenings. How this same hobbledey ever becomes a steady respectable member of the male community is a matter even more surprising.

It is, as I say, on Sundays, that the members of our *jeunesse dorée* emerge into the light. It is possible that during the working days of the week they are tradesmen's assistants or industrious doers of such other jobs as the village affords; but it is quite impossible to recognise any traces of a useful and laborious life in the surly Adonises who, with shiny faces, bright and meretricious ties, stiff and inconvenient clothes, creaking boots, and slabs of hair ("quiff" is, I believe, the technical term) plastered down upon their foreheads, infect the Sunday air with their coarse loud jests and their studied air of uneasy defiance to all powers human or divine. There is a butcher's lad with whom I often exchange the salute of courtesy as he drives a high-paced pony along our roads. He smiles, we both smile, as the good-mornings pass between us. He is a courteous youth, and it is a pleasure to receive and acknowledge his greeting. Sometimes, when an unkind fate has forced me to pass a group of the Sunday gilded ones, I have vaguely imagined that in one of the scowling faces I caught some dim familiar marks reminding me of this not unamiable boy. If it be indeed he, I know not why he puts off his courtesy with his working clothes, and why he considers a garment of defiance to be the only suitable wear for one who has belaboured his hair with grease and stuck a straight-cut cigarette between his lips.

The time spent by these young men at their corner is almost inconceivably protracted. It cannot be that they delight one another's thirsty souls with the sparkling waters of intellectual conversation. Coming upon them unawares I have occasionally overheard their remarks, and, if I may infer the whole from the part, I judge that they mostly tell one another that "Elf 'ad a proper ole beano last night;" or that "Emmy's gal—'er with the nose—fetched 'im a cop o' the jaw;" or again that "I tole 'im I warn't goin' to 'ave none of 'is lip and when 'e giv me some of 'is back-talk I jest called 'im a blanky mole-ketcher." With the interchange of such light-hearted railleries the hours are sped upon their way; and, having seen them morosely eyeing the world and one another at 11.30 A.M., you will come upon them in the same attitudes at 3.30 P.M., and again at 6 P.M. It is just possible that they may have budged during the intervals, but, for myself, I do not think they have. Some unearthly messenger, I believe, deposits them there as a living warning during the morning hours, and fetches them away again after their duty is fulfilled and when the rest of the village is wrapped in sleep.

I am told that the country and its villages are losing their interest for the male portion of our youth, and that the towns are overcrowded with those whom the rural parts need. For the *jeunesse dorée* of such villages as I know, nothing, so far as I can judge, has ever had the least semblance of interest (I speak only of Sundays, remember), and no human force could uproot them from their stands at their favourite Sabbath corners. Now and then a soldier or a sailor, a native of our village, comes to us on a visit, and it is not



THE TWO DEMAND NOTES.

RATEPAYER (reading over his letter to "The Times"). "SIR, WHY SHOUL'D LONDON WAIT? ARE WE ALWAYS TO LAG BEHIND PARIS AND BERLIN? WE MUST HAVE IMPROVEMENTS, AT WHATEVER COST!"

THE SAME (later). "WHAT! WANT ME TO PAY A BILL LIKE THAT! I CALL IT SIMPLY MONSTROUS!"

[Becomes incoherent.]





"GOIN' TO SHOOT THIS MORNIN'?"

"GOIN' ROUND THE LINKS?"

"WELL, FACT IS I PROMISED TO ARRANGE THE FLOWERS FOR THE DINNER-TABLE TO-NIGHT. THAT OUGHT TO BE RATHER SPORT, WHAT?"

"GOOD! I'LL COME AND HELP YOU."

"NO. FACT IS, I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK SHOOTIN' IS RATHER AN EFFEMINATE AMUSEMENT."

"MY DEAR CHAP, THAT'S ONE WORSE!"

"WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO THEN?"

without amusement that one notices the contrast between the sullen affectations of the *jeunesse* and the simple, breezy carriage of the man who has gone through discipline and learnt a lesson of conduct. Some day, no doubt, the hair-plasterer will be enslaved by a fair and will walk out with her. Eventually he may be married to her, and may forswear the boon companions of his period of gilt. But there are middle-aged men and even old ones who belong to the set, and these are, perhaps, the most dreadful and hopeless of the gang.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Very fine night; as indeed it ought to be, exceptionally fine, for the public appearance of a *Butterfly* in Covent Garden. And let Signor PUCCINI, Messrs. RENDLE and FORSYTH, and every one concerned, be heartily congratulated on the excellent performance of *Madama Butterfly*. Not for one night only by any manner of means, as seats being insufficient for the crowd on Tuesday, the *Butterfly* had, willy-nilly, to come out for another flutter on Thursday last (also is announced for next Thursday's *matinée*), and when or where the *Butterfly* will ultimately settle is a matter for the syndicate, which may consider their "catch of the season" to be this fine Japanese specimen. The house, crammed and jammed, was enthusiastic. The presence of Her Majesty the QUEEN added additional brilliancy to what was already exceptionally brilliant. The staging of Puccini's work was admirable, and Conductor MUGNONE has added another note of honour to his operatic score.

As *Cio-Cio-San*, Signora GIACHETTI, singing and acting well-nigh to perfection, may be described as rendering the little heroine almost great. It cannot be forgotten that Madame DESTINX originally played and sang this part, her singing not being quite on a par with her playing; and to have proved herself a rival of so distinguished an *artiste* may indeed be accounted as something for Signora GIACHETTI to have achieved. Madame GILBERT-LEJEUNE's *Suzuki* is already well known here; her impersonation had lost nothing of its intensity, nor her voice of its charm. Signor ZENATELLO was good as *Butterfly's* lover, Lieutenant Pinkerton, U.S.N., but he was not a second CARUSO. The rôle of Mr. Sharpless, U.S. Consul at Nagasaki, was perfectly rendered, both as to singing and acting, by Signor SAMMARCO. Uncommonly fortunate were the United States, at the period of this story, to have possessed such a representative. After Act I. the Fall of the Curtain was followed by a tremendous Rise in the enthusiasm. The *artistes*, every man and woman of them, were true to their calling, and being summoned by the delighted audience at least five times, responded as often and as quickly as if every fresh summons had been a legal one.

The parts of lesser importance—it would be incorrect to describe them in an opera as "the minor parts"—were played and sung excellently. Signorina MAXARINI was delightful as *Kate Pinkerton*; Signor BADA very good as *Goko*, as also was Signor NIOLA representing *Il Principe Yamadori*, *Butterfly's* rejected lover. From first to last the entire performance of this opera must be recorded as a big success for all concerned, and in our opinion a large share of such success was due to the *Cio-Cio-San* of Signora GIACHETTI.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. IV.

Aboard L'Hirondelle.—During the day the amusements on board are much the same as on other vessels several times larger. There are Quoits for those who affect that game of skill, and Cricket with a stick and a very soft ball, played in the space between the first and second-class divisions. There are cards, a smoking-room, and a ladies' small saloon with a piano in it. This instrument is apparently patronised by two or three sets independently of one another. "Set A," for example, has its singers, pianists, and audience all complete. During this concert "Set A." has the saloon entirely to itself, and enjoys its own performance. "Set A." having retired, "Set B." so to speak, "takes the flure," entirely to its own satisfaction, with a totally different entertainment. "Set A." has solo pieces, classical, an occasional solo song, and a duet or two, Italian. "Set B." avoids the classical, indulges in pianoforte duets, solos (English), trios, and boating quartets. If "Set A." listens to "Set B." it must be at a distance outside, as none of that party are in the saloon; and precisely the same thing happens when the "B." tap is turned on.

The remainder of the passengers, sitting out on deck, keep open ears and an entirely open mind.

"Well," says the Captain, smiling, to me on Monday, the second morning of our voyage, "how did you like the Bay of Biscay?"

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes I do," returns the Captain. "We were in it yesterday, and we're out of it now. Terrible place, eh?"

"If the Bay ever wants a good character," I say, heartily, "let it come to me."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," says JUDKIN; "remember you've got to get back again."

Better defer final opinion until I am safe at home again.

"Uncommonly pretty country on this side," I say, pointing to the left bank as we enter the mouth of the river Gironde.

"Very," assents the Colonel, after an excellent breakfast. "But not much t'other side. Prettier still farther up and right away in the distance over there," he adds, directing our attention to a blurred landscape hazily visible in the distance.

"You've been here before?" says JUDKIN inquiringly.

"Been here before!" echoes the Colonel, and then answers his own echo with a most hearty "Rather!" bestowing upon his audience, which gradually increases while he imparts us his information, a knowing look as if he could tell them a thing or two about this country if he liked.

"You know it then, I venture to guess?" says JUDKIN suspiciously.

"Know it!" repeats the Colonel, in a lowered tone of almost affectionate regard. "My dear Sir, I've been here—I and my wife—have been here since—('the Conquest,' murmurs JUDKIN)—well, we've been here at different times ever since I was a small boy."

"At school here?" asks JUDKIN, deferentially.

"No, Sir," answers the Colonel, raising his voice as he quits sentiment and comes to mere statement of fact, "I was at school in England—Rugby and so forth. My parents, who were rather French than English, owned the greater part of that land there," and he scoops a large space out of distant space. "Beautiful woods, capital shooting, and one or two vineyards producing a grape called *Monail*, which, if it could be grown in any quantity, would give *Lafitte* a second place."

"I never heard of it," I say, with an effort to recall some items on the Club wine list.

The Colonel excuses me. "Very few have heard of it except the natives, or anyone who has travelled all over the place as I have. Delightful recollections!"

"I suppose you haven't been back here for years?" asks a casual listener.

"Not to reside," the Colonel explains, "but to stay here for weeks, or months, every year. I may say of myself, as I said of my parents, I am more French than a Frenchman."

"*Vous en avez l'air, M. le Colonel*," says JUDKIN.

"Quite so," returns the Colonel, glancing at my friend out of the corner of his eye; "the air is perfect, most healthy." JUDKIN coughs drily. "All I ask for is fishing, shooting, boating. In fact, sport."

"What shooting did you get out there?" inquires a tall burly man with little bright inquisitive eyes, turning his gaze in the direction indicated by the Colonel.

"Oh," replies the Colonel, "pretty well all sorts."

"Wild fowl?" asks the big man, earnestly pursuing the subject.

"No end," answers the Colonel, "and not infrequently *Dotterel*, *Snipe*, and a lot of small birds, rather like *Wagtails*, peculiar to this country, which I've never seen anywhere else."

"*Beaucoup de Maereuse*?" inquires JUDKIN.

"They may be so. I'm not quite sure," answers the Colonel guardedly. JUDKIN nudges my elbow to intimate that his next question is only part of an artful scheme.

"And how about *les Roitelets* and *les Choucas*?" JUDKIN wants to know.

"Well, it is not a great place for *them*," the Colonel, on reflection, must candidly admit.

"*Point de Bécasse*?" asks JUDKIN.

"Aha!" says the Colonel knowingly, but I am inclined to think that he adopts this mysterious manner because he has failed to understand the question, and is rather shy of being forced to request JUDKIN to repeat it.

"Any *Woodcock*?" asks the burly man, deferentially.

"Oh, as to *Woodcock*, *now* you're talking," replies the Colonel as if the subject had now been mentioned for the first time.

JUDKIN appears amused. So am I, on his subsequently referring me, in strictest confidence, to a list of birds in an old French-English conversation book.

Our Captain has descended the staircase from his observatory and, unnoticed save by two or three of us, is leaning against the capstan, occasionally passing his hand over his lips, while his eyes, on catching those of JUDKIN and myself, give an extra merry twinkle.

The Colonel, unaware of the Captain's proximity, has an audience all eyes and ears. Outside this semi-circle is JUDKIN, with the air of a cynical *Mephistopheles* awaiting an opportunity. Captain TWINKLER appears to be watching the manoeuvres of some sea-fowl as illustrating, so he puts it afterwards, various flights of fancy.

"You see," the Colonel is saying to his audience, pointing to a bifurcation of the river, "the stream is divided at that point."

"Where are we now?" asks an interested inquirer.

"*Noir*," returns the Colonel, addressing the casual inquirer in an authoritative tone, "we are in the river Garonne, which is split in two, as it were, by an island—capital shooting and fishing there—where I used to spend my holidays when I was a lad."

"What's the name of that island?" inquires a little scrubby-bearded man, note-book in hand.

"Name?" repeats the Colonel; then, before any one can utter a word, he says, with the air of a man putting a stop to all debate, "its name is *Massidan*, and," he goes on quickly, "it was near there, at a place called *Brires*, that we spent our honeymoon."

"No, not *Brires*, my dear WILLIAM," interrupts, hesitatingly, a gentle voice. It is that of Mrs. Colonel BICKERSTIFF, very much muffled up; both the voice and the lady.

"My dear!" protests the Colonel.

"Brives," continues his wife, very gently, "is beyond *Perigueux*, a long way."

The Colonel yields at discretion.

"Very likely, my dear," he says, in an offhand manner; then he distracts the attention of his audience from what may prove rather dangerous ground by peremptorily requesting them to notice how the river, which leads to Bordeaux, being divided by a peninsula, has an entirely different name before it has done with us. "There," says the Colonel, indicating the stream just mentioned, "is the *Yon*."

"Not the *Yon*, WILLIAM," pleads his wife.

"Yes, yes," he returns testily, and is about to enlarge on the text, when Captain TWINKLER, indicating the peninsula just mentioned, observes,

"Don't think you've been ashore there for some time, eh, Colonel?"

"Why?" asks the Colonel, turning on him with some asperity.

"Well," answers the Captain, who has unrolled a map, and with the assistance of JUDKIN is keeping it open before him on the capstan (or whatever it may be, as I make no pretence towards special nautical accuracy), "the river *Yon* is a precious long way behind us, and *Brives* is half again as far ahead of us."

"Is that so?" asks the Colonel suspiciously.

"There's no contradicting the chart," returns the Captain, apologetically.

The Colonel admits the authority, and having examined the map he hands it back to Captain TWINKLER.

"And where are we now?" sternly puts in the big burly man, who a few minutes ago had been subserviently inquiring about *Woodcock*, with a look towards the Colonel, and in a tone that gives us all clearly to understand that his confidence in the Colonel has been rudely shaken.

"Well," says Captain TWINKLER deliberately, and giving the map as corroborative evidence, "we are now in the river *Gironde*. We've passed *Royan*, which serves as a sort of Brighton to Bordeaux; that's where they get the excellent little fish, *Royans*. At that point," which he indicates with his finger, pointing it out in the distance, "jutting out some way ahead of us, the *Gironde* becomes the *Garonne*, on the Bordeaux side, and the *Dordogne* on the *Bourg* side."

"Yes, that's the division, of course," exclaims the Colonel emphatically, yielding to the weight of evidence against his previous assertions. Then, genially, addressing the few left of the crowd who but twenty minutes ago had been ready to pin their faith on him, the Colonel says, "Impossible not to get names and



Foreigner (who has "pulled" badly, and hit his partner in a tender spot). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR! MY CLOB—HE DECEIVED ME!"

places a bit mixed up when one is constantly on the move."

But the confidence of even the most stalwart has been hopelessly undermined, and one by one they desert him and walk towards the other end of the vessel. JUDKIN and self remain. The Captain addresses Mrs. Colonel and her husband. "Nothing easier," says the Captain, consolingly, "than to get names a bit wrong now and then. Maybe Madame and you, Sir, would like to refresh your memory with the maps? We shall be in before dinner time."

"At Bordeaux?" asks Madame.

"Yes, certainly," answers the Captain. Whereupon with many expressions of gratitude the Colonel declines, for the present, to avail himself of the chance of putting his geography in order before landing, as he would rather bestow all his care on his luggage, in case, as he says, "our good friends should arrive suddenly, when, by permission of the Douane, we might be able to leave the

ship to-night." And as the unexpected happens and the good friends arrive, Col. BILLY and Mrs. BICKERSTIFF are enabled, by the kind offices of Captain TWINKLER on their behalf with the Douane, to take their departure within an hour of their arrival at Bordeaux. Subsequently everybody goes ashore for the avowed purpose of stretching their legs, returning between ten and midnight, considerably fatigued by the operation, but much delighted with the brightness of the town, the Cafés, the Restaurants, and such amusements as are going on in Bordeaux.

Still more Commercial Candour.

A NORTHAMPTON tradesman gives prominence to the following notice:—"No person can be supplied with fireworks under thirteen years of age."

After so fair a warning the purchaser has only himself to blame if these antiquities refuse to go off.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LIVELY SCHOOLMASTER.

October 25.—Have just read WELLS's article in the *Westminster Gazette*. Yes, there is no doubt about it, we are a dull lot and largely responsible for the stupidity and inefficiency of our pupils. Still, it is never too late to mend; I am only twenty-nine, and surely not too old to cultivate the vivacity and independence which are bound to react upon the boys in my form. I have decided, therefore, to remodel my life, conduct, and teaching on the general principles indicated by WELLS, and henceforth it will be my aim,

- (1) To become an Authentic Man.
- (2) To eschew the obvious and conventional in dress.
- (3) To proclaim my adhesion to Socialistic principles.
- (4) To affront public opinion at least once a week.
- (5) To cultivate a vivid and "prehensile" style.
- (6) To forswear fly-fishing and take to flying-machines instead.
- (7) To write a good and lurid novel.

October 26.—One must make a beginning, and I made it to-day. Went into early school in knickerbockers and a frock-coat. Slight *émeute* amongst the form, which I soon quelled by handing round a box of cigarettes, and observing that, as *Liry* was a dull dog, I proposed to devote the hour to reading extracts from the *Memoirs of Casanova*. Complete success of the experiment. Occupied the last quarter of an hour in explaining to the form the duties of the Authentic Man, and the stimulating effect of a life of crime. Hearing, however, at breakfast in common room that the Headmaster had got wind of what I had done, resumed my normal garb for 10 o'clock school and exacted a pledge of secrecy from the form. How contemptible are these evasions! But one must go slow at first. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

October 28.—This being a half-holiday I went up to look on at a house-match and created some excitement by booing at intervals and crying out "Muddled oafs!" Evidently, however, the boys really approved of my criticisms, for I distinctly heard one of them reply to one of my sallies, "Good old *Raffles*!" *Raffles*, as I subsequently learned, is a successful gentleman burglar in a favourite work of fiction, so that the compliment was obvious.

Took preparation in the evening and caned a boy for addressing me as "Sir," explaining that I preferred to be called by my Christian name or, if they preferred it, *Raffles*.

October 29.—Sunday. Obtained leave of absence and went up to town, where I marched in a Socialist procession,

lectured in Hyde Park, and dined at an Anarchists' Club in Soho. Travelled back first-class with a third-class ticket as a protest against the cowardly conformity of a sophisticated civilisation. On reaching my rooms, feeling that my style was growing more prehensile, sat down and began upon my novel. Before going to bed, wrote an anonymous letter to the Headmaster telling him that he was a lifeless twaddler, whose grovelling deference to decorum was as dangerous as it was disgusting.

October 30.—Went into morning school without a collar. Enlarged on the moral of the phrase *splendide mendax* which occurred in the Horace lesson, pointing out that while it was permissible to be strictly truthful in small matters, lying, to be efficient, must be on a large scale, and that in the noble words of WELLS, in these days "an unblemished record was mere evidence of the damning burial of a talent of life." Read aloud to the form the opening pages of my novel, *In Quest of Crime*, in which the hero commits bigamy while still at a private school. My young auditors were strangely silent, but applauded the poem which the hero recites on his eleventh birthday, ending: "Down with the crumbling fabric of the ages, Down with the Old Creed, and up with the New."

October 31.—Pioneers must always be martyrs. At second school to-day I found a round robin on my desk signed by all the form. It was short but very much to the point. "Dear *Raffles*," it ran, "we like your cigarettes and can put up with your clothes, but if you are going to give us any more of that rotten novel we shall simply let the Head Beak know all about your goings on. There are occasions, as you have told us, on which it is permissible to tell the truth." Informed the boys that I would let them have my answer to-morrow. Wrote at length to WELLS explaining the situation and asking him for advice by wire.

November 1.—No wire from WELLS. Distributed copies of *The Clarion* and *Justice* in the quadrangle after tea. Dined with the Headmaster. Took the opportunity of asking his wife if she had ever loved unwisely. She bridled and said, "Really, Mr. Jopp, you do say such extraordinary things!" but evaded my question.

November 4.—Received letter from WELLS—really most offensive. He says: "I am afraid that little good can be expected from your belated and isolated experiment. Besides, your respectable antecedents and unblemished record render you quite unfitted to assume the rôle of a hierophant of antinomianism. Your style, again, is almost as non-prehensile as that of Mr. GILKES of Dulwich, and, in short, I cannot honestly encourage you

to head a rebellion against that dulness in which you are obviously steeped to the lips. Boys who are to be free, masterly men, must hear free men talk freely of religion, of philosophy, of conduct. You are at best the semi-serf of a vicious tradition, and had better either resign the attempt or your mastership." Confound the fellow! If he was within reach he'd soon find that my style was prehensile enough!

November 5.—Announced to my form abandonment of experiment. Burned WELLS in effigy.

SOCIETY CHATTER.

(From the "Side-Glancer"—with which is incorporated "Back Stares.")

SOME HOUSE PARTIES.

THERE were a good many house parties for Midchester Races. Unfortunately, the particularly cheery one at Larkington was by way of being marred by the bad form of an outsider. He was only invited for his Bridge-playing; but outsiders are never safe. One evening, when everyone was tired, too, with playing catch in the passages, he began to hold forth about the Empire and its Defence, of all stodgy, middle-class subjects! Lord LARKINGTON apologised to his guests later, and it seems the person left next day.

At Rippintowers very good fun was enjoyed one evening, when everyone put on pinafores and bowled hoops up and down the picture-gallery. Mr. "Baby" St. AUBYN, whose colt "Rotter" had won the Midchester Cup in the afternoon, showed splendid form with his hoop.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING.

There is no doubt Hoop-bowling has caught on. Indeed, it is by way of becoming quite an obsession with some people. Many smart women are having dresses built specially for it. The most *chic* is a sort of Bloomer dress, in fine cloth or velvet; tall bronze boots are worn with it; and gauntlet gloves and a baby-boy's hat complete a costume in which a pretty woman, with nice feet and ankles, looks really "devy."

Lady THISTLEDOWN is doing a long rest-cure. Everyone sympathises so with her over the regrettable conclusion of *Thistledown v. Thistledown and Hurlingham*. A good deal of indignation is felt at the merciless cross-examination she underwent at the hands of Mr. LASHER, K.C., which is directly responsible for the fainting fits she has suffered from since. Lady THISTLEDOWN, who is one of the prettiest and most popular women in Society, will pay a round of visits when her rest-cure is completed, and will then go to Cairo for the season.



ILL-CONSIDERED.

"BIN INSPECTIN' O' THEM NOO PRIZE COTTAGES. *THEY* AIN'T NO GOOD! IRON BANISTERS TO THE STAIRS: 'OW DO THEY EXPECT VER TO BE ABLE TO LIGHT THE FIRE WITH THEM? AN' BILLY 'ERE—AND 'IM SO GIVEN TO PRIZIN' UP THE FLOOR-TILES AND THINGS IN 'IS LEISCHE HOURS—WHY, THEY 'VE PUT 'EM IN WITH CEMENT! 'OW'S HE TO GIT THEM OUT? WHY, THEY'D BREAK THE PORE CHILD'S 'ART!"

A ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.

Smart Whispers is quite wrong in speaking of Captain "DOLLY" DE LACY as the *fiancé* of Lady "DICKIE" SANDYS, Lord and Lady RAMSGATE's pretty daughter. It is to Lady "DICKIE's" grandmother, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, that the popular young Guardsman is engaged. The happy couple have been overwhelmed with "congrats." by their hosts of friends. They were dining at Fitz's the other night, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, looking radiant in a picture frock, with some pretty bits of jewellery, and her hair dressed in the new *bébé* style.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE.

Though Society is scattered up and down the land, there are quite a good many people in town just now. The Duke of DUNSTABLE was alighting from a hansom at the entrance of the Senior Fogeys' the other day, and paying the cabman with half-a-crown, or a two-shilling piece, I can't be sure which, but I think the latter. TRIXIE, Lady LARKINGTON, was whizzing along Piccadilly on her motor-cycle, with Captain MASHAM in the trailer. (By the way, her action for libel against *The Planet* for mentioning her, in describing her grand-

son's coming-of-age festivities, as the Dowager-Countess, will not come on, a settlement having been effected.)

Mrs. "CROPPY" VAVASSOR, in smartest black with something pinky in her toque, was shopping in Bond Street; and quite a number of smart women were at OLGA FITON's, looking at some simple little day-frocks she is showing at quite absurdly low prices (from forty guineas upwards), and at her novelties in cigarette-jackets, chatting-coats, and other pretty-pretties.

DANCING PEOPLE.

Mrs. "BOSH" TRESTLYAN's little impromptu dance in Hill Street the other night was quite a cheery affair; indeed, she is making quite a little reputation for these "spur-of-the-moment" parties. Though the invitations were only sent out the day before, and simply consisted of postcards with "Come and twirl" on them, everything was quite beautifully done, the dancing-rooms and supper-room being made pretty with red and white "mums." It was quite a "boy-and-girl" dance, no one much over fifty being present.

The "Hopeless Sufferers" are to be aided by a Fancy Head Dance next week, which promises to be a very smart affair.

Several hostesses will give "Hopeless Sufferers" dinners, and will take on parties.

THE INDUSTRIOUS HEN.

[*"The Swiss village of Zofingen, in the Canton of Aargau, was decorated with flags yesterday in honour of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg."*—*Daily Express*.]

HER thousandth egg! To what a height
May perseverance mount!
Did she with this result in sight
Maintain a careful count?
Nay, rather let us think of her
As careless of applause,
And heedless of the civic stir
Her industry might cause.

Could any hen foresee the fame
A feat like this would bring?
I'm confident no fowl could claim
To think of such a thing.
Like that of SCOTT's *Last Minstrel* one
With truthfulness may say,
This surely must have been an "Un-
premeditated Lay!"

AN INFECTIOUS ALIEN.—From *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury's* "For Sale" Column.—"Spotted Dalmatian doctor's carriage Dog; cheap."



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 4.

HOWEVER, FORTUNE AT LENGTH FAVOURS THE BRAVE, AND A LUCKY SHOT (!) BRINGS DOWN HIS FIRST STAG.

AFTER THE LONG VACATION.

DULL earth, dull sky, a world forlorn
Of Nature's rich Autumnal hues;
No chant of birds at early morn,
No meadows bright with glistening
dews;
No lowing kine upon the lea,
Wherever that may be.

Vista of chimneys, rain-wet roofs,
Of slippery streets and swaying vans;
The hoot of horns, the clang of hoofs,
Rattle of chains and milkmen's cans;
The steady swish of wheel-flung slime
That hits you every time!

And this is London—this the spot
That, just a week ago, I swore
Outlashed with ease the fairest grot
That ever faced a classic shore,
Whose air (I said) for giving tone
Surpassed the raw ozone.

Præneste (better known as Deal)
And Tibur (sometimes called Herne
Bay)

I wearied of; I ceased to feel
The charm of three full meals a day;
Those early hours of healthful rest
Became a perfect pest.

Then I arose betimes to lave
My shining shoulders in the sea,

Or in a scarlet surcoat drave
The whistling cleek-head from the tee;
Or launched my bark upon the brine,
When it was nice and fine.

And when September drew to an end
And wood and coppice ruddier
gleamed,
I stayed in Berkshire with a friend;
(How long the Long Vacation seemed!)
And fished for perch and sometimes shot
A rabbit for the pot.

He and his wife both exercised
Arts that I scarcely could resist;
They gave a dance and organised
A concert, and Progressive whist;
But still a sense of vague unrest
Harried their homesick guest.

And when I said to them "Good-bye,
The 24th will soon be here;
The Courts will open then, and I
For business reasons must appear,"
They both expressed profound regret,
But didn't seem upset.

O brief delight too swiftly sped,
O disillusionment profound!
I mark the leaden skies o'erhead,
I note the dreariness around,
And lor! (methinks) I was a flat
To hurry back like that.

Yonder the "sunward sailing cranes"
In Aldwych Street swing far and near;
The latest Music Hall refrains
Are whistled rudely down my ear;
Competing cocoa shops exude
Odours of steamy food.

The motor-'bus goes tootling by,
The hoardings make a braver show;
All the old sights and sounds that I
Desired so much a week ago
Are calling me, and yet somehow
I don't enjoy them now.

I want the smell of fallen leaves,
The windy upland's wide expanse,
The robin perched upon the eaves,
The winter gnats that whirl and dance,
The high wind singing through the
trees,
And the ensuing sneeze.

O Human Nature, dark, bizarre,
Still wanting what it hasn't got,
What discontented things we are,
When thou dost call; but there, I'm
not
Fit to philosophise: instead
I think I'll go to bed.

ALGOL.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.—
"Try, try, try again."



THE SENSATIONAL PRESS.

BELLONA. "RUN AWAY, LITTLE BOYS, RUN AWAY! I WANT TO GO TO SLEEP."





LIFE'S LITTLE DETAILS.

The New Squire's Wife. "AND DO YOU ENJOY GOOD HEALTH GENERALLY?"

Cottager. "AY, MUM, I BE WONDERFUL 'EALTHY; NEVER 'AD A DOCTOR AN' NEVER 'AD BUT ONE DAY'S ILLNESS IN M' LIFE. AN' IT'S RESOLUTION WOT DOES IT. NOW THERE'S BLOATERS; THEM THINGS I BE PARTIC'LAR FOND OF, BUT I 'ARDLY EVER EATS 'EM. WHEN I WAS UP ALONG O' CAP'N BANGS OUT 'ERE AT MUDDYBANK ABUILDIN' 'IS 'OUSE, THAT'S WHEN I ATE A BLOATER FOR DINNER, AN' IF YOU B'ELIEVES ME I DIDN'T EAT NOWT TILL SUPPER TH' NEXT NIGHT. IT DIDN'T AGREE SOME'OW, AN' IT WOR" (with great emphasis) "YEARS AFORE I ATE ANOTHER, AN' THAT WAS IN 'SIXTY-TWO!"

EVENINGS OUT.

The Lyric.—*The Blue Moon*, which has been shining here for some considerable time, might now well be known as *The Full Moon*, seeing that the house is crowded at every performance. Among the "stars," Mr. WILLIE EDOUN as *Moolraj*, idol-maker and marriage-broker, shines brilliantly, as does Mr. WALTER PASSMORE representing *Private Charlie Taylor*, with a marvellous "crocodile song" and dance. The special operatic "constellations" are Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON, Miss CARRIE MOORE and Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, while there are any number of merry twinklers, celestial bodies, and equally celestial no-bodies that add to the general brilliancy of the Lyric firmament.

Prince of Wales's.—*Lady Madeap* is still apparently in her *première jeunesse*. The capital songs and dances having been going so long, it is a wonder that they have not gone off altogether long ago. But Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, who recently professed to be about to give up this sort of entertainment, knows exactly how, where, and when to renew youth wherever alterations and repairs may be required. The work is the production of one PAUL RUBENS, in three parts; associated with our sporting Colonel, NEWNHAM DAVIS, and the poetical PERCY

GREENBANK. PAUL RUBENS is not a writer of whom it can ever be said that he does things by halves, yet in this instance he has done half "the book," half the lyrics, and *all* the music! And though the name of RUBENS is indelibly associated with the painter's art, yet here the brilliantly effective scenery is the handiwork of the brilliantly effective Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN and J. HARKER.

G. P. HUNTLEY, as *Oroga Brown*, is immense; GEORGE CARROLL is capital as *Corporal Ham*; and the humorous singing of MAURICE PARKER has lost none of its great popularity. Mr. R. ST. GEORGE is very funny as the *Old Family Butler*. Miss ZENA DARE plays, sings and dances *The Madeap* to perfection; "What woman dares, ZENA dare!" *Susan* is a (GABRIELLE) RAY of light comic opera; Miss KATHLEEN WARREN as *Mrs. Layton*, the wife of the Colonel, is everything that a Colonel could wish for; and there yet remains to be mentioned somebody Elsie (Miss LILY ELSIE), who plays *Gweny Holden* with any amount of "go."

"Murder as a Fine Art."

"THE art of taking life easily is to have —'s Rich Cream Toffee."—*Advt. in Liverpool Echo.*

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. II.—How to TRAVEL BY RAIL.

RAILWAY travelling is a diversion of comparatively modern growth. In the days of Queen ELIZABETH, for instance, nobody thought of indulging in it, but during the last century the taste for this amusement assumed such alarming proportions that the State had to step in and insist upon a special Act of Parliament being passed before any single new railway could be constructed. This law, however, does not apply to switch-backs.

It is a well-known fact that when once the first step has been taken nothing can stop the passion for railway travelling. Notwithstanding the large yearly loss of life and limb contingent on this recreation, almost every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom or elsewhere habitually travels by rail, and there is, therefore, no reason why a short treatise on the subject of how to travel properly should not be penned, seeing that the public appetite is now beyond control.

It is needless to say that a large and popular literature has grown up around such a popular form of amusement. Excellent recreative reading is provided by *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and the novice should provide himself with a copy of this entertaining work. In spite of its light and airy style it is a masterly treatise, and fresh editions are called for and eagerly taken up once a month all the year round. They are usually issued in paper covers, but there is no reason why one copy should not last a life-time if re-bound and kept on a dust-proof shelf. It might be as well, then, to acquire one by purchase, and the price charged is not excessive; but if the incipient traveller is not an habitual book buyer, he might order a copy to be included in his next parcel from *Munie's*.

Having acquired your *Bradshaw* and read up the subject, let us suppose that you wish to make a trial journey from London to Southampton. A very good train for the purpose starts from Waterloo—the station, not the battlefield of that name—at ten minutes to five, and, after a short stop at Winchester for afternoon tea, arrives at Southampton at twenty minutes to seven, or thereabouts. You decide, then, to travel by this train, and nothing is easier if you know how to set about it.

First engage a cab to take you to the station. This process has been fully described in a former paper. When you arrive at the station yard, a subordinate official called a "porter," and attired accordingly, will come forward to welcome you on behalf of the railway company, and will assist the cabman to lift your

luggage off the roof. He will say, "Where for?" and you will reply without hesitation, "Southampton," for his enquiry will not be dictated by mere curiosity, but will arise from a sincere desire to assist you. You will now pay your cabman and get as quickly as possible out of earshot of his consequent remarks.

Your next objective will be the ticket office. This is a little hole in a wall, on the further side of which a member of the peerage, shielded from attack by a barrier of wood and wire, is privileged to charge a large price for a tiny slip of cardboard which another official will take from you at the end of your journey. Say in an audible but not stentorian voice, "Southampton, single," and, if he is not engaged at the moment in conversation with a brother peer and is satisfied with your appearance he will name a sum of money which you must be prepared to pay without demur, for it is useless to try and bargain with him. There will be a shelf in front of you on which to place your money, and on it probably a small brass plate with an inscription requesting you to examine your change before leaving. You will comply carefully with this request. The people behind you who also wish to take tickets will behave with wonderful patience while you go thoroughly into the matter.

Once seated in the comfortable little room, a series of which composes the so-called "train" in which you are to make your journey, your duty will be to make yourself agreeable to your fellow-travellers. This may be done in several ways. One of them is by affable conversation. If there should happen to be an old gentleman seated opposite to you who has supplied himself with a collection of evening papers in one of which he has immersed himself, open the ball with some remark bearing on the prevailing climatic conditions, and do not be deterred from pursuing the subject by a grunt in lieu of an answer, or an apparent disinclination on his part to encourage you. Your reward will come when he gathers up his belongings at Winchester and beats a hasty retreat, leaving his seat vacant for you to put your feet upon for the remainder of the journey. Take care, also, to be politely firm with regard to such matters as raising or lowering the window next to you. The right attitude will assure your having your way without recourse to physical force, but it might be as well to run your eye over the proportions of your fellow-travellers before determining to set your own inclinations against the combined will of the rest of them.

A last word of warning is necessary as to carriages labelled "Smoking." If you are not a tobacco-smoker do not

select one of these. The railway company's favourite penalty of a sum not exceeding forty shillings is not enacted if you do not smoke in these carriages, neither are you required to go back to the place from which you started and pay two counters into the pool. But you will have no right to object to the fumes of your neighbours, and this may annoy you. A penalty is insisted on if you allow a natural inclination to cut the seats and cushions of the carriage with a knife to get the mastery over you. You will find a notice under the hat-rack expressing in strong terms the company's dislike of this practice. It is well to take heed of this, for, the law being what it is at present, you must be prepared to put up with these petty restrictions, or you may find yourself in trouble.

THE RIVIERA "PETITE VITESSE."

(*Trente-et-quarante h.-p.*)

[It is announced that a Vanguard Motor-Omnibus is prepared to take passengers to Mentone.]

Conductor. Riveerer, Monty Carlo, Bordigheery, Lusserne, Youngfraw—come on, lydy—'igher up!

Old Lady (on curb). Do you go near Cairo, conductor?

Conductor. No, lydy; tyke a char-à-bank to Marseilles and change into a "Pharaoh." (*Rings bell.*)

Irritable Passenger (handing fifty-pound note). One to Naples.

Conductor. We ain't for Naples. You should have tyken a "Vesuvius" at Victoria.

I. P. (furiously). You told me the Italian Lakes and Calabria when I got on!

Conductor. An' awl for fifty pun'! (*With painful politeness*) Cawn't we tyke you on to Haustria, Constanternople, the 'Oly Land and Siberier?

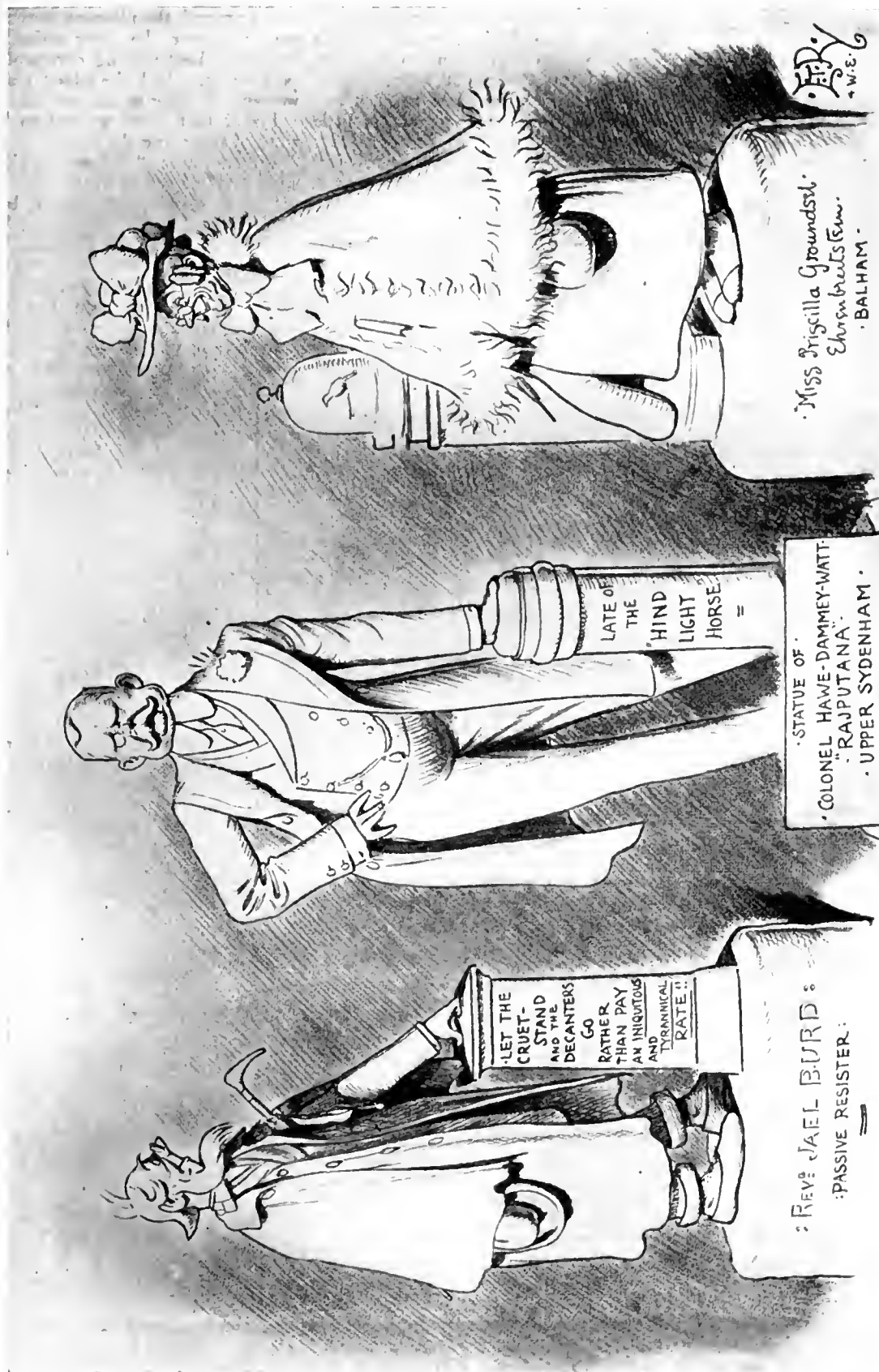
Driver (puffing smoke genially across passengers). And Pawt Arthur? Tell 'im we don't touch Asier or Afriker this journey.

Young Mother (with infant on lap). One to Mentony. Put me down at the corner.

Conductor. Another twenty-five pun', lydy! Must py for the child. (*Shouts to passing pedestrian*) Bernese Halps, Monte Roser, Milan, Riveerer! Awl the wy, fifty pun'! (*To passengers*) Move up there—room for wun on the left. 'Ere, this 'ere's a bad tenner!

Passenger. I got it at a confectioner's in Bulgaria.

Conductor. Well, you'd better give it back where yer got it, then. And that aint on our rout neither. That's the Putney—"Arrer" rout; that is. 'Ere y'are. Any more for Cans, Bowlloo and the Riveerer?



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.

NATIONAL STATUES FOR PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS (WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE ESCAPE RECOGNITION).—No. 1.

The Times has proposed that a "Hall of Heroes" shall be erected as an annexe to Westminster Abbey, and it is rumoured that, should the Government fail to do the work, *The Times* itself may carry out the project as part of its Book Club Scheme. Only statues of subscribers would, of course, be admitted. It is even said that inquiries have already been addressed by *The Times* to several monumental masons with a view to getting an idea as to the cost of the scheme.

LILLIAN.

V.—THE INTRUSIONS OF HERBERT.

GRACE's idea of "helping" me with LILLIAN was to go up to town with ARTHUR and stay there; leaving LILLIAN and me alone in the country. (Except for LILLIAN's father, who is reading the *Encyclopædia* right through, and can hardly be said to count.) Of course we did some rather sporting things together, as I hope to show you, but the immediate result was the affair of the ducks; and as this is a matter somewhat on my conscience, I feel that it will be better to get it off at once by full confession.

GRACE amuses herself in the country by keeping ducks. In the ordinary way I am not allowed to do more than look at them. It is a very arbitrary line that she has taken up, and I suppose it is because she once found me feeding the goat out of my pouch. *Albert Edward* was lapping up the mixture like anything, but I think GRACE's indignation was unnecessary; because, as I told her, I couldn't possibly afford to make it a regular occurrence—tobacco being the expensive thing it is. However, GRACE chose to take a lofty attitude about it, and said that in future I wasn't to touch any of her animals.

But when she went up to town for the winter, and left me in possession, she came down from the pedestal, and asked me as a special favour to take care of her ducks. I promised to do my best, and for a time, with LILLIAN's help, gave the ducklings quite a classy diet—things that could never have occurred to them when in the egg. There was one little chap in particular, *Cecilia* was his name, that shaped splendidly, and increased an inch round the chest in three days. I give you my word.

"When there is a tragedy looming, I hate the author who tries to break it gently to his readers. So let me say at once that LILLIAN had a dog called *Herbert* (after an uncle), and *Herbert* in the dead of night came round to me, and ate twelve ducklings, including *Cecilia*. I heard a row, and caught sight of the brute making tracks.

Next morning when I found the damage I wrote a very formal note to LILLIAN, asking what she proposed to do about it. She replied that she didn't propose to do anything, but would I let *Herbert* buy me twelve new ducklings?

I said, certainly, but they must really be new ones, and not old ones dug up.

Well, we got twelve more, and I didn't think GRACE would mind, because it hadn't been she who had been so keen on *Cecilia*. But the night after, *Herbert* came round again and ate them, which quite destroyed the effect of his little present. I sent for LILLIAN at once.

"Now then," I said, "what are you going to do? A week ago *Herbert* ate twelve of my ducks."

"But he saved up his pocket-money, and gave you twelve more," said LILLIAN.

"And then he ate those."

"Well, he paid for them."

"You can't have it both ways," I began.

and well-behaved dog, called *Herbert* after an uncle, taking health-giving walks around the pleasant country-side, and wherever the poor animal went somebody kept putting coverts of ducks in his way. And she added that there was such a thing as indigestion.

I said that there seemed to be two ways of regarding the situation.

LILLIAN said: "Bother the situation, what shall we say to GRACE?"

"There's nothing for it but the truth," I said.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked LILLIAN. "And we could have made up such a fine story about their having tried to swim the Channel, and the Kentish mermaid's gallant effort—that's *Cecilia*, you know—and——"

At this exciting moment the postman came.

"Now," I said, "here's a letter from GRACE. Listen. 'Dear old Dick, I do hope you and LILLIAN—' oh yes, well, that's not very interesting. We pass on to—yes, here we are. 'P.S.—How are the ducks?'"

I turned to LILLIAN.

"P.S.—How are the ducks?" I said, sternly.

"We—we shall have to ask *Herbert*, sha'n't we?" asked LILLIAN, doubtfully.

"I shall reply, 'P.S., *Herbert* has eaten ducks.'"

"She won't know who *Herbert* is. I have only had him a week."

"Why did you ever have him?" I said bitterly.

"I don't know. We aren't a bit fond of each other. I don't suit him somehow."

"You might punish him by calling him *Bert*," I suggested cruelly. I've noticed that there's only one adequate repartee to "*Bert*." And

that's "*Alf*." So it must be pretty painful.

"No, I shall give him away," said LILLIAN.

"Who to?"

"I don't know. I leave it to you, partner in crime."

Well, I thought of various people, and finally suggested *HAYLING*. *HAYLING* is our Vicar, and collects dogs. He can't pronounce his "r's," and by some extraordinary ill-luck all his dogs have rolling "r's" in their names. I thought he would like a dog called *Herbert* for a change. Also *HAYLING* once proposed to LILLIAN. "Love me, love my dog," and so forth, you know.

"Mr. *HAYLING*?" said LILLIAN doubtfully. "I don't much care for him, Dick. He isn't a very nice man."



OVERHEARD IN THE PARK.

French Bulldog. "PARDON, MONSIEUR, YOU HAVE ZE TIE UP ZE BACK OF YOUR NECK."

"It isn't as though they were really your ducks," said LILLIAN.

"It isn't as though they were *Herbert's*," I said, "although he seems to think so."

"Don't get cross."

I wasn't getting cross, but there were one or two things I wanted to say, and I said them. I pointed out that here was my sister-in-law trying to breed ducks for profit or show purposes; that during her, I hoped only temporary, absence from the country she had left me in a position of great confidence and trust with regard to them—a trust that, through no fault of mine, she would feel to have been misplaced. And I added that there was such a thing as a dog whip and a good strong chain.

LILLIAN said that here was a quiet

"But Herbert isn't a very nice dog," I reminded her.

"Oh, well."

That evening I wrote to GRACE:

"P.S. The dog Herbert has eaten your ducks."

The next evening—there was no collusion, I swear it—LILLIAN wrote to GRACE. I give an extract:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. HAYLING has such a nasty, big, bad-tempered dog called Herbert, that is getting itself disliked. You know how fond of dogs he is. I'm sure Herbert spends the sermon in the vestry, he takes him everywhere. Isn't Herbert a ridiculous name for a dog? Do you remember my uncle HERBERT? You asked me what my new dog was like. He's a dear little fox-terrier. What shall we call him? DICK thinks Cecilia, but he's rather got Cecilia on the brain just now. I don't know who she is..."

I went up to town for one night and saw GRACE. I started about the ducks, and she said, very indignantly, "Never mention Mr. HAYLING's name to me again." Well, I wasn't particularly keen to. It isn't much of a name.

She'll get over it, of course. You can hardly live in a village without hearing the Vicar's name mentioned. But really, it's an unjust world.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Sultan of TURKEY has declined the Macedonian financial reform scheme which has been drafted by the Powers. We understand that HIS MAJESTY at the same time informed the representatives of the Powers that, if a naval demonstration should become necessary, he would be happy to review the fleets, as there is nothing he enjoys so much.

The CZAR, it is said, wishes to base a new Constitution on the British model, but hesitates, as it might curtail the power of his successors. He has been seen lately in frequent consultation with his heir.

According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the position of Lord LANSDOWNE has been gravely shaken in London, and "the British public are demanding his retirement." It seems scarcely creditable to our own newspapers that the British public should be left to learn

such an important item of news from a foreign journal.

A Professor of Tokio University has issued an appeal for "English books by the best authors," and several writers have sent him a complete set of their works.

Members of *The Times* Book Club have the right to place the initials M. T. B. C. after their names.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to point out that NELSON was a notoriously bad shot. This, we sup-

Mr. JOHN MORLEY has described the Japanese Treaty as a leap in the dark. Yet the Rising Sun gives sufficient light for most people to jump by.

The fashionable complexion for ladies, according to a beauty specialist, is now a brown of the Japanese tint. It may be obtained, we are informed, by means of a good cold cream and some olive powder. A cheap substitute for those of the lower orders who wish to be in the movement is, we understand, brown boot polish with just a *soupeçon* of treacle.

Though banished from the bookstalls of certain railways, it is unlikely, writes a correspondent, that the name of SMITH will die out along these systems for many a year to come.

The Master of the Eton Union Workhouse announces that the hot-water service is now in order, and that, in future, tramps will be required to take a bath on admission. The profession is most indignant, and protests against what it regards as a species of class legislation.

It is again rumoured that the Admiralty intend shortly to introduce drastic changes in the costumes of our sailors, and the pretty little low-necked blouse is said to be doomed.

The immortality of great artists is no empty expression. According to *La Vie Illustrée*, no fewer than 2000 pictures by the late MILET were painted last year.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has published, in book form, 525 letters addressed by him at various times to the Press, and states, in the Preface, that he believes that a similar volume has never before been issued. The excuse is generally held to be insufficient.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to ask, How is Trafalgar pronounced? The answer is, *Wrong*.

"Lost or strayed from —, SABLE COLLIE DOG, with white breast, neck, and two front feet."—*Manchester Evening News*.

The description seems inadequate for the purposes of identification. Nothing is said, for instance, as to whether the dog's tail was hanging down behind.



"GOOD 'EVINS! 'ERE'S A NICE GO!"

"WOT'S UP NOW?"

"THIS YEAR'S CHAMPAGNE VINTAGE IS A FAILURE!"

pose, accounts for the statement we saw the other day to the effect that England need not fear that the supply of NELSONS will ever fail.

The Finsbury Borough Council have agreed that in future Henry Street, Pentonville, shall be known as Grimaldi Street, the famous clown having been for years a resident in the district. We may yet live to see a Wilfrid Lawson Avenue.

The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE has been fined once more for driving his motor-car above the speed limit. We should have thought that the Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society would have been more careful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my retainers has been reading *Dan Leno*, by J. HICKORY WOOD (METHUEN & Co.), and reports as follows: Even those who only knew DAN LENO as he appeared on the stage felt a peculiar affection for him and were impressed, consciously or unconsciously, by something kindly and lovable beneath that wildly or pathetically absurd personality. And it is no small tribute both to author and subject of this biography to say that no one can read it without feeling that this impression was true; that DAN LENO was no less lovable off the stage than on it.

The hardships of his childhood and youth only gave him a kindlier sympathy for children. Prosperity, when it came, neither hardened his heart nor swelled his head.

A great part of the magnificent salary he received in his later years he gave away in charity—not always wisely—though, as Mr. Wood relates, there were countless cases of real distress which he relieved with a generosity that, had it rested with him, would never have come to light.

Of his spontaneous and genuine humour, apart from his stage work, Mr. HICKORY WOOD gives abundant instances. Most delightful of all is the description of DAN LENO as Chairman at the Music-hall Benevolent Fund Dinner, with a tall and lugubrious toast-master, whom he accused of "clowning behind his back," and was perpetually turning round upon, in the well-affected hope of catching him in the act. "He's too quick for me," he explained with a sigh, after a prolonged scrutiny, which the other endured with unimpaired gravity."

The book is copiously illustrated by photographs, and those representing DAN in the costumes he wore at Covent Garden Balls will come as a surprise even to those who remember his extraordinary skill in "making-up."

It was astonishing enough to the audiences who saw him as *Mother Goose* to find that he had suddenly transformed that quaint visage, with its deeply-lined creases, its small melancholy eyes lit by a gleam of goblin fun, and its extensive mouth, into the face of a young and lovely girl.

But who, without the evidence of these photographs, would have imagined that he could also disguise himself as a life-like Indian squaw, a quite sufficiently Shakspearean *Richard the Third*, or a really dignified and picturesque *Nelson*?

In DAN LENO the stage lost a true artist and inimitable humorist, whose premature death has left us all the poorer in laughter. Only too often the fame of such a comedian survives him merely as an oral tradition which is received with incredulity by a rising generation that knew him not, and declines to take him on hearsay. One is glad to think that this is not likely to be the case with DAN LENO. Mr. HICKORY WOOD's excellently written volume should keep DAN's memory green for all who had the good fortune to see him on the boards, while to those who had not it will give some idea of the joy they have missed.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN breaks new ground in his latest novel, *Starreerow Farm* (HUTCHINSON). He is equally successful in finding it fruitful of incident and character. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Windermere, of which there are many pleasant peeps. The period lies in the good old times, illuminated by the muskets fired at Peterloo upon a half-starved, altogether seditious mob. If my Baronite were in a complaining mood, he might suggest that the picture would have been more attractive were its sombre shade relieved by occasional lighter episodes. But Mr. WEYMAN set himself to tell a gruesome story, depicting the manners of the time, and has triumphantly succeeded. With admirable skill he throughout makes his heroine the pivot on which the action of the story moves. One of the best characters in the book is the red-waistcoated Bow Street runner, of whose combined shrewdness and ignorance a picturesque study is presented.

As readers of his masterpiece, *Tatterley*, know, Mr. TOM GALLON is a great hand at weaving a plot round a dual entity. In *Meg the Lady* (HUTCHINSON) it is two women whose personal appearance suggests an ingenious plot carried through to its happy end with unfailing energy and resource. That the whole business is essentially improbable does not detract from the interest of the story. As far as my Baronite is acquainted with their habits, ladies of title do not leave a comfortable home and go forth on an undesirable errand, leading them into dire peril in a London slum, from which they deliver themselves by slaying their assailant with a crack on the head delivered with the assistance of a fortuitously handy wine-bottle. In dedicating the book to a nameless woman, Mr. TOM GALLON avers that in the main details the story is true. That may be so. What is more to the point is that it is interesting.

A Cumberland Vendetta (CONSTABLE), by JOHN FOX, JR., is without very much substance, but the story moves swiftly, and there is colour in it. Its title may mislead the unsuspicious Briton. It is not a tale of the lakes and fells of his own Cumberland, but is located on the high banks of a river of that name in Kentucky, where the ashes of an old family feud, revived by the war of North and South, and still smouldering at its close, burst into final flame and so die out. Novelists of the New World should never be hard pressed for ambiguity in the choice of their titles. My Nautical Retainer ventures to offer a few suggestions—the geographical directions in parentheses not being designed for publication. Thus: *Called back to Rome* (Ga.); *A Sage of Athens* (Ala.); *The Ringing Plains of Windy Troy* (Pa.); *By the Waters of Syracuse* (N.Y., junction of Erie and Oswego canals); *On the Wires from Berlin* (Wis.); *The Lights of London* (Ont.). The principle might be extended to include the proper names of celebrities:—*The Truth about Bacon* (Va.); *In the Dark Places of Browning* (Ill.); *A Study of Reynolds* (Mo.); *The Expectations of Nelson* (O.); *Scots who hae for Bonnie Dundee* (Mich.); *The Purging of Pitt* (N.C.); *The Last Phase of Napoleon* (Ark.).

The Cardinal Moth, by F. M. WHITE (WARD, LOCK & Co.). The Baron, in giving a certain qualified recommendation to this book, says, if those who love sensationalism at all hazards, can go pluckily through the earlier part of this story, they are pretty sure to find it to their liking, and will not blame the bard for thus drawing their attention to it.

The Baron welcomes a brilliant-covered picture-book, from Mr. Punch's Office; edited by E. V. LUCAS, illustrated by OLGA MORGAN, and entitled *Mr. Punch's Children's Book*. Now who are "Mr. Punch's children?" Or, rather, who are *not*? Such children don't exist. So let 'em all come. They will find the writing of this book so bright that the black-and-white cuts illustrating the first story by E. V. LUCAS are comparatively dull. The other illustrations are delightful, as, for example, "*More of what Amelia used to think*," and especially those to "*Belinda's 'lock*," which are full of humour. But the literary sparkler which, without a single illustration, is a brilliancy all to itself, is "*The Tragedy of the Candles*." It is "*a true story*," and having just given you this hint the Baron congratulates those who shall become, by deed of gift or purchase, lawful possessors of copies of Mr. Punch's *Children's Book*.



CHARIVARIA.

MR. R. HAYASHI, Commissioner of the Japanese Government, took copious notes of the proceedings at the Tower Police Court last week. It is understood that he is reporting on European legal procedure, and, if possible, a visit to a Comic Magistrate is to be arranged. Japan, though she may be said to be civilised in every other respect, has no Comic Magistrates.

The teachers of the Melior Street School, Bermondsey, who have struck work, have, we hear, been advised by their pupils to stand firm.

We live in an age of *Ententes*, and the Camberwell Borough Council realise it. To avoid hurting the susceptibilities of either of two rival Powers, the new Public Wash-houses in the Old Kent Road which were opened last week comprise, in addition to a Turkish Bath, a Russian Vapour Bath.

It has been proposed that the London County Council steamboats, instead of lying up for the winter, might be used on land. What is there, asks an ingenious gentleman, to prevent their being mounted on trolleys and run along the tram lines, thus forming a picturesque addition to our street traffic.

It is impossible to please everyone. *Habitues* of the Underground Railway are now beginning to complain that, since the electrification of the line, it has become impossible to identify the various

stations by the respective density of that he distinctly remembers speaking their smells. the truth seven years ago.

The owner of a motor-car which caught fire last week, causing him to be slightly

Three-halfpenny dinners have been hailed as a great novelty. As a matter of fact they are no innovation, but have always been obtainable at certain restaurants, though at a considerably higher price was charged for them.

HACKENSCHMIDT and LITTLE TICH are now both appearing at the same Music Hall, but not, LITTLE TICH is pleased to be able to say, in the same turn.

At a meeting of the Four Wheelers' Association, a speaker boasted, with some justification, that a charge which is brought every day against drivers of motor-cars has never been brought against members of their Association, namely, that of driving at an excessive speed.

The Germans, who are still smarting under their experience at the hands of the niggers in South-west Africa, are seeking consolation in the fact that the "All Blacks" have invaded our country and are giving us a thrashing.

THE latest source of danger on the open road is the runaway telephone pole. One of these was arrested in

its wild career the other night by a motor-car on its way to North Berwick. *The Edinburgh Evening News*, in describing the incident, says that the car "collided with a telephone pole with much violence, causing extensive damage and preventing it from proceeding further."



PARDONABLE IMPERTINENCE.

Shady Individual. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, MY PIPE'S STOPPED UP. COULD YER LEND US A 'AIR-PIN?"

singed, was seen shaking his fist at the thing and shouting, "Scorcher!"

"He has not told the truth for about eight years," said a young woman at a Police Court, when asking for a summons against her brother. We understand that the brother's defence is

THE BLUE PERIL.

[The Daily Express of November 2 contained an illuminating article on the development of the young woman (from Girtton or elsewhere) in the field of politics.]

WHEN the brave knight would risk his skin
For joy of her he loved the best,
It was his lady's use to pin
Her favour on his helm, or chest;
And murmur "When the trumpets sound,
Ride forth, my love, into the melee,
Ride forth, for my sweet sake, and pound
Your adversaries to a jelly!"

Kerchief or rose or scarf of lace,
He wore the token, fain and proud,
And tilted up and down the place
Calling her name extremely loud;
And if his foemen bit the floor
She naturally shared his joyance,
And if he weltered in his gore
She swooned away from sheer annoyance.

To-day the knighthood's nailed fists
Grapple no more the lusty lance,
No more along the tourney's lists
The foaming steed delights to prance;
In padded ease we sit about,
Exertion being apt to bore us,
And send our women-agents out
To fight our mimic battles for us.

Not theirs the pluck of martial JOAN
Nor yet Penthesilea's thews,
Although their hose, in point of tone,
Suggests a regiment of Blues;
Armed only with a fountain-pen,
And fenced with whalebone-wrought cuirasses,
Yet have they arts, unknown to men,
That simply subjugate the masses.

Wearing our favours, this and that,
At throat or waist, on sleeve or head—
A primrose in the hair, a hat
Shaped like a quarter loaf of bread—
With here a sigh and there a smile,
A pout, a kiss, a plea for pity,
Who could resist 'em? they'd beguile
Even the other side's Committee.

Wherein I see grave perils lurk;
I see to what these motions tend;
I know the way that wedges work,
Commencing at the thinner end;
Let woman find a vacant sphere
Where rival factions, blue and buff, rage—
And the ensuing step is clear:
She will insist on Female Suffrage.

Nay, once she starts this sort of game,
The chase is not so lightly checked;
The fair electrix soon will claim
Herself to sit among the elect;
No gift of votes will long suffice
To stay her ardour; no, my fear is
She'll storm the gates of Paradise,
And turn it to a House of Peris.

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

MY DIARY.

I suppose that we have, nearly all of us, at one time or another, kept a diary, and most of us, I am sure, have sooner or later made the discovery that a diary, far from being a mere assortment of paper meant to be scrawled upon, is in reality a living and breathing creature, sometimes friendly, more often hostile, but always inexorable whether in affection or in enmity. It is, of course, no light thing actually to start a diary. Anybody can say to himself (or to his friends) "I am going to begin keeping a diary." He can go on saying it in the same airy manner for months and months until those with whom he holds intercourse begin to believe that he really sits down every evening and makes entries about the events of the day:—"A very methodical business-like chap is WILKINSON," one will say to another; "keeps a diary and all that." "Fancy that!" says the other. "It must be a great change for him. Regular *harum-scarum* fellow he was too when I first remember him. But, of course, he's getting on in life a bit now. S'pose he'll be marrying someone next—eh, what?"

That kind of thing is easy; but to keep the diary, to write in it with pen and ink, to record events in it, to pour out thoughts and feelings upon its innocent pages—*hic labor, hoc opus est*, and yet, as I say, we nearly all of us do it with a fairly light heart, and not one of us suspects until it is too late that, instead of starting a diary, he is creating a tyrant more oppressive even than the Czar before he had listened to M. WITTE and promised his infuriated subjects a constitution.

How well do I remember the evening when I first blew the breath of life into the lungs of my own particular autocrat! It was the first of January. All my necessary work had been done, all my letters had been written. Everybody else had gone to bed, and the house was lapped in a winter silence. A bright moon was making shadows outside. I remember pulling up the blind to observe it. As I rose from my armchair with the purpose of going to bed myself, my eyes lit upon a writing-book. Somebody (I have never discovered who) had laid it on my writing-table. It lay open at its first unsullied page, and the light from the lamp shone upon it with a glitter that, now that I think of it, was weird and almost unearthly. Without realising what I was doing I sat down at the table, took a pen, and a few moments afterwards these simple, but, in their consequences, fatal words stared me in the face:—

"Monday, January 1.—Not a bad day. After breakfast went to skate. Fell down twice in doing threes. Mrs. BORRER broke through and took a lot of pulling out. Late for lunch. Mother rather sarcastic. A regular menagerie came to tea. W. F. C. was there—pretty, and a very nice voice. Family dinner. Began keeping diary."

Then I closed the book, placed it in a drawer, and in a few minutes was sleeping calmly. From that moment I have been a slave.

If there is one thing that is more certain to occur in a diary than any other it is this:—You will keep it with perfect regularity for, say, a week. Then for some unaccountable reason, a caprice, a whim, an indigestion it may be (on the part of the diary, I mean), it suddenly refuses to allow you to write in it. There is no warning. You sit down to it, take the book out of the drawer and then put it back again without an additional word; or, in aggravated cases, you do not even dare to remove it from its receptacle. You just sit in an armchair, smoking some form of tobacco, think of the diary for half a minute and then forget all about it. This sort of thing may go on for a fortnight. In the interval you may inherit a fortune, marry a wife, take a new house, or be bitten by a dog, but it is quite certain that no entries will be made in your diary until it has recovered from its ill-

THE question of "Dock Dues" is perpetually arising. The answer is "Dock Dues" whenever and wherever you can.



“TARIFF-HO!”

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMAN. “WELL, HOUNDS OR NO HOUNDS, I OPEN MY SEASON TO-DAY!”

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN began his Autumn Campaign at Birmingham on November 3.]





VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Shepherd. "WHAT ARE ALL THE VOLUNTEERS DOING OUT TO-DAY?"

Shepherd. "AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Shepherd. "AND WHAT IS SCOUTING, PLEASE?"

Volunteer. "WEEL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DINNA KEN, BUT WE'RE A' ON THE SCOUT TOGETHER!"

Volunteer. "THEY'RE ALL OUT SCOUTING."

Volunteer. "I'M SCOUTING TOO."

humour and graciously permits you to write in it once more. By that time you will have forgotten most of the events and the order in which they happened, and you may be reduced to some such miserable paltering entry as this:—"Nothing to record." It may be asked whether a diary kept in this manner really pays for its keep. I doubt if it does, but that is the only way in which I at any rate can keep it.

On the other hand, when life flows with a calm and even current, you will generally find that your diary has developed a passionate eagerness to be taken out and written in at some length. You may as well gratify it at once, for, even if you go out to a dinner or a concert or a dance in order to avoid it, you will have to humour it before you can lay your head on the pillow. If you really want to get rid of it altogether you might try writing sentiment or criticisms of books in it for two or three days. At the same time you must remember that such drastic measures are effectual only with young diaries. A diary that has passed middle age is impervious. It will accompany you and rule you for the rest of your unhappy life.

Commercial Candour.

FROM a window in Piccadilly, Manchester:

OUR 2s. TEA MAKES PLAIN BREAD AND BUTTER SEEM DELICIOUS.

LOVE'S COLOURS.

It is not in her azure eyes
That DELIA's main attraction lies.
They have been much admired, 'tis true,
But I prefer a darker blue.
(I always did—and always do.)

Her locks (a wealth of deepest brown)
Have justly gained a wide renown;
For me, my favourite shades of hair
Are touched with sunshine here and there.
(They always are—and always were.)

The creamy glories of her cheek
Have charms that many hold unique;
To me the red rose gives a thrill
More than the palest daffodil.
(It always did—and always will.)

But, though my DELIA's outward hues
May not be all that one would choose,
Her full perfection blooms unseen:—

There is not—there has never been—
A maiden so divinely green.

DUM-DUM.

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. V.

At Bordeaux.—Au revoir to the *Hirondelle*, by which I hope to return. A dapper young manager (which sounds somewhat like an adaptation of the inquiry in the old song as to "hearing of a jolly young waterman") presents himself, with a card, as M. ALFRED VAUBERT, on behalf of M. JOLIBOIS, and is entirely at our disposition; he professes himself, with the utmost heartiness, as ready to wait for us ("us" meaning friend JUDKIN and self), to accommodate his time to ours, to take us about—to be, in fact our guide, philosopher, and friend, until fate do us part and he shall have deposited us safely at the *château* to which we are invited. We are only too pleased. There is no further trouble. Douaniers are civil, porters are ready, coachman delighted (as he has had to wait, and now has to drive us some distance), and so, with M. ALFRED VAUBERT, we rattle along uphill through the streets of Bordeaux until we arrive at the Gare St. Jean, which is about as far as anybody can go in this direction. Here, always guided by the alert M. VAUBERT, we are introduced to the officials in charge of the *Hôtel bureau*, and to the telephone (in a cupboard of the office, kept apart as if it were some rare sort of jam), through which we receive, from a voice, an invitation to breakfast with the owner of the voice, at the *Café de Bordeaux*, at mid-day. We accept voice's invitation with much pleasure, and request that we may be allowed the gratification of knowing to whom the voice may happen to belong. Otherwise it might be a case of *Vox et præterea nil*. However it isn't; voice replies, through telephone, "*Je suis LOUIS—I am LOUIS, LOUIS DUPONT—of DUPONT AND COMPANY—You talk French?—All right, then—déjeuner midi, sharp, Café de Bordeaux—all right—see you later—au plaisir—au revoir.*" Cheery voice of M. LOUIS DUPONT has melted away into air. M. ALFRED VAUBERT is still "at our disposition" to show us all we two can see of Bordeaux between now (nine) and then (twelve). Thanks, we are infinitely obliged, but if he will excuse us (I am trusting that to be let off chaperoning us about will be to him a welcome relief), we two, my friend and I, will do our best with Bordeaux alone, and will have the great pleasure of meeting him at the *Café* at twelve. "As your Lordship pleases," is, in effect, our most amiable M. VAUBERT's reply. Then, before leaving, he adds, "You will have the goodness to say where you will dine to-night, and all will be commanded." We promise faithfully that our choice shall be imparted to him at lunch. So he departs, and we go in for what is termed on the entertainer's stage "a quick change." Our rooms at the *Hôtel* are excellent, bath's first-rate. Only one thing makes me shudder, and that is the appearance of mosquito curtains all round the magnificent four-poster. However, no mosquitos in daytime.

We do ourselves thoroughly, and as much as can be done of Bordeaux up to twelve mid-day, when, having found the *Café de Bordeaux*, which is in the centre of the town and in full view of the enormous theatre (rather larger, judging from the exterior, than His Majesty's, Haymarket), and having also been claimed by M. ALFRED VAUBERT and introduced to the heartiest of hosts, M. LOUIS DUPONT (whom I now welcome quite as an old friend, his voice being so familiar to me on the telephone), we are introduced by him to (as I think) a partner of his in wine business (my idea is that everybody in Bordeaux is in wine business). Then, a long table having been prepared, half within and half without the *Café*, the entire party (eight or ten of us) sets to work upon a first-rate lunch, accompanied by some exceptional specimens of various wines of the country. It is a merry party of two languages, mixed; delightful illustration of the *entente cordiale*. Then we are on the move. A magnificent motor-brougham awaits us. It belongs to M. LOUIS DUPONT, who has undertaken to show us vineyards, old

châteaux, and everything worth seeing within a semicircle of some sixty miles. We promise M. VAUBERT to be back by seven and to dine with him at the *Restaurant de Bayonne*. "Will he arrange?" "Enchanted. He will." Likewise he will call for us at our hotel. My friend JUDKIN never expected all this! He is charmed with everything and everybody.

"Now then," cries our jovial host, M. LOUIS DUPONT, "in you go! *Montez!*" and in another minute we have bade *au revoir* to our co-lunchers, have seated ourselves in the motor and are being taken along one of the main thoroughfares out of Bordeaux. The public tramway lines do not come to an end until we have got as far out into the country as may be, say, Putney from London. There is much to be seen in Bordeaux, and evidently we shall have little chance of seeing any of it during this visit.

A great deal of the drive our friend gives us is through open and rather pretty country; it is all interesting, but time and space fail me, and for a full description I must await another opportunity. We return to Bordeaux by seven o'clock, for dinner.

I must not however omit a fine old castle, formerly a week-end residence of the Black Prince, in whose time, with its moat, its grand steps, its terraces, its principal actors, its supers, and picturesque costumes, it must have been a delightful resort for a weary English warrior with just a day or two off from slashing, banging and whacking. Wonder my dear old friend Monsieur HARDELLOT d'HARDELLOT didn't discover this *Château du Prince Noir* long ago. First-rate central position; not perhaps within such easy distance of London as is *Le Touquet*.

Excellent are the restaurants at Bordeaux where we lunched and dined, and the *cafés* where we took our refreshments afterwards. As a traveller to others passing through I may say, dine or *déjeuner à la fourchette* either at the *Chapon Fin*, or at the *Restaurant de Bayonne*. There are special dishes and special fishes in Bordeaux; at either place take the manager into your confidence before you order.

Next morning early—everything and everybody is early at Bordeaux—M. VAUBERT is in attendance to summon us. There are several motors at the door of the hotel. M. LOUIS DUPONT is out to see us off, and here is the earliest bird and the chirpiest of the lot, the founder of the feast, M. JACQUES JOLIBOIS himself, who has travelled forty miles to gather his party together and take them all off with him back to the *Château*.

This same drive of the above-mentioned forty miles back just a nice little trip to give us a good appetite for breakfast. Then we start.

* * * * *

"Vineyards, vineyards everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" Miles and miles, flat land and hill land, mostly flat, sometimes undulating just to save its reputation—scorching sun—smoking-hot villages, blinds down everywhere, all the villagers out *vendanging*, for *Les Vendanges* have commenced in many places, and this is what we are here to see,—wonderful waggons, some of 'em bringing in loads of "empties," which will soon be full—and notable above all are the carts drawn by magnificent oxen yoked together, driven by fine, healthy, swarthy, good-looking, good-humoured-faced men, with no reins in their hands, only a long stick, with which, and an occasional ejaculated admonition, they indicate to the intelligent beasts the line of country, and the turnings, they wish them to take. Then we witness over and over again the outpouring of all the luscious riches of the grapes—we taste—we try—we sniff—we feel more and more jovial every minute. The Bacchic influence is getting into us "through the pores." Then, when we have arrived at the *Château de la Vigne*, the Castle of the Vine, after going through these miles and miles of an apparently unending Vine Street, what



Younger Son of Ducal House. "MOTHER, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU—MY WIFE."
His Wife (late of the Frivolity Theatre). "How do, DUCHESS? I'M THE LATEST THING IN MÉSALLIANCES!"

jollity, what a reception! Again we try wines, and finally wines try us. *Io Bacche! Vivent les Vendanges!*

Thank our stars (the foregoing asterisks) that our delightful sociable party had divided itself up into various walking detachments, thus causing the leave-takings to be a bit disjointed. So we avoid that moment of false exhilaration, the "breaking up" of a pleasant party, and the end of a happy time.

In a few hours more we had dined at Bordeaux and were aboard the *Hirondelle*, and within forty hours we had done our passage, Bay of Biscay included, had bidden Captain TWINKLER a hearty good-bye, and were in the train express from Southampton to London. *Vivent les Vendanges!*

A SHOCKING EXPOSURE.

["Who gives this Woman away?"—*Old Saying.*]

Do you know it, that wonderful Column of print,
Where Social, Domestic, and Personal Hint
Jostle each other for places?—

In the middle of cleaning a long *Suède* glove,
You're rung-off to master the ethics of love;
And just as you've beaten six eggs to a foam,
Hey presto! you're making a beautiful home
Of cretonne and packing-cases.

You may learn what to do with old walking-sticks;
What firms have a blouse-silk at nothing-and-six;
How to check an admirer too fervent;

The way to stew fruit; when a curtsy is right;
How to cry (when you must) without looking a fright;
How to catch, train, and keep—what a triumph is there!—
That wonder of Nature, elusive and rare,
The Female Domestic Servant.

The Scythe and the Hour-glass must never be named,
For none of your troubles are *they* to be blamed,
Grey hairs?—just a symptom of worry.
They're "withered," or "faded," or "dead,"—no, *not*
That terrible word you're forbidden to say; [grey!
And wrinkles may come when you're quite *quite* young,
Says the wonderful Column's silver tongue,
'Tis tea, and coffee, and hurry.

The smile of the moment is mocking, yet sweet,
You should practise it, "ETHEL," and use "Crème d'Élite."
I quite understand you, "Dark KERRY,"
Try "Youthful-for-ever" (the eight-shilling-size)
It will give you that babyish look of surprise.
Cheer up, "Most Unhappy," no woman is plain,
Or old, as this Column will ever maintain:
You're all of you girlish and pretty.

Ah Woman! you've lately been catching it hot;
On your faults and your foibles they've written a lot,
Facetious, or angry, or solemn;
"Heartless" and "brainless"—can that be *you*?
And now they complain that you're "hatless" too.
Let it pass. What is far better worth a tear
Is the sorry figure you cut, my dear,
As viewed in the Woman's Column.

FOOTBALL OF THE FUTURE.

(Being an extract from "The Sportsman" in 1912.)

A VAST CONCOURSE of spectators assembled on the Blackheath ground yesterday afternoon to witness the final match for the International Rugby Football Cup between Great Britain and Russia. The excursions which have been running from St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, and most of the other important European centres during the last week have all been well patronised, and it is estimated that fully a quarter of a million people passed through the turnstiles between ten and two. The Rugby Union, who had wisely applied for the loan of two or three Metropolitan constables, are to be congratulated upon the admirable arrangements which they had made for the convenience of the public. Fully half the crowd were able to catch an occasional glimpse of the game, while the remainder could easily gather from the shouts and excited gesticulations of those in front which team was getting the better of the day. The compulsory acquirement of Esperanto, which has lately been introduced into the Board schools, proved exceedingly useful as a means of communication amongst the spectators: exclamations of "hû vi shovas?" and shouts of "situ downski in frontero!" being much in evidence throughout the afternoon. Russia were playing exactly the same side that defeated Montenegro last week; while Great Britain, with fourteen New Zealanders and one Welshman, had their strongest possible combination in the field. Mr. ROOSEVELT, of the United States, had kindly consented to referee, while Count WITTE and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN discharged the important duties of linesmen for their respective sides. Although a good deal of feeling was displayed in the course of the game, we are glad to state that there was no repetition of the distressing scenes that characterised last year's final, when the whole Japanese fifteen committed "harakiri" on the ground, after losing the match.

The visitors arrived on the scene at 2.30, but, owing to several unforeseen difficulties, the kick-off was postponed until a quarter to three. In the first place it was found that all the boots provided by the Russian Government for the Muscovite fifteen had worn out on the way up from the station, and fully a quarter of an hour was wasted in providing substitutes. Then, after the two teams had actually lined up, a further hindrance was caused by the discovery that the Russians were playing sixteen men. The British captain promptly appealed to the referee, and Mr. ROOSEVELT

ordered the extra player to leave the field, the Russian skipper's explanation that one of his men was lame and the additional man was going to run for him not being considered satisfactory.

The British team adopted the same formation that was largely responsible for their brilliant victory over China—one full back, two seven-eighths, four three-quarters, five halves, two five-sixteenths and one "winger": the Russians sticking to the old-fashioned idea of still having a forward. The superiority of the British method was apparent directly the game started. MACHONICHE, the "winger," picking up the ball five times out of six before SHUVANUSHIKI, his Russian opponent, realised that it was in the scrum. There were a good many vexatious delays, owing to SHUVANUSHIKI's lack of condition: the backs frequently being compelled to wait until he had sufficiently recovered his breath to form a scrimmage.

At half-time the score was: Great Britain 10 goals 6 tries, Russia *nil*—the difference in points scarcely doing justice to the superiority of the home fifteen. Indeed, the Russian team would probably have met with a far heavier defeat, had it not been for the brilliant display of their full back, NICKATOR LEUCANSKI, the well-known Government official, who collared everything he saw with a skill and daring that evoked the utmost enthusiasm from the cheaper parts of the ring.

A slight unpleasantness at the close of the game marred what was otherwise a most successful match; the Russian players absolutely refusing to stop when Mr. ROOSEVELT blew the whistle for time. Despite the fact that the score in Great Britain's favour stood at 26 goals 10 tries to *nil*, the Muscovite captain declined to admit that his men had been defeated, while Count WITTE actually went so far as to propose that Great Britain should give up the points which she had scored, and let the game be declared a draw. Mr. ROOSEVELT, however, firmly declined to listen to any suggestions, and announced that, if the ground was not cleared in a quarter of an hour, he would deliver an address on "the strenuous life and the responsibilities of marriage." This threat had the desired effect, for ten minutes later the huge enclosure was practically deserted. So terminated another of those international contests which have done so much to promote good feeling and mutual understanding between the different nations of the world.

From the *Noroe Vremya*, two days later:—A despatch, received last night from Captain STRINGEMOFF LIKANIVITCH, records another glorious victory for Russian prowess, accomplished this time upon the fields of peace by our incom-

parable and beloved football team. After a terrific struggle, lasting for an hour and a half, in which our heroic fellow-countrymen "goalkicked," "scrimmed," and "went the pace" with unflinching courage, the Englishmen were driven from the field in utter confusion. After a fierce fight the ball was captured by the gallant Captain LIKANIVITCH himself, and is being brought back to St. Petersburg to be presented to our Imperial Master the Czar.

SOLID APPRECIATION.

[At a concert recently held in Manchester a lady pianist, after receiving several handsome floral tributes, was presented with a large basket of fruit.]

At the last Ballad Concert the comestibles presented to the leading artists reached a record. Madame CLARA BUTT easily headed the list with a boar's head, ten *terrines de foie gras*, twenty-four brace of pheasants, three haunches of venison, and a live turtle in a tank which was wheeled into the artist's room amid tempestuous salvos of applause.

Mr. PLUNKET GREENE, who has recently been on tour with Madame ALBANI, has been the recipient of a number of gratifying tributes from his numerous admirers. At Dundee, after singing "Shepherd, see thy horse's flowing mane," he was presented with a small flock of black-faced sheep, thoughtfully muzzled by the donor to prevent their protesting too vocally in the concert hall. At York his presents included a leg of New Zealand lamb, three sacks of potatoes, nineteen Bath buns, and 12 lbs. of China tea. Even more flattering, however, was the tribute to his abilities at Northampton, where a hundredweight of blended butter, thirteen tins of mixed biscuits, and a barrel of Irwell oysters were handed to the smiling basso. A touching episode occurred after Mr. GREENE's last song, when a poor boy in the gallery, overcome by his enthusiasm, threw a packet of acid drops on to the platform.

Mr. BERLITZ, the agent for HASTUCH DANCIC, the famous Bohemian prodigy, has addressed an eloquent appeal to all the admirers of his client's genius not to let their appreciation take the form of brandy, caviare, or plovers' eggs. Little DANCIC is only nine years old, and has an extremely delicate digestion. He has, however, no objection to Turkish Delight, *marrons glacés*, or muscatel grapes. Mr. BERLITZ further makes the admirable suggestion, that in place of the usual method of testifying their approbation audiences might occasionally present the wonder-child with less perishable evidences of their affection, such as velvet coats, lace collars, silk stockings, silver buckles, curling-tongs, and other indis-

pensable adjuncts in the equipment of the infant virtuoso.

Miss ADA CROSSLEY, when singing at Chowbent the other day, had a curious experience. During one of her songs the pupils of a local girls' school pelted her so enthusiastically with macaroons that the popular Antipodean cantatrice had to seek temporary shelter under the grand pianoforte.

Preparations are being made to roast an ox whole at the next Symphony Concert in Queen's Hall in honour of Mr. HENRY J. WOOD and his gifted instrumentalists, who have kindly consented to partake of the bovine tribute during the interval. The Yorkshire pudding to be consumed on this occasion is the gift of the Sheffield chorus, a Norwich magnate has undertaken to supply ten canisters of mustard, and a Russian amateur from Irkutsk is sending three poods of horse-radish, as used by the Cossacks of the Ukraine.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

CONCEIVED on lines too rough to nurse

Bantlings of bright imagination,

Our glory once, we live to curse

The public school-boy's education !

Vide the Press. A flashy child

We fatten (*sic*) on mental fodder,

Leaving illiterate and wild

The dull—but really soulful—plodder.

By flowery ways he ought to win,

Plucking the blooms that shine the fairest,

Instead of which we keep him in

To cram the uses of the aorist ;

The soft Virgilian cadences,

The music (strongly-winged) of HOMER—

These he should know, or Knowledge is,

They seem to think, a mere misnomer.

Yet hark, oh critic, back a spell ;

Conceive yourself with kindly yearning

A master of the Lower Shell,

Setting ajar the doors of Learning ;

Think how the disenchantment hurts

When (just as fervour thrills your marrow)

There slowly steals from THOMPSON *terts*.
Athwart the room a paper arrow.

You pause,—and mark that BROWN, unmoved

By visions of a mental *τροφή*,

Has surreptitiously improved

The shining hour with almond toffee ;

While, just below you, BINKS appears

To wrestle with a secret dolour,

Due to the fact that JONES (who jeers)

Has rammed a pencil down his collar.

No, you will soon dry up again,

And turn with troubled mien to hammer



Snobley. "EVER MET LORD PLANTAGENET?"

Snubley. "NO; BUT I OVERTOOK HIM ONCE."

The rule of thumb by dint of cane
Through heads incapable of glamour ;
Your fitful dream will pass away,
Or merge in moods that never vary,
And SMITH will stop behind to say
Amo, infinitive *amare*.

More pained than they, you'll realise
Through knowledge of the side that's scary
(There as they bend in suppliant wise,
Floored on the future of *ιστημι*)
That no amount of mental joy
In beauty, taken by his betters,
Can wean the crasser sort of boy
From sheer contempt for human letters !

A LADY doctor, writing to *The Daily Chronicle* on "Women Workers," makes the following unanswerable statement :—
"If you come to estimate a day's work—even in foot pounds—the woman who cleans, bakes, washes, and takes to school six children, carries water and tramps upstairs and down for sixteen hours a day, need not fear comparison as to kinetic energy even with a miner working eight hours." True: but is all this quite necessary? Could not her children sometimes go to school unaccompanied and unbaked? And why must she keep on carrying tramps up and down stairs all that time? Is it even fair on these poor unemployed?



SARCASM AT BLANKIPUR.

Cavalry Instructor (to Mounted Infantry Man). "ULLO! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU THAT WROTE HOME LAST MAIL—'MOTHER, YOU SHOULD SEE ME RIDE!'"

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

If it should fall to my distinguished lot
To play the umpire in a Beauty match,
And I were told (as Paris was) to spot
The girl who seemed to be the fairest catch,
I scarce could wait till GERTIE chose to trip in,
Ere I awarded her the winning pippin.

I do not heed the sneer of BROWN, who hints
Her lower row of pearls unclasps at will,
Nor SMITH, who coarsely states her rosy tints
Can owe to Nature practically *nil*;
To me her curls are of the finest gold,
Though JONES has warranted they're only *rolled*.

I like to stand and watch the supple wrist
That hews my mid-day snack of ham or beef;
I much admire the finely-sculptured fist,
Raised on the marble slab in *Bass-relief*;
But, oh! 'tis Heav'n to touch the lily hand which,
Lovingly, mustards my anæmic sandwich.

She is a maiden of capricious moods.
I catch, at times, a withering retort,
Or else, in more convivial interludes,
Hear her demurely whisper "Mine's a port."
At that soft phrase the gilded bar grows brighter,
And heart (and head) perceptibly the lighter.

The lucky man who proudly takes her out
May reckon on an intellectual treat,
For over oysters and some double stout
Her anecdotes are sometimes very neat;

She'll give a hungry "traveller" a few points
In her appreciation of the Blue-points!

I know that there are some who rashly state
That he who cottons to her ample skirts
Becomes in time a tipsy reprobate,
Who "follows form" and dreams of backing *certs*;—
They wrong the girl, for I have often stood
And heard her valedictory "Be good."

And so it is my wish, ere all too soon
The vulgar potman's "Time" disturbs the air,
To toast this siren of my pet saloon,
The marker's hope, the waiter's fond despair.
Ho! Vintner, to the cellar,—and procure
A wine as bright as she (and as mature!).

Answers to Correspondents.

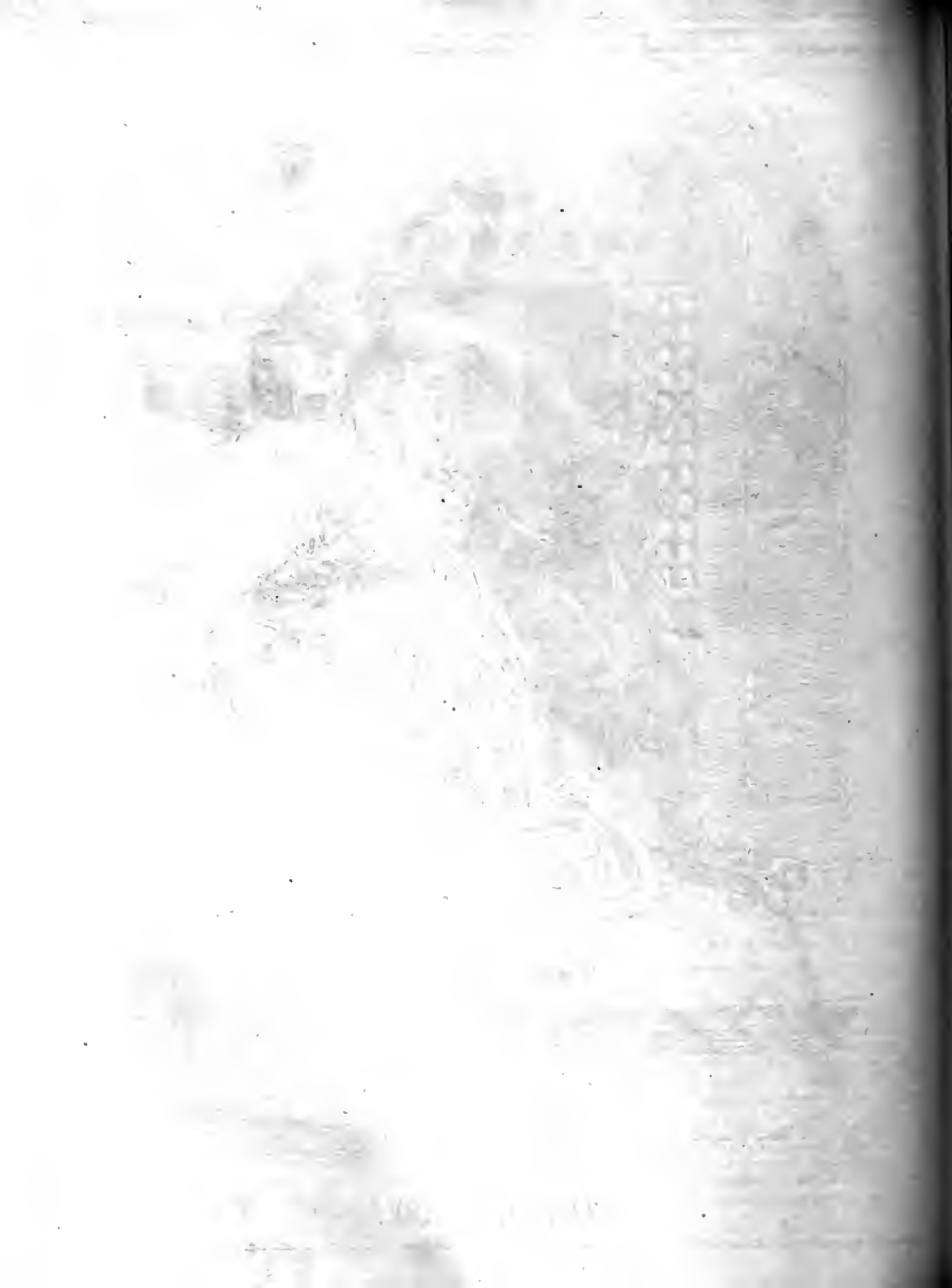
"UNEMPLOYED."—You say you have a passion for entering the Boot Trade, but have been discouraged by the difficulty of understanding the meaning of the frequent advertisement:—"Wanted, thoroughly practical Hand-sewn Man." We can easily explain this to you. It is quite an old joke. It means that with cobblers, as a class, a stitch in the side saves nine.

"ANTI-ALIEX."—Yes, if the organ-grinder refuses to stop playing you are quite justified in blowing a cab-whistle in his ear till he moves on. But you are wrong in supposing that this rough method of justice is known as the *Lex Italianis*.

EMBLEM FOR THE ENTENTE.—The Bullfrog.



THE RELEASE.





L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

The Count. "PARDON, MISTER, RUT KNOW YOU WHERE IS LE CERF—ZE STAG?"

Second Horseman. "GONE TO SOIL IN THE RIVER, SIR."

The Count. "AH, YES! I UNDERSTAND. HE IS, AS ONE SAYS, GONE-TO-GROUND. THEN WILL THEY CERTAINLY DIG-HIM-OUT. I THANK YOU. THEN I GO TO ARRIVE À L'HALLALI—HOW YOU SAY?—AT THE BAY."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

FORTIFIED by the noble example of *The Times* and *The Standard*, a number of our leading contemporaries have resolved to enhance the inducements to a yearly subscription by supplementary advantages, varying according to the character of the paper.

The Spectator, being famous for its tender solicitude towards the lesser *felidæ*, has made arrangements for the establishment of a special Cat Club for the benefit of its *clientèle*. A sumptuous roof garden has been erected on the premises in Wellington Street, where subscribers will be entitled not only to the privilege of visiting the quadrupeds at all hours of the day, but of selecting

and taking home three cats a week. Persian and Manx cats will also be supplied at a slightly higher tariff. The management of the Cat Club has been entrusted to a relative of Admiral MIAOULIS, the hero of the Greek War of Independence.

The British Medical Journal has already resolved to put a large and attractive premium on regular subscription. The proprietors have accordingly inaugurated a Tabloid Club, and will provide subscribers every week with three phials, each containing fifty (50) tabloids of every conceivable medicinal quality, thus preparing the reader for all emergencies.

The Editor of *T. P.'s Weekly* has made arrangements with one of the largest

dairies in the metropolis to provide his subscribers with three magnificent Pats of Butter on the morning of publication.

The County Gentleman and Land and Water, determined not to be left behind in this contest of munificence, has decided to supply each annual subscriber with a portable three-roomed cottage with a sliding corrugated iron roof.

The Tailor and Cutter's offer is also singularly attractive, subscribers being presented every week with either a coat; waistcoat, and trousers, or three pairs of trousers, or three waistcoats, or a coat and two waistcoats or, in certain cases, three hats. In the event of subscribers choosing the last attraction, however, it is requested that the hats should not be all worn together.

INDULGING IN PERSONALITIES.

ITALY I turned over the pages of *The Aldwych Magazine*, and as I did so my eye fell listlessly upon the heading, "A Great Personality. X.Y.Z., the Distinguished Novelist. An Appreciation." Why, I knew the poor creature quite well, with his mild flabby face and his weak little eyes. "His great personality, his brilliant eye, his subtle, sonorous voice, capable of moving to laughter or tears,"—how had I missed remarking these? To me he had ever seemed a plaintive little figure, his voice a feeble, piping treble. Amazed I read on and learnt of his unostentatious generosity,—to my knowledge he had once given sixpence to a young man who saved him from drowning—of his freakish humour,—this man whose decorum rivalled that of a Scots Elder—of his biting sarcasms, his severity of judgment,—this poor little creature whose terror of a waiter was only less absurd than the obsequious way in which he paid a cabman's overcharges. Where was this dazzling creature in whom the *Aldwych* would have me believe?

Where?—Creeping in at the Club door. With furtive glances to right and left he drew near me.

"G-good afternoon," he began with his usual formula. "The w-weather is always changeable."

"So are other things," I observed. "Characters, for instance."

He glanced at me timidly, and his eye fell upon the *Aldwych*. He shivered.

"You've been reading that?" I s-suppose you're a bit surprised?"

"Exactly," I said. "You'll forgive me, but this sketch isn't quite you. How did you manage it?"

"Everyone could get done in the same way if they wanted to," he piped defiantly,—“if they went to the right shop, that is.”

"The right shop!" I echoed.

"P'raps I had better explain," he said confidingly. "I'm what is called a distinguished novelist, you know, and so I had to have a personality to keep my hold on my public. It's necessary, you know, nowadays. But I could never submit to an interview, till one morning a prospectus arrived from the Personalities Supply Company. They provide personalities for authors who haven't got any. You get the anecdotes to match, too. Then when an interviewer calls you just have to tell him to go round to the Personality man for any particulars about you he may require, in the same way as you send him to your photographer. You don't know what a relief it is. I wrote off at once, and in two days my Personality was ready, and when the *Aldwych* man called upon

me I just sent him off to the shop, and—well, you see the result. You really ought to try the people. Wait a minute, I've got a prospectus on me now."

He handed it to me as he spoke, and I read:

TO AUTHORS.

Do you want a Personality? Do you want, in fact, to be Someone? Do you want men to remove their hats when they see you, to print anecdotes about you on the last page of *The Westminster Gazette*? Do you want to appear in every important volume of *Recollections* to be published during the next hundred years? Above all, do you want to be mentioned without the prefix Mr.?

If so, We Are The People.

We fix you up a personality and keep it pigeon-holed for immediate reference. All you have to do is to send an interviewer to us, and we place the details of your personality in his hands.

We supply personalities to all classes of the literary profession for cash or on easy terms.

ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

Anecdotes can be written up and handed to the interviewer, or authors may have them to circulate privately among journalistic friends. We append a few specimens of our leading lines:—

Love of Pet Animals and Gift for Repartee.—"X. has a pet wasp which always makes its appearance at his dining-table. Many stories are told of X. and his pretty pet. One night, B., the well-known publisher, was dining with X., the wasp of course being present. During the evening B. irritated the insect, and was, in consequence, severely stung. Springing to his feet, he cried, 'If I get hold of that creature, won't I deal faithfully with it!' 'My dear B.," exclaimed X., 'how can you deal faithfully? Are you not a publisher?'

X.'s new novel is having a large sale, and his publisher, who is of course not the one just referred to, is about to issue a third large impression.

No anecdotes are more effective than those about absent-mindedness, and the following, recently supplied to an eminent philosophic writer, gave great satisfaction:—

"The absent-mindedness of BLANK is a source of great anxiety to his friends. One morning recently, his wife, on coming down to breakfast some moments later than the well-known writer himself, was startled by a strange spectacle. On the chair usually occupied by her husband lay a poached egg, and on the table, on a piece of toast, pensively gazing into space, sat the great philosopher himself."

Please give us a call.

TO CHLOE.

(Who admits that she "cannot read poetry for nuts.")

MILTON, unless your nature were forgiving
From consciousness of power,
I count it fortunate you are not living
At this prosaic hour.

LOVELACE, your fair Althea's eyes might
glisten

Without your prison wall,
But here is one who simply would not
listen

To you at all.

Yet let me take your eloquent confession,
My Chloe, in good part,
Though it dismisses in one terse expres-
sion

The rhymist and his art;
Though at the thought my critic reason
totters,

Come, let us part as friends,
All poets, in your judgment, rank as
"rotters,"

And there it ends.

At least I see, if something crushed and
humbled,

What narrow risks I ran:
I might myself an hour ago have tumbled
Beneath your rigorous ban:

I might have launched some glowing
panegyric,

I might have tried to woo
The amorous Muse in some impassioned
lyric,

Addressed to you.

My memories of an earlier generation
Still paint in tender hues
Maidens with equal powers of fascination,
But widely different views;
Until comparison becomes alarming,
And, waking to your smiles,
I find in you a modern Circe, charming
With modern wiles.

You have your rod, your rifle, and your
driver,

Your motor caps and slang,
Your Bridge, at which you seem to
"drop a fiver"

Each night without a pang:
So, if your heart be with your treasures,
Why should I gibe and flout
Simply because your catalogue of
pleasures

Leaves poets out?

Indeed, the picturesqueness of your
phrases

Has made me scarcely sure
Whether I might not find my favourites'
praises

More painful to endure;
For some ecstatic jargon tripping
Out of your lively soul
Might have called BURNS and SHELLEY
"ripping,"

Or KEATS "top hole."



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 2.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Another successful evening, but not to be reckoned among the very, or the most, successful. There was a full house to hear Borro's *Mefistofele*, which even when given here in first-rate style never presented much attraction, either musically or dramatically, to the Common or (Covent) Garden opera-goer. To-night the "Upper Suckles" were noisy in their enthusiasm, and Conductor MUGNONE had to put in several appearances before the curtain in response to the loud calls. It seems a pity that some little licence is not allowed to a conductor, who is in modern evening dress and not got up in costume for any particular part, so that instead of perpetually appearing and reappearing merely as himself, which becomes a trifle monotonous for the audience and a bit dull for the recipient of such honours, he might change a dark wig for a light one, and *vice versa*, or might cover his flowing locks with a scalp, or might come on representing, at different times, different composers whose works he may have been conducting. This is merely thrown out as a hint; probably as a suggestion it will be thrown out again, or rather "clucked."

Once more unto the opera, dear friends! Those who know Gounod's *Faust*, and hear Borro's *Mefistofele* for the first time, must feel a bit "confoozlum" by the prologue and by such an arrangement of Acts and Scenes as offers only an

occasional glimpse of our old friend *Faust* rejuvenated, of *Margaret* the flirty, of *Martha* the flighty, and of our popular *Mephistopheles*, to whom this *Mefistofele* seems a sort of distant relation.

Signora GIACHETTI, as *Margherita* and *Elena*, acted fairly well and sang charmingly, though not up to herself in other operas. Signora ZUCCARIA showed herself fairly capable as *Marta* and *Pantalis*. Signor DIDUR, indifferently made up to represent this undecided variety of a Musical *Mefisto*, sang and acted well. Signor ZENATELLO rendered the music allotted to *Faust* with great feeling, and Signor ZUCCHI must have astonished himself when doubling the parts of *Wagner* and *Nereus*. Pity a little special Wagnerian motive could not be introduced into the accompaniments when *Wagner* comes on; for BORRO is occasionally uncommonly Wagnerian.

Scenery and stage arrangements excellent. Great enthusiasm for Signor ZENATELLO and Signora GIACHETTI, as the beautiful *Helen* (just from Paris), in the "*Forma ideal purissima*," and "*Ah! Amore misterio*," in the Fourth Act, which indeed went admirably throughout.

The "Situation" in St. Petersburg.

"To-night finds the Government controlling the bayonets and the populace sitting upon them, while General TREPOFF exhorts the people not to stir."—*Daily Mail*.

LILLIAN.

VI.—A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

AT half-past-three LILLIAN whistled for Cecilia, the new fox-terrier, and walked over to see how I was getting on. I am looking after my brother ARTHUR's house while he and GRACE are in town, and the duties and responsibilities are great. In the very first week an epidemic carried off twenty-four ducks, while a most valuable and highly-prized plant drooped and declined on the herbaceous border. This was outside the house. Inside there was a drawing-room chair that broke its leg; and the usual casualties were recorded from the kitchen. I am troubled with a rather mercenary brother and sister-in-law; and it was much more to them that a chair had lost its castor than that a near and dear relative had severely barked his shin in trying to jump over it.

Anyhow I decline all responsibility for the plant. The life of our humble garden relations is, alas! an uncertain one. To-day they are, and to-morrow somebody has uprooted them, honestly thinking (whatever ARTHUR may say about idiots) that they were weeds.

I mention these things to explain why, when LILLIAN came round, I was in a distant part of the grounds, keeping an eye on the head-gardener. LILLIAN, having called all over the house for me, was about to look outside, when a book on the hall table caught her eye. She picked it up casually, glanced at the end and saw that they married all right, glanced at the beginning and saw that the heroine's name was LILLIAN (in the end, of course, it was "Darling," and things like that); and then she gradually sank on to a settle and explored the middle part of the work. I am blamed for many things, and sometimes rightly so; but was it my fault that Mrs. MARGETTS chose this moment for calling on GRACE?

Mrs. MARGETTS had only just come to our part of the country. GRACE had called some weeks ago and had found her out. Now Mrs. MARGETTS was returning the call, and GRACE was in town. Some people have all the luck.

LILLIAN belongs to the No Hat Brigade. Mrs. MARGETTS saw her through the open hall-door, bare-headed, curled up in the settle, and very comfy. She came to a fairly natural conclusion.

The sun was behind Mrs. MARGETTS, and her very substantial shadow was

over the pages of LILLIAN's book. LILLIAN looked up lazily, and then jumped to her feet with a little "Oh!" Mrs. MARGETTS pushed her way in.

"How do you do, Mrs. MEADOWES?" she said. "May I come in?"

ARTHUR is Mr. MEADOWES, and so I suppose am I. But LILLIAN is certainly not Mrs. MEADOWES. I can imagine her look of surprise, her frown as she thought for a moment, and then the almost inaudible and sudden gurgle of laughter with which she accepted her new name.

"Oh, do come in," said LILLIAN. "I'm afraid you found me asleep, or very nearly. I'm so sorry to be in such a state."

"When you called," said Mrs. MARGETTS, "I was unfortunate enough to be

been helping the gardener plant geraniums all the afternoon, and that I thought a wash—at the word "wash" I made hurriedly for the door.

At the word "wash" LILLIAN looked at her hands and said: "If you're going to the bathroom, ARTHUR, I left my rings there. You might——"

I stopped and looked at her.

"No, never mind," she added; "you'd probably drop them somewhere." She turned to Mrs. MARGETTS. "He is so clumsy," I heard her say.

That was a nice way to speak of a husband! LILLIAN was evidently going right through with her part. Women seem to think that they can say anything they like about their male relations. And they always generalise so fearfully.

They don't say, "Owing to the carelessness of JANE, the parlour-maid, in leaving a small carved stool in the middle of the conservatory floor, he accidentally tripped and knocked over father's bowl of goldfish yesterday," but "He is so clumsy!"

On my way to the wash, I met a maid and told her to put tea outside. I can depart from the strict truth so much more picturesquely in the open air. Indoors I feel cramped, and am no sort of a conspirator. When I joined them at tea I felt ready for anything.

LILLIAN was in splendid form and talked as if she had been married to me for years. One characteristic of hers is that she never forestalls trouble. I don't myself much, but I must say that I was rather wondering where this joke of hers would lead us to. LILLIAN, though,

was quite childishly happy and peaceful; and she stopped her conversation with Mrs. MARGETTS now and then to say "More tea, dear?" to me in the most natural way.

Now Mrs. MARGETTS was short-sighted, and she was the sort of person who is too immensely interested in herself to take much notice of anybody else. She might easily meet ARTHUR some weeks later, and never know that he was not the man she had met before. We were as like as most brothers. But LILLIAN and GRACE were so very different—one being dark and one fair. Besides, I had called her LILLIAN several times. The only way——

"LILLIAN, dear," I said, "I think you had better go in. It's getting damp, and you know what the doctor said. You were saying, Mrs. MARGETTS, that you would like to see the stables?"

When LILLIAN had gone, I said:



"Oh, you SAUCY LITTLE MONKEY, IF YOU 'ADN'T GOT MEASLES IN THE FAMILY, I'D COME OVER AND GIVE YOU SUCH A WALLOP!"

out. It was the day of dear Lady ROBINSON's garden party, if I remember right. You were not there, I think?"

"I think not," said LILLIAN.

"No. She is, of course, a little exclusive, but——"

"One has to be," said LILLIAN.

This was the moment that I chose for coming in. I had seen Cecilia, and knew that LILLIAN was about.

"LILLIAN!" I shouted, as I came into the hall. Then I saw Mrs. MARGETTS, and apologised.

"Not at all, dear Mr. MEADOWES," said Mrs. MARGETTS. "I think all this informality breaks the ice so much better, don't you? I found your charming wife——"

"Would you ring the bell, please—ARTHUR?" said LILLIAN, quickly.

It was only two yards to the bell, but I did a lot of thinking in that time. When I came back I said that I had

"I am so afraid of my wife's health. The doctors say that at almost any moment——" I broke off in a voice choked, as I hoped Mrs. MARGETTS would notice, with emotion. But she only said,

"You have a cold yourself."

"I couldn't stop to explain. I went on:

"My wife is a great sufferer."

"All wives are, Mr. MEADOWES," she said.

"Death," I tried again, "death is ever present. In the midst of life, you know, Mrs. MARGETTS——"

"You should get insured," she said. "Or perhaps you are?"

"The terrible part of it all," I said, "is that one has a position to keep up—one must be married—you understand? The social demands on one . . . if the worst happened . . . tell me you don't think second marriages wicked, Mrs. MARGETTS? It would never be the same of course, but . . ."

"It will be a cold drive back, I'm thinking," said Mrs. MARGETTS. I made a last desperate effort.

"I think if I ever married again, I should choose somebody with a name like GRACE," I said. "It is so—so comforting."

"Well?" I said to LILLIAN five minutes later.

"Oh, DICK, I had to. I wanted to see what it felt like. And now what's going to happen?"

"She'll meet GRACE, and think ARTHUR's a bigamist."

"Unless I die first."

"Well, I tried to persuade her you were going to. I fancy she's an optimist about such things."

"There's one good thing," said LILLIAN suddenly. "Obviously I can't call there now. Hooray, and I don't care what father says."

"There's another good thing," I said. "You've had some useful practice."

LILLIAN looked gravely at me.

I make a sort of weekly report to ARTHUR of what has been going on. I thought this affair worth inclusion, though LILLIAN thought not. He replied, among other things: "I began to wonder when you'd make a real genuine ass of yourself. You've been pretty near once or twice, but this is the effort." That gives you some idea of his style. I filled my tobacco-pouch and went out to feed the goat.

THE STRAPHANGER.

I AM the Straphanger.

I am one of a million swaying souls who travel underground to the vast city.

I stand in the aisle, one of a million, every morning, swaying this way and that.

I see how limitless is the capacity of the car; I am but one of a million; yet my heart is full of hope, full of hope, I say, that one day I shall get a seat (if I travel on the line long enough).

I shall travel for years and years and years. I shall be among the million souls who will one day get a seat.

I am young and vigorous; I am so forbearing, so patient, so meek and uncomplaining. Something within me (I cannot explain what) tells me I shall one day get a seat.



A MORNING PERFORMANCE.

I long to read my crisp, newsy paper. But I must preserve my balance, I must hold on to my umbrella, I must keep people off my feet.

I am the Straphanger.

I rejoice to think I have even a strap. I say I rejoice, I swell with pride, and an old gentleman tells me I am taking up more than my share of room.

I have asked the sonorous guard if the men and women who are sitting down ever leave the car, or whether they sit on all night so as to make sure of a seat the next morning.

I am jolted—I say I am jolted, but that is not all by quite a long way; I am jerked, I am jostled, I am pushed, I am shoved.

I am the Straphanger.

I see men seated with heads buried in their newspapers, so that it is impossible for them to notice some ladies who are standing up.

I see a man who lowers his paper: he has folded it up and offered his seat

to a lady. (He is getting out at this station.)

I see a comrade in the distance who tells me he once sat down in this car. It was on the floor. The car had stopped suddenly.

I hear the chattering of a hundred fresh young lady shoppers. About them are arranged a hundred tired city men who have been obliged to give up their seats for them.

I am pained. I am a city man myself. I may have to do this in the great spacious future when I get a seat.

I see a small man, a spare, insignificant man get out and eight big men get in.

I am among my comrades, large-hearted, generous-minded, self-sacrificing comrades. (It's useless to push, Sir, I cannot move an inch.)

I am in it, I feel I am, and of it, the heart of a great system, the supreme perfection of up-to-date travelling.

I am the—[Any gentleman give up his STRAP to oblige a lady?]

NEW ZEALAND ZIG-ZAGS.

Mr. PUNCH learns from the usual journalistic sources—

1. That the Antipodes can produce a dozen better teams than the stalwarts now touring in this country.

2. That the team at present engrossing attention was sent over for rest and change, and is under orders to "go steady."

3. That — and — are engaged in sedentary employment down under, but get a little croquet on Saturday afternoons.

4. That the chilblain on —'s little toe is progressing favourably.

5. That one of the most striking points in the behaviour of the Colonials is their extraordinary good humour at the close of play.

6. That, amongst other things, the "Maorilanders" are teaching us moderation in language, Mr. DIXON, their manager, stating that so far he is satisfied with the financial aspect of the tour, and is inclined to think it will be self-supporting on an average gate of £600.

7. That the "Silverleaves" are sensitive to our climatic conditions, and England may win in a fog.

8. That history repeats itself, and "Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled" are not unlikely, when again brought in contact with him, to renew this painful experience.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Old Oak Furniture* (METHUEN) Mr. FREDERICK ROE has found the subject of a fascinating work. We all vaguely like old furniture, sometimes worshipping with equal satisfaction faked-up specimens. Mr. ROE knows his old arm-chair literally *au fond*, and writes about it with contagious enthusiasm. Old oak furniture is a treasure-trove for novelists by no means exhausted by the bard of *The Old Oak Chest* known to the Baron's (not Dr. BOOKWORM's) retainers blithe and gay. My Baronite notes a gruesome tragedy in connection with a bedstead formerly housed at the "Blue Bear" Inn in Leicester. In the time of good Queen Bess the inn was kept by one CLARK, who suddenly assumed an appearance of affluence inadequately accounted for by opportunities for using tankards of short measure. In time the secret was out. His wife "going to make a bed hastily and shaking the bedstead, a piece of gold dropped out." On further examination it was discovered that the bedstead in which, according to tradition, RICHARD THE THIRD once slept, had a double bottom. The space between was filled with gold coins. When CLARK died, leaving his wealth to his widow, she, resigned unto the heavenly will, kept on the "Blue Bear" still. The money awakening the cupidity of a maidservant, she with intent to obtain it did her mistress to death. The maid was duly hanged all in a row with seven male accomplices. All in the churchyard lie and none in Heaven. The attractiveness of *Old Oak Furniture* naturally leads to desire on the part of ingenious craftsmen to oblige with fresh specimens furtively made on the premises. Mr. ROE points out how our own Victoria and Albert Museum entertained unawares several specimens of the craft. The book presents numerous reproductions of charming pieces of old furniture.

A Woman of the World, by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX (CASSELL), is made up of imaginary letters of advice to imaginary people on the most intimate affairs of life. These letters must, so this Assistant Reader thinks, have appeared previously in some American journal devoted to the interests of the sex. So great a mass of high-toned, but serenely platitudinous, morality cannot have been written at one fell go by any mortal. The correspondence is of that special sort in which the person addressed is first put in possession of a great many of those details of his own history with which he or she must be perfectly familiar, and then the little sermon begins, now arch and coy, now hortatory and almost (but not quite) angry. List, oh list, to the advice bestowed on *Edna Gordon* during her honeymoon: "Do not expect a husband to be happy and contented with a continuous diet of love and sentiment and romance. . . . I have known an adoring young wife to irritate Cupid so he went out and sat on the doorstep, contemplating flight, by continual neglect of small duties. . . . The towel-rack was empty just when he (the husband) wanted his bath, and his bedroom slippers were always kicked so far under the bed" [this must have been temper] "that he was obliged to crawl on all fours to reach them. Then his loving spouse was sure to want to be 'cuddled' when he was smoking his cigar and reading" [how did ELLA know all this?], "a triple occupation only possible to a human freak with three arms, four eyes, and two mouths." Seven years later, however, Mr. *Charles Gordon*, the husband of *Edna*, gets his share. *Edna* is neglected and suffering. "What *Edna* craves," writes Mrs. Wilcox to the neglecting *Charles*, "is *your* love, *your* attention, *your* sympathy, not the service of paid domestics. She wants you to notice her fading bloom, and to take her in your arms, and say, tenderly, 'Little girl, we must get those old roses back. And we must go away for a new honeymoon, all alone, and forget every care, even if we forget the babies for a few days.' . . . I remember at your own board you made me uncomfortable

talking about my complexion, which you chose to say was 'remarkable for a woman of my age'. . . . and all the time I saw the tears hidden back under the lids of *Edna's* tired eyes, and a hurt look on her pale face." All I can say is that *Charles* was very very naughty, that his manners were not nice, and that I don't believe (much as I should like to) that he ever took *Edna* away for that new honeymoon. Ah, how true it is that life is one long disappointment! "It is you, *Charles Gordon*, who must cure your wife of nerves, hysteria, and incipient jealousy, not I." There are many more such gems in this "bland, passionate, and deeply religious" book.

The Sword of Gideon (CASSELL) is the effective sounding, but somewhat irrelevant, title given by JOHN BLOUNDELL-BURTON to his latest novel, which describes the adventures of one *Berill Bracton*, who, having transferred his rather shaky allegiance from the Jacobite service to that of Queen ANNE, is so struck by the miniature portrait of a pretty English lady, a prisoner, as Lord PETERBOROUGH informs him, in the hands of the French, that he at once offers to bring her back to her sorrowing friends and relatives, and thus win for himself a commission from Queen ANNE and the Duke of MALLBOROUGH. The gallant Baron attempted to follow the dashing young adventurer, but found the way wearisome. Some readers may, perhaps, be interested in the quest of the heroine. The Baron contents himself with Mr. W. H. MARGETSON's clever and well-executed illustrations.

MESSRS. TREHERNE issue what Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN calls "A Peace Edition" of his *More Queer Things about Japan*. It contains all the material given in the first edition, including the rare illustrations reproduced from the works of Japanese artists, supplemented by a *précis* of the terms of peace and a skeleton history of the mighty conflict they terminated. This adds permanent value to a work which my Baronite, having visited the country, can testify gives a clear and picturesque insight into life in Japan.

Nothing is better calculated to serve the cause of truth than the enlightenment of partisan leaders by the labour of such careful, painstaking, liberal-minded students of history as are represented by Abbot GASQUET, D.D., author of *Henry the Third and the Church* (GEORGE BELL & SONS). Recognising the divine right of a supreme authority lawfully and properly exercising its powers, Dr. GASQUET never shrinks from candidly admitting and condemning its abuses, nor does he ever attempt to justify what common sense must honestly denounce as unjustifiable. This scholarly-written and well-considered work shows, as clearly as possible, how the road, in England, was prepared for the onward march of the Reformers by those who, at the time, never for one moment foresaw what was to be the ultimate result of the work for which mundane ambition, utter selfishness, and unchristian scheming had supplied the materials. In fields where good men should have reaped a bounteous harvest, tares were sown, ill weeds grew apace, and herbs of grace were rare. "Meddle and muddle" sums up the policy and action, both Royal and Papal, at this early period of our civil and ecclesiastical history.



"A LAY LITURGIST" writes to us, "I see 'The Short Service Experiment' ably advocated for the Army. Why not let the clergy try it for the laity? The shorter the service the better, and no sermon."

CHARIVARIA.

THE value of British protestations of friendship for Germany may, it is said in Berlin, be gauged by the fact that extraordinary precautions are being taken to prevent spies obtaining any details of our battleships now under construction.

At a banquet given to the delegates of Mutual Aid Societies in Paris last week, 25,000 bottles of red wine, 25,000 bottles of white wine, 25,000 bottles of beer, and 10,000 bottles of champagne were provided, yet every delegate reached his home in safety. That shows what Mutual Aid can do.

Some workmen at Blackburn, in splitting a piece of stone, discovered embedded in it a worm supposed to be 1,000 years old. "A Constant Reader of *The Spectator*" alleges that the animal, while interested to hear that King EDWARD was still on the throne, betrayed some emotion on learning that ETHELFLEDA was no more.

In Society, says *The Lady's Pictorial*, "lighter food, lighter drink, lighter clothes, lighter jewels, lighter boots, lighter gloves, is the cry." Nothing, however, is said of lighter morals. Their present lightness seems to give general satisfaction.

The safe which was recently stolen from Haxell's Hotel was discovered last week in a lonely spot on Wanstead Flats, but its contents, estimated at £23, were missing. This confirms the police theory that the object of the theft was to obtain the contents of the safe.

"There are six women in London,"

says *The Grand Magazine*, "with brains enough to form the Government or run any great industry, from the London and North-Western Railway to *The Times*. Miss MARIE CORELLI is amused to note that the press boycott against her is not yet at an end.

whether Lord CURZON will return the compliment.

A {four-wheeled} cab collided with an omnibus in Holborn last week, and proceedings under the Explosives Act are to be taken against the driver of the cab.

A pigeon which left Rennes on June 17 has only just arrived at Manchester. The bird speaks enthusiastically of Paris.

It has transpired that many doctors now charge only sixpence for advice and medicine, even though, in some cases, the advice alone is worth that amount.

To prevent disappointment we should add that the scale of charges referred to has not yet spread to Harley Street, where old customs are clung to with affectionate tenacity.

We are glad to be able to say that the report that Mr. SUTRO is indisposed is untrue. The rumour arose from the statement that he would not produce a new play next week.

SIR OLIVER LODGE declares that the sun is shrinking, and that in twenty million years it will be incapable of warming the earth. As a result of this statement

there has been an abnormal demand for artificial heating apparatus, nervous folks fearing that the prices may be raised later on.

The date of the appearance, at the Norwich Police Court, of a Passive Resister wearing a red jersey and a sash inscribed "We will fight the Government," was the 9th and not the 5th of November as has been erroneously stated.

A petition measuring seven miles in length is to be presented to Parliament next session protesting against the vivisection of dogs. It is rumoured that, to add to its effect, the petition is to be enclosed in a case modelled after the similitude of a gigantic daehshund.

We learn from an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph* that a Mr. JACK DAVID KRUSZINSKI has changed his name to CURZON. It will be interesting to see



"HALLOA, THERE! ARE YOU MISTAKING THIS FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER?"
"NOW YOU REMIND ME OF IT—YES."

RICHARD ABOVE HIMSELF AGAIN.

[Mr. RICHARD SEDDOX, Premier of New Zealand, has been making a speech. *The Times* publishes a cable to the effect that "as regards Japanese immigration Mr. SEDDOX declared that Japanese would not be allowed to come to New Zealand, and that the colony would refuse to be dictated to in the matter."]

RICHARD! 'neath whose awful thumb,
Like a god's that goes on wheels,
Britain's nether isles are dumb,
And adjacent Ocean reels;
We who catch at times a rumour
Touching things that you have said
Find our homely sense of humour
Hampered by a latent dread

Let our Richard's health should suffer from a swelling in
the head.

You have spoken: "I am he
Who will give the alien pause;
None shall dare dictate to me
On our local yellow laws:
In a land that teems with gentle
Uncontaminated hearts,
Never shall the Oriental
Dump his diabolic arts,

Or pollute our pearly geysers or defile our meaty marts!"

But the peoples whom you brand
As a swarm of noxious flies—
Does your Highness understand
They include our own allies?
Men whose valour, strength, and station
We will not just now review,
Save to vent the observation
(Which, in any case, is true):—

Those whom we delight to honour should be good enough for
you!

Kindly note this useful fact:—
Friends of ours are friends of yours;
They implicitly contract
Not to raid your helpless shores;
Else the Japs, whom you of Zealand
Treat as something rather vile,
Might to-morrow lift their heel and
With a deferential smile

Flatten honourable SEDDOX, if they thought it worth their while.

You have manners yet to learn
Such as Eastern nations teach;
You must make it your concern
To amend your style of speech.
Talk no more of our intrusion
In affairs beyond the seas,
You who nursed the fond illusion
That you had a right to sneeze

When the Rand that hired the heathen never asked you,
"May we, please?"

Can it be your head is turned
By your team of Rugby "Blacks"?
Has the glory they have earned
Set you trotting in their tracks?
Well, it's not mere weight and gristle;
You must also play the game,
Or the referee may whistle
And you'll have yourself to blame

If you get a free-kick planted where you don't expect the same.
O. S.

ALL HANDS TO THE BOATS!

The case of the L.C.C. Steamboat service appears to be fairly desperate, at any rate in view of the approaching winter, and something must be speedily done to restore its attractions for the mass of Londoners. We appeal to the patriotic, sentimental, and sporting instincts of our various readers on behalf of these pretty and useful playthings of the bygone summer. Any one of the following suggestions will, we are sure, prove efficacious. We therefore beg to recommend:

That the fifty-seven members of the County Council who voted for the retention of the service (with their wives, families, and relatives within the prohibited degrees) be compelled to make at least two steamboat journeys a day, to and from business, in all weathers.

That Mr. JONAS BRASS, L.C.C., be appointed Commodore, and be further empowered to patrol the river armed to the teeth, for twelve hours each day, and to deal with recalcitrant ratepayers and editorial "ruffians" according to the laws of war.

That the New Zealand football team be induced to patronise the more seaworthy of the boats as often as possible in the course of their frequent peregrinations, and thus—in the intervals of distributing autographs and private information as to their pet names—to rehearse their great forthcoming act of sitting on the ruins of any bridge into which the vessels may happen to bump.

That every passenger brave enough, in face of a mid-November fog or frost, to take a ticket from Hammersmith to the Old Swan Pier, and sufficiently lucky to reach his destination alive, be presented with the Imperial Service Order, the F.O.S., or some similar decoration.

That the fleet be relabelled throughout with names of more modern and recognisable heroes than such as *Olaf*, *Fitzalan*, or *Edmund Ironside* (though this latter is perhaps appropriate in collisions). "Gallagher," "Bernard Shaw," "Wallace" (the All Black, of course, not the "Wha Hae" person), "C. B. Fry," "Little Tich," "Sandow," "Lipton," and many other up-to-date appellations would be much more certain to draw.

That the road-laying authorities be encouraged to pursue their present obstructive tactics and repave the principal thoroughfares at their usual rate. This should tide the steamboats over the winter.

That Missing Treasure should be largely advertised as hidden in one or more of the vessels, not, of course, in the funnels or engine-room.

That *The Times* and *Standard* Book Clubs take the matter up and add the management of river trips (out of season) to their varied activities. Once let their subscribers be convinced that it is an inestimable privilege, and there will be a five-weeks' waiting-list at each of the piers.

That daily bumping races be held between the various steamboats over the course, eastward in the morning and westward in the evening. This would greatly accelerate the speed and promote the interest and excitement of a voyage. The strict University rules need not be adhered to. Any boat that made a bump would still go full-speed ahead and try to "win her paddles" by a consecutive series of similar achievements.

That, finally, all the inhabitants of London who object to the alarming increase in the rates be persuaded to spend their remaining cash on steamboat journeys, and thus—on the principle of taking in each other's washing—relieve their own indebtedness.
Zig-Zag.



INDIA'S HOMAGE.





THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES says that the popular notion of disease as something malignant is entirely wrong. Lecturing at Edinburgh he declared that its phenomena were beneficent in purpose, and that it is to be counted not among the ills that flesh is heir to, but rather among the good gifts.—Henceforth no up-to-date physician will go the rounds of his patients unaccompanied by a selection of benevolent microbes, from among which there should be no difficulty in prescribing one or two that would prove cheerful and congenial companions to any sufferer.

NERVES IN NUBIA.

[“A party of Society ladies and gentlemen, titled and otherwise, will leave London on November 16, for a luxurious encampment pitched in the African desert, in search of health and the despatch of ennui.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

WITH a copy of *The Daily Chronicle* in my hand I hurried to the Club which JOSEPHINE honours with her presence, if not always with her subscriptions, in the hope that she would be able to give me fuller information about this year's pilgrimage into the desert in search of relief for Society's jaded nerves.

“Are you——?” I began, opening the *Chronicle*.

“Yes!” said JOSEPHINE, enthusiastically, “and isn't it a perfectly beautiful idea?”

“But what made you all think of it?” I asked. “Was it——?”

“Yes!” said JOSEPHINE, “it was the terrible need for rest in this modern

whirlpool we call Society. Wherever one looks one sees noble men and women overworking themselves in all kinds of ways, at the beck and call of dress-makers and tailors, with weary piles of the latest novels to read, skating lessons at Prince's, new theatres to visit, new plays to see—and then Bridge!”

Here her emotion overcame her, and I had to wait a moment or two before I could put my next question.

“Has a site been chosen for the encampment?” I then asked.

“Oh, yes,” said JOSEPHINE, “a sweet little spot on the borders of a palm-shaded grove. And there we shall just bask in the sun all day long, and forget our chains! Each tent will be absolutely perfect in every way, but at the same time exquisitely simple—just a few beautiful rugs, a little real Chippendale, and a few choice engravings—electric light, of course, to play Bridge by——”

“Bridge!” I exclaimed.

“As a relaxation!” said JOSEPHINE, hastily, “not as the weary business it is in town.”

“And will you receive letters while you are in the desert?” was my next query, “or will the Rest Cure exclude the post?”

“A noted nerve specialist will accompany the party,” answered JOSEPHINE, consulting a pamphlet in her hand, “and he will open all letters and read aloud to us the parts that will interest and amuse without exciting.”

“Not private letters?” I exclaimed, aghast.

“Of course not!” said JOSEPHINE, impatiently. “How silly you are! But don't interrupt. The same plan will be followed with regard to newspapers. Then we are thinking of publishing a little paper of our own—the *Nubian News*—nothing heavy, of course, just Society news, desert gossip, clever sayings of members of the party, what we

are wearing, the winners at Bridge, and interesting little things of that kind."

"And will you adopt the Eastern dress?" I inquired, meditatively.

"With modifications," said JOSEPHINE. "A staff of experienced Parisian artistes will go out with us, who will adapt the Eastern draperies to individual tastes. Then there will be a beauty specialist who will look after our complexions after we have basked in the sun. There must be no anxieties of *any* kind allowed to intrude, you see, or the whole idea will be spoilt."

"And how about Church Parade?" I asked: "you will miss that, won't you?"

"Oh no," said JOSEPHINE. "A dear, delightful marabout with the most perfect manners is to come and instruct us in desert religions. After all, there is so much *real* earnestness in Society, if people would only believe it! Why, ADELIN and MAUD wouldn't miss Church Parade for any consideration whatever!"

"And how about the cost of it all?" I asked.

"Oh, a mere nothing!" said JOSEPHINE, airily. "Now don't be stupid, and want to know exactly how much! And we mean to come back in March as fit as possible to take up our work again."

"And will any books of travel be written?" I inquired.

"Well," said JOSEPHINE, doubtfully, "we shall all keep diaries, of course—do remind me to get one at the Stores to-morrow—and perhaps that dear clever Mr. HICHENS—he *did* write *The Garden of Flames*, didn't he?—will be so kind as to just look through them for us when we come back, and see that we have spelt the names of the places properly. But all this time you haven't told me what you think of it?" she added reproachfully, as I got up to go.

"I think you are to be warmly congratulated," said I, "on having, for this winter at any rate, solved the problem of what to do with the unemployed!"

MR. BIGTREE BRAND'S NEW PLAY.

INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily News.")

CAUTIOUSLY entering the sanctum of the illustrious poet-author on all fours I glanced inquiringly at him as he sat in his curule chair, elegantly gowned in a flowing toga profusely embroidered with laticlaves, ampullæ, and other sesquipedal embroidery. My silent query was promptly answered. "You may stand," observed Mr. PHILIP STEPHENS in a rich thorough-bass, and on my complying with his courteous request he at once launched out into a copious yet precise commentary on his newly finished drama.

"I have written my drama," said Mr. STEPHENS, "in blank verse, as usual, with plenty of Alexandrines, trochaic tetrameters and hecatompods, and have divided it into a prologue, thirteen monologues, four catalogues, and an apologue or epilogue—I forget which. *Nero* is, of course, the central figure, round which gravitates a host of impressive personages, but without ever encroaching on *Nero's* limelight.

"The action takes place partly at Rome and partly at Baiae, the Brighton of Imperial Rome, thus affording exceptional scope for a magnificent stage pageant, including the walk of the Roman *funeratores*, the performance of Ethiopian *tibicines*, *mixta balnea*, etc. The mounting of the play, it is almost superfluous to mention, will be carried out by Mr. BIGTREE BRAND with his well-known care for sumptuous realism.

"The last scene, especially, will be of dazzling, I had almost said scorching, brilliance. It gives a vivid representation of the famous burning of Rome, when the Imperial City was like a gigantic furnace, for the feeding of which Mr. BRAM and a corps of fifty Stokers have been specially retained. Fire engines specially constructed from designs taken from Pompeian *graffiti* will be employed to extinguish the conflagration. The scenery employed will be entirely made of asbestos."

"The subject, I take it, is treated from a Pagan point of view?" I queried.

"Pagan, I regret to say," was the answer, "though I admit that I was sorely tempted to introduce the element of Christian science into the plot."

"How does your story unfold itself on the stage, then?"

"Well, as I have already observed, there are thirteen monologues, for each of which *Nero* dons a different wig. *Nero's* pre-occupation with his *chevelure* was his ruling passion. An accomplished musician, he had the terrible misfortune—like Mr. ROCKEFELLE, whose clear-cut physiognomy is distinctly Neronian in its contour—to be bald. That was the great tragedy of his life. Imagine M. PMEREWski in a wig, or Dr. W. G. GRACE in a false beard! As POPE sings:—

'Beauty draws us with a single hair.'

But to the bald this consolation is denied. His mother *Agrippina* knew the secret and he slew her. *Poppæa* found it out, and paid for the knowledge with her life. An allusion to his infirmity appeared in the *Acta Diurna* or *Daily Mail* of Rome, and the infuriated potentate retaliated by burning down his own capital."

"Is there any historical foundation for this explanation of *Nero's* excesses?" I asked.

"None whatever," replied the poet-author. "It is entirely original, it has

never been put forward before, and it fully explains the otherwise inexplicable. Mr. CLARKSON is convinced of its accuracy. As he said to me only yesterday, 'How lucky for you that Mr. G. R. SIMS did not live nineteen hundred years ago!'"

"Will much stress be laid on *Nero's* skill as a musician?" I ventured to ask.

"Considerable," was the gracious response. "Some of the monologues will be cantillated, while others will take the form of regular solos to the accompaniment of lutes, pipes and other primitive instruments. *Nero* will also sing a duet with *Agrippina* and a trio with *Poppæa* and *Aete*."

"My only regret," observed Mr. STEPHENS in conclusion, "is that it is impossible for Mrs. SIMMONS to take the rôle of *Agrippina*. She was obviously intended for the part, and it must be a cause of disappointment to her *manes* that she committed the error of being born so long in advance of her true environment." Assenting cordially to this unimpeachable sentiment, I withdrew backwards from the presence of the famous poet-author-actor, who bids fair to enhance still further the obligation of the public by his latest effort (if I may quote his own words) to appease "that unconscious but essentially human feeling—the dumb hunger for the beautiful."

"THE DIMES."

MESSRS. MUDIE'S NEW DAILY.

ARRANGEMENTS for the new twopenny-halfpenny morning paper which MUDIE'S Library is about to establish are said to be proceeding apace. Already the title has been decided upon—*The Dimes*—while the staff is virtually complete.

The paper, we understand, is to be edited by a gigantic Scotch gentleman, appropriately named MUCKLE, who is not likely to be taken in by any cleek. Among his assistants will be Mr. HATTER, Mr. ROOFER, Mr. COMFY LORD, Mr. MAYLER-FOOTLAND, and several Fellows of All Souls.

The business side of the paper will be in the capable hands of Mr. MOREL (the originator of the Nobel prize for distinction in commercial enterprise, which hitherto has always fallen to himself), and the stage will never be neglected so long as Mr. TALKLEY has his head.

The Dimes will be an impartial paper, always leaning to the Conservative side. It will consist of many pages of good clear print, studiously avoiding picturesque verbosity on the one hand and hustling impressionism on the other. Among its other claims to distinction will be its immunity from the pens of Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. BEGGIE, Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, Mr. BAIR KENNEDY, and Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

A series of supplements is being arranged for, dealing with various subjects of interest to the public. Thus on Monday a golfing supplement, entirely written by the Editor, will be given away with a pound of tee; on Wednesday there will be an advertising supplement, describing all the latest devices for bringing one's pigs to market; and on Friday a journalistic supplement will appear which shall serve to book-readers as a guide to the most interesting articles in the daily and weekly press.

The Dimes will not be on sale in the usual way at all. It is a paper strictly for subscribers to MUDIE'S Library. No others need apply. It has been started, indeed, wholly with the purpose of supplying novel-readers with a sufficiency of waste-paper in which to wrap up their read books, and, this being so, will be printed on brown paper, with one page quite blank, save for MUDIE'S address in the middle of it, to serve as outside wrapper. So little do the promoters value the reading matter of the paper itself that on many occasions, when nothing much is occurring, or it is good golfing weather, *The Dimes* may be blank all through. Messrs. MUDIE hold that no English home is complete without plenty of brown paper, and they also believe that at this period in our country's history, when the cry for efficiency is so strident, every man who reads a novel ought also to take in a morning journal.

At an interview which our representative has recently enjoyed with Messrs. MUDIE, he learned that no pains will be spared to carry out this ideal. *The Dimes* will be given free to all subscribers to the Library, whether they want it or not. Messrs. MUDIE are very firm about this. "A posse of commissioners," he said, "carefully chosen from the ranks of the reservists, and Mobilised by the manager, will stand at the doors of the Library and force copies of *The Dimes* on all persons leaving the building. It will not be a question of 'Please take one,'" he added, significantly, "but 'You shall have one.' A copy of *The Dimes* will go with every volume. The legend, 'No *Dimes*, no books,' will be displayed prominently all over the Library. Thus, a subscriber leaving with five volumes under his arm will receive five copies of *The Dimes*; with fifteen, fifteen; and so on. In this way we cannot escape circulation. There our responsibility ends. What becomes of the papers is no concern of ours: all we do is to get it into the English home. We are pledged to that."

"But what," our representative ventured to ask, "will you do in the case of stubborn old-fashioned people who absolutely refuse to accept a paper?"



BRIEF HISTORY OF A NEW HAT.

(A Story without Words.)

Messrs. MUDIE smiled an inscrutable smile.

"Ah," they said, darkly, "we have our plans. In such cases copies of *The Dimes* will be left on the doorsteps, whatever happens, by arrangement with the milkman."

TO A FASHIONABLE BEAUTY.

ALL ladies at the last Newmarket Meeting
You easily outshone;
In popularity, that gift so fleeting,
You stood unmatched, alone.

They called you "pretty" every time
they named you—
Take care you don't get vain—

They called you "fast" as well, but no
one blamed you,
They only praised again.

The Press, which viewed the Quality
parading,
Described your "winter coat,"
'Twas "long" and "rough," no seams,
or pleats, or braiding,—
All humbler dames, take note.

So young—so flattered—yet no tale of
folly
Against you can be told;
The World is at your feet,—though,
Pretty Polly,
You are but Four Years Old!

FREETARIFFTRADEREFORM.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—A platform. Mr. JOSEPH, Cousin HUGH, Uncle HENRY CHAPLIN, and others discovered fighting for the possession of Little ARTHUR. At last they separate, and Little ARTHUR speaks.

LITTLE ARTHUR (*speevishly*).

Ye friends of my heart, let me beg you to cease;
Give over your struggles, and leave me in peace.
You can see with one eye my absorption is great;
For I'm up to my chin in the business of state.
If you ask me, ye strivers, to tell you my plan,
I refer to HAVASUT and murmur "Japan!"
If you press me, I add that it's awful for me
To imagine the State in the hands of C.-B.
You may say my opinions are shrouded in vapour;
But I wrote them out plain on a half-sheet of paper;
And I doubt if I'm up to the very hard training
That's required for the toil of explaining, explaining.
Do I love Mr. JOSEPH? I vow that I do;
With a fervour as great I adore Cousin HUGH.
HENRY CHAPLIN'S my own; but it's infamous, very,
To doubt that I dote on my dear LONDOXDERRY.
Is it fair that an all-comprehending affection
Should meet with denial or doubt or rejection?
I perceive you agree that it's certainly not;
And as for myself I agree with the lot.

(*Sits down and assumes an air of philosophic abstraction.*)

MR. JOSEPH (*delighted*).

Just listen to that! I've always said it;
So mine is the joy, and mine the credit!
Go fetch me a batch of my own reporters,
And let them wire to my League's headquarters
That the friend I love—which is ARTHUR B.—
Agrees (what else could he do?) with ME.

COUSIN HUGH (*overjoyed*).

I knew it, I knew it: it's most absurd
To ask for a simpler, plainer word.
We've won the light and weathered the storm,
So fetch me a telegraphic form.
I shall wire to the Free Food League, "His sins
Have found out JOSEPH, and Free Trade wins!"

UNCLE HENRY CHAPLIN (*ore rotundo*).

I recognise, I admit, nay I even go so far as to dare,
Or, if I might be allowed to say so, to venture to declare
That of all the amazing, astounding and portentous efforts of
oratory
That I have ever heard with my auricular appendages or
even read of in story,
This last performance of our trusted, nay I might almost say,
our thoroughly trusted leader,
In thus stating himself in no ambiguous or even doubtful
terms to be anything rather than a free-feeder—
This performance, as I say (and I know he required great
courage to risk it),
Unquestionably takes, if I may so put it, the bun, or, in
other words, the biscuit.
By thus dissipating and scattering all doubt he has put to
flight the Free Trade vulture,
And struck a mighty blow for the good, the benefit and the
well-being of Agriculture.

CHORUS OF PLAIN MEN.

We are all of us groping in darkness with never a glimmer
of light,
Oh Zeus, put an end to our labours and lead us, oh lead us,
a-right;

We have studied the speeches of ARTHUR; his half-sheet of
paper we've seen.

And we haven't the ghost of a notion—have you?—what the
dickens they mean.

For first he's a Tariff-Reformer—at least he is strongly
imbued

With the virtues of Tariff-Reforming that doesn't conflict
with Free Food.

And next he's a sturdy Free Trader—that is, he is ready to go
As far as his duty permits with the duties suggested by JOE.
In short, he is always declaring his views are as clear as a
bell:

He objects to Free Trade and, *hey-presto*, objects to Protection
as well.

So for our part we fancy there's one thing as plain as the
nose on his face:

Little ARTHUR won't stick at a trifle in order to stick to his place.
(*They all close up and fight again. Curtain.*)

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—*La Traviata*, poor dear lady of less than doubt-
ful reputation, and, despite her fifty years, going strong, re-
appeared to-night. Madame MELBA, as *Violetta*, whose healthy
appearance would have deceived any physician, sang better
than ever, receiving loud calls, and, after the First Act,
tumultuous applause. As long as there is an *artiste* capable
of sustaining *Violetta's* musical reputation, *La Traviata* will
not be willingly allowed to die. Her spoony young man
from the country, *Alfredo*, was admirably represented by
Signor DE MARCHI. For the heavy father, old *Georgy Germont*,
no one more capable in every way could have been selected
than Signor STRACCIARI.

It was quite a fireworky-rocket night for the curtain, which
went up at the hour of 8.30, went up again three times
to enthusiastic applause after the First and the Second Acts,
and twice after the Third Act. If the receipts are only
going up as briskly as did the curtain to-night, then will the
Managers and members of the syndicate be indeed satisfied.

Saturday.—New opera, *Andrea Chenier*, announced for to-
night, but it is outside our time-limit for the week. Also is
announced for November 19 an "Operatic Concert, organised
by Madame MELBA and the Artistes of the San Carlo Company
in aid of the families rendered destitute by the earthquakes
in Calabria." Music hath charms which may well be
employed for charitable purposes.

Post Obiter Dictum.

Servant (to lady inquiring). He's very ill, M'm.

Christian Science Lady. I'm grieved—but you ought to
say, "He thinks he's very ill."

(*Two days later.*)

Servant (to same lady, again inquiring). If you please, M'm,
he thinks he's dead.

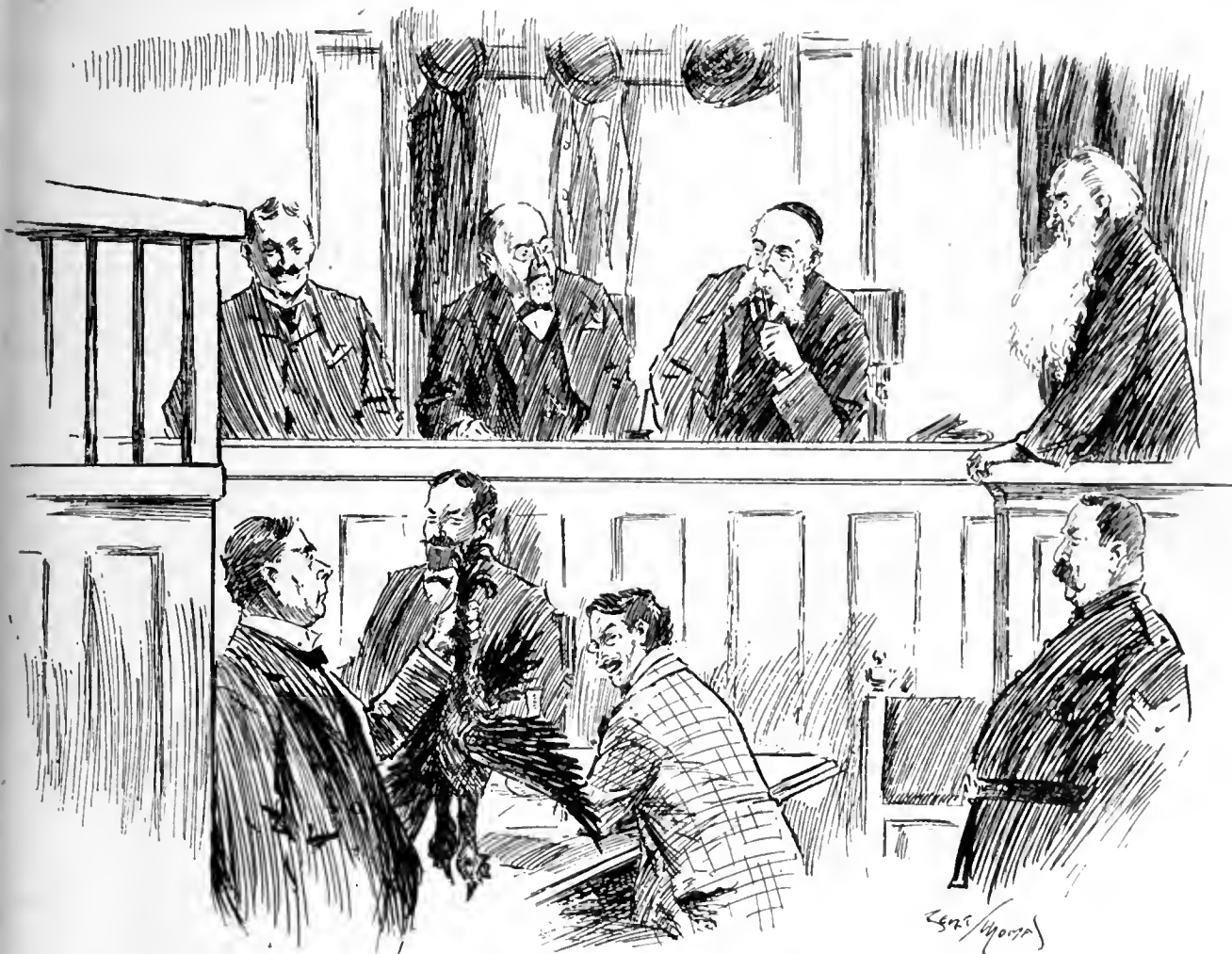
The poster of an evening paper of the 10th inst. announced:

WHAT MR. STEAD THINKS OF RUSSIA.

It was felt that this would make rather more copy than
the corresponding theme:—

What Russia thinks of Mr. STEAD.

DONS IN DIFFICULTIES.—At the end of last week the authorities
at Cambridge were said to be "much concerned how to cope
effectually with the situation" which some rowdy University
men had created on the "Town and Gown" night. The
Cambridge Dons must have quite a College-fellow feeling for
their official brethren in difficulties at the Royal University
of Ireland.



GETTING EVEN WITH HIM.

Solicitor (sarcastically). "AND WOULD YOU SWEAR THAT THESE FOWLS BELONGED TO YOU?"

Prosecutor. "I WOULD."

Solicitor. "WELL, NOW THEN. WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED IF I TOLD YOU THAT I HAVE HALF A DOZEN FOWLS AT HOME EXACTLY LIKE THESE?"

Prosecutor. "NOT IN THE LEAST. I'VE MISSED ABOUT A DOZEN LATELY FROM THE RUN!"

UNWOMANLY MEN.

[MR. BALFOUR's assertion that he was fully conscious of the suffering of the unemployed has been vehemently impugned by a writer in the *Daily News* of the 8th inst., who remarks: "MR. BALFOUR is a comfortably situated bachelor. It is a fact which accounts for many things. I doubt whether the PRIME MINISTER has ever in his life sat through a single night soothing a fretful child. Yet he has the audacity to say he knows!"]

UNFORTUNATELY this is not the only instance of unwomanly conduct on the part of prominent politicians, careful investigations having revealed several other cases at least as unpardonable as that of the PREMIER.

Thus it is extremely doubtful whether MR. CADBURY has ever wheeled an infant for more than two hours in a perambulator.

We have the best authority for stating that at no period of his distinguished

career has MR. LLOYD-GEORGE filled the rôle of a twenny-maid.

The reason for the small majority by which MR. HALDANE was elected Rector of Edinburgh University is commonly attributed in Radical circles not to his strong Imperialistic tendencies, but to the deplorable fact that, as he himself frankly admitted, he has never worn high-heeled shoes and was unable to milk a cow.

A painful sensation was created at a Liberal meeting recently held in Chelsea when MR. LEONARD COURTNEY, in reply to persistent heckling, boldly declared that in no circumstances whatever would he consent to wear a fringe.

Great indignation has been excited in Northampton by the behaviour of MR. LABOUCHERE. During a recent sojourn in that town, while visiting the house of one of his constituents, he was asked to rock the cradle of the youngest member

of the family in order to enable the mother to attend a football match. MR. LABOUCHERE declined on the ground that he had never done such a thing before, and might possibly upset the cradle. This distressing avowal has, in the opinion of the Secretary of the local Conservative Association, rendered MR. LABOUCHERE's retention of his seat highly improbable.

On the other hand, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL's prospects in Manchester have materially improved since he has taken to skirt dancing and crewel work.

Where to spend a Quiet Night.

TO BE LET.—For hunting season or longer, — Rectory; excellent stabling; stands in park: large grounds; eleven bedrooms; hounds constantly run through.—Advertisement in "*Manchester Guardian*."



PLEASANT FOR GILES.

Miss Nimrod. "MIND YOU TUCK YOUR HEAD IN, GILES, DIRECTLY THE RABBIT BOLTS!"

THE PUBLIC BUFFOON.

THE railway carriage had only one other occupant, and as I took my seat I was struck with his expression of suppressed mirth. He appeared to be enjoying some tremendous jest which convulsed his whole frame and seemed to be searching for the weak places in his clothing in order to effect an exit.

Being of a sedate temperament, and, though not unsocial, careful about making chance acquaintances, I endeavoured, by burying myself, as they say, in my newspaper, to show him that I was ignorant of his presence. But he disinterested me.

"May I lend you a gamp?" he asked.

"Thank you," I said, frigidly. "I have my own gam—umbrella, and the carriage is, I believe, watertight. In any case, it is not raining." That, I thought, would close the incident.

But no. With huge enjoyment, and an indescribable amount of chuckling, he pointed to the door.

I followed the direction of his finger, and read, "Wait until the rain stops." It should have been "train," but the "t" was concealed by a piece of stamp-paper.

"Pshaw!" was my comment. "Pshaw" is a scathing word, the effect of which I have always hoped to have an opportunity of testing. I hardly realised my expectations. My companion burst into

unrestrained guffaws, and prodded me with his thumb in the region of my watch-pocket.

"It's a joke," he gurgled. "Don't you see?"

"No," I said; "but I feel."

He rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of mirth, slapping his knees, and rubbing his hands together.

"I was speaking seriously," I said, in my iciest tone of voice.

"Yes, yes," he cried. "I know, I know. That's where the joke comes in." Here, once more, he drove the point into my waistcoat with his thumbnail.

"I would rather the joke did not come in there," said I, diverting his attack with my hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he bellowed. "You're a typical Englishman. You take your jesting so seriously."

"Did you stick on that piece of paper?" I demanded, indignantly.

"Of course I did. And look behind you on the partition. 'Five cats.' Isn't that splendid? It took me twenty minutes to alter 'seats' into 'cats.'"

Dreading what I should see, I raised my eyes above the cat inscription, and saw another specimen of his handiwork. "This rack," I read, "is for light articles only. It must—*blur*—be used for heavy luggage." The blur was a blue pencil-mark.

"That's mine, too," he screamed in a voice choking with laughter.

"Tell me," I said, "do you do much of this sort of thing?"

"All of it!" he exclaimed proudly. "I turn 'Billposters' into 'Pillposters,' 'Notice' into 'No ice'—all that. One of my best was in Surrey during an epidemic of swine fever. I changed nearly all the bills into 'Wine Ever.'"

"But why?" I asked. "Why do you do it?"

"It's funny," he explained.

"But," I protested, "why be funny on this stupendous scale? It's not—well, it's not the thing; really it isn't. And people don't appreciate it."

"Ah, but they do. Perhaps you won't believe me, but—well, you know those new electric trains they are running?"

"Yes," I said.

"Now, I dare say you've heard a lot of complaints about them? People say they're draughty, that there's not enough class distinction, and so on. Well, the real objection is that they give no scope for humour. You see, there are always too many people about, to say nothing of the conductor. You can't get a car to yourself. Still, I'm certain I should die of laughter if only the Company would give me an opportunity."

"I'm sure I wish they would," said I, fervently.



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

SHADE OF KING LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH (to the Czar). "SIDE WITH YOUR PEOPLE, SIRE, WHILE THERE IS YET TIME. I WAS TOO LATE!"





"AN IMPREGNABLE POSITION."

"NOW THEN, YOU YOUNG VARMIN'T, COOM OOT O' THERE AFORE I COTCHES 'OLD ON YER!"

A RATHER REMARKABLE REGIMENT.

(As presented on the Stage of a "Fit-up" Theatre in the Provinces.)

HILDON, the sleepy little town some forty miles from London where I happen to be staying, does not possess a regular theatre. But from some gorgeous red and yellow posters on walls and in shop-windows I discovered that a temporary wooden playhouse had established itself on the Fair Field. Also that on a particular evening the "Splendid Military Drama, 'Death or Glory Boys,'" was to be presented. There was a note stating that "Mr. BLANK (the Manager) has been to London and bought some Lanciers' uniforms, purposely for this play, and, apart from that, it is one of the most highly sensational Dramas ever placed upon any English stage." It was simply impossible to resist such inducements as these.

The First Act had already begun when I entered the shilling stalls, and there were no programmes, but I gathered—from the dialogue, not from the scene itself, which, except that it resembled nothing in existence, might have been anywhere—that we were supposed to be outside a farmhouse occupied by the Hero, *Jack Hildon* (whose surname I fancy was a delicate compliment to the audience) and his sister, *Edith*. It soon appeared that *Jack* was secretly in love with *Nina*, the daughter of *Colonel Fortescue*, of the "Death or Glory Boys." In spite of the inferiority of his social position, she might have returned his affection, but for the fact that she was already engaged to the villain, *Captain Ferrers*. Why she had done this, as she did not affect to regard him with anything but instinctive loathing, she forgot to explain. Presently, when the stage was clear, the villain came out with his soldier-servant—a minion of the name of *Carne*, to

whom he confided a little scheme for deceiving *Jack's* sister *Edith* by a mock private marriage, which *Carne* undertook to arrange for him. Perhaps it was slightly rash of the *Captain* to discuss the matter at the top of a naturally powerful voice just outside *Edith's* window, and he had reason to regret this indiscretion later, when *Edith* denounced him before the *Colonel*, *Nina*, and *Jack*, as the villain he undoubtedly was. For *Jack* immediately produced a revolver which, as a farmer, he probably found useful for keeping down the rabbits, and threatened to shoot *Ferrers* like a dog unless he instantly agreed to right *Edith* by marriage. *Ferrers* did not lose his presence of mind; he declared that *Edith* was hysterical, and her story a lie, while he quietly handed *Carne* his hunting-crop, and instructed him to knock *Jack* down with it. Which *Carne* was just about to do—when *Jack's* bailiff, *Nat* (the comic man) came in behind with a spade and felled *Carne*. Whereupon *Jack* fired, and brought down both villain and curtain.

In the next Act it was only to be expected that *Jack* and *Nat*, believing themselves to be murderers, should evade justice by enlisting as troopers in the regiment of *Jack's* old friend, *Colonel Fortescue*. And they did so. And the *Colonel*, a fine old soldier, in the simple uniform of a London park-keeper, with grey hair which was, perhaps, just a trifle long behind, was delighted to see *Jack* when he entered, in an imperfectly buttoned tunic, with despatches, and shook him warmly by the hand, as did his daughter and a young subaltern of the name of *Duff*, with a good heart and an eyeglass. As it turned out, *Captain Ferrers* and *Carne* had not been killed, or even hurt, after all, and the *Captain* declared, with transparent hypocrisy, that he bore *Jack* no malice and should have done the same in his place. He

also produced a letter (which the invaluable *Carne* has just forged for him) purporting to come from *Edith* and retracting all charges against his character as a soldier and gentleman. But *Jack* was not to be mollified; he said he would serve *Ferrers* in the same way again, if he got the chance.

The "Death or Glory Boys" seemed, on these boards at all events, a cheery, easy-going regiment, with no pedantic notions of distinction of ranks, or discipline, or nonsense of that kind. *Captain Ferrers* and *Lieutenant Duff* were the only officers besides the *Colonel*, and wore precisely the same tunics as their men. *Captain Ferrers* had won a medal somewhere, and sported it on all occasions, but nobody appeared in spurs. *Nat*, the comic trooper, seldom indulged the villain with a salute, and addressed him as "Old Bloke," which the villain, though he "ginned," did not dare to resent openly. And when *Jack* thrashed the *Captain* severely with a stout stick, in *Duff's* presence, for some sneering allusion to *Miss Fortescue*, and *Ferrers* called *Duff* to witness that he had been assaulted by his inferior in rank, the good-hearted young fellow merely replied, "Sorry, but I'm retained by the other side, dear old chappie!" (he always addressed the villain in this manner, with the worst possible effect on his temper). "I shall swear I saw nothing. And if he hadn't thrashed you, I'd have done it myself!" So *Jack* got off that time. But the villain, as villains will, swore to be even with him. He summoned the faithful *Carne*, and together they concocted another diabolical scheme. *Ferrers* would post *Jack* on sentry-go that night near his own quarters by the shrubbery, and *Carne* was to swear that he saw him leave his post, enter the *Captain's* room, and, after coming out, throw away an empty bottle labelled "Poison," with which bottle, as a damning piece of circumstantial evidence, the villain thoughtfully furnished his accomplice.

In the next scene we saw the hero on sentry-go in a field-service cap and the imperfectly buttoned tunic, and armed with a cane. The poor fellow was torn by a sense of divided duty. He was on sentry-go at the very hour for which he had an appointment with *Miss Fortescue*, who wished to talk to him about *Edith*! Luckily, the devoted *Nat* found a way out of this dilemma for him, by nobly undertaking to do sentry-go in his stead.

Then *Carne* came on, reading a bundle of compromising letters which his villainous master had given him to destroy, and from which he discovered that the *Captain* was the hitherto unknown destroyer of his domestic bliss. But this was merely introduced as an additional proof of *Ferrers'* thoroughgoing scoundrelism—for, though it annoyed *Carne* for the moment, it did not affect his fidelity to his master. So, in the next scene, the unfortunate *Jack* was brought before the *Colonel* and charged by *Carne*, not only with entering *Captain Ferrers'* quarters and poisoning his drinking-water, but also with deserting his post, and smoking and drinking while on sentry-go. *Jack* indignantly denied all but the third charge, and *Nat*, who strolled in to the *Colonel's* quarters opportunely, was easily able to show that he was the person who after taking *Jack's* duty had done the drinking and smoking. Still, as the *Colonel* very shrewdly pointed out, if *Jack* hadn't been in *Captain Ferrers'* quarters poisoning his drinking-water, where had he been? *Jack*, like a true hero, declined to answer, when *Miss Fortescue* entered, and explained everything. And *Jack* would have been doubtless dismissed with a gentle reprimand if only he hadn't rushed at *Captain Ferrers* and throttled him within an inch of his life. Even the *Colonel* could not overlook this. Consequently *Jack* was sent to the cells.

In the next Act *Captain Ferrers* was very busy. First he bullied *Edith* into admitting that she wrote the forged letter on the plea that, "bad as he was," he loved his military career, and didn't want to have to send in his papers just when the regiment was ordered to Zululand, and that, if she con-

sented, he would procure her brother's pardon. Then he forced *Nina* to agree to marry him at once on condition that he spared *Jack*. Then he interviewed *Jack* in the cells, showed him a letter which he produced from the lappet of his tunic, and which he had written to the *Colonel* asking for *Jack's* release, and offered to send it if *Jack* would start that evening for America or Australia. *Jack* refused, and soon afterwards escaped from prison with the utmost ease.

The next scene was the exterior of what was understood to be a church. *Ferrers* and *Nina* were being married within, and *Duff* and a trooper were on guard outside, with strict orders from *Ferrers* to allow nobody to pass. But *Duff* could not resist *Jack's* impassioned appeal to let him in to forbid the banns. As *Duff* said, "Duty be hanged! He was a Soldier—but he was a Man as well!" So he let *Jack* through. Unfortunately it was just too late. At that precise moment the villain came out in full uniform, medal and all, with *Nina* in bridal array on his arm. *Nina* flew to *Jack's* arms. *Ferrers* ordered him to be arrested. *Jack* reminded him that he had promised to write a letter to the *Colonel* asking for his pardon. *Ferrers* said he lied. Upon which *Duff*, with an intuition which did him great credit, abstracted that identical letter from *Ferrers'* tunic, and handed it to the *Colonel*, who, after reading it, ordered *Jack* to be released, and *Ferrers* arrested in his stead. Tableau and Curtain.

In the last Act two years were supposed to have elapsed. A Military Garden-Party was in progress, as was evident from the decanter of sherry and wine-glasses on a side-table. The guests, for some reason, did not turn up.

We learnt that *Jack* had distinguished himself in the Zulu War, having got his commission and a V.C. But he was just the same unassuming hearty fellow, with his trooper's tunic as imperfectly buttoned as ever. Then *Ferrers* turned up unexpectedly, seedy and starving, and informed *Lieutenant Duff* (who, by the way, was now engaged to *Edith*) that he had come to enlist as a trooper in his old regiment. The good-hearted young subaltern pointed out that, considering *Ferrers* had been kicked out of it and was hated by every man there, he would hardly be an ideal recruit. He suggested suicide as *Ferrers'* only resource, and mentioned that he would find a bottle of deadly poison in a medicine-chest on one of the garden seats. I didn't gather why *Duff* had brought a medicine-chest to a military garden party—but possibly he knew the *Colonel's* sherry. Then, considerably remarking that he should be back in a quarter of an hour, he left *Ferrers* alone with the chest. The ex-Captain removed the poison-bottle, and at that moment *Nina* came out, recognised her husband, and fainted in his arms, as any heroine would in such circumstances. He all but gave way to the temptation to insert the poison between her parted lips—but, as he observed: "Bad as he was, God help him, he couldn't do that!"

When he was alone again he resolved to toss up for life or death, but, not possessing a halfpenny, tossed up with the medal that still adorned his chest. It came down "Suicide." But, suddenly recollecting that, if he died as a civilian, he would not have a military funeral, on which he had apparently set his heart, he rushed off the stage.

Shortly afterwards, just as the genial old *Colonel* was handing round glasses of sherry to *Nina*, *Jack*, and *Duff*, and proposing a toast, the villain returned, seized a glass of sherry, poured poison into it, and, with the announcement that he had just become a trooper in his old regiment, drank to the "Death or Glory Boys," and expired immediately, to the mild surprise of the other characters—especially *Duff*, who preserved a discreet silence about the medicine-chest. With that the play ended, leaving us to infer that *Jack* would before long lead *Mrs. Ferrers* to the altar, though, rather to my surprise, the audience, after being uproariously entertained by the villain's dying agonies, received the final fall of the curtain with absolute apathy.

F. A.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 3.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

THE PET-DOG'S MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE FOR VISITORS.

This little work is primarily intended for the use of visitors to country houses, but hostesses will also do well to peruse it, as it may give them useful hints as to whom to invite to their house parties.

I will begin with the *Arrival*, which is the easiest part of the visit. The visitor, as a rule, arrives about tea-time and has usually the sense to say at once, "What a darling dog!" Then the hostess brightens up and says, "Isn't he?" and gives one a saucer of cream. Here I would insert a word of warning to the visitor *not* to expatiate on the accomplishments of the Pet Dog that lives in the house she has just come from. If she does, one's mistress is quite sure to make one do "Trust and Paid for," though how any human being can imagine that it amuses one I do not know. I believe that the visitor would not even smile if the butler were to place a potato on the top of her head at dinner and then expect her to toss it neatly into her plate.

After tea the visitor should go at once to her room. The Pet Dog naturally expects to have the hearth-rug to himself between tea and dinner, and I have known a dog disturbed for the whole evening by a screen being placed in front of the fire to keep a visitor cool. Such thoughtlessness!

For dinner the visitor should wear a white satin frock. It should have rather a long train, so that the Pet Dog may have plenty of room to lie on it under the dining-table. Nothing makes a better background for a bone than smooth white satin. Every Pet Dog knows how trying it is to eat a compli-

cated bone on a rough dark carpet. Frequently the most delicate morsels go astray and are with difficulty retrieved.

I am afraid I must state that the modern young lady is sadly degenerate in the matter of appetite. I have even heard an old-fashioned author laughed at for mentioning that his heroine

upon the visitor to make quite sure she has not taken the Pet Dog's favourite chair. If she has accidentally done so, she must at once leave it for another, in spite of the hostess's assurances that "it doesn't matter." These are merely formal, and no more to be regarded than her protests at the end of the visit that she "is sorry you must go."

Breakfast again is a miserable moment for the Pet Dog. That, I admit, is greatly the fault of the lady of the house, but as this Manual is for visitors I will merely point out how the tactful guest may lighten the gloom. Of course I am not addressing now those poor creatures who breakfast on a boiled egg, but it is extraordinary how seldom the visitor, in helping herself from an array of silver dishes, seems to think about what will make good "remains." I have often seen her pass over an excellent dish of grilled bones and take something foolish and minced, which it is impossible to hand on to the Pet Dog.

Here I must caution her against that deplorable habit of visitors — designed to curry favour with the lady of the house — of asking whether she *may* feed one. Nothing is more underbred than to make prying inquiries into the private rules of

a house where one is received as a guest, and the visitor should simply take it for granted that the Pet Dog is starved, and should act accordingly. After breakfast the lady of the house will probably be busy, and the visitor will be left alone to write letters. She should not be too deeply engrossed in this, for, having no one at that moment to play with, the Pet Dog will probably scratch to be let into the room. She can, after opening the



THE ENGLISH WIFE.



THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.

"toyed with a wing of chicken." That author understood what he was about and was describing a real heroine, who knew what fine breeding was, and would never dream of doing more than removing a fragment or two from the chicken wing before offering it for the Pet Dog's acceptance.

The evening is always a wretched time for the Pet Dog if there are people staying in the house, and I would urge

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. BIRRELL artfully opens his study of the life and works of ANDREW MARVELL, a late addition to the Macmillan series of "English Men of Letters," by protesting that there is no material at hand for describing the former. "A more illusive, non-recorded character is hard to be found. We know all about him, but very little of him." Story, God bless you! Mr. BIRRELL has none to tell. Nevertheless, he proceeds to construct an interesting volume of 232 pages. Many are occupied by citation of passages from the poet, and are certainly none the less attractive on that score. Others reproduce the pith of letters written by MARVELL from Westminster to his constituents at Hull. These, 350 in number, present a unique record of Parliamentary doings during the years he sat in the House. The manuscript is preserved in the archives of Hull. MARVELL did not attempt the picturesque description with which the public of to-day is familiar. His Parliamentary summary was a business-like, unadorned catalogue of work attempted or accomplished. CHARLES LAMB, one of the earliest declared admirers of MILTON's secretary, would justly prefer his poetry to his prose. In the "Horatian Ode," dedicated to CROMWELL, there are two stanzas in which my Baronite discerns the prophetic soul of the poet. Addressing the PROTECTOR he sings:—

But thou, the war's and fortune's
March indefatigably on!
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect.

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

If ANDREW MARVELL, peering through the mists of two centuries and a half, did not in writing this dimly perceive Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, "the (Khaki) war's son," inflamed by pure patriotism, holding on to office for the "last effect" of the Redistribution Bill, the coincidence is curious. Mr. BIRRELL's book takes, and will keep, a high place in the series. Which is approbation indeed.

Trouble in the Balkans (HURST AND BLACKETT) is by J. L. C. BOOTH, a clever artist and a light-handed writer, who seems to have given himself a lot of trouble in the Balkans and in Macedonia. The reader will soon become interested, apart from all political questions, in the author's vivacious narrative, and will derive both instruction and amusement from his sketches, and from his more finished pictures, "plain and coloured."

Sir ISAAC PITMAN's firm, new, my Baronite fancies, to the field of publishing, are fortunate in following up their start with presenting the two handsome volumes which record the gossip and the correspondence of Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle. The BROOKFIELDS had the good fortune to live in the Augustan epoch of the reign of Queen VICTORIA. Their circle included TENNYSON, THACKERAY, the ASHURTONS, ROBERT BROWNING, CHARLES BULLER, CARLYLE, our DICKY DOYLE, ADELAIDE PROCTOR, SAMUEL ROGERS, MACAULAY, LORD JOHN MANNERS, MONCKTON MILNES, GEORGE VENABLES, and HENRY HALLAM, Mrs. BROOKFIELD's uncle. She was a lady who, without premeditated effort, made captive all men who came within the influence of her presence. An engraving from a portrait painted by RICHMOND when she was thirty years of age testifies to the exceeding sweetness of her countenance. Her letters and extracts from her diary preserve some memories of her intellectual graces. THACKERAY was among her most devoted admirers. There is a tradition that she unconsciously sat to him as a model for one of his most beautiful characters—*Lady Castlewood*, whom *Esmond* loved. My Baronite does not know any evidence for that suggestion beyond the fact that in 1848, whilst he was writing *Pendennis*, THACKERAY visited with the BROOKFIELDS her father's house, Clevedon Court. Planning *Esmond* he, attracted by its mediæval charms, dragged Clevedon

into the picture, renaming it Castlewood. As a matter of fact, it was quite another character THACKERAY drew from his much admired friend. He told BROOKFIELD that though *Amelia* was not a copy of Mrs. BROOKFIELD he should not have conceived the character if he had not known her. The editors of the book, CHARLES and FRANCES BROOKFIELD, have done well to give the title rôle to the wife though Mr. BROOKFIELD figures largely in the story, especially in the matter of letters, some of which—notably a series wherein he lectures his fiancée on the iniquity, co-ordinate, of either writing too much, involving him in postal charges for overweight, or writing less quantity than the stamps used would have franked—might with advantage have been omitted. The fearsomely funny letters passing between him and his sometime pupil, Lord LATHELOX, might also have been left in the privacy of the family archives. W. H. BROOKFIELD would have been all right had he had the stage to himself. With his charming wife unconsciously filling it, his somewhat obtrusive lustre is dimmed. But it is ungracious to belittle any portion of a work which opens for us the inner doors of the circle of literary giants whose works illumined the mid-nineteenth century. Portraits given of some of them add to the interest and value of a couple of delightful volumes.

While the Baron was reading *The Lake* (HEINEMANN) the probability occurred to him that its gifted author, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, might have been influenced by some reminiscence of *La Fauté de l'Abbé Moreau*. Himself an Irishman, with it is probable, exceptional advantages for knowing the ground over which he was going to travel, he must have been aware of the great danger and difficulty of the literary task towards which he felt himself irresistibly attracted. He has given us an analytical novel. There is, strictly speaking, no action. The study is laboriously worked out. The greater part of the novel consists of letters from *Rose Leicester* to *Oliver Gogarty*, and his replies. She says, "Do you like my letters? They don't bore you, do they? If I thought they did I shouldn't write any more." Had the Baron got to answer this question the novel would have been finished at this point. Its cleverness is undeniable, so too, the Baron thinks, is its tediousness.

The approach of Christmas time naturally recalls the memory of KATE GREENAWAY. How delightfully quaint were all her figures, how dainty in colouring, what humour in expression, and, on occasion, how touchingly serious! It is impossible, within the limits of a paragraph, for the Baron to deal with such a subject, and therefore, having with the greatest pleasure perused and examined the book by Messrs. M. H. SPIELMANN and G. S. LAYARD, entitled *Kate Greenaway* (A. & C. BLACK), he can only refer all his readers to the work itself. They have a real treat before them, which they will thoroughly enjoy.

Not so very long ago dissent as to the value of any proposed venture used to be expressed in a cant phrase, "That won't wash." If this revived slang be applied to *Dean's Rag Toy Books, and other Rag Books* (Ragbook Co., Paternoster Row), small, large, and all delightfully nonsensical, it will be found to be a literal statement of fact; and so courageous are the colours that, do what you will, they won't run. The Baron questions whether books of this material can be generally popular with the destructive majority.



THE PLAGUE OF BOOK-BORROWING.

IS IT PAST REMEDY?

THE discovery of reading, with which the year 1905 will ever be associated, and the synchronical conception of libraries all over the country, may be found not to be without drawbacks. Already, indeed, we understand, the fashion of having a volume in the hand, whether or not it is being perused, has so taken possession of many persons that forcible borrowing and even the theft of works is becoming as prevalent as an epidemic. Just as a few winters ago everyone had to possess a ping-pong racquet, now everyone who values his birthright as an imitative animal must be accompanied by literature.

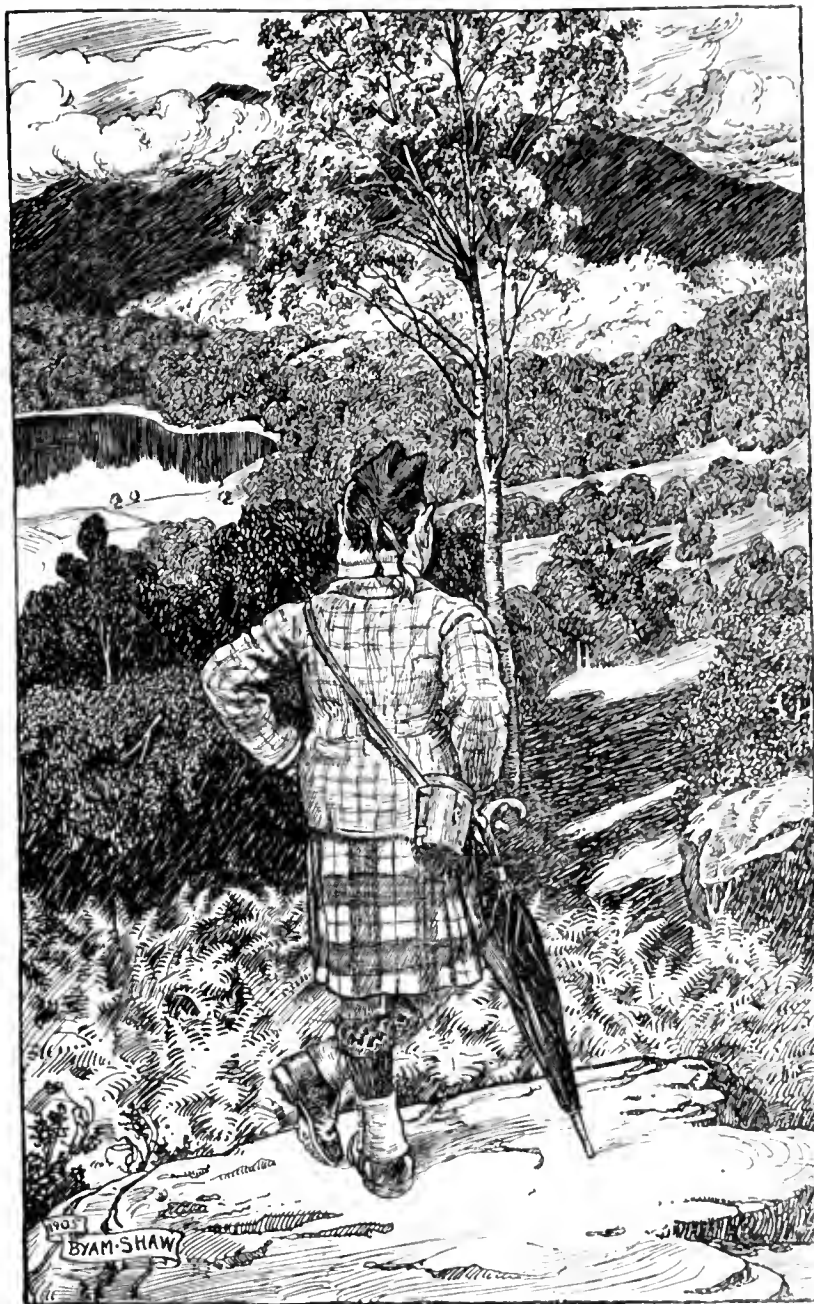
The result is that since the more notorious circulating libraries are so full that no more tickets can be issued for some weeks, people are having to get their books as they can, and a grave situation has arisen among those who love their shelves and loved them before the present unhappy and feverishly perusing year saw the light. As some deterrent to crime, packets of book-plates have been placed on the market, to establish the identity of the rightful owner of the volume the more securely; but this is held to be but a feeble protection, and the opinions of expert bookmen have therefore been solicited on the subject. We append a few replies:

Dr. GARNETT, late Chief Librarian of the British Museum, writes: "What I know of human nature, acquired during long years of service in Bloomsbury, convinces me that the mere affixing of a book-plate to the inside cover of a volume will not preserve that volume from the predatory borrower. No matter how adhesive the mucilage, there is a perfect solvent in hot water."

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING writes: "Statistics, which cannot lie, show that out of every 100 persons who take an interest in reading only three buy books, and two of those try to get them second-hand. The remainder are borrowers. Nothing will alter these figures."

Mr. HARRY KEEPS writes: "My theory has always been that a book belongs to the reader who can best understand it, or to whom its message is imparted with least diminution of the author's purpose. It is on this principle that my library has been amassed, and it now numbers many thousand volumes."

"Those who go a-lending go a-sorrowing" writes: "Nothing will deter the professional book-borrower. I have done everything in human power, but to no purpose. I have chained every volume to the wall—and he has filed through the chain. I have passed a strong electric current through every



A LAIRD OF CREATION.

Represented in the Act of Spoiling his own Landscape.

page—and he has not been shocked. I have let loose a mastiff in the library—and the mastiff alone has not been abstracted in the night. Book-borrowers are not to be overcome."

"One who knows" writes: "There is one way, and one only, to stop people from borrowing and keeping one's books. Book-plates are useless. The only way is to fill your shelves with books that they do not want; the works, for example, of — and — and —."

[Fill in blanks to taste.]

"I have found this plan act perfectly.

Upstairs in an inner room I have the books I love and read; downstairs, all accessible, I keep rows and rows for these others. In this way I have weeded book-borrowers out of my acquaintance."

An Old-fashioned Execution.

FROM an account of the Doncaster Art Club's Annual Exhibition in *The Doncaster Gazette*:

"Miss — also goes in for portraiture. In hitting off her father's head her intentions are good, but the execution lacks very much in artistic finish."

THE MISSING WORD.

To the Leader of the "Unionist" Party.

CAPTAIN! our ranks were sundered here and there;
Mists were about us; we could not combine;
But still we looked to you to clear the air
And close the gaps with one cohesive sign;
One word of yours, we said, last Tuesday night,
Would put the matter right.

Breathless we hung on your Newcastle speech.
A clear pronouncement might arrest the rot,
Welding our scattered sections each to each,
Till doubt and difference were clean forgot:
For you would tell us, on the eve of war,
What we were fighting for.

You spoke as one that means to be obeyed:—
"This is no time," you said, "for cranks to croak;
It is the Cause (*hear! hear!*) that claims our aid,
And we shall need united hearts of oak—"
(But you forgot to say, between the applause,
What is the actual "Cause").

"Union"—how well you put it—"makes for power;
And we had better seek dishonoured graves
Than fail to rally at the fighting hour.
When o'er our heads the one true Banner waves—"
("Banner" was good, but here came in the hitch—
You didn't mention *which!*)

"Come then, and hew the foeman hip and ham,
Led by a chief on whom you may rely;
And, if at times you don't know where I am,
Surely you'll recognise my battle-cry—"
(Of course we would; but nobody can tell
What you propose to yell.)

"And should we find ourselves, through fickle chance,
In a minority of one to ten,
We will not yield for that, but take our stance,
Backs to the wall, and die at least like men—"
(A noble phrase! but how are we to guess
What is the wall's address?)

"And when the end is come, if come it must,
And to the death we've played our manly part,
Let the post-mortem, held upon our dust,
Reveal one motto graved on every heart—"
(Immense! but you omitted to disclose
How the inscription goes!)

O. S.

OPERATIC NOTES.

The New Opera in four Acts. Andrea Chénier. Book by LUIGI ILICA. Music by UMBERTO GIORDANO. English version (for those to whom the Italian language, spoken or sung, is unintelligible) by PERCY PINKERTON. This is a "Romance of the French Revolution." It was originally produced at La Scala in 1895, and for the first time at Covent Garden November 11, 1905. House for the *première* crammed: opera most favourably received. The story is simple enough. During the "Reign of Terror" *Andrea Chénier* gains the love of *Maddalena*, who dies with him on the guillotine.

On this first occasion the orchestra was somewhat too loud (that's one effect of nervousness), and the singers not quite loud enough, — another effect of nerves. As *Andrea* Signor ZENATELLO was, both in singing and acting, perfect. He received immense and thoroughly well-deserved applause in Act I, when, at the reception given by the *Countess Coigny* (sounds like money), he sings about the "Power of Love." "What a poem," exclaims *Chénier* (translated by Poet PINKERTON)

"lies in that little word love." So he gives them the poem — a little thing of his own — whereat the stage guests appeared somewhat shocked, but the audience was delighted.

Signor SAMMARCO came out powerfully, histrionically and vocally, as *Gérard*, who, a simple *James*, footman in the household of the Countess, becomes an ultra-republican, and does his very best to get *Andrea* guillotined. Why? Because *Andrea*, the unmerry but musical, has won the heart of *Maddalena*, with whom *Gérard-James*, her democratic domestic, is madly in love.

Signora STRAKOSCH, as the unfortunate, self-sacrificing *Maddalena*, who scorns the flunkey and succumbs to the poet, was admirable in every way. Signora DE CISNEROS doubled the parts of *Bersi*, a comparatively insignificant friend of the heroine, and *Madelon*, an old lady who gives her son to the Revolution, and in this latter scene her acting was very fine. Signora DE CISNEROS made a great impression. All the smaller parts were adequately filled. Signora ZACCARIA made a pleasing personage of *Countess Coigny*, and Signor THOS was good as *Rocher*, friend of the poet *Chénier*. Signor WULMANN, not, perhaps, quite realising CARLYLE's description of the thorough-going republican revolutionist he was impersonating, namely, *Fouquier-Tinville*, made the most of the small part, and Signor WIGLEY was not a whit behind him in his representation of his *confrère Mathieu*.

Scenery effective; revolutionary mob ditto. The four-Act opera plays quickly, and would be over in a comparatively short time but for the "waits" between the Acts. Added "waits" will make the lightest opera heavy. So far, this new opera may be reckoned as an undoubted success. Conductor MUGNONE, and all concerned in it, are to be congratulated.

Wednesday.—*Rigoletto*. "In Italian" it is stated in the programme. But when was it ever given in English (except as *The Fool's Revenge*), or in French (except as a drama), or in Dutch, or in any other language save Italian? However, Italian it is. A somewhat sparse but very enthusiastic audience to welcome the first-rate rendition of *Rigoletto* by Signor BATTISTINI. "What shall he do who cometh after the King?" Well, there has been more than one King of Lyric Drama in this same part, and who comes after them must follow, unless he takes a line of his own, which Signor BATTISTINI certainly did, and achieved an undoubted success. After the Third Act the reception of the duet was so overpowering that, willy-nilly, Signora CLASENTI as *Gilda* (singing and playing well, not great) and Signor BATTISTINI were compelled, at least they seemed to have agreed between themselves that they were compelled, to give an *encore* of their fine performance. Mistake this.

No great shakes in Dukes was the *Il Duca* of Signor GIORGINI; tuneful, nice, but a Duke without any dash. Capital was Signor WULMANN as the melodramatic *Sparafucile*. Signora ZACCARIA as *Maddalena*, pleasing; and Signor THOS came out histrionically and musically strong as *Il Conte di Monterone*. Signor MUGNONE conducting himself and his orchestra in fine style, and all's well with the world at Covent Garden.

Another War Office Exposure.

"SHOCKED SPINSTER" calls our attention to a statement in *The Daily Mail*, to the effect that, on the occasion of the progress of the King of the HELLENES to the Guildhall, "the soldiers, clad only in their scarlet tunics, presented an unpleasant contrast with the warmly-clad members of the police force." Italics by "Shocked Spinster" herself.

A Gruesome Business.

FROM the windows of a tailor in the Midlands:

"WE HAVE CLEARED A SCOTCH MERCHANT'S REMAINS OF HIGH-CLASS OVERCOATINGS AT A BIG REDUCTION."



THE OPTIMIST.

ABDUL HAMID. "WHAT, ALL THE FLEETS COMING HERE? THAT WILL BE FUN! I DO HOPE THEY'LL HAVE FIREWORKS!"

[The Powers have decided on making a naval demonstration, in case the Sultan should continue obstinate on the Macedonian difficulty.]





BEHIND THE SCENES.

Beater. "'ERE YOU ARE, MR. BAGS, 'ERE'S ANOTHER ONE, BUT 'E BAIN'T TOO FRESH. I DON'T THINK 'E WERE KILLED TO-DAY."

Keeper (sotto voce). "'OLD YOUR ROW, STUPID! OF COURSE HE WASN'T. WE ALWAYS PUTS A FEW DOWN WHERE THE GOV'NOR'S GOIN' TO STAND!"

IN DEFENCE OF FAIRY TALES.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET has lately been expressing her opinion that fairy stories are undesirable reading for juvenile minds, and that children had much better devote themselves to the biography of JULIUS CÆSAR and similar excerpts from universal history. Her Grace of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS has countered this with a book of her grandmother's fairy tales, and, we believe, the Duchess of SUTHERLAND has also entered the lists in favour of *Cinderella* and *Jack the Giant Killer*. Into this particular and ducal arena of debate we do not propose to descend, except to point out, in view of the approach of Christmas, that well-established legends like those of ALFRED and the Cakes, CANUTE and his Courtiers, or BRUCE and the Spider, have also their pantomimic value, and would seem to combine the requirements of the opposing parties. We have no doubt the

influential nursery public will decide the question on its merits by a referendum.

As adults, however, we must enter a caveat against possible iconoclasm of the sort. We have our own contemporary Fairy Tales to cherish and maintain. We believe in them so loyally and profoundly that it would be a crying shame for any prosaic, matter-of-fact individual to disillusionize us. If one is robbed of a child-like faith in these, it may well be asked, what are we to believe? We need only quote a few of their titles from a long list, familiar as household expletives to most of us:—

"The Largest Circulation of any Three-halfpenny Paper."

"Trafalgar Square; or the Finest Site in Europe."

"A Set of Pearl-like Teeth for Half-a-Crown."

"Umbrellas Mended while you wait."

"The Wild Cat Gold Mine; or Fortunatus's Purrs."

"Not a Money-lender, but a Gentleman with Capital."

"Glen-fusel the Finest Old Scotch."

"The Sporting Prophet, or our Mid-day Double."

"The Music-Hall Serio and her Real Diamond Chest-protector."

"The House-Agent and All That Messuage."

"The Registry-Office Lady and her Priceless Domestic Jewels."

"The Party Politician and His New Heavens and New Earth."

And so on, and so forth. Let us, we repeat, cling to the romances or, rather, articles of creed which these headings suggest. No lady, however distinguished, shall tamper with the beliefs of our grown-up years. ZIG-ZAG.

THE *Dumpy Books* have been followed by the *Stumpy Books*, and we fear that the *Jumpy*, the *Humpy*, and even the *Frumpty Books*, are bound to come.

CAP'EN DREW DRAWS.

At the New Theatre the four-Act play by Mr. H. H. DAVIES, entitled *Captain Drew on Leave*, has achieved success mainly through the admirable interpretation given it by Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's well-chosen company. Commencing so quietly as to almost threaten the spectator with progressive weariness, the interest is gradually worked up to an undoubtedly fine dramatic climax in the Third Act, perfectly rendered by Miss MARION TERRY as Mrs. Moxon, and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM as Captain Drew, R.N. Indeed throughout the play, with the performance of Sir CHARLES appearing at first as the gay, reckless *Lothario*, and at last as the conscience-struck "convertite," no fault can possibly be found. The character is represented to us, presumably, according to the author's intention; *ça suffit*. So too for Miss MARION TERRY's Mrs. Moxon; her charm of manner as pure wife and mother, her innocence, her unaffected surprise at her own defection from the straight and narrow road of virtue, and her revulsion of feeling against this new self which has suddenly been called into being, all these phases of character are so forcibly depicted by this clever actress as to win, for the erring wife, sympathy that should be due to the good, stolid, devoted husband.

To satisfactorily represent such a character as the husband Mr. Moxon, modelled, apparently, on that of John Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*, is an artistic task of no little difficulty, for which it would be difficult to find an actor better fitted than Mr. LOUIS CALVERT, who plays it impressively and without the slightest exaggeration.

Mr. ELLIE NORWOOD achieves a triumph of art in so representing the unprincipled scoundrel, Mr. Hassal, as to rescue this very ordinary commonplace character from the grip of thorough-going conventional melodrama. Everybody at all conversant with the stage knows this villain. Why the author should have added drunkenness to his other vices is not quite clear.

That a naval officer, in the prime of life, as is Captain Drew, should be a Don Juan, is of course not a very startling assumption, but that he should act as a low cad, laying a wager, with a somewhat foolish companion, that he will successfully flirt (not to use a stronger and more appropriate verb) with the wife of his friend's friend, to whose house he has been brought as a guest, and that this bet should be made in an ordinary manner, as if it were Captain Drew's usual way of proceeding, is a violation of probability that makes Captain Drew appear more immoral than the double-dyed melodramatic villain already mentioned. He is far worse than was the gay Captain Crossree, R.N., when tipsily bent on the seduction of Black-eyed Susan. That such a man as this Captain Drew should be suddenly conscience-struck by his own blackguardly conduct is well-nigh miraculous; and that his intended victim, on his confessing himself frankly to her, apparently, incapable of understanding how she has been made a fool of, should not only immediately forgive the insult, but should also proceed at once to own her passionate undying love for so heartless a person, exceeds the ordinary bounds of probability. The exigencies of the stage, it will be said, demand the immediateness and the spontaneity of the act. True; but this is where the art of the dramatist comes in, and where, in this case, it is wanting. It is the original sin of the piece itself, which was evidently written for the sake of this one great situation, arrive at it how we will, and get out of it how we can.

As for the Fourth Act, the serious part of it is *de trop*: husband, wife, and jilted Don Juan, all contemptible. It only wanted the two boys, the Masters Moxon, to be brought home from school; they might have come in between father and mother, and so have completed the absurdity. Mr.

Leventille, of the Crummles Company, would have done it. However, the piece had to be finished somehow, and the author has not chosen the best way.

So much for the serious interest of the piece culminating in the Third Act; now how about the light comedy? It is most amusing. Leaving out of the question Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's occasional share in it, all will readily admit that Miss MARY MOORE, as Miss Mills, gives sparkling life to the play. She is fortunate in having Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST as the embodiment of her quiet, nervous, sensible, and deeply devoted lover Mr. White. His is a very difficult character to portray; it is important, it is essential; as without him, with what "CHARLES his friend" could Captain Drew make his bet? and to whom could Miss Mills say so many of her good things, the "plums" that the author has lavished on this part? Rarely, except in Mrs. Gorrings's *Necklace* and in *The Tyranny of Tears*, has Miss MARY MOORE had a rôle of which she has been able to make so much as she does with this of Miss Mills. Her sense of humour, legitimately developing the author's, comes in strong relief to the serious interest of the piece, and serves, as such artistic relief always should, to intensify what it relieves. Miss MARY MOORE makes the part natural; it might so easily have become exaggerated. She preserves *le juste milieu*, and it is to Miss Mills, as thus played, that the last Act owes its success. Had we simply been informed by her that Captain Drew had departed and that the Moxons had made it up, everybody in front would have been quite satisfied to take her word for it.

It is a pity that American engagements necessitate the conclusion of the run of this piece before Christmas, as otherwise, played as it is now, *Captain Drew's "Leave"* might have been prolonged in London for many months.

NEW ZEALAND ZIGZAGS.

Mr. Punch hears from his Own Special Sparrow—

1. That the only Clubs that would be absolutely certain to vanquish the "Silverleaves" are those which are not going to meet them.
2. That the Maorilanders consider the Scotch the most lavishly generous race under the sun; and are under the impression that "Take the lot, never mind us," is the national motto of the Across-Tweeders.
3. That when, before a recent match, the Captain of the home team, to excuse the defeat which he foresaw to be inevitable, decided to get his men laid out at intervals, there was keen competition for the first turn.
4. That in consequence of fervent appeals to English teams to play more with their heads, SCOLAR, the Cambridge back, did splendid execution against the All Blacks with his face.

MORE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."—In the prospectus of the new "Villégiature Forestière-Maritime Internationale," of which the name is "Le Château d'Hardenot," with its extensive grounds within easy reach of Boulogne-sur-mer, there occur on the English Committee list two names that are guarantees of ultimate success. One is Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, and the other "'Tony,' of Punch." That Mr. Punch should be thus represented transmarinely (Tony crosses in his own bark) is good, but how gratifying from an *entente-cordiale* point of view is the fact that one of the "Notaires" professionally attached to this Anglo-French Society should be "Maitre MABELLE DE PONCHEVILLE." Only the name of some distinguished Irishman from Punchestown, Ireland, is required to complete the Punch pre-eminence.

MR. PUNCH HAS NOTICED WITH GREAT PLEASURE THE MANY RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS. HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING STILL MORE STRIKING, AND GIVES A FEW SUGGESTIONS.



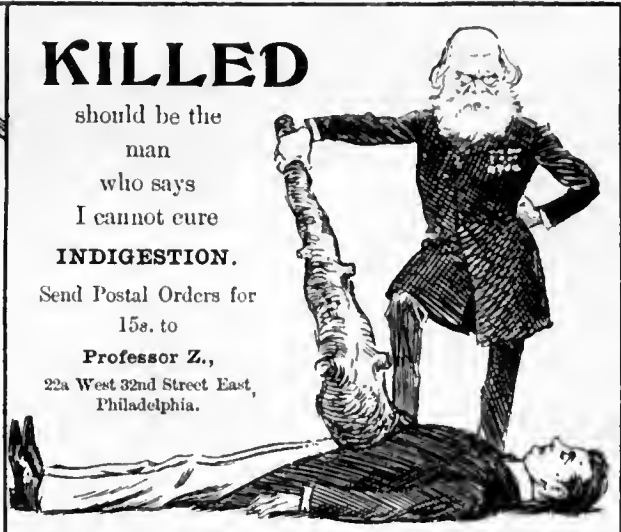
**DON'T
LOSE
BABY**

for want of a
few of
Mother Treacle's
 $\frac{1}{4}$ l. packets
of Teething Powders.

KILLED

should be the
man
who says
I cannot cure
INDIGESTION.

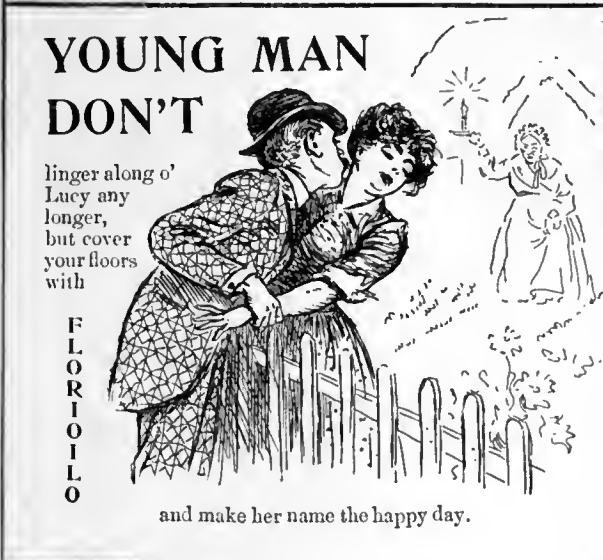
Send Postal Orders for
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Professor Z.,
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**YOUNG MAN
DON'T**

linger along o'
Lucy any
longer,
but cover
your floors
with

FLORIDILLO

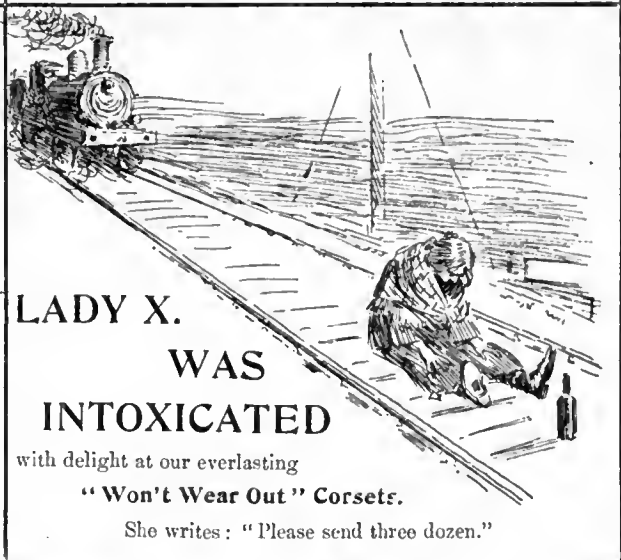


and make her name the happy day.

**LADY X.
WAS
INTOXICATED**

with delight at our everlasting
"Won't Wear Out" Corsets.

She writes: "Please send three dozen."



AIM HIGH and get in
the best Society.
You cannot do this
**IF YOU
SCRATCH.**

A Bottle of

Jones'
**ECZEMA
LOTION**

will be sent free on receipt
of 5s. 6d.
in stamps.



**HOME, SWEET
HOME.**

Keep your boys
there
by getting one of our
7s. 6d.
Miniature
Billiard Tables.



TO A FUR-LINED COAT.

Come from the coy retreat where Thou hast slumbered
In calm oblivion to the rounding Year;
Come, for the moments of his life are numbered,
O grave and gracious, dignified (and dear);
The days draw close, the time of frost begins;
Come, I have need of Thee, sore need, my Coat of Skins.

How have I mourned the dawn of other winters!
(A chilly thing am I, and frail to boot);
The rude North knocked my cockles into splinters;
The sharp East swept my heart-strings like a lute;
How bilious was mine aspect in the glass!
How pink mine eyes, my nose how violet, alas!

And ever I grew hoarse, and ever more hoarse;
And Sternutation tore me with its throes;
Men leapt to hear me cough; the musing war-horse
Has cried Ha! Ha! when I have blown my nose;
And my teeth chattered, and my windy bones
Audibly rattled, like a cab on cobble-stones.

And ah, 'twas bitter, when "for all my feathers"
I "was a-cold," at every turn to meet
Men robed in skins, supreme against all weathers,
Proud men, who walked as tho' they owned the street;
And ever to the gods I made my prayer,
"Oh, for a Coat of Skins!" and much they seemed to care.

And then—ah then, methinks not even Jove knows
Such joy as that which thrilled my shivering form
When, starting with a full purse and a mauve nose,
I made Thee mine, and came home broke, but warm.
(And how I paid, and what a 'musquash' is,
I count as two of heaven's profoundest mysteries).

Thenceforward, let the winds be ne'er so numbing,
I cared not, finding Thee a sure defence.
Thou wert so soft, so warm, and so becoming,
I could not choose but do Thee reverence;
Nay, I grew conscious of a mellow spice
Of hauteur, which itself was cheap at any price.

For Thou, despite mine inches, didst invest me
With a new loftiness, of such brave sort,
That many an awe-struck cadger has addressed me
As "Colonel." Ha! So ample was my port
That there was one sought alms—I heard him cry,
"My lord!" "My lord!" he said; and mighty pleased was I.

A fat, full, time! Too soon the "blithe new-comer,"
That silly cuckoo, robbed Thee of Thy use.
Ah, Sweet, I could not stand Thee in the summer!
I wore Thee while I had the least excuse.
Think not, I laid Thee by of changing taste:
'Twas that Thou wert so dear—too dear to be replaced.

Now may we meet afresh. This morn my lynx eye
Discerns a relish of the poignant North;
The passing nose looms redly: Come! Methinks I
May, with a decent pretext, bear Thee forth!
Come, let us take the air for some few rods:—
Gods! Gods! He moults! He moults! He has a moth!
Gods! Gods! Dum-Dum.

Headless.

"Who is the Head of the Theatrical Profession?"

[Vile recent letters in *The Daily Mail*.]

None seem to know who's the party in possession,

"We have lost our Head" is their melancholy tale.

UNHONOURED HEROES.

(THE STORY OF AN INVASION THAT FAILED.)

I ADMIT at once that they were unspeakably insignificant, these heroes of mine. I will not say that the body politic for whose protection they gave their lives so unselfishly was unaware of their existence, but it certainly would not have recognised one of them by sight.

There, or so at least it seems to me as I sit down now to write of these things, lies the real pathos of the tale I have to tell.

For the State persistently neglected its humble defenders, in spite of all warnings. Again and again had experts declared that its safety depended on maintaining them in a reasonable condition of efficiency—but, wrapped in a fatuous sense of security, it paid no heed to such admonitions.

It was taken for granted that an invasion was a contingency so highly improbable as to be unworthy of serious consideration. And so it happened that the one force which could be relied upon to repel a hostile invasion was allowed—whether deliberately or not—to fall below their normal strength, and was denied the means of attaining that mobility that was so essential should their services ever be put to the test.

This might have been of less consequence, had external precautions been consistently adopted—but they were not. And the inevitable result followed. The blow fell without the slightest warning.

Speaking for myself, I shall never forget the incredulous surprise and dismay I felt on hearing that the dreaded German foe had succeeded in surprising an unprotected portion of my beloved country, and in numbers that were hourly increasing threatened to strike inward and attack the seat of government itself!

Personally I was helpless. As a non-combatant, I could only wait passively and hope against hope that this supreme crisis would be muddled through in the customary manner.

But there were others, more active, who, undeterred by the neglect and indifference which they had borne so long and so uncomplainingly, came forward gallantly to the defence of their native isle.

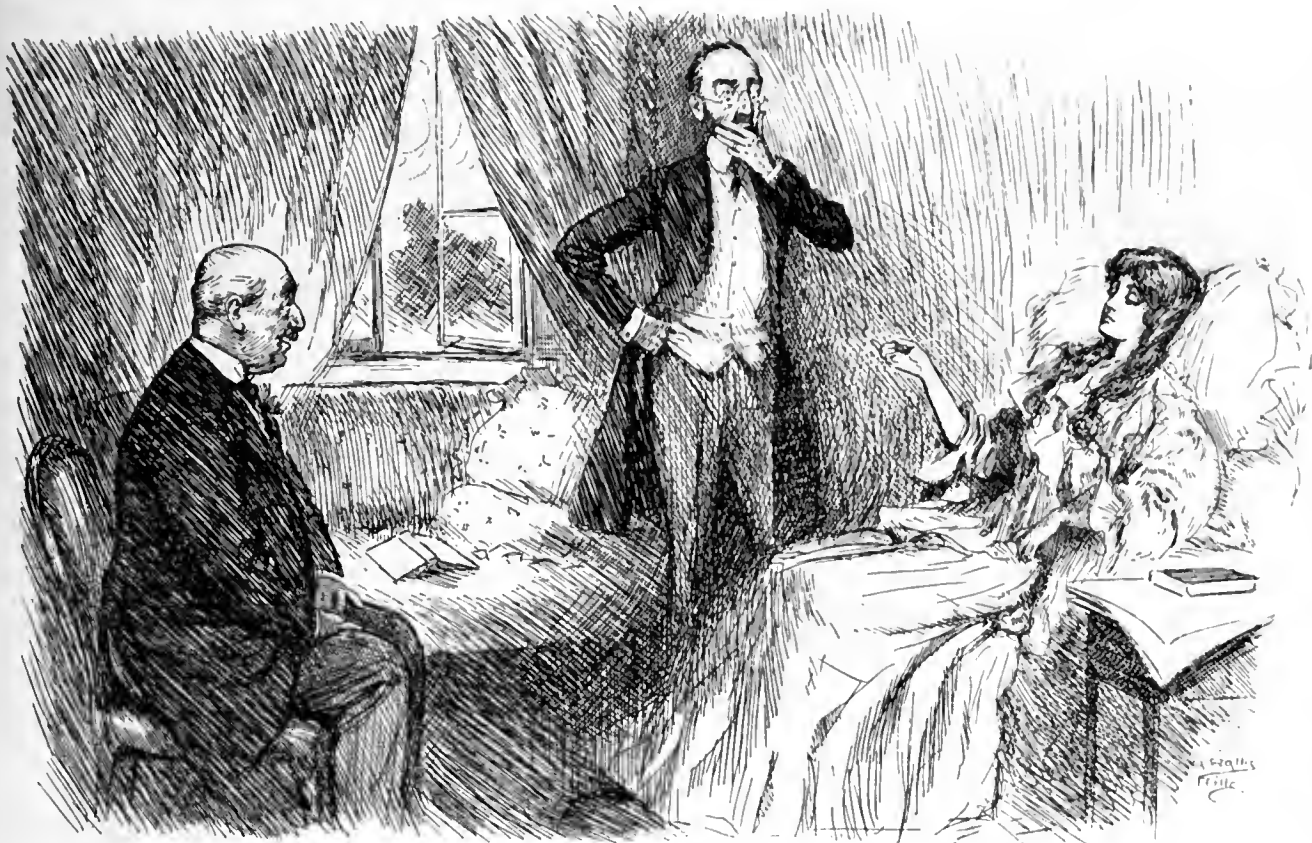
They were not much to look at; they were but ill-equipped to encounter an enemy both vigorous and formidable; pallid they were, one and all—but not with fear, and animated with but one impulse—to fling themselves at the presumptuous invader at the earliest possible moment, rid their land of his presence, or perish in the attempt.

In some pathetically inarticulate fashion they felt, without reasoning on the subject, that Duty demanded this sacrifice of them—and nobly was their duty performed.

It is not for me, as a mere civilian, to give a detailed account of the prolonged struggle that ensued. I was present, it is true, from beginning to end of the campaign, but I confess that I had but a vague and confused impression of what actually occurred.

So I must content myself with stating that the conflicts, both in their fierceness and in the varying fortune of either side, were nothing short of Homeric. Many a daring deed, many an act of reckless courage must have distinguished the heroic force which could make such a stubborn and splendid defence, but of these I am unable to furnish any particular instances—and there were no war-correspondents there to immortalise them. My heroes fought and perished obscure and unregarded, as they lived.

But after days and weeks of hard fighting, during which more than once it seemed that further resistance was impossible, the attack began to show signs of weakening. Then the heroic defenders, outnumbered, shattered, and exhausted as they were, rallied for a final effort. So irresistible was the *elan* with which they advanced that the enemy first wavered, then broke, and fled precipitately. The pursuit was one long



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Uncle George. "SO GLAD YOU ARE SO MUCH BETTER, AMY, MY DEAR."

Amy. "YES, THANK YOU, UNCLE GEORGE. SINCE DR. PILLUM TOOK ME IN HAND MY RECOVERY HAS BEEN SIMPLY MIRACULOUS!"

career of carnage, so complete and so merciless that not a solitary invader remained to regret his rashness!

Thus was freedom restored to the land, from which all traces of disturbance soon disappeared, and were you now to go over the battlefield I question if you would find a single spot on its smooth surface to indicate that it had ever been the scene of so many desperate encounters.

And they who won this magnificent victory—what of them? It would be only natural to expect that those who survived would be welcomed home in triumph to be fêted, laurelled, be-medalled, and pensioned by the State they had served so well. And that those who fell would at least be honoured by some worthy memorial.

With shame I confess—for I feel some personal responsibility in this matter—that, so far, none of these gallant victors has received the slightest recognition.

Still, it may not be too late, even yet, to repair this omission. With all their shortcomings, my countrymen have never been backward in appreciating and rewarding the brave, however humble, and I cannot believe that they will make an exception in this case, if only it is adequately placed before them, as I have endeavoured to do in this appeal.

I venture to make the following suggestion: That a public monument be erected by national subscription—I do not say in the Abbey or St. Paul's, which would, perhaps, be going rather too far—but in some conspicuous position in the Metropolis—say Aldwych.

It might bear some such inscription as the following, which, however, is merely a rough draft, and could be altered or amended if necessary:—

To the Ever-glorious Memory
of

THOSE BRAVE AND PATRIOTIC PHAGOCYTES
{ or 'Leucocytes,' if preferred,
it comes to precisely the same thing—S.P.B. }

Whose surnames, for sufficient reasons,
cannot be
here recorded,
but

Whose Undaunted Valour and Self-devotion
Repulsed and Utterly Annihilated
A FORMIDABLE FORCE OF BACTERIAL INVADERS
who had had the unparalleled Audacity
to erect the Insolent Standard of German Measles
upon the previously undeseccrated Surface
of

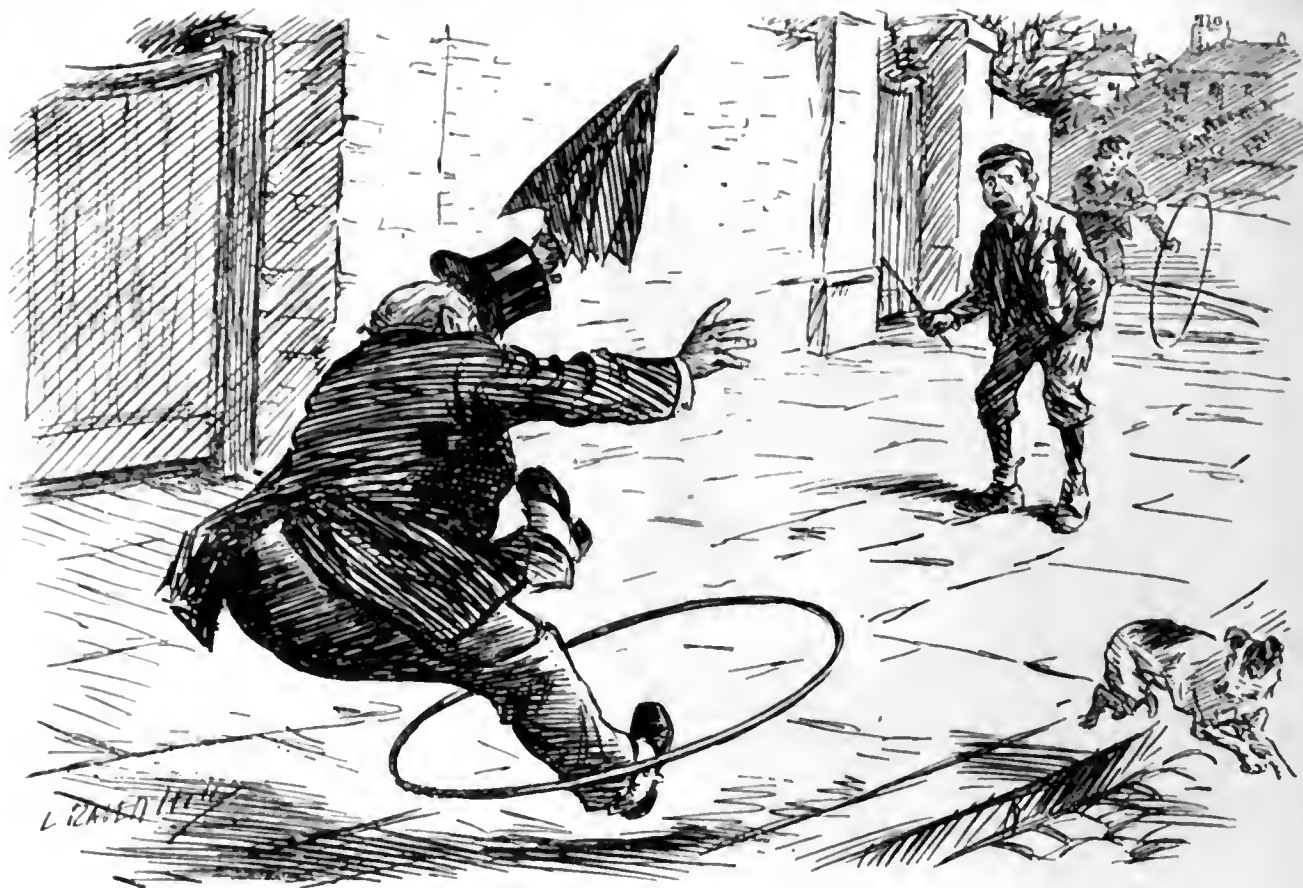
SAMUEL PEACHEY BUDKINSON, ESQUIRE
(October 7th to 31st, 1905).

I need hardly explain that I am the BUDKINSON in question. Otherwise, as an individual of a naturally modest and retiring disposition, I should have hesitated before coming forward so prominently in the matter.

I am not without hope that Sir FREDERICK TREVES would, if properly approached, kindly consent to receive and acknowledge the contributions of a generous Public.

If so, I shall have much pleasure in heading the list with a subscription of (at least) two-and-sixpence.

F. A.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Wretched Boy. "ERE! AIN'T YOU GOT A HOOP OF YOUR OWN TO PLAY WITH?"

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

(A Voice from Poplar.)

God bless HER MAJESTY's heart, say I: she's done it proper and fine,

I know she'll pardon the words I use, for scholarship's not my line;

But I can't keep still since I read the news, and here's what I've got to say:

God bless HER MAJESTY's woman's heart for what she has done to-day.

It isn't a couple of thousand pounds that helps you to kingdom come,

Though I know a couple of thousand pounds is a nice little tidy sum;

But it isn't the gold that unbolts the bars or throws the gates apart,

It's giving the gold, as the QUEEN she's done, with a merciful tender heart.

For where she sits on her golden throne a-wearing her golden crown

She has heard the voice of the weary folk, the folk that are always down;

The far-off sorrowful voice of men, the pitiful voice of wives, And the dreadful silence of children, too, those poor little wasted lives.

She has heard it all, and her heart was torn; but what was a QUEEN to do?

There's danger in this, so the wise ones say; there's risk in the other too,

For if there is one thing plain, they say, as plain as the sound of thunder,

It's this, that the folks who can't stay top must all in the end go under.

But the QUEEN she doesn't pay heed to that, she thinks for a little while,

And then she ups and she calls an Earl, and her face breaks out in a smile:

And she tells him to count two thousand pounds, and she says to the Earl, says she,

"There's folks that are dying for want of food, and that's what's the matter with me."

And she wants her people to help, she says; it isn't so hard a trick

To give when a QUEEN has showed you how, and do it as quick as quick;

To give for the poor who have tried and failed, though they never were ones to shirk;

To find them the work that 'll find them food and the food that 'll help them work.

So here's to the QUEEN again, I say, the QUEEN with her lovely face;

The QUEEN with her heart on fire for us, who stepped from her lofty place,

And came and spoke to us straight and true in words we could understand,

And gave us the best a QUEEN could give, a pitying woman's hand.



FOGGED.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFUR. "WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TO, MA'AM?"

UNIONIST PARTY. "I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW."

RIGHT HON. A. B. "FOLLOW ME, MA'AM, I'M GOING THAT WAY MYSELF."





GYNNING-KING.

Tramp. "'Mornin', Miss. PLEASE, COULD YER GIVE ME A PAIR O' TROUSERS?"

Parson's Daughter. "I WILL ASK MY BROTHER IF HE HAS ANY TO GIVE AWAY."

Tramp. "THANKEE, MISS, AN' I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS."

WAS MR. GLADSTONE A VOCALIST?

[This interesting question is exciting so much attention that we are glad to be able to print some valuable letters on the subject.]

SIR,—MR. GLADSTONE was not a singer in the way that the late Signor TAMAGNO might be called one, or even CARUSO; but he certainly had the power of emitting sounds from his larynx which more or less approximated to musical notes, and in so far as he could do this the title of singer must not, I think, be denied to him. Many of us cannot do even that. My late revered chief invariably sang in his bath. (Well for MARAT had he done the same, for he might then have frightened CHARLOTTE CORDAY from her fell purpose!) But the public occasions on which he burst into vocal exuberance are few. I find that at a Harvest Home at Hawarden in 1867, he gave as a solo,

"John Barleycorn," with almost too much success, for the company had to be got away in wheel-barrows; while as late as 1884 his rendering of "*Che Faro*," from GLUCK's *Orfeo*, at a village concert in the same place, was the event of the evening, and is still remembered with tears. These are the only instances which a hurried glance through the GLADSTONE papers has revealed.

I am, etc., JOHN MORLEY.

SIR,—I cannot say anything as to Mr. GLADSTONE's gifts as a singer, but I know that he once whistled, and whistled very well. He had been for a walk in the park at Hawarden with his Pomeranian dog *Petz*, and the little fellow, as is the manner of his kind, wandered off and for a few minutes was lost to sight. Mr. GLADSTONE, on noticing this, stood still and whistled, in long, clear, bell-like notes, until *Petz* reappeared. I was making a water-colour sketch at the

time, behind a tree, and was an unseeing observer of this interesting passage in the life of a great man. It seemed to me so touching to think of the mighty statesman whistling for his little four-footed dumb friend. I am, yours, etc.,

LYDIA BURBLE.

SIR,—I remember once when Mr. GLADSTONE and I were walking in the Alps in the early sixties we came to a little roadside inn for lunch, the provision of which was exceedingly meagre. It struck us that, at any rate, we should be able to get some honey with which to eke it out, but the waiter, a foolish moon-faced fellow, persistently failed to understand my word for that commodity which we pronounced at him. Having tried all languages, living and dead, Mr. GLADSTONE imitated the buzzing of a bee, and I remember how struck I was by the accuracy of the mimicry and its resonant tone. Even this failed to

awaken the dolt's dormant perception until the great statesman added to his buzzing a sharp jab with a fork in the fleshier portion of the man's leg, which so realistically brought to his mind the idea of a sting that he hastened to inform us that there was no honey in the house. Beyond this instance I can say nothing definite as to Mr. GLAISTONE'S vocal powers.

I am, &c.,

AVEBURY.

SIR,—That Mr. GLAISTONE occasionally sang is beyond doubt, but as to the quality of his singing—that is another story. I find in my diary the following entry under February 29, 1881:—

"The Breakfast Club met at HART-DYKE'S. Eight present, including GLAISTONE. The conversation turned early upon old London cries, and GLAISTONE imitated the St. James's milkmaid's call, 'Milk O!' with much humour and *crâismblance*, so much so that HART-DYKE'S cat was heard miaowing at the door immediately after. POLLOCK said something about Orpheus attracting the beasts with his melody, which started GLAISTONE upon an excursion into Greek myth, which did not stop till it was time for lunch."

Trusting this little reminiscence may be useful to you, I am, &c.,

M. E. GRANT-DUFF.

SIR,—In the intervals of amassing a modest competence I have always found music my chief solace and recreation, and pride myself on the possession of a remarkably correct ear. On the occasion of the opening of a free library at Bootle by Mr. GLAISTONE, the proceedings opened with a performance of "*God Save the Queen*." Though a staunch Republican I was so carried away by the fervour with which Mr. GLAISTONE led the National Anthem that I joined in unconsciously, but at the close found that I was exactly a minor third above the great Liberal Statesman. But whether he descended or I ascended from the true pitch is a point with which at this interval of time I cannot charge my memory.

I am, etc.,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SIR,—In my frequent conversations with Mr. GLAISTONE the talk, curiously enough, never fell on music, but I may, perhaps, be allowed to supplement this omission with an anecdote of a cousin of mine, LANCELOT WILBRAHAM, a favourite pupil of JOWETT'S in the sixties. WILBRAHAM, who was a man of blameless character, and the only member of the Bullington Club who ever gained the Hall and Houghton Septuagint Prize, was deeply addicted to music and quite a remarkable performer on the concertina. Hence JOWETT'S sweeping dictum, "All musicians are immoral except WILBRAHAM." It is only fair to add that JOWETT

knew little or nothing of music, and when once reference was made to WAGNER'S *Flying Dutchman* naively observed, "I thought WAGNER was a musician, not an owner of racehorses."

I am, &c.,

LIONEL TOLLEMACHE.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Domestic life," the crowker thinks,
And shakes a pessimistic head,
"Domestic life with all its links
Of love and tenderness is dead."
Ah, could you spend a Sunday, Sir,
Wheeling my twin perambulator,
You possibly might wish it were,
O acti temporis laudator.

My brothers, fetterless and free,
Fly off on pleasure only bent;
Some golf beside the "Silver Sea,"
Some motor through the Weald of Kent,
Whilst I—I know no Sunday lark
But trundling forth my son and daughter
To feed the ducks in Regent's Park,
And sail toy boats upon the water.

I craved love once—but when a chap
Is nightly roused from pleasing dreams
To sterilise ALPHONSO'S pap
Or soothe CECILIA'S frenzied screams;
When he is harnessed like a colt
To cradle or to baby carriage,
What wonder should his soul revolt
From these entralling bonds of marriage?

What wonder, as he puffs the clay
Of poverty beneath the stars,
If he regret the halcyon day
Of one-and-sixpenny cigars?
What wonder that he looks behind
To hours when careless youth went
on so

And loved a bottle—not the kind
Affected by the brat ALPHONSO.

What wonder he should sometimes sigh
For nights that all too swiftly flew,
When throats were wet and humour dry
Amid the mad Bohemian crew;
When song dispelled the doleful dumps,
When wits were wide awake as weasels,
When he had never heard of mumps
And did not know the name of measles.

NEW LIGHTS ON HELIAS.

[In view of the great and natural interest excited by the visit of the King of the HELLENES to our shores, the following remarkable article, supplementary to one which recently appeared in *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, written by a distinguished Soho publicist, and secured at enormous cost for exclusive issue in his columns by Mr. Punch, will doubtless be perused with breathless interest.]

THE day of the modern Athenians begins at an early hour in the morning, though not at the same time as in London, owing to difference in the latitude and

longitude, to say nothing of the meridian. Still, many persons are out of bed by eight o'clock and hurry off, after a light repast of coffee and rolls, to their various vocations. Coffee was unknown in the time of PERICLES and SOCRATES—who, as is well known, drank hemlock—and was not introduced until a comparatively recent date. After this meal the women of the household fill up the rest of the forenoon with needlework and other occupations, such as *halma*, *podokeien*, *discon*, *akonta*, and *palen*, the Greek counterpart of jiu-jitsu. The Greeks, it may be added, are intensely musical, and Athens is one of the few places where

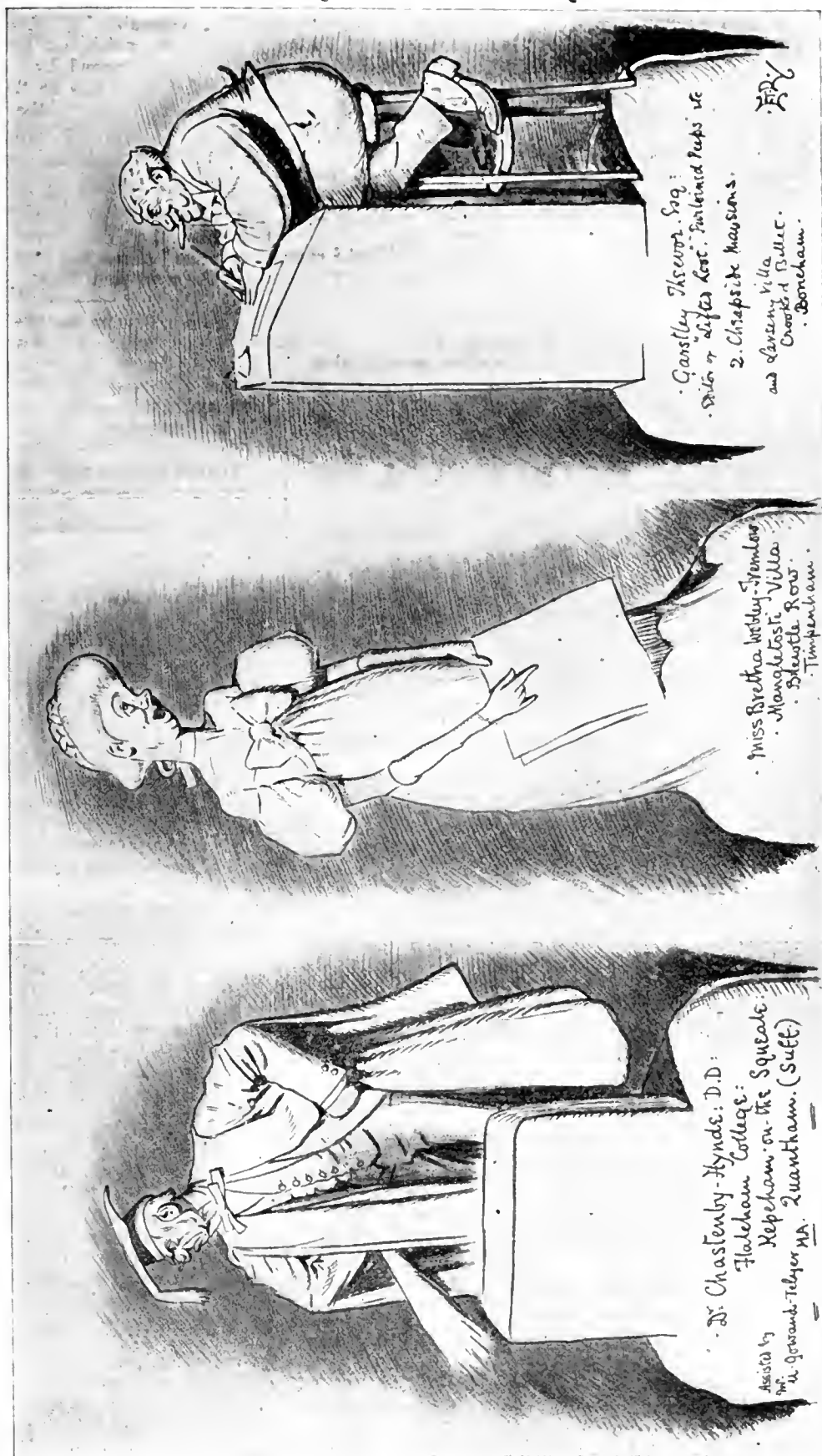
THREE CHESTNUT RECIPES.

CHESTNUT MOUSSE.—First catch your mousse, or moose as it is incorrectly spelt in Canada, and having stuffed it with chestnuts roast over a slow Greek fire. Then lay it in a matapan with half a pint of real old stock, a large blade of mace and a small grain of salt. When tender remove the bauble, if possible to the Cromwell Road, and pour into a mould lined with crimson crash.

CHESTNUT GIN.—Peel a quart of very old chestnuts, stew them in a bouzoline gallipot till soft, and then mash them with a Taylor mashie. Place in a Leyden jar on the fire and stir in their weight in golden sherry. When the mixture begins to set, whip it smartly with a cellular whisk, and add an egg-cupful of junket, three ounces of Listerine and a teaspoonful of Java guelly.

CHESTNUT CUTLETS.—Skin twenty-five chestnuts, and after washing them with warm water and soap, pulp them with a wooden pulper, stiffen with a little shellac and divide the whole into eight sections, wrapping each in Baltic seal fastened with a safety pin.

the piano is still played by hand. Mid-day, appropriately enough, is the hour for the mid-day meal, to which the members of the family are summoned by a bell or in some cases by a gong. Conversation is carried on during mealtime in the modern Greek language, which closely resembles that of classic Greece, though, owing to the absence of phonographic records, it is impossible to state whether the pronunciation is the same. Cigarettes are generally smoked after the meal, in some cases by the ladies as well as by the gentlemen, but the latter often prefer cigars, some mild and others of a stronger brand.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 4.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* (see our last issue) in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

In the hot weather very few people are seen out of doors between twelve and four o'clock, and the habit of the siesta is well-nigh universal. Any time after four o'clock, afternoon tea is the beverage, being served hot in cups, with or without sugar, according to the taste of the individual. Even in the colder months, the usual dinner-hour is a trifle late according to English ideas, and in the dog-days the hour grows later until it extends to half-past nine or ten o'clock. Indeed cases are on record of frugal families in times of distress dining on the following day for several days in succession.

Some Athenians when the weather is hot take their meals in the open air, either on a terrace, or in a verandah, or at a restaurant. The meat most generally consumed is either lamb or goat, for owing to the rocky character of the country, prime beef is difficult to procure, except in the district of Oxyrrhynchus, where the papyrus affords splendid pasturage.

Greek women are as a rule good linguists, for, unlike the practice in our girls' schools, Greek is compulsory, with the result that when Greek meets Greek there is never any difficulty about their understanding each other. The beauty of the Athens women is proverbial, as readers of BYRON'S famous lyric *Zoetrope, sis agapo* will remember, but the absence of Roman noses is remarkable, though on reflection it will be admitted that this could not very well be otherwise.

CHARIVARIA.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon is reported from Christchurch, New Zealand. The local mutton, for some unknown reason, has been giving forth a phosphorescent glow, and, according to one account, it is no uncommon sight to see economical householders reading by the light of their meat.

The Daily Mail is publishing a series of carefully compiled estimates of the results of the coming General Election, and it is thought that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. BALFOUR may come to an arrangement by which their respective parties should be bound by *The Daily Mail's* results. When one considers the enormous trouble and expense that would thereby be saved we cannot but applaud this sensible scheme.

Now that it has been proved that GEORGE THE FOURTH and Mrs. FITZGERBERT were legally married, America, with characteristic enterprise, is producing a number of grandchildren, and it is not impossible that the interesting couple may be proved to have had upwards of one hundred little ones.

When our cruiser squadron visited New York, the people went to such lengths to obtain souvenirs of Prince LOUIS OF BATTENBERG that, according to our information, the Prince was obliged to attach several labels to his uniform bearing the words, "Not to be taken."

It is rumoured, by the way, that we shall shortly hear that a fair American curio-hunter has secured a British Duke.

The municipality of Frankfort-on-the-Main has opened a refuge for the accommodation of widowers with children. A correspondent writes to complain that nothing is being done for husbands whose wives are still alive.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Mr. Bird. "I was with them when they started the Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, but now they're forming one for the protection of wild worms—it's a bit too sympathetic."

So many accidents have occurred lately through the ignition of petrol that a wealthy motorist, we hear, is making arrangements for his car to be followed, wherever it may go, by a fully-equipped fire-engine, and, if this example be followed widely, our roads will become more interesting than ever.

The Mayor of HUDDERSFIELD is loyally carrying out his promise to present twenty shillings to the parent of every child (in the Longwood District) that reaches the age of one year. Meanwhile we hear that last week a local infant, in revenge for an undeserved spanking, threw its parents into a state of panic when it had attained 11 months and 29 days, by obstinately holding its breath for upwards of ten minutes.

The Winter Club at Olympia, to enable all kinds of sports to be carried on under cover, strikes us as a distinctly happy idea. At the same time the scope of the scheme has been exaggerated. For instance, it is not, we are told, a fact that a portion of the ground, three acres in extent, has been set aside for marbles.

It is now stated that the manuscript of the Venerable BEDE'S *Super Cantica Canticorum*, which has been returned, was merely borrowed by some burglars to read, and, if this be true, we have here a happy sign of the influence of *The Times* Book Club on the culture of the masses.

The recent New York elections prove our American cousins to be far more advanced than ourselves. "One man two votes" seems to be the rule rather than the exception.

The death is announced of the richest cat-fish in the world. It was caught off Spalato, and its personal property included a chain-purse filled with silver and nickel coin to the value of £3, and £7 in bank-notes.

Tourist agencies report that St. Petersburg as a pleasure resort is not what it was.

TELEPHONE TRIOLETS.

HULLO! Are you there?
Chelsea—three-sixty-five!
These girls make one swear!
Hullo! Are you there?
I've no time to spare,
So please look alive!
Hullo! Are you there?
Chelsea—three-sixty-five!

I rang up to see
If you'll come to the play,
As I've stalls for "H. B."
I rang up to see
If you're game for a spree—
Can't hear me? I say,
I rang up to see
If you'll come to the play.

When we dine? At the Cri—
At a quarter to seven.
The champagne will be dry
When we dine at the Cri.
Oh adorable Di,
It will simply be heaven
When we dine at the Cri
At a quarter to seven.

What's that? Your Aunt JANE—
Great Scott! What a row
In the 'phone! I'll complain.
What's that? Your Aunt JANE—
Is she ramping again,
The old cat? Let her miaow!
What's that? You're Aunt JANE?
Great Scott! What a row!

HAUTE ÉCOLE ÉQUITATION.—"Major-General Sir HENRY EWART (Crown Equerry) and Major F. E. G. PONSONBY will be in attendance on horseback upon the carriage allotted to the Royal visitors."—*The Times*.

FROM AN EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is my misfortune to edit a monthly Magazine. There are people, I find, who imagine the post to be a pleasant one. Here are a few extracts from my letters this morning, which may help to undeceive them:—

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You won't mind my addressing you in this familiar way I am sure because although I don't think we have ever met and often as I find one does not meet at least only very exceptionally the people who are really most likely to be close friends if only there was an opportunity of comparing notes and so becoming intimate but I feel drawn towards you since I know that once you stayed in the hotel at Shingleford where only last summer my poor Aunt ELIZA was taken suddenly ill through a chill—as I said and shall say though the doctor seemed very puzzled about it (Three closely-written pages omitted) fourteen little sonnets for which a cheque will give me great pleasure."

"SIR,—Have you ever read the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis? And if so, how do you justify your recent article on bi-metallism? Sporadic entosporos in a semi-evolutionary environment entirely atrophy all negligible statistics. I have developed this idea in a paper of 8,645 words, sent to-day."

"DEAR SIR,—On a former occasion, when rejecting an article of mine, you told me to study the character of the Magazine, in order to see what subjects were likely to prove acceptable. This I have done. In your July number I find a paper on 'Some Churches in Florence.' Knowing, therefore, that this is what you like, I enclose a paper on 'Some Florentine Churches.'"

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am only too well aware that the article on 'Jupiter's Satellites' which I enclose has no sort of merit. And I feel certain also that it is much too technical for your pages. Apart from this, I have already arranged for its publication elsewhere. At the same time, if you could publish it, all the proceeds would be devoted to the purpose of installing a new heating-apparatus in our schools, where one is greatly needed. Possibly this may influence you? And I may add that a little book compiled by a cousin of mine

was warmly commended by Mr. GLADSTONE, Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, and others. If you cannot use my article, I shall be glad to have a detailed criticism of it by return of post."

"DEAR SIR,—I do not write as a rule. But the little poem I send was due to an inspiration. Don't you think 'Lines to a Baby-boy' is a good title? But I must tell you exactly how the idea came to me. . . . (Several pages omitted.) Perhaps it would be better to compare

obliged to place my future custom elsewhere."

(Subsequent telegram.)—"Mixed second sheet with letter to dressmaker. Apologies."

THE NEW LITERÆ HUMANI-ORES.

SPECIMEN EXAMINATION PAPER.

[Undergraduates are to be examined at an American University in the newspapers as a text-book.]

Literature.—What is a newspaper Book Club? Draw a map of the free-delivery area, and state briefly (3,000 words) the advantages of receiving books for nothing. Quote from the advertisements beginning respectively, "For your Children's sake," "The Secret of Success," and "Our Message to You."

Foreign Languages.—Translate into English or American:—"The All-Blacks went away with a rattle from the kiek-off and smothered the Heathens. 'Nobby' SMITH, who fancies he can trap a ball, yanked the sphere right across the meadow, tried the spring-heeled-jack trick and notched three times in the first quarter. The Heathens were now up against it and had to go through the hoop. The upright negatived their only attempt. In the last minute WALLACE marked for the down-unders, and ROBERTS added the major point. Score:—500 to nil. You'll do, Maoris!"

Physiology.—How did old Mr. BUNCOMBE first hear of GUNTER'S Gout Globules? How long had he had gout, and what did he do and say in his discomfort? How many globules did he take before he felt marked improvement? Say what you know of his symptoms: (a) between the shoulder-blades; (b) at the pit of his stomach; and (c) in the interior of the brain. How

many doctors had given him up? When did all pain cease, his constitution become an iron one, his business develop, and Mr. BUNCOMBE cease to be an annoyance to his family?

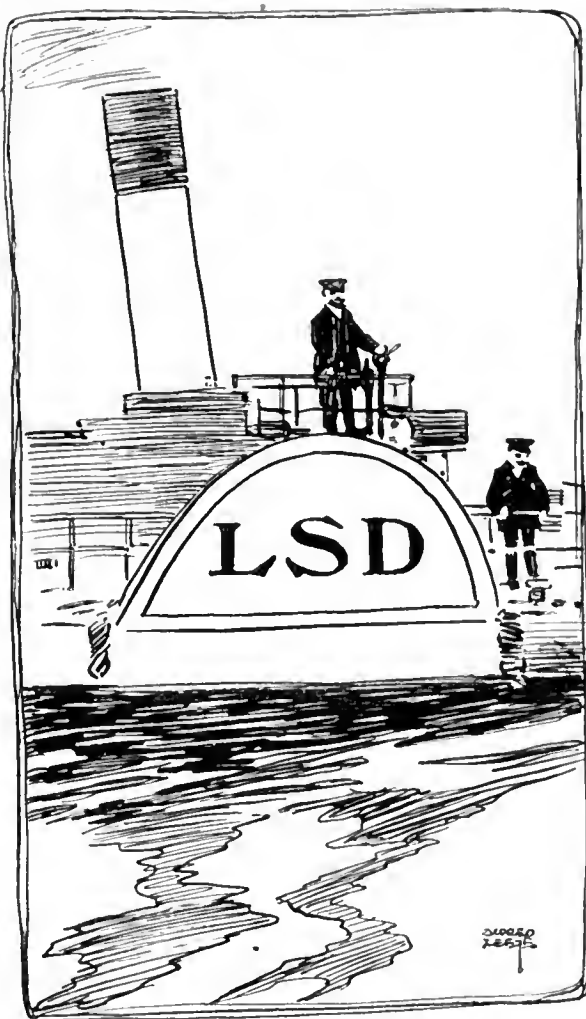
Commercial Candour.

"Why wait till the damage is done?

Do it NOW!

WHAT?

Why, send 5s. 6d. for a tin of
THE NEW ANTI-FREEZING COMPOUND."
[Advt. in "The Auto-Car."



A MORE APPROPRIATE LETTERING FOR THE L.C.C. STEAMBOATS, FROM A LONDON RATEPAYER'S POINT OF VIEW.

him to another bird than a starling—but it rhymes with *darling*, you see."

"SIR,—I have long since ceased to look for courtesy from you. But bare civility at least I have some right to expect. Yet though I sent you *Deborah's Downfall*—a most thrilling story, of 140,000 words—the day before yesterday, I am still without a reply!"

"DEAR SIR,—I write to inquire whether you are likely to have space for a little article on Gothic skirts which fit badly and are far too full. You must try and make the next better or I shall be

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Sydney Escott, the heroine in Miss EDITH FOWLER'S last novel, *For Richer, for Poorer* (HURST AND BLACKETT), is a provoking young person. It was with unfelt premonition of the appropriate that, being a girl, her parents gave her a boy's name. Throughout her life she, like the *Mary Mary* of an old song, is "quite contrary." My Baronite confesses he was a little alarmed for the success of the story when he reached the chapter where *Sydney*, accompanied by her derelict mother in search of seaside lodgings, stormed the Vicarage and insisted upon being taken in, since there were no other apartments vacant. The Vicar, apparently the last man in the world to submit to such intrusion, weakly yields. The mother is installed in the sick room, and *Sydney* dominates the premises. When we know her better, as of course Miss FOWLER did from the first, we admit the possibility. *Sydney* is as wild and wholesome as the sea she greatly loves, pure and sweet as the flowers with which she decks herself. It requires a skilled hand to manage so skittish a character through 300 pages. Miss FOWLER succeeds, marking in her last work a distinct advance on earlier efforts that found wide acceptance by novel-readers.

Messrs. W. AND R. CHAMBERS, those indefatigable and experienced caterers to the literary appetites of the young, are providing a more than usually sumptuous Christmas feast, or rather a choice of feasts, for their clients. For girls there are six books, with any one of which a frill-wearer may consider herself lucky. Mrs. L. T. MEADE has written three: *Wilful Cousin Kate*, *Dumps*, and *A Bery of Girls*. How she can manage to do it and to keep so high a level passes the Assistant Reader's comprehension. Miss MAY BALDWIN, with two books, *The Girls of St. Gabriel's* and *That Little Limb*, runs a good second to Mrs. MEADE in the amount of her output. In merit these sisters of the pen are not to be divided. A mere male, RAYMOND JACOBINS, shows up with one volume, *Crab Cottage*, a good one.

As to boys, they can take their pick of *The Boys of Badminster*, by ANDREW HOME; *Shoulder Arms*, by G. MANVILLE FENN; and *Chums in the Far West*, by EVERETT McNEIL. I have sampled them and can recommend them.

For imps of mischief there are two new *Buster Browns* and one new *Foxyz Grandpa*. It is evident that the grandsons of *Foxyz* are quite unable to cope with him. Might I suggest that they should allow *Buster* to try his hand at this irreclaimable old gentleman? It would be a good match—even though it does seem that *Buster's* journey to Europe, as described in one of the new books, has a little dashed his spirits.

I have left to the last a most delightful book, in order that I might give it a special word of praise. It is *A Book of Baby Birds*, verses by B. PARKER, illustrated by N. PARKER. The pictures are perfectly charming, and the verses are, in their way, as good. Grace, dexterity, neatness and point are the chief characteristics of both.

Presumably on a well-known principle, Mr. W. W. JACOBS calls his latest book *Captains All* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), because no captain figures prominently in the stories. Far beyond his custom, Mr. JACOBS quits the sea, finding his characters ashore. This is an advantage, since it makes the reader acquainted with *Bob Pretty*, a gentleman who, to the avocation of poacher, adds the art of the diplomatist and the guile of the Heathen Chinee. How *Bob* bets his cronies at the "Canliflower" public-house that, following on the chance shooting of a beater by a party from the Hall intent on pheasants, there will be fresh disasters of the same kind, and how he wins his bet, is a tale of adventure told with that

grim, self-restrained humour of which Mr. JACOBS is master. Another irresistibly funny story is *The Temptation of Samuel Burye*, now played on the stage of a London theatre. My Baronite advises the possessor of the book to resist the temptation to read it all through at a sitting. Better take a tale a day.

Except for revealing to us the Fitzherbert papers, which are now among the private archives of Windsor Castle, and for certain ducal and other letters, here first published by His present MAJESTY'S gracious permission, the two entertaining volumes entitled *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*, by W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A. (LONGMANS & Co.), do not add much to the English public's general knowledge of the really commonplace story of "The First Gentleman in Europe" and his illegal, but canonical, wife, MARIA FITZHERBERT, originally Miss SMYTHIE, who at twenty-five years of age found herself a widow, for the second time, with a couple of thousand a year. She became a society beauty and captured the too susceptible GEORGE, Prince of WALES, by whom she was in turn taken prisoner and secured in the bonds of matrimony on certain terms to which, of course, she should never have consented. Beyond all possibility of doubt she was married to the Prince of WALES, and it was only to conciliate his father GEORGE THE THIRD, in order to get his debts paid, that "The First Gentleman in Europe" lied like a trooper to Mr. Fox, and Mr. Fox to the House of Commons, in absolutely denying the fact of the marriage. Mr. WILKINS tries to palliate the conduct of *Florizel*, and he is most sympathetic towards *Perdita*. But, surely, it must seem to the majority that in not listening to the voice of her own conscience, and to the remonstrance of her correct (but afterwards weakly compliant) uncle, Mrs. FITZHERBERT brought upon herself all her subsequent troubles, and, in plain language, simply deserved what she got. The illustrations from photographs are good, and the history of the period, although diffuse, is interesting.

For some time there have appeared weekly in *The Westminster Gazette* what purport to be the remarks of The Office Boy on current political events, illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches of the style familiar on school slates. The authorship is now admitted by Mr. FRANCIS BROWN, who reprints his contributions under the title *The Doings of Arthur* (METHUEN). The incongruity of the literary style of The Office Boy and the high politics he discusses is amusing, and is greatly helped by the burlesque type of drawings supplied. In this last respect my Baronite observes that Mr. Brown is obviously a student of F. C. G.'s more elaborate political squibs.

"First come, first served," says the Baron, opening the door to Father TUCK, who comes with a Christmas waggon full of *cartes*, and presenting an evergreen Annual for all genuine child-like children who have not yet been crowded out of existence by little swollen-headed, spectacled men and women of about five or six years of age. So Father Tuck's *Toy Books*, his *Annual*, his LOUIS WAIN'S *Cats*, and his pretty series of picture postcards by HELEN JACKSON, the Baron singles out for special approval. Then follows a delightful DENDY SADLER series of "Old English Toasts," and "On the Links Calendar" for Golfers. From his postcards the Baron selects the "Glistening Dew Series" and "The Pyramids of Egypt." May this brief notice create an appetising taste of the Tuck stores!



CHARIVARIA.

"THE Russian nation," declares a contemporary, "is bankrupt." This, however, is denied in St. Petersburg by the Official Deceivers.

An unpleasant impression has been caused in Germany by the publication in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of a letter written by a German officer denying that the British are assisting the Hereros. It is felt that it was unpatriotic of the officer to have written the letter, and still more unpatriotic of the *Kölnische Zeitung* to have published it.

HENDRICK WITBOI, the late Hottentot chief, is called by a contemporary "The Coloured DE WET." The insinuation that our Boer friend is "The Plain DE WET" is calculated to cause unnecessary pain.

It is feared that the fracture in Lord NELSON's remaining arm may necessitate its removal. But the statement that Sir FREDERICK TREVES is to skin up the column and perform the operation is premature.

"GEORGE EGER-TON," in *The Daily Mail*, pleads for British Toys. What's wrong, asks the County Council indignantly, with our steamboats?

It is stated that Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who once, when hungry, ate the dinner of a railway engineer without permission, has sent the man £200 as a reminder of the incident. It is further stated that, since the publication of the fact, the distinguished millionaire can hardly stir out of his castle grounds without finding at least one dinner left carelessly in his way, the name and address of the owner being written on a label attached to the handle of the tankard.

The new issue of *Who's Who* is to contain, in addition to the usual information, a census of the celebrity's sons and daughters, and his telephone number, and, in reference to this, we hear that a terrible printer's mistake was only discovered at the last moment.

A literary gentleman was nearly credited with a family of 13982.

Among the arrivals at the Zoo last week were eight nose-horned vipers, one Wonga-Wonga pigeon, one hairy armadillo, one mute swan and a centipede. There was great excitement in the neighbourhood as each drove up, and it is hoped that all of them will make a lengthy stay in town.

News reaches us of the death in distressing circumstances of one of the most respected elephants living at Antwerp. An attendant left in the animal's shed a trunk containing clothes. This the poor beast, feeling cold, burst

not be more humane first to try the effect of a Naval Demonstration?

Are there motor-cars in the celestial regions? Professor SCHAEER, of Geneva, has discovered what he describes as a new comet plunging due south at a rate of almost 8 degrees a day, and careering across the Milky Way regardless of all other traffic.

In an explosion which wrecked a house in the suburbs last week, the only thing which escaped was the gas.

The Motor-Car Show at Olympia proved a great success. The £800 cars for men of small means are said to have sold especially well.

NOTICE TO SULTANS ALL OVER THE WORLD. — Assistance given. Terms moderate. References kindly permitted to Sultans of Morocco and Turkey. Telegraphic address, POTSDAMER, Berlin (Advt.).

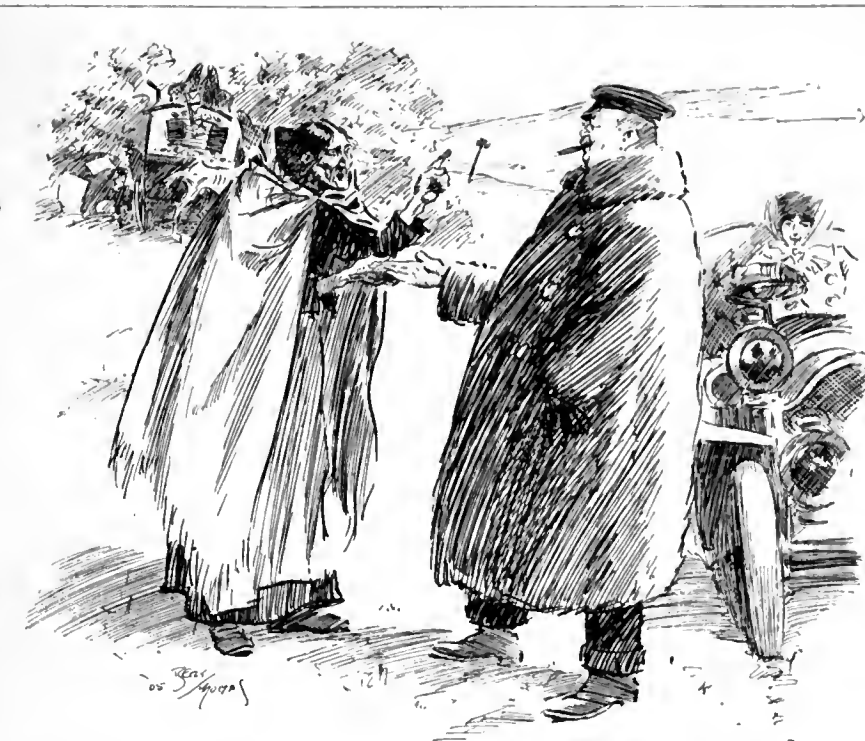
WE have always suspected that the best part of the exhibition at an aquarium is on the dry side of the glass, and we are glad to see that our view is corroborated by the fact that many of the younger generation of fish are voluntarily entering the tanks. Speaking of the Port Erin laboratory the *Liverpool Daily Post* says: "During the

past year about 5,000,000 of young plaice were sent out to sea from the fish hatchery, and over 13,000 paid for admission to the aquarium." The percentage is small, but promising.

GENERAL BETHUNE has informed the Devon Tactical Society that "the bayonet had always been the British weapon, and it was a comfort to know that they had it to fall back upon." The noble Romans, of course, used a sword, and fell forward on it.

"HOLLAND PARK TUBE, (close).—Board-Residence from 21s."—Advt. in "The Standard."

WE agree. For residential purposes the Tube would be "close"—one might almost say stuffy.



Gipsy Fortune-teller (seriously). "LET ME WARN YOU. SOMEBODY'S GOING TO CROSS YOUR PATH." Motorist. "DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER WARN THE OTHER CHAP?"

open, and with pardonable ignorance put them inside instead of outside himself.

The report of the North Sea Fisheries Investigation Committee proves conclusively that fish are capable of making long journeys, and it is hoped that the more intelligent of them may yet be trained to swim right into Billingsgate and offer themselves to the highest bidder.

Lord HENEAGE, as President of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association, has suggested that the dog-fish which have been doing so much damage to the south-west coast fisheries should be caught and sold for food. Would it

YERKES'S JERKERS.

[American humour is enjoying a much-needed revival through the medium of Mr. YERKES, U.S.A. The foreign-built electric cars which he has placed on the District Railway (not to be confused with the workmanlike cars of the Metropolitan, English-built and under English control) are making laughter for all Londoners who can appreciate a practical joke made at their own expense. Still, as Mr. YERKES has other schemes in hand for the development of the Metropolis, it would be as well if the projected Traffic Board were to see that he does not carry his pleasantries too far.]

I stood at Putney on the platform's marge,
A first-class ticket in my hand,
And from my lips protruded, mild but large,
A fabric of the Fatherland;
And I was bound
For Charing Cross upon the District Underground.
A crash like skittle-balls on sheeted lead! —
I scanned the labels one by one;
"Where is the First-class smoking-car?" I said,
And the Guard answered, "There is none!"
And I was vexed,
And let the train proceed and waited for the next.
Contemporaneous with my fourth cigar
It came—O long desired in vain! —
And in the midst a First-class smoking-car
(So it alleged upon the pane);
And entering there
I sat on straw as sits an ox within his lair.
To left, a balmy fishwife, bosomed deep,
Palpably overlapped my space;
To right, my flank was elbowed by a sweep
That masked in soot his natural face;
And I inferred
That they had pardonably deemed the class was Third.
And when the wobbling waggons pulled up short
(YERKES^o his jerkers, alien build!),
My dexter neighbour, lurching hard a-port,
Over my spotless cuff was spilled,
While I was thrust
Sinisterwise athwart the lady's ample bust.
Rising at Wallam (I could bear no more)
I underwent an instant jerk
And fell, and rose, and faced the sliding door,
And waited for the thing to work;
But he, the Guard,
Was occupied in sending signals to his pard.
So on to Brompton bumpily we bore,
Where I forestalled the instant jerk,
And clutched a strap, and smote upon the door,
And waited for the thing to work;
But in his groove
The patent apparatus stuck and would not move.
So on to Earl's Court. Here, against the laws,
Forth by an ingress-gate I went,
And in my passion, which allowed no pause,
Debouched upon, and nearly sent
Out of his mind,
A Bishop who would enter. He was left behind.
I fled. I had a whirling in my brains
Like to a landsman off the seas;
I asked a porter—"Have you any trains
Of the old pattern, not like these?"
And he replied,
"All but the Willesden lot are now electrified."

* Two syllables. Should not be rhymed with PERKS.

"How long before a Willesden comes this way?"

"In twenty minutes' time," said he.

I said, "I thank you. Though I had to stay

Two solid hours or even three,

I'd wait for that;"

And proffered sixpence, which he took and touched his hat.

O. S.

THE "SUDS" TRIPOS.

A LAUNDRY business has recently been started by three or four Varsity men on refined and apparently educational lines, and on November 22nd the promoters gave their Inaugural Washing Tea and Exhibition of Lingerie at the Grafton Galleries. A new career is thus opened up for younger sons. The authorities at Cambridge, anxious, as ever, to keep abreast of popular demands, have accordingly taken steps to institute Proceedings in Mangling and Laundry-work, similar to the existing Mechanical Science Tripos.

The examination will be almost entirely practical, and will involve little or no paper and celluloid work. The names of successful candidates for Honours will appear in the Washing List at the end of the May Term each year, arranged as usual in three classes, to be known respectively as Manglers, Senior Props, and Junior Props, the Wooden Spoon being replaced by a Clothes Peg. Women students, of course, will be admitted to the examination. The degree of L.L.M. shall be held to signify Licensed Laundry Man, or Maid, as the case may be.

The subjects of examination will embrace:—

"Rags," and how to deal with them.

The Strength of Materials, including Tearing and Breaking Strains.

The Theory of Structures, with the Differentiation of Pants and Pyjamas.

Character-reading from Ink-stains and Darns.

Friction as applied to the Frayed Shirt-front and Cuff.

Torsion of Collars and Chemisettes, with Wringing Out in general.

Hydraulics: "Running through Water," "Putting to Soak," and "Damping Down."

The Common Iron, Box-iron and Smoothing-iron, used (i.) as Beetle-crushing Implement, (ii.) for the production of Creases and "Crow's feet," (iii.) as Missile.

Gaufring and Frills: to suit the requirements of (a) Countesses, (b) Débutantes, (c) Gaiety Actresses.

Starch in all its aspects—Academic, Puritanical and Aristocratic.

Blue: the Light, the Dark, the Running, and the Aquatic varieties.

The Dynamics of Pegs, Lines, and Props in connection with the Back-garden.

Soap, visible and invisible.

The Art and Practice of Marking, Unmarking, Mislaying and Substitution.

Clients, Management of; also Pressure, by the County Court Process.

Lectures will be given by the Lowndrian Professor of Balneology on the above subjects at the Trinity Fountain, and by the Chinese Demonstrator on the Backs, where also the Examination will be held. Students are recommended to make occasional use of the K. P. and St. Andrew's Street Canals, but not to wash too much of their dirty linen in public, as on the occasion of the recent riots. They should also "get up" waistcoats, washing-ties, and other controversial items in private. Text-books on the subjects will be issued, duly glazed and calendered, from the Pitt Press. Further particulars regarding the forthcoming Tripos may be obtained from the University Wash-houses Syndicate.

Zig-Zag.



Bernard Partridge <

ON TOUR.

R-S-B-RY. "STILL PLAYING 'TARIFF REFORM,' EH?"

CH-MB-RL-N. "YES. I'M PRACTICALLY RUNNING THE SHOW. CROWDED HOUSES, DEAR BOY. AND YOU?"

R-S-B-RY. "OH, THE USUAL THING. JUST WORKING ON MY OWN."





"CABMAN! CABMAN!! SURELY YOU'RE GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY?"

"BLESS ME, MUM, YOU GIVE ME QUITE A TURN! I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT YER, AND WAS DRIVING BACK TO THE STABLES."

A TRAGEDY AND ITS SEQUEL.

I.—RHYMSTER TO ROOSTER.

O THOU, that 'neath my Attic sill
Standing aloof a sleepless sentry,
Dost hail in accents rudely shrill
The futile morn's tumultuous entry;
Prodigious chanticleer, whose lung
Applauds each nascent dawn with frequent
Paeans, as though some virtue clung
To suns monotonously sequent;
A murrain seize thee, boisterous bird,
And stem thy low hilarious bawling;
In all my life I never heard
Sounds so persistently appalling.
It's not so much the pent-up power
With which thy potent trump impinges
On sleepless ears, that hour by hour
I lie a prey to nervous twinges;
It is the loud exuberant zest,
The blatant cheerfulness that irks us;
The moral pose of one whose breast
Defies the ills that fortune works us.
Preposterous optimist; perpend!
This scheme of things however view'd I'll
Afford no prospect that can lend
Cause to thy monstrous cock-a-doodle.

Know that thou, too, art nearly ripe
To meet the doom that Fate decrees, and
Ere long shalt feel Disaster's gripe
Closing about thy bumptious weazand.
And shall I gaze on thee in grief
When thou appearest on my platter?
Not so. I'll murmur with relief,
"This ends that odious rooster's
clatter."

And if perchance thou provest tough,
If in my sleep thou still dost haunt me,
I'll suffer cheerfully enough
So thou art not alive to taunt me!

II.—ROOSTER TO RHYMSTER. (Later.)

Thou Bard that erst with clumsy quill
And spleenful soul didst dare to loose
On me that never worked thee ill
A vulgar flow of low abuse;
Who, just because I called on Hope's
Reviving ray to ease my lot,
First trounced me with indifferent tropes
And then consigned me to the pot;
My turn has come! Thou liest awake;
The beads of anguish deck thy brow;
Thou didst oppress me, but I take
A lingering vengeance on thee now.

Yea, for thou didst not bid me die
To solve the common need for food,
Thou didst but hope to gratify
The cravings of a baleful mood.
I was the pride of all the street,
The matchless champion of the herd,
The children loved me—but to eat,
Others had sought a tenderer bird!
And didst thou then aspire to miss
The proper wages of thy sin,
Hoping perchance that Nemesis
Would spare thy mortifying skin?
Too long thou hast with fretful pen
Bewailed imaginary ills,
And railed aloud at Fortune when
The proper remedy was pills.
Too long a world of blackest hue
Has met the poet's jaundiced eyes,
A state of things due solely to
The want of wholesome exercise.
But now a timely blow is struck
By Retribution long defied;
It isn't fancy now, my buck,
This time you've got it right inside!
Writhe on, thou poor dyspeptic Bard,
And, should'st thou dare again to roast
The lordliest rooster in the yard,
Beware his disembodied ghost! ALGOL.

THE LIGHTS OF SPENCER PRIMMETT'S EYES.

SPENCER PRIMMETT was a most worthy and estimable young man. He had a good position for his years in one of the Government Departments, as well as a comfortable private income, and his chief ambition was to avoid any conduct which might render him conspicuous. In this object he had so far succeeded admirably. There was nothing whatever remarkable about his countenance, which was mild and rather round, or his demeanour, which was quite unassuming, or his opinions, which were those of all well-regulated persons.

So that mothers and *chaperons* generally regarded him with favour as a highly eligible *parti*—a fact of which he was complacently aware. He had, indeed, but one defect, and that of so gradual a growth that it was some time before he perceived it himself—he was extremely near-sighted. It struck him more and more forcibly that the English climate was growing mistier, and he was surprised that none of his friends was observant enough to notice so obvious an atmospheric change.

But there came an afternoon when, in paying a call on the BELLINGHAMS in Cornwall Gardens, he discovered with some confusion that he had been vainly trying to induce a footstool to sit up and beg for a biscuit—which convinced him that his eyesight must be slightly impaired, and that he must really protect himself from making any further mistakes by getting an eyeglass.

He had another and a stronger motive for doing so. HILDA and RHODA BELLINGHAM were both extremely attractive girls, and he had lately begun to conceive it possible that he might fall in love with one of them. But which?—he could not be sure that he had ever seen either at all distinctly. It seemed advisable to make himself better acquainted with the actual features of each before committing himself to any definite advances to either. It would be a pity to find out when it was too late that he had chosen the plainer of the two.

He tried several opticians, but none of them had an eyeglass or even a *pince-nez* that suited his sight. Then he did what he ought to have done before—he consulted a leading oculist. After a prolonged examination the oculist informed him that he was "abnormally astigmatic," which seems a harsh thing to say about any man.

However, he wrote him out a prescription for a pair of glasses of differing powers, which SPENCER took to the firm to whom he was recommended. And a few days afterwards, on returning from Whitehall to his rooms one afternoon, he found a neat little parcel awaiting him, containing a pair of spectacles and the account, which came to more than he had expected. He put them on and inspected himself, not without anxiety, in a hand-glass. It was a great relief to him to find that they were by no means unbecoming. His eyes looked larger and more brilliant now they were framed and glazed; the glasses gave him an air of higher intelligence, deeper thoughtfulness, than he had previously discerned in his expression.

Still, it was not vanity, but an overpowering impatience to see what the Miss BELLINGHAMS were really like, that made him call a hansom and drive at once to Cornwall Gardens. As he fared westward, facing the sunset sky, he was delightfully conscious of his improved powers of vision; he could now see the most distant objects, defined with a sharpness that was a positive revelation to him. He remarked things that would previously have escaped him—for instance, the incompetency of London cabmen—for the drivers of quite a number of hansom he met seemed to have the greatest difficulty in controlling their horses. Fortunately his own cabman was an exception to the general rule, and brought him to Cornwall Gardens without mishap.

SPENCER found that both Mrs. BELLINGHAM and her daughters

were at home, and he entered the drawing-room with suppressed excitement—he was about to know now whether it was HILDA or RHODA who was to prove his real enchantress. They welcomed him cordially enough, and he took a seat near the fire, while he gazed with an intentness he hoped was not too apparent at the two graceful girls who sat opposite him in the lamplight. He could see their features perfectly at last, and was delighted to find that they surpassed all his previous conceptions. Even then he found it as difficult as ever to decide which was the more irresistibly engaging, they were both so adorably pretty in their different styles—but at least he saw now that there *was* a difference. So he sat there talking—rather pleasantly, he thought,—to all three ladies, and feeling that he was making a very favourable impression. Presently, indeed, he began to fear that he was inspiring a deeper sentiment in both the Miss BELLINGHAMS than he had any right or intention to do at that stage. Without being unduly conceited, he could not but observe that as often as he turned to address HILDA, she regarded him with a kind of spell-bound attention resembling fascination, whereas RHODA, on the other hand, seemed powerless to meet his eyes at all. These were trifles—but significant. He was beginning to think he had better go, when the dog, which had previously been snoring soundly in its basket, created a diversion by coming out.

SPENCER made no mistake this time; he knew it was not a footstool, or even a doormat, so he beamed on it with amiable recognition, and called it by name. It gave a short howl, and fled into the back drawing-room with every sign of abject terror. SPENCER said he could not understand it, as he generally got on so well with dogs. The BELLINGHAMS agreed that it was most unaccountable—but somehow the incident caused a certain constraint. HILDA and RHODA talked on fluently enough, but rather at random, and their mother showed a nervous restlessness which was unusual in one who was so essentially a woman of the world. So he cut short his visit, after only staying an hour, wishing heartily that the dog had not chosen to make such a fool of itself just when things were going so well, and wondering whether the BELLINGHAM family was not inclined to be slightly hysterical.

SPENCER had to dine out that evening. It was at a house in Lancaster Gate, and he arrived quite a quarter of an hour after everybody else, so that he could hardly expect anything but a cold reception—which he certainly got.

He was consoled, however, by the discovery that the BELLINGHAMS were among the party, and that he was to have the privilege of taking in Miss HILDA. He would have been equally pleased had it been her sister—for they were both looking more bewitching than ever in that brilliantly lighted room. But something—he knew not what—had come between him and HILDA—he distinctly noticed her flinch as he offered his arm. And at table it was only by an obvious effort that she looked at him in speaking, and then she promptly turned away her head with what, unless his fancy deceived him, was almost a shudder. At the first opportunity she entered into animated conversation with her right-hand neighbour—after which he saw nothing of her but a left shoulder till dessert.

He would have talked to the lady on his left—but she was entirely engrossed by her allotted partner. So, in his isolation, SPENCER was reduced to casting glances of pathetic appeal to RHODA, who sat opposite. He succeeded in catching her eye, because he saw her start and bite her lip as if to control her feelings, but she avoided any answering sign of sympathy or encouragement. What on earth was the matter with them? Could they really attach any importance to the fact that their little beast of a terrier had shown an unreasonable antipathy to him?

He did not seem popular with anybody there, for, as his eyes wandered idly round the table, it seemed to him that every face on which his gaze lighted immediately froze, as though



RETALIATION.

Comic Man (to unappreciated tenor, whose song has just been recited in stony silence). "I SAY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SING AN EXCORE, ARE YOU?"
Unappreciated Tenor (firmly). "YES, I AM. SERVE THEM RIGHT."

petrified. He had arrived rather late, it was true; but, hang it all! he could not have spoilt their dinner so much as all that!

It was horrible to sit there feeling like an apologetic skeleton! After the ladies had left, Mr. BELLINGHAM, as his habit was, began to monopolise the conversation. He was a bit of a bore, but nevertheless SPENCER, in his anxiety to propitiate at least one member of the family, leant forward and listened with deferential interest. But he did not propitiate the old gentleman—he merely put him out. Mr. BELLINGHAM became more and more discomposed under SPENCER's absorbed attention, till at length his monologue came to a lame and abrupt conclusion.

Gallantly PHIMMERT attempted to relieve the awkward silence that followed by throwing out an intelligent remark on some topic of the day. He said nothing, he was certain, that was not perfectly safe in any company—but his platitudes burst like bombshells on his hearers; everyone appeared to dread being drawn into conversation with him. He saw those he addressed blink nervously as they returned some monosyllabic reply, while others evaded his advances by looking in any other direction but his. He affected the nerves of the very servants, for, as he turned towards a footman who was offering him coffee, the man dropped the tray with a crash. He had never felt so little at home at any dinner-party in his whole life. When he went upstairs he was unable to obtain an explanation with either HULDA or RUON before they left, which they did early. He left himself shortly afterwards, and it struck him that his hostess was glad to get rid of him.

He was conscious that he had shed a kind of blight on her party—how or why he was at a loss to imagine. Was some abominable rumour being circulated affecting his character? But no, that was impossible, his conscience assured him that he could have given no occasion for any sort of scandal. Then why—why did the BELLINGHAMS and everybody else shrink from him as if he were some accursed thing? Would no one ever look him in the face with frank friendliness again? Gloomily he asked himself these questions as he stood on his hearthrug before the fire, and then suddenly, on looking up, he beheld his own reflection in the mirror above the mantelpiece, and recoiled in positive terror. For his eyes were no human eyes—they were two glowing caverns flickering with lurid flames, as though his brain were being slowly consumed! The effect was simply appalling. He saw now that no man with eyes like those could hope to inspire the object of his affections with any sentiment but instinctive horror! And yet how could he have suffered this transformation into a fiend of peculiarly repulsive aspect without being even aware of the process? Then all at once he remembered his spectacles; they fitted him so well that almost from the first he had forgotten their very existence. However, he found he was still wearing them. Perhaps, if he took them off—he removed them, and on approaching the mirror closely, discovered with inexpressible relief that the baleful glare had vanished from his eyes. He put them on once more, and placing himself behind a lamp at some distance from the mirror, observed the result. One oval, being slightly concave, threw rays as blinding as those of a searchlight; the other lens, which was convex, blazed like one of the illuminated globes in a chemist's window! To himself this disquieting phenomenon was apparent only when a strong artificial light struck his spectacles at particular angles of refraction from the mirror which accounted for his failure to notice it by daylight, or even while dressing for dinner. But it made him understand now why the cabhorses had shied that afternoon; why the BELLINGHAMS' dog had fled; why, in short, all through that fearful evening he had been unconsciously producing the effect of a human basilisk or a Medusa head. He would do so no

more—it made him too remarkable. So in another instant these costly glasses were lying ground to splinters under SPENCER's heel. . . .

Since that day he has worn no others, and is rewarded for his sacrifice by the knowledge that he can allow his eyes to rest now on both the Miss BELLINGHAMS without the slightest apprehension of reducing them to a cataleptic condition. The only drawback is that he is as unable as ever to distinguish one from the other. Which is possibly the reason why there has been no announcement, as yet, of his engagement to either.

F. A.

THE CAUTIOUS LOVER.

["It is impossible for a man, whether he be merely a boy in years or an octogenarian, to approach any female in the hope of finding his 'twin soul,' without fear of a wretched and harassing action at law unless he marries her."—*Daily Express*.]

My panting heart is longing day and night

For a sight

Of some angelic phantom of delight,

So slender, so tender—inviting one to kiss,

To thrill one and fill one

With bliss.

I gaze at fair SUSANNAH—kind and wise

Are her eyes,

And purer than the blue of April skies.

It strikes me she likes me—Oh! surely, pretty SUE,

A chappie were happy

With you!

Then HANNAH smiles divinely when we meet

In the street;

Her waist is small, her ankle very neat.

I'm lonely—if only this inexpressive She

Were walking and talking

With me!

Dear NANCY has a noble soul—in fine,

I opine,

In every way a worthy mate for mine.

I fancy, sweet NANCY, thrice blest would be our plight

Did we two agree to

Unite.

But ah! these pleasing visions flit in vain

Through my brain,

For Prudence speaks in language that is plain:

"Be wary! That fairy whose eyes appear so true

Is 'cuter, poor suitor,

Than you.

"She's heard of breach of promise and she knows,

I suppose,

Precisely how the usual verdict goes.

You dunce, you! If once you are seen with her alone

She'll collar each dollar

Yon own."

I hear and Reason tells me to obey

While I may,

Although my heart may point the other way.

I'll never endeavour to steal another glance

At HANNAH, SUSANNAH

Or NANCE.

"Mrs. — has for SALE, in consequence of her daughter's marriage, grand Lady's HUNTER; has carried her two seasons without mistake in front of hounds."—*The Field*.

It may not have been the horse's mistake, but surely somebody must have blundered to have placed it in such a false position.



"Ah, Mum; I'm a 'EAP BETTER IN MY 'EART SINCE LAST TIME YOU COME 'ERE A-DISTRICK VISITIN'. It's ALL ALONG O' THISHER LITTLE BOOK 'HERNEST WORDS TO THE YOUNG' AS I PINCHED OUTSIDE A BOOKSHOP WEN THE PROPPERRIETER WAS A-LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY. A POWER O' GOOD IT 'AVE DONE ME!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, Nov. 21.—*Faust in a fog*. Madame MELBA's *Margherita* admirable. No use mentioning details, everybody knows them. Only they do not know—at least the majority do not—how powerful her notes are until they have heard her in a fog. Very badly drained site must have been the house where *Margherita* resided. Perhaps the garden which we all know so well looked on the river. However, be that as it may, on Tuesday the fog predominated, and *Faust* must either have found *Margherita* by accident, or have lost her altogether, as the audience was certainly fogged by the atmosphere.

And "the voices" (which simple description reminds us of JOAN OF ARC) were eminently satisfactory. Experienced *habitués*, knowing the "stage business," could listen with pleasure and with closed eyes. Signor DIDUR as *Mefisto*, some years younger than former *Mefistos*, in consequence of the absence of the little billy-goat imperial on the chin hitherto associated with this character, was excellent as well dramatically as musically. With Signor ZENATELLO's *Faust* little fault could be found, and the same may be said of Signor BATTISTINI's *Valentino*. Signora TRENTINI was a charming *Siebel*—*si belle!*—and Signora ZACCARIA was a *Marta* to *Mefisto*, and seemed young enough to have deceived even *Mefisto's* superior officer. Signor MUGNONE and orchestra in first-rate order. Applause immense, and, despite fog, five calls after "the garden party." Nothing could be more polite; garden party first, calls afterwards. *Faust* is announced for repetition before this brief notice appears.

Thursday, Nov. 23.—No fog!! Atmosphere clear: House full. Late arrival this season of *Don Giovanni*, ably repre-

sented by Signor BATTISTINI. Signora STRAKOSCH as *Donna Anna* seemed rather frightened, that is, at least, judging by her persistent *tremolo*. This view of *Donna Anna's* character we venture to consider incorrect. *Donna Elvira* was fairly well represented, vocally, by Mme. GILBERT-LEJEUNE; Signorina CLASENTI's *Zerlina* will probably improve on repetition. No doubt, after a rehearsal or two, competently directed, the clever Signora will "reform it altogether."

A jovial party is the *Don Giovanni* of Signor BATTISTINI, and on the whole, musically and dramatically, a happy impersonation. Both Signor B. and Signorina C. rise to heights never contemplated by MOZART. But even MOZART was not up to everything. Signor DIDUR was good in the farcical nonsense of *Leporello*, as was Signor WIGLEY as the idiotic *Mazetto*. Where is the brilliant stage-manager who will do something for the stupid old "business" which has been allowed to become traditional in these two low-comedy parts?

Signor GIORGINI as *Don Ottavio* made the most of his one great chance, "*Il mio tesoro*," but contrary to precedent *Zerlina* and *Mazetto*, evidently expecting a real musical treat, remained on the stage to listen to *Don Ottavio's* rendering of this *chef d'œuvre*. Both of them were evidently immensely pleased, though perhaps for professional reasons they did not insist upon an encore, reserving their hearty congratulations until they should meet *Don Ottavio* "off" at "the wings." Three orchestras, including the Ball-room scene, all under the *bâton* of Maestro MUGNONE, most effective, and, taken as a whole, the *Don* achieved success.

With the last night of November comes the close of the Autumnal Opera Season. We trust it has been sufficiently successful (from the interior of cash-box point of view) to warrant an encore next year. "*Prosit!*"



The Master. "How do you know it was a fox killed them?"

Master. "Then why didn't you stop him?"

Biddy. "Didn't I see him wid me two eyes?"

Biddy. "Sure, it 'wasn't likely I'd be grudgin' yer Honour's foxes a chicken or two, and them as chape as two shillins apiece, too."

THE HALF-SEAS-OVER EDITION.

I HAVE a magic looking-glass in which every week I see men and women in far-off lands—dear friends whom I know, but whom I have never seen. This looking-glass is the post.

I see them in their pursuits in every corner of the earth. I see them in Europe and Asia, America and Tipperary. It is like WALT WHITMAN. Some of them are shooting tigers, some are reading under the sea, some are sitting on mountain peaks, but all are alike in this that they cannot help liking our paper, and they cannot help writing letters about it. Some of them omit to stamp the envelopes, but I don't mind. I love them too much to mind. I am too full of sloppy gratitude. I append selection of this week's letters.

EDITOR OF THE HALF-SEAS-OVER EDITION.

FROM THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

I write from a little bungalow on the very top of Mount Everest to tell you what a boon your paper is. It is delivered regularly by eagle post every Saturday morning, and I don't know how I could live without it.

HIMMEL AVAH.

The Gazebo, Mt. Everest.

FROM DOWN UNDER.

I don't know how we should live without your invaluable paper, for the persistent rains for the last six months, during which they have never once stopped, have saturated all the small wood in the country. Nothing but the periodical appearance of the postman saves us, for he brings every member of the camp a copy of your Half-Seas-Over Edition, dry and combustible, and we keep our fires going with that.

BRIAN O'LYNN.

Washaway P.O., Buncombe, N.S.W.

FROM THE SHINY LAND.

I am sure you will like to know that I kill a tiger for breakfast every morning from my bed-room window. There is no such luxury as tiger steak and brandy-pawnee with a few paragraphs from your beautiful paper by way of digestive. I never read it all through at once, but apportion it equally throughout the week.

J. SKRIMSHANKS.

Puttee Bungalow, Ootacamund.

FROM THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

I have just received a copy of your lovely paper. What a boon to have so much absolutely trustworthy news of the dear homeland! Fifteen years have I now been in the back of beyond, having

moved hither from the now prosperous city of Tipperusalem in 1890. I left Eton in 1882, and after holding the professorship of Chinook at the Algonquin University am now engaged in trapping seals for the Hudson Soap and Candle Company. Throughout the whole winter I and my squaw—she was a noted belle of the Waw-Waw tribe—have to live on salt or pickled fish, so you may imagine what a relief your easily digestible pars are to us, and our seven little nippers.

GEORGE QUACKENDOSS,
"SITTING DUCK."

Wampumville, Saskatchewan.

FROM THE PERSIAN GULF.

Since your Half-Seas-Over Edition has been published the supply of pearls has been falling off steadily here. Last week we discovered the reason. The divers, instead of hunting for pearls as they used to do, now sit round in a circle on lumps of coral while one of them reads the paper aloud.

ALFRED BIGGER.

Bushire, R.S.O.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The best way of making two ends meet:—burn the candle at both ends.



BEGINNING AT THE RIGHT END.

ARN-LD-F-RST-R (*Sculptor*). "I MAY NOT HAVE TIME TO FINISH IT, BUT I'VE GOT THE HEAD ALL RIGHT."

[The Secretary of State for War is appointing a General Staff, which will constitute the brains of the army.]



LILLIAN.

VII.—THE GREAT SERVANT QUESTION.

ONE of the maids (ELLEN, the pretty one) had been walking out for some weeks with MCGREGOR, who is the right-hand man of the butcher. They had kept company in Scotland somewhere; and when ELLEN was ordered south MCGREGOR threw up what I take to have been a lucrative job as a blacksmith, practised anatomy and things for a month on his father's flock, and came down to us as a butcher's assistant. Which shows the power of love and the adaptability of the Briton that has made our Empire what it is. (*Loud cheers.*)

When there's an ELLEN in the case, it is an advantage of the butcher's profession that you must come up to the house at least once a day. But MCGREGOR yearned for other meetings. At the bottom of our kitchen garden is a brick wall—high on the road side and fairly low on ours. Every night ELLEN stood here and leant over, *Juliet*-way, while down in the dust on the other side was *Romeo* MCGREGOR. I suppose they liked the romance of it, there being really nothing to stop ELLEN from going out at the gate.

Now, personally, I was rather keen on the ELLEN-MCGREGOR comedy. I think MCGREGOR one of the most sporting self-made butchers I have ever known. In any case I should have made no objections, because I think the other sort of person has as much right to his feelings as we have, and I know that if I was going to meet LILLIAN somewhere I should be extremely annoyed to find that the coachman made a fuss about it. But, at the same time, there was GRACE to consider. GRACE was all against that sort of thing, and it was GRACE's house. And, you know, I had a lot of leeway to make up with GRACE. I thought that if I took up a strong line here she would come to love and then to lean upon her brother-in-law.

So one day, quite as a coincidence, I ordered a gardener to tar the top of the kitchen-garden wall. He seemed to want to know the idea, so I said that it would keep the slugs from climbing over (slugs not being able to bear the smell of tar), and that, anyhow, he didn't seem to me to be doing much. I think he must have caught on, because he grinned like anything, and made a first-rate job of it.

Well, the walkers-out went through the Balcony Scene again that night, and I wondered what they would make of my little hint. I shall never know definitely what MCGREGOR said; but next morning an indignant ELLEN flounced into the breakfast-room, and said that she wished to give me notice. She seemed to have taken it quite in the wrong spirit.



Schoolmaster. "COME TO MY ROOM AFTER SCHOOL, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SOUNDEST THRASHING YOU EVER HAD!"

Boy (who suffers from a weak memory). "Yes, Sir. I'LL TIE A KNOT IN MY HANDKERCHIEF!"

No one has ever wished to give me notice before. At the same time I had gathered that it was rather a serious thing to happen in a house. But I wasn't going to be disturbed about it. I got her assurance that threats, prayers, and entreaties were alike useless; and then I asked her what she was going to do. It seemed only kind to take an intelligent interest in her future.

She replied rather darkly that those who lived the longest would see the most, though I doubt it myself. Also that she wanted to go at once. So I gave her a sovereign and said I hoped she and Mr. MCGREGOR would be very happy, and would often think of me. Then I wrote to GRACE that ELLEN was leaving at once to get married.

GRACE's first letter I pass over. I don't see how I am in any way responsible for the affections of a butcher who was once a blacksmith. A week later she wrote that no one in London knew anything about servants; but that there was an Ashurst girl who seemed fairly suitable.

"I have asked her to go over on Wednesday," she wrote, "and I know it's useless for you to interview her, so I am getting LILLIAN to see to it for me. Now don't interfere, there's a good boy. LILLIAN knows just what I want."

LILLIAN was staying with some friends of hers called WILLEY—not that the WILLEY part is very important. However, she was due back on Tuesday night; and, if GRACE had arranged it so, would no doubt come over on the Wednesday morning to interview the new maid. I would certainly not interfere.

I was enjoying a peaceful pipe on the fatal morning, when a maid came in and announced that a young person wished to see me.

"What sort of a young person?" I asked.

"I think she's come about a situation, Sir."

"Oh, help. LILLIAN—Miss MALLEY—was going to see about that. I wonder why she isn't here."

"The young woman says she hasn't

much time, as she has to catch a train back."

"Look here, send GEORGE or somebody round to Miss MALLEY—quick. I suppose I'd better talk to her a bit till Miss MALLEY comes. I say, MARY, what sort of questions—? Oh, never mind."

I went into ARTHUR's study where she was. It was too awful being left like this. I didn't know a bit what one ought to ask her.

The first thing I noticed was that she was jolly pretty, and looked very smart, though of course quiet. As far as I was concerned she might consider herself engaged. But there were certain formalities, I imagined.

"How do you do?" I began; "you've come about ELLEN's place? Do sit down. There'll be a lady here presently, but there are just one or two things I want to ask you."

"Thank you, Sir."

I looked about for a pen.

"Jolly day, isn't it?" I said.

"Yes, Sir."

I got a pen and gnawed the end of it. Then I sat down at the table, took a sheet of paper, and looked first at it and then at her.

"Was there anything else you wanted to ask me, Sir?"

I sat up with a start.

"Name," I said, sternly.

"JANE SMITH."

"JANE?"

"SMITH. S-M-I-T-H."

"Yes, yes," I said. "That—er—that seems all right. Age?"

"Twenty—twenty—twenty-three," she said, and giggled in a most absurd way.

"I don't know why I asked you. I don't suppose it matters much. Now what else is there? Oh yes, are you fond of work?"

"I try to do my duty, Sir."

"Yes, of course, of course. I felt sure you did. Now what about followers?"

"Followers?"

"Yes. I know I ought to ask you about that."

JANE SMITH drew herself up to her full height, which wasn't so very much.

"Having none, partner?" I said. "I mean—"

"I don't think I understand."

"All right, all right. We'll leave the great follower question undecided. Have you got your testimonials with you?" I thought it was rather clever of me to remember that.

"Oh," she said. "I haven't got any."

"Haven't got any? Now, what is the good of coming here without your testimonials? I suppose you haven't even got a reference from a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England?"

"N-no, Sir."

"You seem to me to have been very badly brought up," I said sternly. "What have you got? You must have something."

"I've a character from my last place."

"Hang it, that's what I meant. What does it say?"

"Clean, sober—"

"Sober is rather a point," I admitted.

"Steady, willing, hard-working, careful—"

"Stop," I said. "This is a quotation. Yes, it is. I know the chapter quite well. It's in one of the Epistles."

"Willing—"

"You said willing. I don't believe it comes twice in the original. Why should it?"

"Honest—"

"I say, I'm thinking we're rather lucky to get you."

"Hard-working, clean—"

"That will do! You're engaged."

"Steady, sober—"

"Stop!" I heard a step in the hall.

"Hooray! There's LILLIAN." I rushed out, and caught hold of her. "Quick! The new maid's in there. She's telling me her character. It's too awfully good. Something will happen to her. Do stop her."

I pushed her in, and went outside to finish my pipe on the lawn.

After about ten minutes LILLIAN joined me.

"Well," I said, "did you engage her?"

"Yes, rather."

"Has she gone?"

"Yes, ETHEL's just gone."

"ETHEL? She told me her name was JANE SMITH."

"No. ETHEL JONES."

"I thought so. People aren't called JANE SMITH."

"No, of course not."

"Why did she say JANE SMITH? She must have had a false character. I'm afraid she's taken you in, LILLIAN."

"No, I don't think so. And, Dick, you're to come to dinner to-night. And look nice."

In the Malley drawing-room the first person I saw was JANE SMITH, or ETHEL JONES.

"Look here," I said indignantly, "I engaged you. What are you doing here?"

"Hallo, Dick," said LILLIAN, coming up.

"I say, LILLIAN, this is cool. You've bagged our maid. I distinctly engaged JANE SMITH this morning myself, and then you nip in—"

"Mr. MEADOWS, Miss WILLEY," said LILLIAN. "Look at the maid's nice new evening dress, DICKIE."

"Lord!" I said.

"Sober is rather a point," said Miss WILLEY.

"I'm thinking we're rather lucky to get you," said LILLIAN.

"Twenty—twenty—twenty-three," said Miss WILLEY, coyly.

"I try to do my duty, Sir," said LILLIAN.

"It's a very old joke," I said to LILLIAN, as I took her in. "You'll find the poor thing in *She Stoops to Conquer*."

"Oh, DICKIE, is that the way it's going to be?"

"Don't be absurd. Is she going to stay long?"

"Some weeks."

"Good," I said.

MR. PUNCH'S "FIRST TREATMENT" SERIES.

[An evening paper has just published an article on the pressing subject "How to Deal with a Dog Fish."]

I.—A POLAR BEAR AT THE STORES.

THE principal point is locality; one's plan of action depending very largely upon the part of the building in which the beast is encountered. For example, if the polar bear should come upon you in the Millinery Department the wisest course would perhaps be at once to seize the most expensive hat and show him the price. During his fainting fit you could climb out of the window or up the chimney, or even find the door. This plan might not, however, be infallible, for *suppose the polar bear could not read?* In the event of its failure you would naturally make a break for the next room, which might possibly be the Fish Department.

Here nature would assist you, for you would of course placate the foe with mackerel and herrings, which you could throw to him one by one (as at the Hippodrome), walking backwards as you did so, and eventually reaching the door and safety. But Fate is seldom so kind as that, and it is far more likely that the entertainment-loving gods would arrange it that your first meeting with the bear was round a corner, suddenly, in the Tobacco or Drapery Department. Polar bears do not smoke, and are not, we believe, susceptible to the charms of the leaf, so you would need all your wits. The thing to do would be swiftly to fill and light several pipes at once, and smoke them so furiously that you created an impenetrable cloud, under cover of which you could escape into a department offering a better choice of weapons. An umbrella, or even an *en-tout-cas*, opened and shut, would probably perplex and baffle the bear until help arrived. In the Motor Department you would hurriedly don an attire similar to that of the enemy, and meet him thus on level



A SUGGESTION TO THE L.C.C.

WHY NOT HAVE ARTIFICIAL DUMMY PASSENGERS ON THE THAMES STEAMBOATS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS TO REPLACE THE LIVE ONES WHO ARE NOT FORTHCOMING? IT WOULD GIVE QUITE A REFRESHING AIR OF PROFIT AND POPULARITY.

ground as a friend. He might even take you for a wealthy heiress and fall in love with you, and you could easily make his passion his fall (as in the case of SAMSON and MARK ANDREW) by luring him to the doors of the lift, leaping out just as it was descending and then stopping it mid-way between two floors, like MAHOMET'S coffin.

Supposing, however, that the Motor Department contained no costume likely to lead to the illusion named, you would have to continue your sprint to, say, the Wine and Spirits or Confectionery Departments. Probably ten-pound boxes of caramels, or half a dozen bottles of assorted liqueurs would be equally effectual in detaining the adversary until Scotland Yard could be communicated with.

II. A TIGER ON THE LINKS.

Instances of the escape of the larger carnivores from travelling menageries have been so frequent of late that it is highly desirable to be prepared for such an emergency as this. Tigers which have been kept in captivity for any length of time generally become footsore, and on regaining their liberty almost invariably leave the hard road for grass-lands. Thus the well-kept turf of a good golf-course proves irresistibly attractive to an emancipated tiger, and devotees of the Royal and Ancient game will do well to lay their plans in advance lest they should suddenly encounter one of the monarchs of the jungle. It is obvious that the danger can be considerably minimised by the employment of a pump fore-caddie, and on some links where water-hazards abound can be successfully avoided by plunging into the burn or pond. The greatest risk, however, is run when the animal is lying in a sand bunker where its colour harmonises most deceptively with that of the surroundings. To guard against this danger it is not a bad plan to employ sand of a reddish tint, but if this precaution has not been taken, three courses are open to the player. He may either drop suddenly on all fours, a device which has sometimes been known to put bulls to flight, or if he happens to have any sandwiches in his pocket he may offer them to the tiger, or, as a last resource, he may use his niblick. Whether the Fairlie or the ordinary pattern is the better is difficult to say off-hand, but at least it may be asserted that in no circumstances should a wooden club be used. In conclusion it may be noted that, whatever may be said as to the advisability of saying *Bo!* to a goose, it is futile to cry *Fore!* to a tiger.

III.—A WHALE IN THE ROUND POND.

As is well known, showers of fishes occasionally take place in abnormal meteorological conditions, and if, as Sir

NORMAN LOCKYER and other experts believe, there is good reason to expect a cycle of wet years of altogether exceptional humidity, the size of these fishes will undoubtedly advance in geometrical, if not in harmonic progression. The appearance therefore of a whale in the Round Pond can no longer be looked upon as a remote contingency, and in such cases to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Panic is to be strongly discouraged, for if it be true that it is no good crying over spilt milk it is even truer that it is no use to blubber over a dropped whale.

Much, of course, will depend upon the size of the whale, but assuming that he



Rustie (to beginner, who has charged the hedge). "It's NO GOOD, SIR. THEY THINGS WON'T JUMP!"

(or she) is a full-blown sperm cachalot, the safest course is at once to telegraph for Mr. FRANK BULLEN, the great cetacean specialist, and pending his arrival to serenade the whale with a full band, conducted by Mr. HENRY BIRD, the organist of the adjoining church of St. Mary Abbot's. Whales, like seals, are notoriously susceptible to music, and will remain perfectly quiescent when under its spell. Mr. BULLEN and his corps of skilled harpooners may be trusted to do the rest, and the oil can be drained off into the Tube or the Underground, where its lubricating qualities cannot fail to promote the smoothness of the traffic.

A PUBLISHER advertises: *The Wires of Henry the Eighth. Third Thousand.* Surely there is some exaggeration here?

ARTLESS CONVERSATIONS.

In the Manner of the New Advertising.

I.—OVERHEARD AT THE OFFICERS' MESS.

Col. F. Hallo, boys! What have you all been doin' this afternoon? Motrin'? You, Major.

Major S. No, I've been indoors.

Col. F. And you, Captain?

Capt. B. I've been indoors too.

Col. F. And you, Mr. DASH?

Mr. D. I've been indoors, Sir.

Col. F. Indoors! Why, what's comin' over the service? It's goin' to the cuts, indoors, on a day like this, too! Indoors, — me! And what have you been doin' indoors, pray? Readin'?

Mr. D. Yes, reading.

Col. F. Readin'. My —! Here, get me a stiff brandy-and-soda. Readin'? Readin' what? *The Soldier's Pocket Book*, I hope?

Mr. D. No, Sir; library books.

Col. F. Library books! Here, another brandy-and-soda. What library?

Major S. The new library in connexion with the *Banner*.

Col. F. I never heard of it. What is it?

Capt. B. It is a most admirable system, by Jove. You pay a subscription which works out to a halfpenny a day —

Major S. And you can have two volumes as often as you like.

Col. F. What for?

Mr. D. To read.

Col. F. Oh yes, I see, to read. And you're all doin' it all day long, are you?

Major S. Yes, there's over half a million books to choose from.

Col. F. Is that enough?

Capt. B. Oh yes, Colonel.

Mr. D. And you've no idea how extensive is the area of free delivery. Why, they send as far as Colney Hatch.

Col. F. Indeed, what you say interests me deeply. I must join. I like a bit of readin' now and then.

II.—THROUGH THE CHAPTER HOUSE KEYHOLE.

The Dean. Ah, Archdeacon, is that a postal order?

The Archdeacon. Yes, Dean, you have divined accurately.

The Dean. For five shillings, if my eyes do not deceive me?

The Archdeacon. You are right again, dear friend.

First Canon. What's that? The Archdeacon sending away a five-shilling postal order?

The Dean. Yes, indeed.

Second Canon. Will wonders never cease?

All. Ha! Ha!

The Dean. Sh-h-h-h-h-h! The vergers might hear.

All. True, too true.

Third Canon. And may we inquire,

dear Archdeacon, as to the destination of this princely sum?

The Archdeacon. Certainly, it is a subject on which I am never tired of being eloquent. It is a monthly instalment for the "Library of the Tittiest Bits in all Literature," now being offered at the lowest possible rates to the readers of *The Waste-Paper Basket*.

Third Canon. Is it a good work?

The Archdeacon. Oh, excellent. Full of apposite quotations, from BACCHYLIDES to BARRIE, from SOLOMON to SHAW.

Second Canon. And all for five shillings?

The Archdeacon. Not exactly for five shillings. Five shillings a month.

The Dean. For how long?

The Archdeacon. That, I regret to say, I have not yet discovered; but you get the volumes after the first payment.

First Canon. And you need not continue to pay, you mean?

The Dean. Sh-h-h-h-h! The minor canons, the minor canons.

All. Too true.

Second Canon. And the books are really worth having?

The Archdeacon. Indeed they are, my brethren. I doubt if so great an assemblage of scraps was ever before brought together. I know of no recreation so certain after an exhausting service.

All. We must subscribe too, and at once. Thank you, dear Archdeacon, for bringing this price-less boon before our notice.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

[A weekly contemporary has noted the modern tendency to regard matrimony as a business speculation, and hinted that a time may come when we shall see the financial papers devoting a column to matrimonial intelligence.]

THE marriage market seems to be recovering from the recent depression, and the tone was distinctly healthier last week. As usual, there was a strong demand for gilt-edged securities of all classes.

American futures are as brisk as ever. The fact, however, that the Yankee Parent Stock is very firm, with a distinct tendency to become bearish, has had a

depressing effect on Younger Sons, who are not so bright as they were. Athletes, however, are displaying a great increase of activity now that the hockey season is in full swing, and have recently hardened perceptibly. Blondes, again, are in fair demand, but increased supplies have favoured buyers, prices declining four points in the week.

The export trade is increasing by leaps and bounds, and shipments for October alone show an increase of 1,239 over the corresponding period last year. In particular, there is a strong movement for staples in the Colonial outlets, and many transactions in the finer and fancy descriptions are recorded, especially in

also found considerable favour. There were several offers of bleached goods, but these gave signs of falling off, and are not so popular as they were. Eyebrows, again, displayed a strong upward tendency, but, in some quarters, Figures have not been so satisfactory, Waists, in particular, closing at a slight reduction.

A new Company is being formed to exploit certain tracts in India where, it is believed, several rich deposits exist. The Company's expert, Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, has recently visited the district, and confidently expresses the opinion that it is capable of great development.

We understand that, during the winter, calls may be expected from several of the new Limited Companies which were registered in Mayfair towards the end of the season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MÈRE DE DOUZE.—We should certainly advise you to hold. Foreigners are out of favour just now, but the market is notoriously sensitive to changes of sentiment, and may improve at any moment.

TOM.—Stage Favourites are expensive and not particularly safe. We should certainly not recommend you to touch them. Hope Deferreds, it is true, are not particularly popular just now, but if you are prepared to hold on you may be remunerated in time.

JIMMY.—The investment certainly seems very attractive, and we can confidently recommend you to plunge. From what you tell us we should imagine that it will grow dearer every day.

AGNES.—You are only one of many who still believe in the old fallacy that the Younger Male Stock is irredeemable. In point of fact it is nothing of the kind. The classes of security you mention are highly desirable. They have been steady for some time now, and, so far as we can see, are likely to remain so.

BACKSLIDER.—The penalty for failing to meet an engagement varies with the circumstances, and is fixed by a committee of twelve. The speculation was exceedingly hazardous, and you should have gone more thoroughly into the matter before entering into the agreement.



VERY MANY THANKS.

Roy (who has been out to tea). "MRS. FREEMAN'S CAKE IS BETTER THAN OURS, MAMMA."

Mamma. "I HOPE YOU SAID 'THANK YOU,' NICELY?"

Roy. "OH, YES, MAMMA. I SAID IT FIVE TIMES."

Mamma. "YOU NEED ONLY HAVE SAID IT ONCE, DEAR."

Roy. "BUT I HAD FIVE PIECES OF CAKE, MAMMA!"

the better qualities, but the demand for raw material continues weak.

Plain descriptions, on the whole, seem rather dull, and there has not been much demand for them. Consequently the stocks in hand are very big, and several large holders have been obliged to unload at a loss.

Continental Adventuresses have been moving very rapidly, but they are being heavily discounted just now, and there is a strong indisposition to give much credit in this quarter. Invands, however, which have lately been distinctly weak, have now rallied considerably, and may be expected to strengthen still more before long.

The market for options in Hair-colours is very brisk. At the last making-up gold was in great demand, while copper

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DR. ALFRED WALLACE started what happily proved an exceptionally long and supremely useful life under the shadow of a cloud. "Our family had but few relations," he mournfully mentions in the opening sentence of *My Life* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), "and I myself never saw a grandfather or a grandmother, nor a true uncle, and but one aunt. Worse still, my father was practically an only son." A quaint way of putting it, explained by the fact that an elder brother died when three months old. These accumulated family misfortunes would have broken the spirit of some men. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, endowed with a serene nature, impregnable patience, irresistible energy and an insatiable appetite for beetles, soared above his circumstances. He was cheered on one occasion when, homeward-bound, he anchored at Malia on account of the state of health of two birds of paradise captured in the Malay Peninsula, and discovered close by his hotel a baker's shop, where was available an unlimited supply of cockroaches. These the birds of paradise ate, renewing their life like the eagle, and getting safely to the Zoological Gardens in London. Starting in life as a land surveyor, Dr. WALLACE's instinct irresistibly led him far afield in search of strange beetles, *rare ares*, quaint beasts, and unknown fish. In turn he visited the Amazon, the Malay Archipelago, and Australasia, adding rare specimens of natural objects to an unparalleled collection. The book would have been better if it had been confined to one volume instead of being stuffed by extraneous matter to the size of two portly ones. But, as far back as the days of HOMER, when seniors gather at the Scaean Gate they are apt to grow garrulous. My Baronite finds temporary indulgence in the octogenarian naturalist's garrulity delightful. Methuselah, conscious of exceptional advantages, was the man to enjoy every line of these 900 pages of closely printed type. Modern man, who hath but a short time to live, must needs discriminate.

MOSSER, METHUEN & Co. must not be considered amenable to the charge of "belittling SHAKESPEARE" in consequence of their having reproduced all his works, clearly printed, in forty very small volumes under the style and title of *The Little Quarto Shakspeare*. Each little book is perfectly adapted to any pocket (with a shilling in it) not exceeding three inches and a quarter wide, and four inches in depth. Even with the instructive scholarly introductions and footnotes by W. J. CRAIG, there is nothing whatever heavy about them. The Baron advises the exhausted wayfarer, thirsting for a draught from the Shakspearian spring, to drop into any pub(lisher's), accosting the attendant with, "What ho, there! bring me a small quart o' Shakspeare, neat." And they are decidedly neat.

My Baronite suspects that Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN's favourite amongst the characters in her new story, *Rose o' the River* (CONSTABLE), is the one who fills the title rôle. *Rose Wiley* is, in truth, sufficiently attractive to justify her pet name, *Briar Rose*. By comparison with her lover, *Stephen Waterman*, she is shallow, unsteadfast, distinctly selfish. *Stephen* is what they call on the banks of the Saco River a driver, *Anglicè*, a man who directs the drifts of fallen forest logs down the river to the lumber station. His vocation gives KATE DOUGLAS an opening for a stirring description of the picturesque scene when the logs get jammed and the country-side turns out to free them. Reading the animated page one feels the breath of the mountain air on his cheeks and hears the glad rush of the emancipated river. A delightful character is *Rose's* grandfather, *Mr. Wiley*, with his reminiscences of "old Kennebec" River and his outspoken contempt for the unimportance of the Saco, by whose

banks fortune and an impregnable dislike for hard work have brought him. As usual, KATE DOUGLAS does not spoil good work by attenuation. *Rose o' the River* is a dainty little volume, charmingly illustrated by Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, and calculated to carry the reader through a couple of pleasant hours.

On *Picturesque Yorkshire* (VALENTINE AND SOSS) Mr. WILLIAM ANDREWS and his editor, A. H. MILLAR, F.S.A. Scot., are to be congratulated. Walter-Scotians, remembering *Isaac of York*, will sincerely hope that he was not among the five hundred Jews who, at the accession of RICHARD THE FIRST, suffered at the hands of these Yorkers. The illustrations, reproduced photographs, are excellent.

In writing *The Difficult Way* (SMITH, ELDER), MABEL DEARMER sets herself a difficult task. It is to trace out the process by which a woman, absolutely regardless of self, its weakness and its passions, reaches the perfectness of a happy life by giving herself up to working out the physical and spiritual good of others. The theme is familiar enough. The merit lies in so handling it that it shall avoid the commonplace. This triumph has been achieved. There are some not altogether satisfactory characters in the play. But the principal part, assumed by *Nan Pilgrim*, is finely conceived and admirably worked out. After a fashion not unknown to women who write and to some men, MABEL DEARMER has used up scraps of home-made poetry, and, *à propos de boîtes*, scatters them over her pages. There is one on page 154, a gem of eleven lines, in which my Baronite recognises true poetry.

Ten Years of Tory Government (Liberal Publication Department) is perhaps a little monotonous in its tone. Professedly a handbook for the use of Liberals, it abundantly provides powder and shot for the forthcoming election campaign. Omitting the Fiscal Question, a merciful concession, it covers the record of Tory dealing with domestic questions from 1895 to the end of last session. As Mr. BIRRELL, who contributes what is sometimes called a Foreword, admits, the book is compiled from a Liberal point of view. But, as he justly adds, "chapter and verse is given for every statement printed." Whilst Liberal candidates will find it exceedingly meaty in the way of sustaining their cause, my Baronite recommends it to gentlemen on the other side as usefully indicating in advance what they have to answer, and, if possible, to refute.

The Spider's Eye, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (CASSELL & Co.). Not a bad title; but is a spider's "vision limited" to one optic? Let not any skipper imagine that a mere cursory reading will enable him to pass an examination as to intricacies of plot. Here is a poser, put by one of the characters to another—"But were you aware of who the man was who was discovered dead in your room?" No wonder the reply is "No; not in the least." Those who remember *Dora* may think they are about to detect a criminal by "a faint odour of some sweet perfume, the same odour that permeated the drawer in which the handkerchiefs were kept"—but not a bit of it. This is only the trail of the red herring. The literary sensational sportsman who rides in Mr. LE QUEUX's country has his work cut out for him, but he will go right through from cover to cover, and will congratulate himself on a good run, even if it be not quite up to the best of what this Master has previously provided for him.



FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

(From Informative Bits.)

PICKLED onions were introduced into England by the Crusaders.

The early Babylonians were unacquainted with the use of the telephone.

It is not generally known that by subtracting the number of wet days in a year from 365 you can ascertain approximately the number of fine days.

Motorists are said to enjoy more "fine days" than any other class of the community.

Fur is best removed from the inside of a kettle with a razor.

COLUMBUS discovered America towards the end of the Fifteenth Century, and was very properly punished by a long term of imprisonment.

There is no phrase in the Tibetan language which will exactly express the English term "Nonconformist Conscience."

No trace of any system of fire insurance has been discovered amongst the prehistoric relics of the cave-men.

It is not actually libellous to call a man a "newspaper interviewer." Before damages can be recovered it must be proved that the term was used maliciously.

In Spitzbergen frozen beer is sold by the yard, and *bonâ-fide* travellers always provide themselves with substantial beer walking-sticks to support themselves on the homeward journey.

Cabbage leaves are frequently used as umbrellas in the Solomon Isles.

Though it has often been pointed out that the Devil was the first Radical, yet many intelligent people are unaware that ADAM was the first Labour Leader.

Whilst England possesses 6,000 daily and weekly newspapers, still she has only 60 gaols. It is even more remarkable, if possible, to find that we have only 1,000 cemeteries for our 70,000 doctors to work in.

Blind people have frequently been

convicted of drunkenness, but none of our police courts has ever seen a deaf and dumb Passive Resister.

Fishmongers never advertise sales of old and soiled stock.

Nearly all the inhabitants of the Great Sahara are total abstainers.

MR. SILAS HOCKING has not written more than 1123 novels.

IN CORPORE SANO.

MR. PUNCH'S HEALTH YEAR-BOOK.

IN his "Daily Health Diary" Mr. EUSTACE MILES includes advice such as "Fourteenth week—Improve your looks," "June 20—Be and look ready to start in any direction," "Spend half an hour a day wishing good health to every one." We append a few exercises which

we have personally found useful:—

Jan. 1.—Dress in bathing-suit and stand on L. foot in ice-cold bath; R. leg extended backwards, R. eye closed; spread the toes, place the tongue in L. cheek and try to imagine what a fool you must look.

Feb. 9. Relaxation Exercise.—Sit in arm-chair by large fire, holding a full-sized Havana cigar in both lips.

March 25. Quarter-Day.—Draw in breath. Stand with feet apart, and keep on reading unpaid bills until the skin acts freely. Finish with a brisk walk to Scotland without leaving your address.

May 30. ALFRED AUSTIN born, 1835.—Roll the eye-balls in opposite directions, keeping the face as straight as possible.

July 8. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN born, 1836. Gymnastics for the head.—Stand on chalk line on the floor and study the fiscal question. R. and L. brows knitted; collar and tie removed; work the brain freely.

Aug. 9.—Dress in new, well-cut suit and jingle fifteen to twenty sovereigns in right trousers pocket (five times). Repeat with left. Think of the people you have avoided paying. This exercise has a reassuring and exhilarating effect.

Oct. 21. Trafalgar Day.—Fill the lungs and ponder for ten minutes over Lord NELSON, patriotism, the Empire, hearts of oak and the playing fields of Eton. Expel the air violently. Throw out the front of the chest and glare.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day.—Eat a generous meal. Stand erect on the hearth-rug and mention the name of your favourite enemy, adding, "A thoroughly good chap; I like him."



Amelia Jane. "STOP CRYIN', DO! DON'T BE A BABY!"

The eating championship of the world is held by an Austrian baron, who devoured fourteen geese at a sitting.

MR. LABOUCHERE does not always write Truth.

When a guinea pig attempts to bite its tail it is suffering from hydrophobia.

NATURE IN MURK.—"The burglars were making good progress with the inner door when the detectives fell upon them like an avalanche in plain clothes." —*Evening News*.

THE LIBERAL SPLIT.

Miranda "O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces."—*The Tempest*, Act. i., Sc. 2.

KEY TO ALLEGORY.

Antonio (*Actual Duke*) SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.
Prospero (*Rightful Duke*). A. PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBURY.
Miranda Almost any Unionist, disguised as a
Primrose Dame, in an Empire gown.

SCENE Cornwall. Rocky coast.

WHEN Duke Antonio's ship in SHAKESPEARE's play
Was by the Tempest's violence abused,
There followed, so the stage directions say,
"A noise within," deplorably "confused,"
And, much concerned at losing wife and kit,
The crew remarked, "We split, we split, we split!"

'Twas then Miranda, from her rocky cell
Observing what was going on at sea,
Said she would thank her sire to go and quell
The blizzard raised by his own devilry;
And, pleading softly like a plaintive dove,
Threw off the passage which appears above.

An Allegory. Lo! the Liberal craft—
Lately through halcyon seas we saw her plough;
Tried Admirals controlled her fore and aft,
Six at the helm and seven at the prow,
When suddenly, at Prosperosebery's word,
Out of the cabin a hurricane occurred.

Banished to solitude beside the wave
(Land's End, or else the Lizard) he had donned
Magician's robes, and from his seaward cave,
For so the fancy took him, fetched his wand
And called the whirlwinds out, and cried "What ho!
Send me yon Liberal lugger down below!"

There was aboard her, when the good ship brake,
A brother who had occupied his shoes;
The hermit may have wished for old time's sake
To show that he could shock him, should he choose;
That is, no doubt, C.-B. Antonio's view,
Explaining why the thing was split in two.

And sad Miranda—who assumes her rôle?
It couldn't be *The Westminster Gazette*,
For though that organ, like an injured soul,
Regards the split with infinite regret,
Still, for a daughter pleading with Papa,
Its tone is much too much *de haut en bas*.

I would, myself, engage to speak the part,
In Empire costume, as a Primrose dame:—
"Sire, you have given our nerves a horrid start;
You mustn't, please, repeat that jumpy game;
Spare the poor crew whom we would gladly see
Snug in the haven where they want to be.

"O by the name of PRIMROSE, which we share
(And we have tastes in common, more than one),
Do not, ah do not, damage past repair
Our prospect of a little quiet fun;
Bring them to land, and speed with timely aid
Our hopes of Opposition long delayed!" O. S.

WE are glad to learn from *The Times* that a Pan-Polish Committee has been formed at Warsaw. This should brighten things up a little.

THE DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

[Showing how successfully Mr. Anche as "Nick Bottom" makes an Anche of himself at the Adelphi.]

MR. OMIO STUART has done a wise thing in anticipating Christmas entertainments by a revival of SHAKESPEARE's exquisite fairy comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, it is safe to predict, will find favour with all playgoers. It will come "as a boon and a blessing" to the puzzled parents and guardians who, during the holidays, are so anxious to give the young folks from school not only a real treat for their present delectation but one which, when they arrive at being *laudatores temporis acti*, will be to them ever memorable among their recollections of the stage.

Messrs. HICKS and HARKER, the scenic artists, have done excellent work for this production, *Carpenter Quince's* home at Athens being a cleverly contrived interior, and the Wood Scene as effective a "set" as has ever been placed on any stage. When one remembers the woodland pictures at other theatres that within the last few years have been recognised as gems of scene-painting, to place this one among them is to bestow upon it praise of a distinctly high character.

As the scenery in itself is an attraction contributing its share towards the achievement of general success, so too is the music under the direction of Mr. CHRISTOPHER WILSON, ably seconded by his assistant Mr. FERRARI. MENDELSSOHN's overture begins at eight punctually, and everyone, delighting in this charming expression of the composer's fancy, should manage to be quietly seated a few minutes before that hour, in order to enjoy the delicious music that has now become part and parcel of *The Dream*. The orchestra is just a trifle too loud, but with this slight exception, a fault which it is probable ere now has been remedied, the instrumental music is admirably rendered throughout, as are the songs and choruses.

As the first "*Singing Fairy*" (*Oberon* and *Titania* apparently keep only three principal choristers, whose names do not appear in the Fairy Court Circular, where only their special qualifications as "first, second, and third, singing fairy" are recorded) Miss ELIZABETH PARKINA sang the familiar "*O'er Hill, over Dale*" with great charm; and the ever popular duet, "*I know a bank*," was so well rendered by Miss PARKINA and the "*Second*" Fairy, Miss ETHEL JAMES, as to be enthusiastically redemanded.

A little later Fairy PARKINA joined with a spritely friend of hers, namely Miss PATTIE HORNSBY, the *Third Fairy*, in the well-known duet "*You Spotted Snakes*." Subsequently did this industrious and indefatigable vocalist, the Fairy PARKINA, sing the solo and lead the chorus in "*On the Ground*," written by Master CHRISTOPHER WILSON (the Musical Director who is "keeping up the CHRISTOPHER"), finishing with the Mendelssohnian "*Through the House*" which, with its chorus, gives so telling a termination to the dramatic Fairy Tale. So Miss PARKINA, *tout-à-fait La Fée*, having plenty to do and plenty to get, in the way of applause, does her spiriting well and gracefully.

And now for the "*Immortals*," "*Mortals*," and lastly "*The Clowns*," who are mentioned as some creation entirely apart.

Fairies first. Let us agree that the ordinary fairies should be as small as possible. They ought to be so tiny that the fur of mice would provide them with winter-coats, and that for any one of them an acorn-shell would be an ample hiding place. Granted. Well, such as these, any Act of Parliament or of the L. C. C. "all to the contrary notwithstanding," it is impossible to obtain. So we are treated to the smallest size procurable, and merry little elves they are, perfectly trained, thoroughly intelligent, and working with a will. The mortal Indian boy, the cause of the domestic squabble 'twixt *Oberon* and *Titania*, is a chubby little trot, rather smaller than the least of the fairies, who wins the hearts and "hands" of all beholders.

King *Oberon*, Mr. WALTER HAMPDEN, towers above his subjects



ONLY WILLIAM'S WAY.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "WHAT A VERY UPPISH PERSON!"

MR. JOHN BULL. "OH, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT HE CALLS BEING 'CORRECT.'"

["In foreign policy the relations of the German Empire with all the Powers are correct, and with most Powers they are good and friendly."
The Kaiser's Speech at the Reichstag.—"The Times," Wednesday, November 29.]



Groom (whose master is fully occupied with unmanageable pair which has just run into rear of omnibus). "Well, anyway, it wasn't the GUV'NOR'S FAULT."
 Bus Conductor. "No—it WAS YOUR FAULT, FOR LETTING 'IM DRIVE!"

by quite a couple of feet, but how otherwise could it have been, seeing that his jealous *Queen Titania* (sweetly represented, with delicate sense of humour, by Miss ROXY BARTON) reminds him of his *amours* with *Phyllida*, and straitly accuses him of conducting himself in a rather unfairly like manner towards "the bouncing Amazon" *Hippolyta* (amply represented by Miss CONSTANCE ROBERTSON), now about to become the bride of *Theseus*, who finds a stolidly dignified impersonator in Mr. ALFRED BRYDON. And no pigmy fairy could *Titania* have been, seeing that *Oberon* plainly accuses her of being a Fairy "with a past" in respect to this same redoubtable *Theseus*. So, as to size, we may consider the cast of the fairies so far satisfactory. Miss BEATRICE FERRAR is bright and lively as *Puck*, a character of which it is well-nigh impossible for anyone to give more than a fairly satisfactory impersonation.

As *Lysander* and *Demetrius*, Mr. H. R. HIGNETT and Mr. IAN PENNY are respectively deserving of much praise. Miss FRANCES DILLON is a comparatively quiet *Hermia* until aroused, when a tiger cat is not in it with her. This situation, the quarrel, a regular low vulgar slum-alley row between two young ladies, is one of the most telling in the piece. I do not ever remember having seen its force so strongly brought out as it is by Miss DILLON as *Hermia* and Miss LILY BRAYTON as *Helena*. Miss BRAYTON, looking so pretty and speaking so distinctly, does all that possibly can be done with the part.

Mr. CALEB PORTER bears himself well, not a very heavy burden, as *Old Egeus*, father of *Hermia*, who, it seems, held some official position at the rather meagrely attended court of *Theseus*, Duke of Athens.

And the mention of the court brings me in due course to "The Clowns." Mr. LYALL SWETE, to whom the character of *Peter Quince* is no novelty, resumed his old part to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Messrs. CHARLES ROCK, KAY SOUPER, and H. KIRTS, individualised *Snug*, *Flute*, and *Snout* with considerable humour. Why *Starveling*, Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD, should be represented as stone-deaf, puzzles me. Is it an old stage tradition? If so it is a stupid one, and when overdone, as it is here, the business becomes tedious. Where is the authority for it in the original text?

As for the *Nick Bottom* of Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ it is most artistic. His thorough enjoyment of his own importance, his assumption of superiority, his airs of condescension, his overweening conceit, as a theatrical amateur, evidenced in his thrusting himself forward to show his companions how every part ought to be played, are all phases of character perfectly true to nature, and not in the least overcharged in representation. Then his nervousness before the dual audience, and, on its gradually wearing itself out, his vulgar familiarity with *Duke Theseus* and *Duchess Hippolyta*, are admirable. His utter absence of humour and his evident air of crediting himself with being an exceptionally entertaining personage, are finely brought out by Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ. In that most difficult scene where he has to wear the pantomimic head of a donkey he is excellent, and to his signal success Miss BARTON's *Titania*, so madly in love with this utter ass, artistically contributes.

The management may be heartily congratulated on the production, and Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ ought to have no reason for regretting it as an Oscar rash venture.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE LODGING-HOUSE "GENERAL."

I MADE her acquaintance in lodgings at Brighton, where she did all that was to be done in the house. She was very hard-working, and had, so far as I could judge, no repose, either in the limited sense of manner or in the general sense of taking rest. The staircase, the rooms and the passages resounded with her labour. If you can imagine a substantially embodied hurricane clattering up-stairs with a breakfast-tray in its hands, bursting with violence through a door, exclaiming "I done it quick that time," and then panting itself out as it arranged cups and dishes and the rest on the table, you will have some faint idea of the methods practised by this indomitable girl. Nothing ever pierced through the armour of her good nature. Once when, having all but reached the landing with her tray, she made a false step and rolled, like the shameless stone of Sisyphus, to the bottom, she rose from the welter of tea and buttered toast and poached eggs with a pleasant smile, remarked that she'd been bumped a lot worse than that many a time afore, and immediately began her cheerful preparations for restoring the feast. I cannot say that her immunity from hurt much surprised me, for her figure was one that nature seemed by way of precaution to have encased in oak and triple brass, over which her print dress fitted with a wonderful rigidity. Her slippers were down at heel, and the noise they made as she hurled herself across a room reminded her, she often said, of searing rooks with a clapper—for she had originally come from a farm, and still had in her bearing something of the amiable ungainliness of the cows with whom her early days had been passed.

To my mother, who was with me on this visit, she took a great fancy. She would burst in upon her at odd times (always with a tray), and relate to her in a hoarse whisper many stirring incidents of her family history. One of these conversations I overheard: "I wonder," began CONSTANCE, for that was her name, "I wonder 'ow long I shall stay 'ere. There's only me, yer see—nobody to talk to—lor', it is dull—yer see there's nobody to call young in this 'ouse—my! it is quiet. There was three where I was afore, and we was company for each other. I was in the kitchen there. I can't get on with the stairs 'ere; soon shan't be able to get my boots on for going out my feet do swell so. You never 'eard o' my brother GEORGE, I s'pose? Ah, 'e was a good un; 'e'd got a look o' your son, but bigger in the moustache and bolder lookin', and my brother was clever; 'e could write potry, 'e could, but 'e's dead now. I've brought 'is likeness to show you—that's 'is younglydy beside 'im—and 'ere's the bit o' potry 'e wrote when my brother JACK died; they're beautiful, the verses are. Mother 'ad 'em printed orl, and I'll give you the copy 'cos you're kind." These were the verses, in which I keep the punctuation of the original:—

In memory of my brother dear,
These few lines I have composed:
He is not dead in our memory here,
Although this life is closed.

It was on board a barquentine,
Ann Humphreys was her name,
JOHN HARRISON sailed from Limerick,
His living for to gain.

It was on the nineteenth day of March,
They encountered a stiffish breeze;
He got wet through, then caught a cold,
Which never did him leave.

It was on the nineteenth day of April,
He came home too ill to work;
He came home to a mother's care,
Where he could breath his native air.

It was on the nineteenth day of August,
Just five months from the start,
Our dear lad died a happy death,
Although 'twas sad for us to part.

Dear friends, this seems a singular thing,
Each day of these months should be nineteen;
But wait, there's one more for this page,
For he was nineteen years of age.

Friends? why yes, I should think he had
For he found them on every hand;
They did their best for this poor lad,
Before he left his native land.

But still we know that he is better off,
Although a vacant place at home
Can ne'er be filled upon this earth,
For God has called him for his own.

"Ah," continued the girl, when my mother had finished reading these lines, "I can see you like 'em. We all think 'em beautiful. I went to the cemetery last Sunday with some flowers for 'is grave."

"Where is he buried?" asked my mother.

"What, GEORGE? Why atop o' JACK," and with that she hurtled out of the room.

BE IN TIME.

(Some Seasonable Warnings.)

THE Postmaster-General issued last week his usual despairing instructions to the public to post early for Christmas, to tie up parcels securely, to make sure postage is fully prepaid, to address letters clearly, to obtain ample supplies of stamps, to see that envelopes fit the stamps, and so on. There is nothing like being in good time, and Christmas gets earlier every year. The present-giving, card-despatching and holiday season now begins at the end of November, and we shall soon have it in mid-autumn. Mr. Punch, therefore, implores his readers to start at once out of town so as to avoid the rush three weeks later, to take care to buy their tickets and see that their luggage is correctly labelled, to provide themselves with sufficient money for a prolonged stay in the country or at Monte Carlo (say), and not to come back till the coast is clear.

All Christmas annuals should long before now be back numbers and relegated to the nursery or foreign parts, with the exception, of course, of a certain indispensable Illustrated Almanack which will retain its freshness till its successor arrives, and after.

"He gives twice who gives early" should be the motto for purchasers of presents. Select and distribute, therefore, your *étrennes* without further delay, and there will then be ample time for their pleased recipients to pass them on three or four times over before Dec. 25th. Those who wait till the last moment and buy late will also, in accordance with the proverb, pay twice as much for being in a hurry.

Get your Christmas and New Year's Greetings over and done with as early as possible this week. This will show that you are alive to the situation and know how to avoid banalities on the dates in question.

If you are the Waits, amateur or professional, stop doing it At Once, and give up the practice altogether.

If you expect Christmas boxes of any kind, be sure to ask for them Now. This is a trying experience for all parties, and should not be allowed, through undue delay, to mar the season's festivities.

The observance of these simple precautions will enable the public to spend a quiet and unjostled holiday, and to attend to the turkey, the plum pudding and the pantomime in a proper frame of mind.



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Master (exasperated by lady who has been over-riding hounds all day). "WILL NONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TAKE THAT YOUNG LADY AWAY AND MARRY HER?"

THE ECONOMISTS; OR, 'WARE WIRE.

ANOTHER EXERCISE IN THE NEW
ADVERTISING.

The following telegrams have been exchanged between the Manager of *The Banner* Circulating Library for Book-shovers and U. B. D., Bungay, an inquirer "in a desperate hurry for books."

MESSAGE. No. 1.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Contemplate joining Book-shovers.
Desperate hurry for books. Wire how long to wait and terms.
FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
No waiting. Can join at once.
You pay £2 5s. a year and get *Banner* and two books a day shoved at you. Book-shovers two words. I had to pay halfpenny extra on your message.
Please be careful.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 2.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Not my fault about Book-shovers. Fault of telegraph operator. Get halfpenny back from G.P.O. Suppose I don't want *Banner*. What then? Reply instantly.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Must have it. No escape. You need not read it. Read books and throw away paper.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 3.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
How much two books per minute? Am very quick reader. Cannot you make reduction if I don't want *Banner*? Very annoying to have paper one does not want.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Must have paper. Please take word for it. Telegraphing becoming very costly. Can have two books per minute by paying £50 a year extra. Better read pamphlet before telegraphing again.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 4.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Have not pamphlet. Please send one by special train. Must have books at once. Send sample novels by same train. £50 too much. You did not reply to question about reduction for rejecting *Banner*.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Am despatching pamphlet. Cannot send novels until you pay subscription. Must charge you for telegrams unless you stop soon.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 5.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Pamphlet incomplete. Two pages missing. Please send another by special train.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Sorry for mistake. Am sending complete pamphlet by special train. Read attentively. Full of advantages.

FROM { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.

MESSAGE. No. 6.

TO { Manager, *Banner* Book-shoving Department.
Have read pamphlet. Shall not join. Should never know what to do with *Banner*.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

No Reply.

MORE ENTENTE.

I.—NORWAY AND "THE TIMES."

A NORWEGIAN ship-owning firm is so enchanted by the tone of *The Times* articles on the formation of the new kingdom of Norway that it has asked permission to name one of its new vessels *The Times*, to which the powers of Printing House Square have graciously consented, on condition that the ship is never allowed to approach nearer than ten knots to the Maelstrom.

That, however, is not all. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is to be the sole ballast employed; all the officers and crew are to subscribe to *The Times* library; and as a compliment to *The Times* staff various important parts of the vessel are to be named after the principal writers on the paper. The following is a list of some of the new names that have been decided upon:—

The Compass	is to be	The Buckle.
The Rudder	"	The Bell.
The Steward	"	The Walter.
The Foghorn	"	The Wynnard Hooper.
The Companion	"	The Supplement.
The Scuppers	"	The Cappers.
The Windlass	"	The Wallace.
The Anchor	"	The Amery.
The Binnacle	"	The Humphry Ward.
The Siren	"	The Maitland.
The Lifeboat	"	The Stars and Stripes.

Furthermore every A.B. on this vessel will be known as A.B.W.

II.—NEWFOUNDLAND AND "THE DAILY MAIL."

In connexion with recent political events which have led to the internal development of this interesting island, the Editor of *The Daily Mail* has received a signal compliment conveyed in the following letter from the Governor of Newfoundland:—

"During the negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement, it has been a great comfort and satisfaction to us all to note the appreciation, sympathy, and support with which our case has been met in the columns of your highly esteemed and altogether corroborating journal. As the result of an unanimous *plébiscite* of the entire population, I am empowered to inform you that it is the intention of the Colony to rename all the principal towns, capes, &c., in your honour. The details are not all decided, but I may mention that it is practically settled to rename St. John's St. Alfred's, while Capes Bauld, Ray, and Race, will henceforth be known as Capes Harold, Hildebrand, and Cecil. The Annicopsquatch



[Japanese wrestling is now being taught in the night-schools all over the kingdom.]

Mistress. "MAY I ASK WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS DISGRACEFUL BEHAVIOUR?"

New Buttons. "THE BUTLER AND ME, MUM, 'AD A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, MUM. SO I GIVE 'IM A LITTLE 'JOO-JITSOO,' MUM!"

Mountains, hitherto sadly handicapped by their cacophonous title, will, it is confidently believed, take a new and more commanding position under the impressive cognomen of the Carmelite Rockies, and the Blowmedown Mountains have been felicitously rechristened Begbie's Beacons. A slight *contretemps* has arisen owing to the fact that seventeen different towns have all clamoured for the honour of being renamed Answersville, but it is hoped that this difficulty may be arranged by the process of drawing lots amongst the eighty-three newspapers conducted under your management. But before going any further, we make free to ask your kind sanction to use the name of your revered family to replace that by which the island is at present known. 'Harmsworthland,' in the opinion of every thinking man, is at once a more concise, heroic and tasty appellation than that under which we now labour; and we foresee a time when no newspaper office in Great Britain will be complete without a Harmsworthland dog."

In reply the Editor of *The Daily Mail* has assured the Governor that he was honoured by the proposal, and gladly accorded whatever sanction might be in his power.

III.—QUEENSLAND AND "THE SPECTATOR."

Great exultation prevails at No. 1, Wellington Street, Strand, in consequence of the extremely gratifying cablegram recently received by the Editor from the Premier of Queensland. The message was as follows:—"Nothing has given greater comfort during prolonged drought than your matchless animal stories. Leading local millionaire offers to endow Professorship of Supernatural History at Never Never University, on condition it is called *The Spectator* Professorship, and that the holder shall be (1) an efficient member of rifle club, (2) Free trader. Shall be glad to hear whether you approve proposal." The Editor, we learn, has despatched a reply in the following terms:—"Delighted by generous and tactful compliment. By this simultaneous insistence on the paramount importance of free trade, the rifle, and the long-bow, another nail has been driven into the coffin of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S sinister proposals."

GIANTS AND GENIL.—"Twenty Artistes and fifty other huge items."—(Extract from bill of touring company exhibited in Taunton.)

HORACE (NOT HUTCHINSON) ON THE LINKS.

THE swishing drive which lands you clean

Upon the stretch of turf between
The distant bunker and the green;

The coy approach which deftly hops
Into the atmosphere and stops
A-yard or two from where it drops;

The putt along the well-trimmed lea
That consummates a perfect three—
Such things are good enough for me.

Give me a foe whose constant aim
Throughout the round is much the same
As mine—to win a sporting game;

Yet let him be, upon the whole,
A mild, unadjectival soul,
A monument of self control.

Give me a caddie disinclined
To fall unduly far behind
And sport with others of his kind.

Then, if the morning chance to wear
A countenance serene and fair,
With just a sparkle in the air,

I crave of Fate no more; for when
She smiles upon me thus, why, then
I am at peace with gods and men.



QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

Motorist. "WHAT! EXCEEDING THE LEGAL LIMIT? DO WE LOOK AS IF WE WOULD DO SUCH A THING?"

THE AUTHOR'S DOOM.

[In an interview in *La Liberté* M. GEORGES ONNET complains that conditions have not changed in favour of the novelist since he began his career. These lines indicate the general tenour of his lament.]

Time was when my works were awaited
 With eager expectant delight;
 'Twas woman's whole duty to rave of the beauty
 Of all that I happened to write.
 They read me with ardour unbated,
 Old frumps and delectable girls,
 The middle-class maiden, the dowager laden
 With adipose tissue and pearls.
 The publishers' they swarmed,
 They filled each thronging room;
 In bookshops, too, one found a crew
 Of ladies who fought all they knew;
 The libraries they stormed,
 Regardless of their doom,
 By hook or crook to get my book—
 In short, it was a boom.

But, ladies, I've passed out of fashion
 With dodos and Latin and Greek;
 Your reading consists of short snippets and lists of
 The notable books of the week;
 Rough games are your dominant passion,
 And every sweet hour when you're free
 From the Club or the City or Suffrage Committee
 Is given to sport—not to me.

Across the links you stride
 In rugged Harris tweed,
 You swim, you float, you yacht and boat,
 You love to mope in great fur coat,

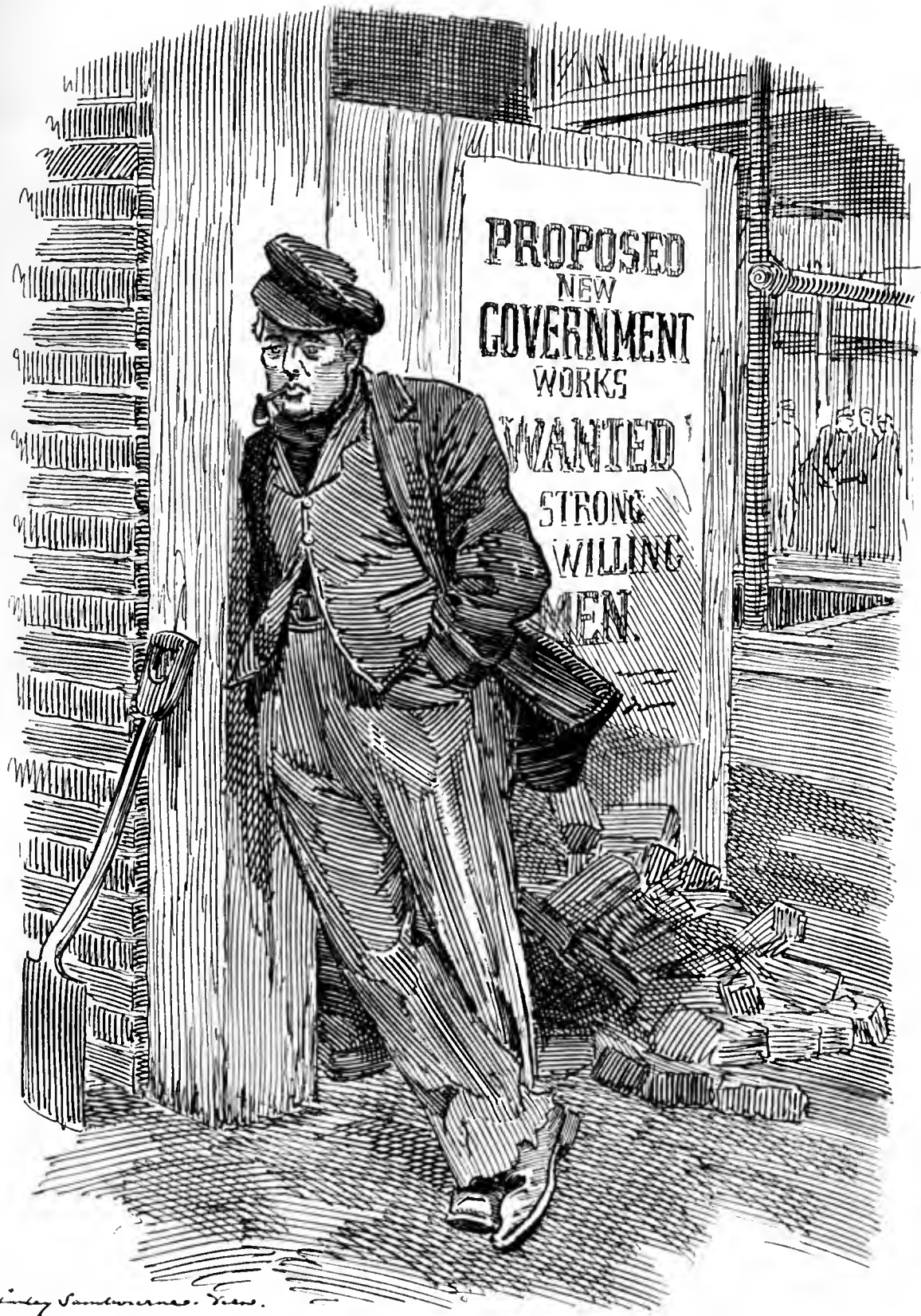
Mazeppa-like you ride
 To hounds at break-neck speed;
 There's one thing you refuse to do—
 You never, never read.

Nay, that's not the worst of the story;
 Not only on publishers' shelves
 Am I left forsaken, but, ladies, you've taken
 To writing your fiction yourselves.
 Each JANE has a perfect *furor*
 For scribbling long reams of MS.,
 And I don't know a FANNY, a KATE, or an ANNIE
 Who isn't just going to press.
 But all your toil is vain,
 And woe will soon begin,
 Your meal will fly, your cruse be dry,
 When none come nigh your wares to buy;
 Soon each must needs obtain
 Her neighbour's book to win
 Her daily steak, like those who take
 Each other's washing in.

If we may believe *The Daily Mail's* headlines,—
 "C-B." SPEAKS,
 BUT SAYS NOTHING.

How seldom our statesmen lay their entire innermost
 thoughts before us in this frank and outspoken manner!

WE glean the following advice from *The Farmer and Stockbreeder*: "There is great value in an occasional cup of hot water. Take it before retiring for insomnia." But why retire for insomnia? Why not go to sleep?



Sidney Simeon. New.

THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

[Dedicated to Lord R-S-B-RY.]



IN THE NEAR EDUCATIONAL FUTURE.



"If you please, mother's got a slight inflammation of the pericardium. Can you give her a pennyworth of something to lower the action of the heart?"



"I stole 'em? Well, the *onus probandi* lies with you!"



"Not black beetles, Mum. Cockroaches. I can tell by the membranous character of the anterior wings."



"Permit me to remind you this isn't a plaice, Mum. It's a halibut, *Hippoglossus vulgaris*. Belongs to the *Pleuronectidae* family. Only eightpence per pound."



"Yes, there was a lot of soot, Mum. I expect it was largely due to the bituminous character of the coal. You see it contains about eighty-eight per cent. of carbon."



"I should say, Mamma, from the occipital shape of baby's head, that the cerebellum is over-developed, and he rather exhibits neurotic tendencies."



"What's he done? Why, he's been and punched me in the intercostal region, and also caused an abrasion of my fibula!"

The New 'District' Developer.

Why go to the expense of buying
A HERCULES EXERCISER

when you can strain every muscle in your body

BY STRAPHANGING

every morning, all the way from Ealing to the City,
without any extra charge whatever.

"ONE great advantage of the 'Arrow' 'buses,' said the old lady, "is that you can always tell in which direction they're going by the way the arrow points."

"BUILDING-GROUND at end of electric tramcar; fine, healthy locality."—Advt. in "The Belfast News Letter."

A good idea for the L.C.C. Why not let out the spare spaces on their steamers in this way?

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

NO. III.—HOW TO FURNISH A BEDROOM.

LET us suppose that your room is constructed with four walls, one floor, one ceiling, one door, one window, and one fireplace. A word about each of these.

Walls.—It is customary to have pieces of paper stuck on to the walls of a room. This is done by means of a substance called paste. You first buy enough paper for the purpose and then call in a tradesman known as a paper-hanger and say to him, "Hang this paper." You need only say it once, unless you decide to stick the paper on yourself, in which case you will say it more frequently.

Floor.—This is the part of the room you will walk on. In order to save wear of the wood of which it is made, you must cover it with a carpet. Carpets may be bought either at Wilton (near Salisbury), in Turkey, in Brussels, or in Pile. Pile is not shown on the maps.

Ceiling.—It is not necessary to carpet the ceiling. The flies prefer it white-washed.

Door.—A structure of wood made to open either outwards or inwards. Make up your mind whether you wish to enter your room or to leave it more frequently, and have the door hung accordingly.

Window.—A more inconvenient means of entrance or egress than the last, but preferred by burglars. "Window," like "orange," has no known rhyme in the English language, but there the resemblance ceases.

Fireplace.—This, as its name implies, is the place for a fire, but it may also be used as a fernery.

The most expensive article of furniture in a properly equipped bedroom is the bed, because it has to be made every day. It is usually made of wood or iron and, where thorough efficiency is required, it might be as well to keep a carpenter or a blacksmith on the premises to attend to the matter. The spread of technical education, however, has made it possible sometimes to find a housemaid who knows how to make a bed. A bed is intended to sleep in, and is generally considered the most suitable article manufactured for that purpose, although a well-cushioned pew is held by some to be an efficient substitute. It is not recommended, however, that a bedroom should be furnished with a pew. Where economy is a desideratum a water bed (not to be confounded with the bed of the ocean) might perhaps serve the purpose. These are recommended by the faculty, and are used by invalids. Where the water-rate is low this idea is worth consideration. Some doctors also recommend *hop pillows*. This recommendation is apt to be misunderstood and consequently resented.

Clothes are usually kept in a bedroom, and it would be obviously inconvenient to have them in a heap upon the floor, which is intended for other purposes. Nor is the ceiling available, for reasons connected with the law of gravity discovered by Sir ISAAC NEWTON. The ingenuity of ages has therefore brought to perfection various receptacles, of which the best known are the wardrobe and the chest of drawers. It would be an impertinence to describe either of these pieces of furniture, and impertinence is no part of the design of these papers.

We now turn to the washstand. To obviate the necessity of performing the customary mututinal ablutions under a tap in the kitchen or the stable-yard, it occurred to some ingenious inventor in bygone years to provide a basin and ewer in the sleeping-chamber itself. The ewer is filled with water at stated intervals, and from it the basin can be charged with a supply sufficient for all practical purposes. The corollary idea of elevating both basin and ewer to a convenient height soon brought about the discovery of the washstand as we know it to-day, the whole process being a remarkable instance of the evolution of ideas. It does not seem to be necessary to say anything more about the washstand.

The question of the dressing-table is a more complicated one, but it is useless to try and burke it. Hairpins, we suppose, must be kept somewhere, and the same may be said of silver-topped scent bottles. Then why not on a dressing-table? The problem, if problem there be, thus simply stated, solves itself. Upon the dressing-table, sometimes a component part of it, stands a looking-glass for the purpose of reflecting the form and features of him or her who uses it. A lady's dressing-table is usually provided with two small drawers, in one of which she may keep her watch and her fringe-nets and in the other her purse. When pockets again come into fashion the second drawer will become less necessary.

Every bedroom should contain a chair or two. It is well to be provided against all contingencies, and it may very well happen that the occupier of the bedroom at some time or another may wish to sit down. He or she would then be in a very awkward predicament if these useful articles of furniture had been left out of account when the room was being furnished.

We have said nothing about the decoration of the bedroom, and intend to say nothing. This may be left entirely to the preference of the occupier. If your tastes run in the direction of plush brackets and peacocks' feathers, by all means have them. If not, leave them

out of your scheme of decoration. It is your room, and nobody else has the slightest right to criticise. We speak strongly on this subject because we feel strongly. More harm is done by ill-considered advice than is generally supposed. We, for our part, know where to stop, and we stop here.

THE DARING DAMSEL.

"Young ladies are the only people nowadays who have the courage of their opinions, and all the daring books are written by feminine pens."
—Lady Violet Greville.]

NOWADAYS, where can you find
Men who dare to speak their mind?
Only ladies who are young
Have a quick, courageous tongue.

Who, amongst the modern men,
Wields a ready, fearless pen?
Only maids of seventeen
Dare to scribble what they mean.

Literary maidens write
Daringly, with all their might,
And, presumably, intend
That our hair shall stand on end.

I have often thought of them,
Sitting down at nine A.M.,
And endeavouring to shock
Somebody, till one o'clock.

I can almost hear them laugh,
As they pen a paragraph
Full of wicked little bits
Guaranteed to give us fits.

Maidens, I believe you make
An excusable mistake.
You are very young and so
Cannot be supposed to know.

But the things that seem to you
Daring are not *very* new,
For the newest, I believe,
Is about as old as EVE.

If you ever make our eyes
Bulge a little with surprise,
It is when you illustrate
Maiden English up-to-date.

You unquestionably can
Startle the grammarian
In a way that puts to shame
Any man that I could name.

You accept no aged rules
From academies and schools.
Fearlessly you stand alone,
With a grammar of your own.

THERE was a young lady of Condover
Whose husband had ceased to be fond
Of her:
He couldn't forget
That he'd loved a brunette:—
And peroxide had since made a blonde
Of her.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—NO. 5.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

CHARIVARIA.

We are in a position to state definitely the truth about Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Home Rule. It is unfair to Sir HENRY to assert that he is an out-and-out Home Ruler. The matter depends entirely upon the size of his majority at the General Election. It is quite possible that this majority may be large enough to enable him to scout the idea. Sir HENRY hopes that the last may now be heard of a discussion which was not of his own choosing, and is distasteful to him.

The CZAR, it is stated, in view of the general situation, has decided to cancel all State ceremonies—including a great popular demonstration on the anniversary of his accession.

The Powers have taken charge of some of the SULTAN's customs. We know of another monarch whose manners need overhauling. The SULTAN might drop his friend a hint.

According to an official return, there are 330 men and women in Bulgaria who are between the ages of 100 and 110. Their longevity is attributed to their good teeth and excellent digestion, and to their not being monarchs of a neighbouring State.

"Electric cars," it is announced, "will begin running from West Green to the Alexandra Palace on December 6." We are not told by what date the course is to be finished.

The Local Government Board has refused to allow the expenses incurred by the Urban Council of Clacton in telegraphing weather reports to the Press. In consequence, unless other arrangements are made, Clacton will have no weather in the future.

The London County Council, we hear, are now prepared, during the winter months, to let out some of their steamboats to private persons, at a moderate charge, for picnics, water-frolics, &c.

The Mayor of ISLINGTON is about to make an experiment which will be watched with great interest. He has determined to do without the formal announcement by the mace-bearer at the council meetings that "The Worshipful the Mayor of ISLINGTON is about to

take his seat." The idea of dispensing with this formality is, we believe, an American one. We say this without any wish to detract from the Mayor of ISLINGTON's pluck.

The Mayor of ISLINGTON has also proposed that the various Borough Councils shall have a central intelligence exchange. The difficulty here would be that some of the Borough Councils might have nothing to offer.

LORD STANLEY has now stated that postmen are not blood-suckers, and has thus deprived bus-drivers of a great advantage in the discussion which ensues

National Dog Show at Birmingham was the sole survivor of the dogs attached to the Ziegler Arctic Expedition. He was surrounded all day by a number of other dogs who listened to his yarns and politely pretended to believe them.

Owing to the comparative failure of the sardine fisheries, thousands of sprats are being pressed into the service of foreign sardine merchants, but, if we are to believe a story which reaches us, class feeling survives death. Our correspondent declares that, on opening a tin last week, he found, on the top of a number of sprats, a family of six sardines, huddled together for social warmth.

"May I ask what becomes of all the waste food of the hotels, clubs, restaurants, &c.?" asks a gentleman who writes to *The Daily Mail*. The *maîtré* of some persons is astounding. Has this correspondent never heard of Curr'd Mutton?

Considerable indignation was apparent in the omnibus world last Thursday, when it became known that Sir EDWARD ELGAR, lecturing at Birmingham University as Professor of Music, had been speaking against English Conductors.

What is this we read? We knew that only scanty clothing was required for certain sports, but we were not prepared for the following development of the idea. "Fifteen hundred men," states *The Express*, "are now engaged in fitting up Olympia for the Winter Sports Club, and they are working in day and night shifts." The *Simple Life* again, we suppose.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

A CARELESS WATCH INVITES A VIGILANT Foe.

after a collision between an omnibus and a mail-cart.

"Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER," it is announced, "was quietly married on November 25." Are we to understand that most actresses are noisily married?

A bomb-shell has fallen in the ranks of the young ladies who are engaged to Militia and Yeomanry officers. "The period of attachment for officers of Militia and Imperial Yeomanry who are candidates for commissions in the Regular Army has been reduced from four to two months," says an Army Order.

The most interesting exhibit at the

Sir WILLIAM BROADBENT has denounced the use of india-rubber "comforters" for babies. We were under the impression that they had been discarded long ago in favour of cigarettes.

Sensationalism in the Evening Press.

According to *The Westminster Gazette*, "the army of tourists among whose recollections of Switzerland the old Rhine bridge at Basle is not the least interesting or picturesque feature of the somewhat dull patrician town, must now be numbered with the things that are no more." We are happy to be able to state that this is an exaggeration of the facts: quite a number of survivors have since turned up.

MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

III.

"HADN'T you better give that to me, dearie?" remarked Twoyears, in a tone of indulgent patronage, as, leaning suddenly forward, he endeavoured to wrest a woolly sheep from the grasp of the recumbent infant.

The baby frowned but tightened its grip too late, as with a sudden jerk the toy changed hands, leaving only a few fleecy shreds in its owner's dimpled fist. The bare branches of Kensington Gardens moved slowly by overhead as the mail-cart passed beneath them, and from Nurse's end of it came sounds of vivacious repartee and the clank of spurs.

"That's my sheep, and you know it," exclaimed the baby, dropping its lip.

"Yes, my pet," returned the other coolly. "I'm only keeping it for you till you are old enough to appreciate it, as Mummy does with my birthday presents. It is a sheep, as you say, but I very much doubt if you recognise its connection with nursery dinner."

"Ah well," replied the baby, "I'm going to have some jam to-night anyhow, in a spoon."

"Are you, though?" said the other with a lofty smile; "poor little kid!"

"Why — you always told me jam was nice."

"Yes, but there's jam and jam," replied Twoyears; "there's the kind that grown-up people have on their plates and refuse to part with, and the kind they bring you in a teaspoon at night which always leaves you under the impression that you have made a fatal mistake in swallowing it."

"Very well then, I sha'n't take it."

"Oh, won't you? You're as helpless in the matter as I am when they put me in the bath first to see if the water is too hot for you."

"It's a remarkably good test, I notice," retorted the baby with a smile.

"It's a most unjust proceeding!" replied the other hotly, "and you'll find I shall kick at it one of these days."

"But you do that every night," sniggered the baby; "and, by the way, you haven't got a pair of legs like I have. You should hear the ladies go into raptures over mine, when I'm taken down on Mummy's 'At Home' day."

"Why, bless your little heart!" sneered Twoyears. "It's not your legs they're interested in *really*, it's the kind of stuff your petticoats are made of. One of my earliest recollections is of old

mark my words!' and though I did 'hot pies' repeatedly with both hands, it failed to amuse her."

"I don't wonder; you're getting a bit above yourself over that 'hot pies' business; but it's no good to you as an exercise — you can take it from me. 'Hot pies' will never fit you for the battle of life, or enable you to drop the cat in the water-jug as I did yesterday."

"Possibly not, but I am by no means so helpless as you imagine. Have you noticed Daddy's nose, for instance?"

"Yes, I saw it was badly barked, but thought he'd been knocking it against the table leg by mistake, like I do sometimes."

"No," announced the infant triumphantly, "that was me. Yesterday Mummy took me into the library to show Daddy my new bonnet. It was after lunch, and he was lying on the sofa playing tigers with his eyes shut. When Mummy said, 'Wake Daddy up,' it was my intention to open his eyes with the silver rattle I had in my hand, but somehow I missed my aim and brought it down on his nose instead."

"What happened?" said Twoyears.

"He woke, and began to talk in such a lively manner that Mummy took me out of the room."

"I daresay you hurt him," remarked Twoyears, "they are always sensitive over trifles like that. But hullo! don't look over the way, whatever you do — there are the next-door children and their nurse, and Mummy doesn't wish us to know them."

"Well, our Mr. ATKINS has gone across to walk with them, anyhow," said the baby.

"In that case," said Twoyears apprehensively, "look out for squalls! Doesn't NAN-XA look angry? You can see her better than I can."

"No," said the baby, "she's smiling at something in front."

Twoyears peered forward, then sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Saved!" he said. "It's a policeman!"



Mr. O'Rourke (who has been quarrelling with a Visitor). "Now, REMEMBER, JANE, THE NEXT TIME YOU LET THAT MAN IN YOU'RE TO SHUT THE DOOR IN HIS FACE!"

Grannie shedding a tear in private over the lace edging on my petticoat because it was imitation torchon, and she said she little thought to see a child belonging to her come to such beggary. That was before we made our money."

"Ah, she's altered her tone since then, for only last week she was examining my clothing on the quiet, and when she came to some garment or other (about the thirteenth in order of putting on) I heard her say to herself, 'Real Mechlin! There'll be a smash presently,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE appearance of the *Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid* (CASSELL) was looked forward to, in political circles, with exceptional interest. For a quarter of a century he had established personal relations with public men that gave him insight to the working of the machinery of politics. In succession he enjoyed the confidence of Mr. W. E. FORSTER, Mr. GLAISTONE, and Lord ROSEBURY. Beyond these he knew all who were worth knowing among lesser stars of the political firmament. A keen observer, a trained writer, it was reasonable to suppose that his memoirs, written and prepared for publication before his death, would be a valuable contribution to the history of our own time. The anticipation will doubtless be realised when the publication is completed. In the volume just issued the narrative does not extend beyond the year 1885, comprehending a comparatively humdrum epoch. It was in the following year that Mr. GLAISTONE, nailing the Home Rule flag to the Liberal ship, completed its hopeless wreckage. "For political reasons" the editor, Mr. STUART REID, brother of the memoirist, defers publication of what was written after that date. This has something of the effect of making a sort of one-horse shay of the book. Yet, regarded solely on its merits, the instalment is interesting and excellent. The struggling journalist slowly making his way in an honourable career will find much encouragement. REID began without the aid of adventitious circumstances. By sheer capacity, indomitable energy, tireless industry, he won his way to the front rank. As he tells of his own life, its early difficulties, its latest successes, he introduces many piquant portraits of public men met by the way. Amongst other things the memoirs bring into powerful light the immense strides the provincial Press has taken during the last thirty years, bringing some on a level of equality with their metropolitan contemporaries. To this end, REID, during his editorship of *The Leeds Mercury*, appreciably contributed. His familiar friends, among whom my Baronite is proud to have counted himself, will agree with Lord ROSEBURY in recognising in him "the high example of a brave and unselfish life."

The Baron's heart mightily rejoiceth at the reappearance of good old *Gammer Grethel*, with all her familiar fairy tales. Would that the reproductions of the illustrations were more satisfactory, for are not the pictures GEORGE CRICKSHANK'S? Assuredly so. CRICKSHANK was never, as an artist, "a lady's man" (note his failure with *Rosebud* and *The Goose Girl*), nor ever the best kind of Fairies' man, being, in this line of business, but a poor second to DICKY DOYLE, while as to humorous and grotesque drawings he was nowhere near Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the inimitable creator of *Alice-in-Wonderland's* queer people; yet for genuine drollery there have been few who could give us such a laugh as CRICKSHANK does with, for example, his illustration to the story of *The Jew in the Bush*. Could the idea of swift travelling be more clearly expressed than it is by CRICKSHANK in his picture of the Prince seated on the brush of the running fox? His "Pe-wit" and his "Heads Off" are simply delicious. The Baron is aware that there are two ways of spelling this artist's name, but prefers the above, for which there is excellent authority. The full title of the book is *Gammer Grethel's Fairy Tales* (THE DE LA MORE PRESS).

For some years Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL has delighted the readers of a widely circulated weekly paper with a lay sermon. The subjects have ranged from eels to CHARLOTTE BRONTË, from spectacles to Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD, from potatoes and cabbage to GEORGE ELIOT and JANE AUSTEN. In the interim divers topics suggested by recent reading or the events of the day are dealt with in chatty, withal cultured fashion that instructs while it charms. Dr. NICOLL has made a selection

of his essays, which HODDER AND STOUGHTON publish under the title *The Day Book of Claudius Clear*. My Baronite assures those who have not come across the papers in the weekly aforesaid that the pages of *The Day Book* are well worth turning over.

A pretty little portable *Pocket Diary for 1906* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE) can be recommended by the Baron as practically useful, and for its quotations interesting. Get some of these by heart and you will never be at a loss when asked to write a few lines in an album.

Two volumes of *A History of Our Own Times* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) complete Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *magnum opus*. They cover the period between the Diamond Jubilee of Queen VICTORIA in 1897 and the accession of King EDWARD VII. Whilst presenting a comprehensive narrative of events closely concerning the British Empire during those dates, the volumes include a review of changes through which public life, Literature, Art, and Science, passed during the long reign of Queen VICTORIA. My Baronite notes a marked difference of style in these supplementary volumes compared with those that went before. They are much quieter in tone and colour, thereby even exceeding the quality of impartiality which marked the earlier instalments. In increasing measure Mr. MCCARTHY discloses his conviction that it is the historian's business to narrate, not to argue. The result is the presentation of a dispassionate survey of public events happening through a critical epoch in the history of the Empire and the world. The narrative, thus concluded up to recent date, will be a prized acquisition to the library not only of those who study history but of those who make it.

Mr. HALDANE MACFALL'S *Sir Henry Irving* (T. N. FOWLES) is to a certain extent valuable as a contribution to our information concerning the life of the great actor whose loss we all deplore. As a frontispiece there is a satisfactory reproduction of an impressive photographic portrait of Sir HENRY, but the queer caricatures of him by Mr. GORDON CRAIG seem to be somewhat out of place.

A book entitled *The Recollections of an Eton Colleger* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co.) by C. H. M. ("M. or N. as the case may be"), though utterly lacking in humour and making no pretension to literary merit, is calculated to interest Etonians generally, but particularly the majority of them, who, having been "Oppidans," i.e. residing in tutorial houses and not in College, know very little, as a rule, of the routine of life within the College walls. Strictly speaking, only the Collegers, or "Tugs," are genuine Etonians, as the Pious and Royal Founder contemplated simply a Monastic College under the rule of "Learned Benedictines," and the idea of "Tutors" and "Dames," with their profitable houses and pupils, never occurred to him. The "Tug" life is in this book minutely described by one who was "in it" from 1898 to 1902. "Oppidan" existence is mentioned incidentally. The text of the Eton Boating Song, which has obtained popularity, but was certainly unknown in the days of Dr. KEATE, Dr. HAWTRY, Dr. GOODFORD, and probably under Dr. HORNBY, is given in full. This book is worth adding to any Etonian collection that already includes *Recollections of Eton* (1870), *About Some Fellows*, and *Memories of Eton and Etonians in the Forties*.



CHARIVARIA.

In their forecasts as to who would fill the various offices under the new Government, all the papers—and especially the Liberal ones, as an Irishman points out—made one curious omission. We refer to the Premier of Ireland (and adjacent islands)—Mr. W. REDMOND.

We think that, when there was a question of a change of Government, Lord ROSEBURY was quite right to keep himself before the public, but it is questionable whether he need have adopted such a drastic measure as being thrown out of a phaeton. He might have hurt himself.

The Royal Marines, it is stated, are to be withdrawn from our ships, and located on land. "His Majesty's Jollies" will not, we fancy, be averse to the change, for the treatment they generally received afloat was that of Snubmarines.

No system, we suppose, has ever been devised which has been found capable of meeting all requirements. An economical school-boy who wrote to the manager of *The Times* Library asking whether he could be supplied with a penny book of arithmetical tables subject to the discount as advertised, has, we hear, received no reply.

By-the-by, it is alleged that there is an American millionaire behind *The Times*. If this be true, it is a position in which an American very seldom finds himself.

At the fire which took place at Shrewsbury School last week, the boys assisted in saving some valuable books from the library. In this, according to our information, the lads showed a nice discrimination, Latin grammars, Euclids, and the like being allowed to burn.

Apparently regattas in Australia are as dangerous as football matches in America. *The Melbourne Herald*, a copy of which has just reached us, informs us that at the Henley-on-Yarra regatta "the river was thickly covered with pleasure boats, human hands, oil, steam and electricity being the motive power employed to drive the craft."

The announcement is made that a substitute for tobacco has been dis-

Owing to the practice of throwing stones at motor-cars, which has become very common in Berlin, many cars are now fitted with thin wire-netting to protect the windows, and there is a renewed outcry against those who interfere with the simple pleasures of the poor.

Snake-skin clothes are mentioned as a novelty by a contemporary. As a matter of fact they have been worn by snakes for years.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT, on leaving Quebec, was pelted with eggs by Canadians, who were indignant at her criticisms of their lack of culture. It seemed a queer way of trying to convince the gifted actress that she had made a mistake.

It has transpired that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who was at one time reputed to be a Scotchman, paid the cabman who drove him to Buckingham Palace in gold.

A Testimonial—
But which way?

FROM the advertisement of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY'S engagement in *The Birmingham Evening Express*:—"During one of the most powerful scenes in *The Breed of the Treshams*, a gentleman left his seat in the dress circle and, staggering to the

bar, asked for a whisky-and-soda. Before it could be supplied he fell fainting to the floor, and it required considerable effort on the part of the attendants and his friends to bring him back to consciousness."

The Spread of Education.

SCENE—Hair-dresser's shop.

Little Girl. I wonder why it's called a rotary brush.

Hairdresser. I don't know, Miss. Perhaps because it stimulates the roots of the hair.



HUNTING IN HIS DREAMS.

(Lady singing takes a high note.)

M.F.H. (enjoying a post-prandial nap). "HARK TO DAIRYMAID! Heic! Heic! Heic!"

covered. It was found, we imagine, inside a penny cigar.

The fact, elicited in the course of a trial last week, that the heartless fraud of pawning imitation gems is sometimes practised with success, has not called forth the outburst of public sympathy which the pawnbrokers expected.

The City Police propose to reduce the number of motor-omnibuses running through their territory, fearing that otherwise the motor-omnibuses may reduce the number of City Police.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

[DECEMBER 5.]

Two spectacles to-day invite compare.

And each superb in its peculiar line :

One is at Smithfield, one in Belgrave Square,
At No. 29 :

Here, the great C.-B., prime among his peers,

Is busy probing warriors for the battle ;

And there, the connoisseurs of sheep and steers
Are proggng fattened cattle.

May not a faint similitude be traced

In these two shows that fill the London stage ?

Both exhibitions equally are graced

By Royal Patronage ;

Each cast 's a bit above its normal size —

Here swelling chests, and there a paunch distended,—

And some have got a first or second prize,

And some are just "commended."

For me, I own I draw a larger mirth

From where the new-made Order onsets the old ;

Oxen and swine may strain their tripled girth,

Yet leave my marrow cold ;

But, where the all-green Home Rule banner waves,

And ROSEBURY'S Leaguers stand and blink thereunder,

I have to let off steam in joyous staves,

Or simply burst asunder.

Not for a decade have I felt so fat

With human joy ; indeed there seems to be,

Judging by jocund brows, this side and that,

A general jubilee ;

For these have pouched the booty, long their dream ;

And those, that craved the sweets of Opposition,

May cross their legs and watch the other team

Work out its own perdition.

Give me, for two brief years I ask no more—

Beneath the new *régime* to live and laugh,

And then, ere yet the thing becomes a bore,

To tag its epitaph ;—

And I'll not do as some ungenerous foes

That stamp to-day upon the dead or stone 'em,

But sing their virtues, letting silence close

On all that isn't *bonum*.

O. S.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A HARMLESS mathematical reader has been endeavouring to propound a new theory of probability. The following are examples :—

$$C-B = P-R$$

reduced to simple terms reads :—

$$\text{Campbell} - \text{Kannerman} = \text{PREMIER.}$$

Again

$$C-B = P-R$$

reduced to simple terms reads

$$\text{Chamberlain} - \text{Balfour} = \text{PROTECTION} - \text{RETALIATION.}$$

Transposing these terms we get

$$B-C = R-P$$

$$= \text{Balfour minus Chamberlain} = \text{Retaliation minus Protection.}$$

Q. E. D.

FROM a Highland plumber's bill after the allaying of suspicions concerning the drains :—

"To man and boy looking for smell, 2s. 6d.

NATURE STUDIES.

DECEMBER FAIRIES.

THE other day, being in search of a lost and long-forgotten document, I came by chance upon a large and evidently an ancient box, which appeared, from the dust that lay upon it, to have passed many undisturbed years in the situation in which I found it. It was not locked, and I opened it. I need not make a list of all the frayed and musty and discoloured objects, fragments of things that had had their use and given pleasure long ago, which I discovered in it. But at last there appeared a certain something which, as it were with a shock and rattle, drew back the curtains of an old mystery and brought up a memory in a flash of light. What the Something was I shall say later. The memory I shall now relate :

It was evening, about six o'clock, I fancy,—at any rate it was a good bit before bed-time, which in those remote days was fixed at seven. We were on the ground floor in the drawing-room, ROSAMOND, I and the baby. We were there because in a few minutes we were going to look out of the window and see fairies. We knew they were coming, because Papa had had a letter to that effect, and had read it out to us. Baby must have been two years old or a little more. She was bobbing about amongst the chairs and tables and us like a cork on the surface of the sea, never still for a moment. She simply wouldn't be left behind when there was any excitement—just insisted on going with us, and we had to take her whether we liked it or not. Mamma came in and said, "They'll be here soon. When you hear a bell ring you'll know they've come." Papa wasn't there; he never was when the fairies were expected. He said they were very shy and didn't like people who wore trousers. I thought this was very hard on him, and had told him I was sorry for him, but he said he must try to bear it. At any rate, he wasn't there.

Suddenly the light went out in the drawing-room, and ROSAMOND (whose age, I suppose, was four to my own five and a half) began to whimper. She never at any time really cried right out, but she stood still with her shoulders high up, and twisted her hands together and untwisted them, and her face seemed to crumple up into the queerest shape, and in a moment she had a bucketful of water in each eye. This was her way of crying. She was crying now, not because she was afraid of fairies, but because she was convinced that whenever it was dark in the drawing-room three ferocious bears began to live in it. Somebody (it may have been I—I suppose it must have been, because it certainly wasn't the baby, who paid no attention to ROSAMOND, and it wasn't Mamma, I'm sure) somebody told her not to be silly—and at that moment there was heard outside the tinkling sound of a bell, and baby fell down over a footstool with a loud bang and began to yell. She was picked up and soothed, and all this time the bell tinkled away like mad, as if it was very impatient. I can hear it still in my mind's ear: it sounded rather like the silver bell Mamma used to ring in the dining-room when she wanted JAMES to take our plates away. Anyhow, it was tinkling and tinkling, and at last Mamma drew up a blind and we made a rush for the window. Baby fell down again, but somebody picked her up and she got there first, making an awful chatter.

When we looked out through the window on to the lawn we saw—at least I saw, for ROSAMOND was still under the influence of imaginary bears—a wonderful sight. Three perfectly beautiful little fairies with lovely shining wings were dancing up and down and round and round, and curtsying and bobbing and flitting, and glancing and pirouetting as if they wanted us to admire their skill and beauty. I wished to call LIZZIE's attention to them—LIZZIE was our nurse and didn't really believe in fairies—but she wasn't there. Mamma said



Bernard Partridge.

REST, NOT RUST.

LORD CURZON. "UNARM . . . THE LONG DAY'S TASK IS DONE."

MR. PUNCH. "BETTER KEEP YOUR WEAPONS NEAR YOU, SIR. YOU MAY BE NEEDED AT ANY MOMENT."





Visitor. "I'M SO GLAD TO FIND YOU GOING ON SO NICELY, MRS. JENKINS! AND IS THIS THE DEAR LITTLE SOUL? I WOULD SO LOVE TO SEE HIM!"

Mrs. Jenkins. "LOR, NO, MUM! THAT'S MY 'USBAND TAKING HIS BIT O' REST. HE'S A POLICEMAN ON NIGHT DUTY."

[Quick exit, with promise to look in again.]

she was upstairs, and baby fell down again. By the time we had picked her up the fairies had vanished—all except one, who lay huddled on the ground. Somebody said, "Poor thing, she's broken her wing," and somebody else said, "But the fairy-doctor will mend it," and then the blind was drawn down, and when we peeped through the chink a moment afterwards the poor broken-winged fairy had vanished too. ROSAMOND said, "I don't want them to come back," and baby fell over the Dandie Dinmont dog, who yelped. At this moment Papa came rushing in (the lights had been turned up) and asked if he was too late, and I told him of course he was. He seemed to be very greatly disappointed, and said he never had any luck with fairies. There the memory ended

Now what I had found in the old box was nothing very rich or rare. It was this: on a layer of tattered nursery books lay three little dolls dressed in linen and muslin that had once been white. They were tied to a long piece of string, and there was a knot where the string had been broken between the first and second doll. I saw it all. Out of sight of the darkened window Papa had held one end of the string while LIZZIE held the other, and thus the fairies were made to bob and dance. Papa must have pulled too hard and broken the string, so that two fairies disappeared, while one fell down and remained lying. I wish I hadn't found the dolls. I preferred the fairies, if only because ROSAMOND has always maintained that she never saw any. But she can't go on maintaining that in face of the dolls. I must write and tell her about my find and confute her scepticism.

THE MEN THAT FOUGHT WITH DIZZY.

An echo of Mr. Kipling's "Men that fought at Minden."

THE men that fought with DIZZY, in the grand old Tory times,
And them that fought with SALISBURY yesterday,—
They didn't shirk the fight, for they held together tight,
And they learnt to play the game and to obey.

THE men that fought with DIZZY, they were smartly disciplined,
And they had to lump the things they didn't like;
But they didn't effervesce in the columns of the Press,
And they didn't let the Party go on strike.

THE men that fought with DIZZY, they were fanciful, maybe,
And some of them had funny little fads;
But they closed their ranks and cheered when the enemy
appeared,
And they left the petty squabbling to the Rads.

THE men that fought with DIZZY, they had quarrels now and then,
But they dropped 'em when they heard the bugle blow;
And it wasn't *then* they sparred, for they hit uncommon hard
When they got to striking distance of the foe.

THE men that fought with DIZZY, they were swift to realise
That a disunited force is always beat;
And *that's* the reason why, now Election times are nigh,
You must set the good old Party on her feet.

THE NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—Cabinet-making.

A NEW PROFESSION.

THE question of "What to do with our sons" is one of those ever present conundrums, which can only be solved by time or *The Daily Telegraph*. Doubtless in the near future, the proprietors of that Journal will turn their attention to this most pressing of problems; but until that fortunate hour arrives, parents and guardians will still be faced with the difficulty of providing suitable careers for those committed to their charge. Under these circumstances we feel that it would not be out of place to draw attention to the great advantages attached to the vocation of a Champion Wrestler. For an ambitious young man of gentle birth, good appearance, and sound health, it would be difficult to find a more agreeable profession. The demand for champion wrestlers is greatly in excess of the supply; and the work itself is healthy, honourable, and lucrative. The most conclusive evidence can be brought in support of these statements.

To start with, there are more than 3,000 places of variety entertainment in the United Kingdom, for each of which the presence of an "Undeclared Champion of the World" is an absolute necessity. It is roughly calculated that, at the present time, there are not more than fifty-six wrestlers who can lay claim to the above distinction. That the work is healthy is incontestably proved by the fact that scarcely one of these fifty-six wrestlers has ever refused a challenge or been defeated by an opponent, which speaks for the remarkable state of physical perfection in which they must invariably find themselves. A glance at the police records for the last five years will show that the honour of the profession is practically unstained; while a salary of £300 a week is the usual remuneration for a music-hall engagement. To anyone doubting this last assertion, we are willing to forward, free of charge, a copy of *Footlight Flashes*, containing an interview with "a well-known music-hall comedian." The above statement was made by him to a representative of that journal.

Under the supervision of Mr. ISAAC ISAACSTEIN, "The Horrible Hebrew," late Champion of the World, an Academy of Wrestling has recently been opened in South Kensington, where, for the modest outlay of a guinea a week, a young man may be trained in every branch of the profession. Two years' tuition is all that is necessary for the creation of a fully qualified champion of the world; and an engagement is guaranteed to each pupil who successfully survives that period. The permanent staff of instructors includes the well-known ANTONIO CHUCKENOFF, "The Awful Armenian,"

sixteen-stone champion of the world, and his famous nephew, CONSTANTINE CHUCKENOFF, "The Monstrous Macedonian," 2 cwt. champion of the world. Novices are under the special care of M. HENRI BOLLEVERSE, "The Frightful Frenchman."

Special attention should be drawn to the Literary Department, presided over by Mr. CZECHOWY PESTHELENSKI, "The Brilliant Bohemian," who has been engaged to give instructions in the difficult art of writing challenges, one of the most important and onerous duties in a professional wrestler's career. The capacity to make a tasteful and dignified speech at the successful conclusion of a match being also more or less of a necessity, permission has been secured for all pupils to have free access to the Strangers' Gallery whenever Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is addressing the House.

There is an excellent hospital and a charming little graveyard in connection with the Academy; all funerals being carried out with luxury and elegance at the expense of the management.

PLASTIC.

["Lovely woman has found an alternative to the camera. She has discovered that she can be modelled in wax, which is tinted according to the colouring of the individual."—*The World*.]

I HAVE my lady's head in wax,
A thing it is of wondrous glory,
No single point of her it lacks
Of all the thrilling inventory.

The full round cheeks of her are there,
The dimples in them slyly hinted,
Her high, smooth forehead, and her hair—
All modelled and superbly tinted.

I have, of course, her photo, too,
But that is now unheeded lying—
A photo gives but just one view,
And one view's scarcely satisfying.

The model, on the other hand,
Provides me endless variation—
The front face irks? I twist the stand:
The profile soothes my irritation.

The profile bores me? I recall
The living head's divine completeness,
And turn the face against the wall
To revel in the coiffure's neatness.

Then, if my passion should expire,
A photo has no use without it;
I can but put it in the fire,
And when it's burnt forget about it.

Whereas the model, melted down,
And dabbed on deftly with a duster,
Will give my meerschaum's golden brown
A wholly novel lease of lustre.

SIR GARGLE.

(A Study in the New Advertising.)

SEE THE PLETHORA MAGAZINE.
CHRISTMAS TREBLE NUMBER.

Too much of everything.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

The Middle Ages brought to our doors.

SIR GARGLE.

A good pull-up for manacles.

SIR GARGLE.

Matchless for the complexion.

SIR GARGLE.

Babies cry for it.

SIR GARGLE.

Porteullises on easy terms.

SIR GARGLE.

Book early.

SIR GARGLE.

See that hump? SIR GARGLE will dissipate it.

SIR GARGLE.

For the dignity of letters.

SIR GARGLE.

Good wine needs a forest of bushes.

SIR GARGLE.

This way for the milky coco-nuts!

SIR GARGLE.

SIR A. SALA DOYLE says it is his best work.

SIR GARGLE.

No others need apply.

SIR GARGLE.

Where's your WALTER SCOTT noo?

SIR GARGLE.

Try it in your bath.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

"Ods bodkins, varlet, I'll dust thy jerkin for thee and give thee a ruddy seance to boot, quotha," said he. "Nay," said the other, "marry but there are two to such bargains, forsooth! But what have we here? Of a verity 'tis a franklin and a scrivener, to say naught of a fat monk and a wheezy seneschal. What ho, there!"

The above is a sample passage from SIR GARGLE, Sir A. SALA DOYLE's new and sumptuous romance, offered free. For first chapter complete see the Christmas Treble Number of the *Plethora Magazine*.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

Note the name on the label.

None others genuine.

THE PLETHORA MAGAZINE.
CHRISTMAS TREBLE NUMBER.



Violinist (one of trio of amateurs who have just obliged with rather lengthy performance). "Well, we've left off at last!"
Hostess. "Thank you so much!"

THE DOOR-SLIDER.

(By the author of "The Straphanger.")

I AM the door-slider.

I slide open the doors of the long red cars, the long red cars that pitch and pulse, clatter and rattle.

I slide open six doors: two doors to give entrance, two doors to give exit, two doors to prevent a corridor-car being a corridor-car.

I slide open six doors, I say, but if I can possibly forget one or two, I do. I believe in the Simple Life.

I do not doubt that I am overburdened with sliding doors, nor that the cars are overcrowded; in vain I try to think how overcrowded.

I do not doubt that people will go out by the entrance doors and come in by the exit doors, nor that the straphangers will oscillate.

I tell the people with first-class tickets they may ride in a first-class car.

I tell the people with third-class tickets they may not. They do, but I tell them they may not.

I say to them, "First-class only in this car," and they enter and sit down.

I do not doubt that one day they will make a mistake and get into a third-class car.

I am the door-slider.

I ring a bell, slide the doors and call out the name of the next station as a signal for the train to start. (The train remains motionless.)

I fall over when the train does start, the train that is so abrupt, so impulsive, so sudden in its motions.

I do not tell by the stations when the train will stop, for we frequently stop in the tunnels. Often, I think, we are not sure of the way, we hesitate so.

I tell when we shall stop by the angle to which the passengers are brought.

I do not doubt that when the passengers are slewed violently forward the train is beginning to stop.

I do not doubt that when the passengers are slewed violently backward the train has stopped stopping.

I do not doubt that a few will be jerked off their feet. (The strapless ones, I mean.)

I am the door-slider, the bell-ringer, the station-teller, the passenger-packer.

(Mine is one car in a million and a million in one car.)

I see the crowded, the crushed, the jerked, the shamefully-mauled.

I see their measureless shame and

humiliation, their indignation and fumc-emitted anger.

I do not doubt that this sort of thing cannot last, that a better system will be organised, that somehow I shall obtain more hands or fewer doors, the cars more seats and fewer straps, the system more honour and no less profit.

"Let Youth but Know."

First School Boy (reading a placard).

I say, the KING's sent for C. B.

Second School Boy (also in the Eleven.)
 Good old FRY!

Overheard at a Motor Meeting.

Inquirer. I wonder what they call those large, long cars?

Well-informed Friend. Those? Oh, I believe those are the Flying Kilometres, a French make.

A Reasonable Request.

WANTED, a quantity of Ladies' Tongues, bound by the binding machine. Write, &c.—*Northampton Chronicle.*

WHY is the Premiership like an old song?

Because it's "Not for Joe."

SOME ACTING AND MUCH TALKING.

SUCH play-goers as may be interested in the artistic progress of Mr. HUXLEY WRIGHT should take care to be at the Comedy Theatre by 8.30 sharp in order to see an effective and interesting "costume" piece, in one Act, by Messrs. OSBOURNE and SIDONS, entitled *The Little Father of the Wilderness*. In this, as *Père Marlotte*, a missionary, Mr. HUXLEY WRIGHT shows himself a genuinely dramatic artist. He plays without the slightest exaggeration, with a remarkable absence of self-consciousness, and the naive simplicity with which he invests the character, commands our tenderest sympathy, and gives real dignity to the person of the humble priest. It is a fine performance, but in it, and in the piece itself, there is a glaring error which the authors should never have perpetrated, and which it is marvellous that so experienced a stage manager as Mr. DION BOUTICAULT should ever for one minute have permitted. It is this. Here are two poor simple, religious clerics, a missionary and a Franciscan friar, summoned to Court; and in an ante-chamber of the Palace at Versailles, these two, actually trembling at the mere idea of their being about to be received in audience by King LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, suddenly, when alone, play at pretending to be the *King* and *Père Marlotte*, and rehearse the scene twice over as they think it will be in reality! Both in turn occupy the *King's* chair; both in turn enact the part of his Majesty; the friar at one time representing *Père Marlotte*.

This extravagant situation would be fatal to the serious character of the piece, were it not that we hasten to forget it on the arrival of the Court, and are assisted in doing so by the thoroughly good acting of Mr. GRIVAM BROWNE as the *King*, by Miss ADA WEBSTER as *Henriette*, by the soldier-like bearing of Mr. CHARLES BRYANT as the *Chevalier de Frontenac*, and by the telling effect of the *ensemble*, admirably arranged by stage-manager BOUTICAULT, that brings down the curtain to the heartiest applause. Certainly this is a piece to see, and it may be hoped that Mr. HUXLEY WRIGHT will, at some future time, show us what he can do in comedy-dramas of the kind that offered opportunities for the development of "Little Robson's" eccentric genius. At all events, let him eschew such utterly nonsensical business as he gives us in *The Mountain Climber*, a three-Act farce that would not go for much were it not for the delightful humour of Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the hero's wife, *Mrs. Montague Sibsey*.

NOW for a *matinée* at The Court, where Mr. BERNARD SHAW's case comes on at 2.30 P.M. He describes it as "A Discussion." As such we will take it. It is illustrated by living figures, occasionally changing their attitudes, forming tableaux, and listening with the greatest attention to whatever harangue may be in progress, delivered by the principal character, or occasionally joining in and taking part in the conversational "discussion." Play it is not, nor was it by Mr. SHAW ever intended to be, although he divides it into "Acts and scenes." This would seem inconsistent, were it not that such division is equally applicable to a Session of Parliament, accountable for its "acts," and memorable for such "scenes" as may have taken place within the precincts of the House.

Well, *Major Barbara*,—such is the title of the "discussion" (which is "much ado about nothing,"—only not SHAKESPEARE'S)—consists of dialogue, without action, beginning brilliantly, descending melodramatically, and finishing, not dully—it is never that,—but fatiguingly; so that only a few, of those who were evidently among Mr. SHAW's most enthusiastic supporters in that crowded audience, had sufficient energy left in them to applaud at the fall of the curtain.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, if he may be judged by this "discussion," is our English IBSEN, or more correctly, perhaps, IBSEN Junior.

At this "IBSEN Junior" *matinée*, the female element in the audience preponderated over the inferior sex by something like twelve to one, but of course such an excess might be expected during the business hours of the day "when men must work" and women may go to the play. But this audience had not a theatre-going, but rather a lecture-going, sermon-loving appearance. It was difficult to tire them out, but they did become wearied; they forgave the extra half-hour of weariness in the last scene of all, for the sake of the inspiring and sometimes even enlivening (for there is ultra farce and burlesque too in this "discussion") episodes in the preceding Acts.

Welcome indeed was the "comic relief" so cleverly given by Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER as *Adolphus Cusins*, Greek Professor and Fellow of some university, throughout the "discussion," and most gratefully was received his burlesque performance on the Salvation Army's drum; while for his energetic waving of the drumsticks everyone was distinctly thankful. He contributed largely in successfully "curtaining" the Second Act, and he lightened up the First Act much as the old humbug *Aminadab Slick* used to enliven the *séance* in the First Act of *The Serious Family*, which situation, by the way, Mr. SHAW's "Discussive" Act I. will forcibly recall to some experienced playgoers; while Miss ROSINA FILIPPI's clever representation of *Lady Britomart Undershaft* may remind them of the severe female head of the family in the same piece. Then again, the entrance of *Andrew Undershaft*, a character strongly contrasted with everyone else of the *dramatis personæ*, in its way resembles the unexpected arrival of *Captain Maguire*, who contrives to disarrange "The Serious Family" and finally sets everything to rights.

Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as *Andrew Undershaft* deserves the highest praise. As an actor he must have had to go to any "lengths" in studying this prodigious part. When in MS., or in type, it must have inconveniently bulged out his pocket, and how he got it all into his head is a marvel which has probably surprised the actor himself. His performance is artistically perfect. He has nothing to do, but a lot to say; indeed, it may be doubted whether *Puff*, in the original version of *The Critic*, has so much, and *Hamlet* himself cannot have more. He talks when the "discussion" is practically over; and actors and actresses have to remain, munnance, on the stage for about half an hour after all their work is done, simply (very simply) to listen to the pointless preaching of *Andrew Undershaft*; and during his tedious discourse (or sermon) they are allowed to throw in an occasional remark, which just serves, as does a match to an expiring coal fire, to set the preacher going again. Oh that this ability should be wasted on such interminability! Oh that this too, too solid talk would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself in five minutes, instead of weighing upon even the most Ibsenitish-Shawish audience for an extra half-hour.

Miss ANNIE RUSSELL as *Barbara*, the protagonist, is simply perfection. Mr. OSWALD YORKE gives us a life-like rendering of *Bill Walker*, the low, bullying blackguard; and *Snobhy Price*, the sneaking hypocrite who gammons the Salvation officers, is strikingly impersonated by Mr. ARTHUR LACEY. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD makes a most amusing character of *Charles Lomax*, and this is "where the laugh comes in." In fact, all who get the slightest chance do their very best to give this "discussion" the semblance of a real play, and the VEDRENNE-BARKER management is to be honestly congratulated on its choice of accomplished actors, and on its possession of a stage-manager, Mr. WILFRID FRANKS, who triumphs over the great difficulty of keeping principals on the stage doing absolutely nothing at all, veritably the "unemployed," merely "feeding" the monologist so that he may start afresh, and go on until even the author himself has got tired of him. N.B.—The "discussion" is now being given at the evening show.



A CAPITAL METHOD OF PREVENTING YOUR BEING RUN INTO IN A DENSE FOG IS SAID TO BE TO CARRY A LOUD MOTOR-HORN, AND TO SOUND IT EVERY FEW SECONDS AS YOU WALK ALONG.

JEAN AND JINE.

ELIZA JINE of Stepney, E.,
Taught in a school of the L.C.C.,
And in the self-same school as she
Was JEAN MCCORQUADALE from Dundee.

JEAN and JINE soon came to be
Friends and capital company.
Their cultured tastes were as like, you see,
As a couple of plums from the same plum tree.
They asked each other in to tea,
They worked together at rule of three,
They analysed *Hamlet's* speech "To be,"
And parsed each word of GRAY's *Elegy*.
They nature-studied the household flea,
The French French bean and the sweet sweet pea,
And it goes without saying they held the key
Of ancient and modern philosophy,
For JINE said, "PLATO's the man for me,"
But JEAN said, "HEGDEL maun bear the gree."
In short, it was clear that Stepney, E.,
Was hand in glove with fair Dundee.

Alas, that our joys should begin to flee
As the sum of our knowledge increases and we
With clearer vision begin to see!
It suddenly dawned on JINE that she,
Who spoke the purest of Stepney, E.,
Was catching the accent of vile Dundee:

While JEAN was alarmed, as she well might be,
Lest the beautiful flow of her pure Dundee
Should be fouled by the mixture of Stepney, E.

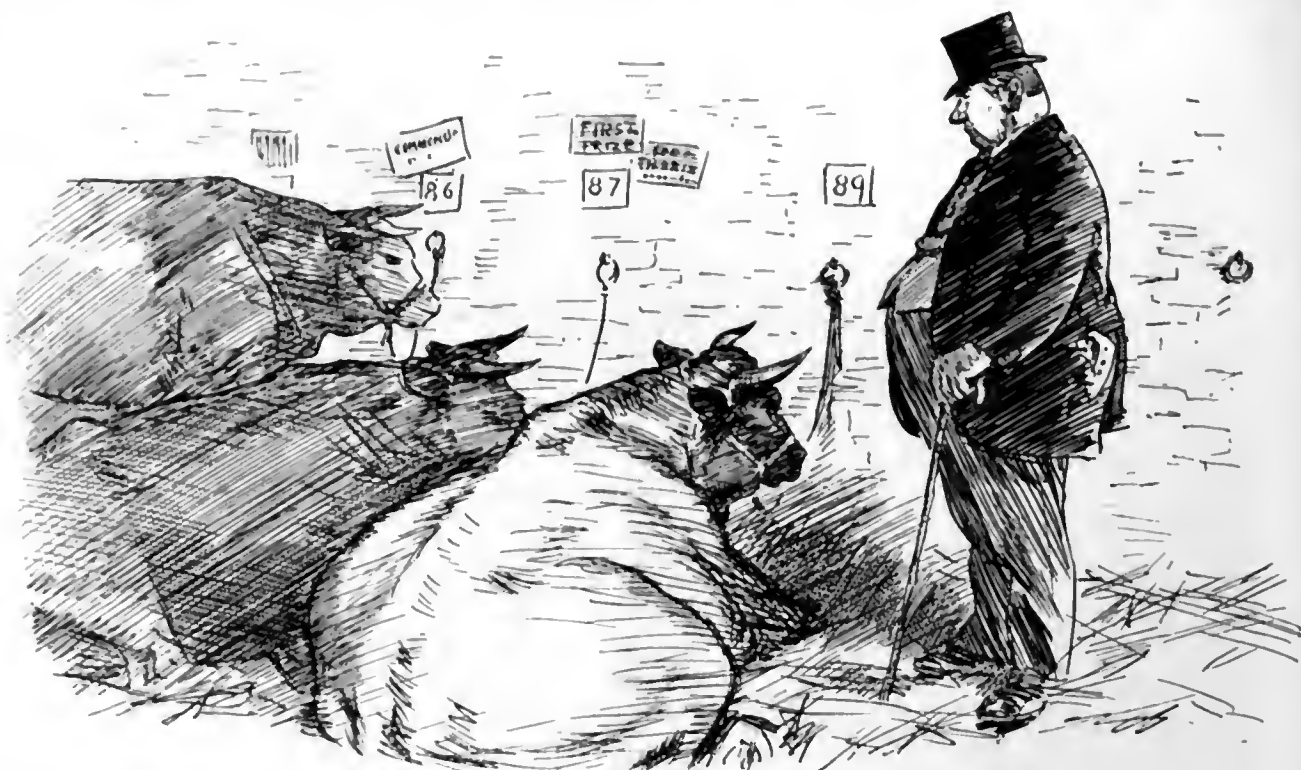
In a very short time, by Fate's decree,
Their love grew as cold as the Polar Sea.
When JEAN was invited by JINE to tea
She much regretted she was not free,
As she had to analyse *Annabel Lee*.
And when JINE was asked to a similar spree
She concocted an equally flimsy plea.

And now these two, though their tastes agree,
When they meet in the street or a B.T.T.,
Just stare at each other stonily:
And JEAN wishes JINE in the *Zuyder Ze*,
And JINE that JEAN were in— well, Fiji;
For JINE is scared at the thought that she
Should catch the accent of vile Dundee,
While JEAN is alarmed, as she well may be,
At the prospect of talking like Stepney, E.

All Blacks all forlorn.

Irishman (on hearing of the high prices offered for tickets for a recent big football match). Sure, thin, everybody'll be after sellin' their tickets and it's nobody there at all there'll be!

AN IRRESISTIBLE INVITATION (on the door of a city restaurant).
—"Please knock the bell out of order."



"LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN."

Unsuccessful Exhibitor. "TOO FAT, E I? WELL, THEN MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE, I LIKE 'EM FAT!"

CHRISTMAS POSTAL GUIDE.

Christmas Day, as in last year, falls on the 25th of the month, but letters and parcels which are intended for delivery in foreign countries or the colonies on Christmas morning, should be posted before that date.

Stamps for foreign countries are issued at all Post Offices, and are very similar to those used for inland postage. They are now being supplied in perforated sheets, and the prices will be found to suit all purses, varying, of course, according to the special design and colouring desired.

Parcels and letter packets for abroad should, if possible, be legibly addressed on the *outside*. This method, it has been found, greatly reduces the labour of the officials, and goes a long way towards securing ultimate delivery.

Plum-puddings concealed in half-penny newspapers cannot be accepted for transmission at newspaper rates. They may, however, be packed flat, and sent by book post, if left open at each end, or in an envelope which can be easily opened for examination without breaking the seal.

Turkeys must on no account be dropped into the pillar-boxes. They should be handed over the counter to an

agent of the Post Office, together with a certificate of death, and they must contain no printed or typewritten matter.

The following articles cannot in any circumstances be accepted for transmission by Parcels Post, viz. Bombs, Live Rails, Boa Constrictors, Naked Lights, or Plays by Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW.

Parcels addressed "P. O. till called for" are charged at the rate of 1d. per day. Fresh eggs, however, and other perishable goods, if not claimed within thirty-six days, will be sold to defray expenses.

THE WINTER HAT.

Will purple or blue be its feathers?

A "cocher," "three-cornered," or "toque?"

Will it do just as well for all weathers?

Will it "go with" a jacket or cloak?

Will the "fall" that encumbers the neck be

More awkward or easy to fix?

Will the total amount of the cheque be

Five guineas or fourteen-and-six?

On the mutable mind that is making

The purchase, we cannot rely:

This only is certain—it's taking

Three hours and a quarter to buy!

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is, we learn, bearing up well under the terrible shock consequent on his not being asked to form a Ministry.

Asked by our representative to state his views in regard to the situation, Lord HALSBURY replied, "It isn't the confounded situation, but the want of a situation, that bothers me."

The dulness of the new Parliament is assured. MR. J. L. WANKLYN announces that he will not seek re-election.

It is rumoured that a Liberal M.P. has been discovered whose name was not mentioned in connection with any of the Ministerial offices.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, remembering a recent hostile demonstration, is said to have decided for a battle-cry upon "Every vote given to the Liberals is a vote given to the boo-ers."

TRUTH WILL OUT.—From a recent examination paper on religious instruction at a boys' school:—"Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the provocation of mankind."



AT LAST.





PROVERBS REVISED.

"THINGS ARE SOMETIMES WHAT THEY SEEM."

Short-sighted M.H. "CONFOUND YOU, SIR, WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHERE THE HARE HAS GONE, INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE HOLDING UP YOUR HAT LIKE A BEASTLY SCARE-CROW!"

THE C.-B. ANALOGY.

It is conjectured that on the accession of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN a strong wave of double-nomenclature will sweep over the country. The following styles are recommended:—

For a Conqueror.
CROMWELL-TAMERLANE.
For an Athlete.
DUMBBELL-SANDOWMAN.
For a Burglar.
TREMBLE-JIMMYMAN.
For a Glutton.
SCRAMBLE-INNERMAN.
For a Critic.
GRUMBLE-DAMNAMAN.

For a Poor Relation.
HUMBLE-STAMMERMAN.

For a Bridge-player.
GAMBLE-SLAMAMAN.

For a Dentist.
GUMBOH-JAMAMAN.

For a Sultan.
STAMBOUL-CRAMMERMAN.

An Exacting Wooer.

MATRIMONY.—Gentleman, 40, with attractive home, good income, would like to make the acquaintance of a Lady, about 30-32, with full-faced features preferred, &c., &c.—*Yorkshire Post.*

No profiles need apply.

A Tempting Invitation.

(N.B.—Not at Letchworth.)

CALL AND SEE THE NEW COTTAGE SINK.
J. BLANK, BUILDER.

Macclesfield Courier.

It's never too late to Mend.

PHYSICAL-HEALTH CULTURE

"CREMATION."
Lantern Lecture by
Mr. J. HARVEY-SIMPSON,
of the Manchester Crematorium,
at &c., &c.

Manchester Evening News.

TO A DISUSED GROWLER.

["A hundred years have now elapsed since the first public conveyance commenced to ply for hire in the streets of London."]

WHAT do you here, old friend,
Prone on the scrap-heap's comprehensive limbo,
With ribs all ghastly bare, and spokes akinbo?
Is this a fitting end
For you whose charms have held our hearts in thrall
Since 1805—one hundred years in all?

Oh, in those days of old,
With what a pomp and circumstance you joggled
Down Regent Street, and how the people boggled
At your incongruous mould:
Voicing an admiration past all bounds
With cries of "La now!" or (more tersely) "Zounds!"

And oh! with what a zest
The local youth essayed the pungent quip,
And when required to stow their blistering lip
Simply pursued the jest.
How blithe you bounded down the public way
With ne'er a constable to say you nay!

How well I seem to see
Some festive party pent in your inside!
The stout mamma, inflate with anxious pride,
Dressed to the nines—and he,
The prosperous cit, his whiskers all awry,
Quizzing the vulgar throng with nonchalant eye.

And sandwiched in between,
The buxom KATE, the stately JANE, and may be
Their aunt JEMIMA, and of course the baby,
And TOMMY, brushed and clean.
I might enlarge upon the theme, but I've
Mislaid the "atmosphere" of 1805.

Alas! for you are gone,
Capacious growler, and the panting steed,
Fleet in his prime, but slightly run to seed,
That drew you gently on,
Has passed to where the Brunswicker decoys
All flesh into his toothsome saveys.

He was a gentle nag;
His master loved him though he called him names,
The children loved him too and called him JAMES.
He was besides a wag,
Spurning with ribald tail and well-bred grin
The strictures of the explosive fare within.

And what of that old bird,
Whose ill-kempt lid and pessimistic air
Concealed a thirst for twice his proper fare,
Whose virile utterance stirred
Qualms in the breasts of matron and of maid
Should he (with matelless eloquence) upbraid.

Say, is he still alive,
Who lately drove thee, and is he the same
Methuselah of whom the youths made game,
Early in 1805?
Had he, as local humorists maintain,
Observed a dozen decades wax and wane?

Alas! he's dead as you.
Yet 'twas not age cut short his fair young life,
But competition's all-pervading strife,
From which his soul withdrew.
"Dog's nose" and disappointment laid him low
At the ripe age of six score years or so.

The engines of offence
That roar and rumble down the busy street,
Noisy and odorous but passing fleet,
Hurt his artistic sense.
And so he left us, but his memory dear
Wrings from moist eyes the sympathetic tear.

Quaint vehicle, good bye.
You have no part in such a feverish age:
Time in the book of Progress turns a page.
And you are history!
New monsters petrol-driven roar and rave
A thunderous dirge above your restless grave.

GIFTS AND GIVERS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Express.")

THERE are signs on all hands that this Christmas, in the matter of presents, will be remarkable chiefly for the introduction of the "personal note." Silver hot-water bottles with jewelled screw-tops are warm favourites with smart women, as gifts for their men friends. A few daring girls, it is said, are even working spun-silk "Slumber Slippers" with dainty clocks appliquéd in ormolu.

Motor accessories make exceedingly useful presents, and there is a great demand for artistic novelties in sparking-plugs, differential casings, gear-boxes, radiators, ignition-levers, &c. It is just as well, however, to find out if the intended recipient is the possessor of a car before sending any of the above, as if not they merely become "Accessories before the fact."

For those who prefer their gifts to take the form of books, there are this year ample opportunities. Everyone can be his own CARNEGIE for a trilling sum. All you have to do is to pay the preliminary half-crown, and a complete library of sixteen handsome volumes—not to mention the inevitable fumed-oak bookcase—will be delivered carriage paid to any address. Your friend would be a churlish fellow indeed if he resented having to pay the remaining monthly instalments—but that is his affair!

Of course a certain amount of tact and discretion is required in the selection of gifts.

For instance, to send your aged uncle (from whom you have, perhaps, expectations) a copy of *The Gollypug of What*, or *Our Moo Cow Book*, would savour almost of disrespect, and again you would certainly get yourself disliked if you presented your little four-year-old niece with MAHAFFY'S *Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire*—however tastefully bound. Remember also that Brazil is well supplied with nuts (that being, in fact, the country whence they come), and that ordinary coal is not now looked upon as a novelty in Newcastle.

Do they do him?

(Extract from "Vanity Fair's" *Navy Notes*, December 7, 1905.)

"THE fact is that since the introduction of nucleus crews, the three Lieutenants, the Marine Officer, and the Commander lie in port with nothing to do in the afternoon, except the Officer of the Day."

More Commercial Candour.

(From the Circular of a Leicester chocolate maker.)

"WE guarantee all our Chocolates freshly made and direct from our factory. We solicit a trial and have no fear of giving satisfaction."

NO ALTERATION.—Up to last Friday it was expected, in Holborn, that "Gray's Inn" would have to be changed to "GREY'S Out."

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTIETH FRAGMENT.

1. In the fifth year of the reign of
Edwād the king
2. the maker of treaties with Ispal-
Mutsuhito
3. (the Jappi-mikadoh) and Sher-
Émil (—that's Loubet),
4. lord of Madjik-bonommi, a
5. *nashun-al-assett*,
6. the taker of prizes for
7. *adhipoz-kattul* (at the *rhoilagrik-
ul-tural* hall
8. at Islintan) for *plethorikh-stertoruz*
objects
9. like sofas, that lay on the ground
triumphant but
10. breathless, all richly *rozettid*; . . .
11. in the days of the Mhoturz, when
the *Shofurzin-gogulz*
12. the turners of handles, and their
lords
13. the Bit-munnid, the Bit-uppish,
the Ueltuddu-klassiz,
14. the payers of fines, did scour
15. the country; in the dust did they
come and
16. the *ódurov-petrol* was *purfekli-
sikkun*,
17. while the farers on foot, the
holders
18. of noses, the payers of rates for
maintaining the
19. highways, *skedaduld-laikr-abhuts*,
20. did rush into *héstakhs*, and up
sides of houses,

21. making way for their betters; . . .
22. when the dwellers on opposite
sides of
23. the Tehánul, the players of *bridj*
24. and the makers of *bhulrarz*, the
25. Biftéks and the Phrögiz, went in
for
26. the Ontont-kordiyal *et-settrah*
27. and loved one another with
28. *almazd-nuro'ikhli-phrenzid-afek-
shan*;
29. When *afabul-tóriz* from Balam-
anishar
30. walked about *ahminahm* with
soshalizd-djonniz
31. of *forrin-ekstrakshun* (in *traikala-
sashiz*) . . .
32. in fact *commune l* with them . . .
33. making *phibulr-imákz* in a lan-
guage they fondly
34. imagined their guests would
—(shade of Littre! forgive me!)
35. —“*komprennih*” . . . “Regardih-
sett-plasslar
36. *Sehlur - manshanous - stéshan*.”
 (“Ahvrémon
37. *mondyöhl kersejóli!*”) “Oratha!
O-wi! Yes,
38. we think so.—*Prennihgád-dellur-
tramkar!*”
39. *et-settrah, et-settrah*; . . . and doing
their best
40. with a *takhtphul-islanted-ambrela*
41. to cut off the view of the statuo

42. of Nelsun, so as not to recall
that
43. extremely unpleasant affair at
44. *Traf-al-gar!*
45. In the days of Horlkehn and of
Mahrik-orélih
46. (*relidjan-kum-laimlait-kum-Djordj-
al-eksander*
47. and *ammatur sérmunz* from Sdrad-
fad-onévan,
48. —bruted broadcast beforehand
with methods they
49. borrowed from Lhiptan and Kódi,
—not to name certain
50. *ensaikloh-pidyaz* and *mhüt-jūs*)
51. of Djordjb-urnad-Shah, Kapen-
tommi, and Uinstan;
52. the great Shuvmenébar, whose eye
looks through
53. crystal, the lord of the Tariffs,
the
54. settler of colleagues, the lord of
Jo-jitsu, of
55. Hammür and Dukkim, of Chivvi
56. and Chukkum, and Djossul-
milidah,
57. did snatch up the banner with
sinewy
58. fingers, and summoned all Izpals
to follow
59. instantan, — sublimely ignoring
poor dear
60. Arthab-al-phur, who'd a quaint
pridilekshan

61. for taking the bulk of his troops
along
62. with him . . . to battle, and meet-
ing the foe man
63. with most of them
64. present! . . . Shuvmenébar's
stratidjik-el-methud
65. was different.
66. Give him nine or ten horsemen
like Orstin
67. and Djessi, Hanad-vinsent and
Tchaplin.
68. Ghilbât-parkah, and others, he'd
hurl
69. himself headlong, with gleaming
monokul
70. on Kamm-el-banraman, on Asguith-
theloryah
71. (whose glacially cold unimpas-
sioned employment
72. of *ekaréz* and *ekalpel*
73. seemed to get on the nerves of the
great
74. Shuvmenébar, . . . he really got
shirti and
75. talked about "manners" and
seemed almost sorry
76. to mention a vulgar, professional
person who fell so
77. far short of the recognised stan-
dard of decent
78. behaviour as known in the Mid-
lands.
79. Then dear Arthab-al-phur
80. more in sorrow than anger
81. found this *justabhit-tu-thikh*! . .
82. and started to pack up his books
and
83. his *musikh*,—his Bâkh and his
Shūman,—
84. his *shenék-tedip-uttah*
85. and the *restar-ishaggidj*, then,
86. tipping the butler, he promptly
vacated
87. the somewhat constricted, *rait-hon-
rabul* lodgings
88. allotted to premiers; while
89. Kamin-el-banraman, advancing
elated
90. with a snatch of a *slogan*, a swing
of his
91. kilt, a skirl of his sporran (I hope
92. that is roughly what people in
Stirling
93. do do with their sporrans!) . .
94. he planted his battle-worn, trusty
95. claymore in the stand in the hall
where a certain
96. historic umbrella had rested afore-
times,
97. and as soon as the butler had
shut the
98. front-door, the gallant Banraman
did give
99. himself over to *strathspeys*, *who-
tishes*
100. *skean-dhūs*, and well! all those
101. exuberant symptoms of pleasure
102. that Scotchmen indulge in, . .
on the

103. *dhūrmats* and *karpets*, up and
down the

104. *sterkééz*. Well! I'm sure I don't

105. wonder, he's waited such ages.
F. T. R.



AN AWFUL WARNING.

MEN OF THE STRAPHANGING AGE.
(From a Print of the Period, 1905.)

DREAM CORRESPONDENCE;

OR, "LETTERS WHICH NEVER REACHED THEM."

I.

(From Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Balfour.)

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I have just read B. of B.'s speech at Glasgow, and hasten to associate myself with its sentiments. What he says about your penetrating loyalty strikes me as peculiarly happy, and I cordially agree with him when he says that you are the only possible leader of the Conservative Party. I cannot give a better proof of the genuineness of these sentiments than by informing you that it is my intention at an early date to appear on the same platform with HUGH CECIL and RITCHIE. RITCHIE, I admit, is rather hard to swallow, but at this Christmas season it is only right that one should practise a thorough-going altruism.

Ever cordially yours,

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

P.S. I played my first game of golf in the garden at Highbury yesterday. As AUSTEN humorously remarked, I am not at all a bad player "through the green(house)."

II.

(From Mr. J. Redmond to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)

DEAR SIR HENRY,—You will, I am sure, be relieved to hear that on second thoughts the Nationalist Party have decided to withdraw from the attitude outlined at the Convention of the United Irish League. On further consideration we have unanimously decided that it would be most unfair to expect a Liberal Administration, returned with a Free Trade mandate, to bring in any sort of Home Rule Bill. In evidence of my friendly feelings I am venturing to send you a Christmas present of a barrel of Guinness's Stout and an Irish grammar.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN REDMOND.

III.

(From Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Mr. Winston Churchill.)

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—I trust you will see your way to join my Administration as Secretary of State for War. It is imperatively necessary that we should keep a tight hand on KITCHENER, and you are the only man to do it. Otherwise I should have preferred to offer you the Chancellorship of the Exchequer or the Foreign Office. Perhaps, however, you could manage to take all three?

Obediently yours,

HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

IV.

(From G. Bernard Shaw to the Hon. Stephen Coleridge.)

DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—*Peccati!* My letter to the *Neue Freie Presse* was a grand mistake; even worse was my attempt to palliate my initial error by throwing the blame on the German translator. After all, we are both sound on the question of vivisection, so I trust you will let bygones be bygones, and accept the enclosed order for a box at the Court Theatre.

Yours penitently, G. B. S.

To satisfy a general demand for a compact list of Turkish territories at present occupied, or about to be occupied, by the Concerted Fleets, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in publishing the following mnemonic hexameter, modelled upon the famous list of the reputed birthplaces of HOMER:—

Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Lemnos,
Tenedos, Mitylene.

"And we had a rattlin' day."

(Extract from the "Bolton Daily Chronicle,"
December 4, 1905.)

THE Holcombe Harriers ran from the White Horse, Edgworth, on Saturday afternoon, under the Master, who was supported in the saddle by several members of the regular riding party.

UN-COMMON-LAW PROCEDURE.

["HIS HONOUR'S TEST.—The question whether it was possible for a man to pick up his hat without bending his knees arose in the Nottingham County Court. To test the matter the judge made an experiment and was successful in picking up his handkerchief from the floor without bending his knees. On a lawyer suggesting that his Honour had not kept his knees rigid the judge performed the feat again."—*Evening Standard*.]

Before Mr. Justice DARING.

Mr. Skill, K.C. (an amateur acrobat and counsel for plaintiff). This is an action for personal injuries caused by the plaintiff falling over a bucket on defendant's staircase. It is agreed that the only questions to be decided, are: first, was the plaintiff guilty of contributory negligence in descending, three steps at a time; secondly, is his present inability to turn a back-somersault evidence of his spine having been injured as we allege? The test in both questions is the ease with which these feats can be performed by a person in ordinary condition.

The Judge. Was not the first question settled in the negative by my Brother BUCK-JUMPER in *Tripp v. Stumble*? (To the Usher) Get me Chitty on *Frauds and Tricks*.

Mr. Skill. Yes, m'lud, but in deciding that case his lordship broke his leg, and I do not rely upon it.

The Judge. But was it not followed in *Cropper's* case?

Mr. Skill. No, m'lud; all that that case decided was that a person with his heels to a wall is estopped from picking up a coin from the ground. The judge also demonstrated, as a *dic'tum*, that a person whose left heel and cheek abut upon a wall has no power to raise his right leg. The cases, m'lud, are collected on page 30 of *Farwell on Powers*. Now, m'lud, here is a full-size model of the staircase, and, as your ludship will observe (mounting the stairs and jumping down three steps at a time), nothing—could—be—simpl—(slips and descends to bottom with a run)—er—er—r-r-r-r!

Mr. Wily, K.C. (for defendant). I ask your lordship to take a note of that.

Mr. Skill (rising and examining stairs). Also, m'lud, of the fact that the twelfth step has been greased.

The Judge. I will. Now for your second point.

Mr. Skill. May it please your ludship. (Stands on desk and executes a back-somersault.) That is my case, m'lud. (Loud and continued cheering.) I must

ask you to excuse me, Ladies and Gentlemen, as I have a turn to do in the Appeal Court in two minutes.

The Judge. Now, Mr. Wily.

Mr. Wily. M'lud, as to the first point I simply rely on my friend's own demonstration. As to the second, I submit that not one man in a thousand can turn a somersault, and it was decided in *Overanover's* case that a person's inability to do so was *not* evidence of any physical defect.

The Judge. I fancy that the judge in *Overanover's* case only demonstrated that point by way of an *encore*, which I am not bound to follow, especially after Mr. Skill's express feat to the contrary. However (rising and disrobing) we'll see.



SIMPLE SAYINGS FOR THE SILLY.

BAD AS IT IS TO BE FAWNED UPON, IT IS BETTER THAN TO BE BITTEN.

(To the Usher) Hold my wig a moment.

[*Essays a back-somersault and is carried out of court insensible.*]

(Twenty minutes later.)

The Associate (speaking with much emotion). His lordship's last words were, "Judgment for the defendant, with costs on the higher scale."

ILLUSTRIOUS INANITIES.

["The Emperor of RUSSIA is reported to have said to Count WITTE: 'We are living in stirring times.'"—*Daily News*, December 7.]

THE utterance of soul-shaking verities is not the monopoly of Continental potentates. By means of inquiries conducted in a variety of quarters, Mr. Punch has been enabled to glean a goodly crop of wise, pregnant, and caustic sayings

which have emanated from the lips of prominent public men in this country.

Perhaps the most impressive of all these weighty observations was that which Mr. BALFOUR is asserted to have let fall last Saturday morning at the close of a long conversation with his Private Secretary. "If I am not mistaken," said the outgoing Premier, "to-morrow will be Sunday." Mr. SANDARS, a man of great perspicacity, is understood to have signified his acceptance and endorsement of this momentous proposition.

Hardly less striking in its grasp of the essential facts of the situation is the remark which is credibly attributed to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on learning of Mr.

BALFOUR's resignation. With an inimitable gesture the ex-Colonial Secretary—so we are assured by an informant whose cousin married the niece of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's coachman—turned to his son and said, "Well, well. We shall see what we shall see."

Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, as is well known, has a great reputation for concise and epigrammatic comment. But he has seldom equalled and never surpassed the felicitous phrase in which he summed up the true inwardness of the present crisis. "If only, as I have every reason to hope and believe, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ultimately succeeds in convincing the entire electorate of the necessity of his policy, the success of Tariff Reform will be virtually assured."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who inherits the gift of trenchant speech from his father, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, is alleged to have created a profound impression at a recent meeting in Manchester by observing, in tones charged with emotional intensity, "We are on the eve, I may say we are on the brink, of a General Election."

Lord CURZON, whose speedy return to the arena of active politics is confidently expected by his numerous readers, signalled his arrival in England by an observation teeming with transcendent significance. A few days after reaching London he was walking down Pall Mall when he chanced to meet an old acquaintance. We have it on the authority of the crossing-sweeper in Waterloo Place, who witnessed the *rencontre*, that Lord CURZON without a moment's hesitation greeted his friend with the poignant *cri de cœur*, "Well, I suppose there's no place like home, as the saying is."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHERE did Mr. WELLS acquire the intimate acquaintance with life behind the counter in a draper's shop graphically portrayed in *Kipps* (MACMILLAN)? There is something about it recalling the intensity of CHARLES DICKENS's narrative of boyhood's days in the blacking factory that suggests it is autobiographical. The story of *Kipps's* schooldays is also so vivid that my Baronite is constrained to the belief that Cavendish Academy, its principal, and the young gentlemen educated by him, in some modified form actually existed. It is not alone in respect of suspicion of incorporating autobiography with fiction that the author of *Kipps* makes one think of the author of *David Copperfield*. DICKENS has found innumerable imitators, successful chiefly in producing echoes of his more boisterous manner. Whilst free from imitative effort, Mr. WELLS has much of that humour, high spirits and daring fancy that, exercised by the Great Master, still delight mankind. *Kipps* himself, an illiterate youth, to whom there unexpectedly comes a legacy of "twelve thousand pounds," is a character so skilfully drawn through varying circumstances that he is never inconsistent with his introduction as "a simple soul." Mr. *Chester Coote* is excellent, and so, in quite another way, is *Chitterlow* the dramatist, who at length turns up trumps and makes lavish return to *Kipps* for a loan bestowed in darker days. The story rattles along with unflinching vigour, taking unexpected turns that maintain interest to the last.

Maitland Major and Minor (HEINEMANN), by CHARLES TURLEY.

Boys, if you wish to let your fathers know
The path in which a parent ought to go;
Parents, if you would give your growing boys
Something to crown all other Christmas joys;
Masters, if you would learn unwritten rules
Touching the etiquette of private schools;
And, General Public, would you ease your brain
And for one careless day be young again;
To each and all of you I say, "Go early
And buy the latest tome by Mr. TURLEY."
This is no amateur; there's not a doubt
He knows his tricky subject inside out;
Here is no maudlin tale (it's much too big)
Of virtue championed by the hero-prig;
The boy who tells it, on his proper hook,
Talks like a boy and never like a book;
Nor lets his humour range one little bit
Beyond the natural bounds of boyish wit;
I've seldom sampled better stuff or saner,
So says the Baron's Nautical Retainer.

In *The Art of Portrait Painting* (CASSELL) the Hon. JOHN COLLIER has made one of those incursions into the sister-kingdom of literature so dear to the heart of an artist. He justifies a rather ambitious title by including a learned, brightly-written, and discriminating survey of the work of the great portrait-painters written some years ago. Some of his opinions make one lift one's eyebrows, as for instance where he ascribes the fading of a Leonardo da Vinci portrait to "his pernicious habit of glazing thinly over a preparation in monochrome." The illustrations are in most cases well-chosen and well-printed. Some of those printed in colour, notably the MILLAIS portrait of "*Miss Tennant*" and ORCHARDSON's "*Vincent Peel*," are as near perfection as possible. Each of them is well worth the price of the whole volume, and the "*Lord Peel*" should be possessed by every Parliamentarian. The book contains most valuable hints for the art student.

There are two delightful little kittens on the first page of *Pussy's Mixture* (E. NISER); but the very best illustration of all, and we haven't seen one with more real go in it for some

time, is on the title page at the very commencement of the book. Don't miss it. It's "*The Cat and the Fiddle*." The *Postcard Book* from same firm is a novel idea. Dainty are *Pansies for Thoughts* and *Forget-me-nots for Remembrance*.

In a handy volume Mr. SEYMOUR LLOYD writes about *Elections, and How to Fight Them* (VACHER). The book comes out opportunely when the country is on the eve of what promises to be a historic struggle at the poll. In chatty manner, lucid phrase, Mr. LLOYD gives practical hints relating to the preliminaries of the struggle. Almost everything a candidate should know with respect to the business in which he is embarked, is here set forth. The Appendix contains a summary of the sections hidden away in the Corrupt Practices Acts relating to the conduct and management of elections. Having learned all this handy book tells him, the honest candidate can go ahead, none daring to make him afraid.

Since Alice wandered through Wonderland no such pretty fairy tale has been written as Lady RIDLEY presents in the *Sparrow with the White Feather* (SMITH, ELDER). The sparrow, grateful for kindness received in early youth, conducts little Jean to Fairyland, leaving her at the entrance to the glow-worm-lit tunnel that leads to the demesne, for it appears nor sparrows nor other birds are permitted to enter. What Jean sees and hears is narrated in fashion of fascinating simplicity. The book, which is illustrated by Mrs. ADRIAN HOPE, is primarily designed for children. My Baronite testifies it may be read with delight by grown-ups.

Virtue is its own reward. This one work, *The Art Journal* for 1905, is VIRTUE (& Co.)'s own reward for the continued success of the series founded in 1839. It is a handsome volume, and some handsome people in it too, commencing with a delightful portrait of "MARY" (evidently the MARY of "MARY MARY, Quite Contrary," which will strike you at once, as would she, if when she were alive you examined her face too closely) sent by Mr. JOHN LAVERY to the Autumn Salon in Paris. Then look at JOHN TAYLOR's portrait of *Joan Nixon*, very witchlike, book in hand, and peaked hat on head. No relation presumably to the "Red-faced Nixon" mentioned by Sam Weller. The picture is delightful. In the literary accompaniment to this volume there are most interesting articles, long and short, by SIDNEY COLVIN, CLAUDE PHILLIPS, A. G. WEBSTER, PAUL WATERHOUSE, and others.

Brief as this notice must necessarily be, neither the delicate reproduction of THEODORE ROUSSEAU's *Forêt de Fontainebleau*, nor the delightful "*Gossips*" of SYLVIE D. PAOLETTI, must be omitted from our general laudation.

The Face of Juliet, by L. T. MEADE (JOHN LONG). Would not the impressionable *Roméo* have been bothered entirely had *Juliet* possessed a twin sister! He would have sung, *con amore*, "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away!" The reader of this novel will appreciate the applicability of this familiar quotation. But further than this the Baron, who knows the secret, may not go. He strongly advises his friends and followers to look into *The Face of Juliet*, and to hold it before their eyes until they shall have learnt what *Juliet's* mother has to impart. The story is well and clearly told, the scenes are dramatic, the descriptions graphic, and there is not a page that would warrant calling in the aid of a professional skipper.



APPROACH SHOTS.

[“The question of municipal golf—the providing of it where there is none, and the improvement of it where it exists—is being made a big feature at several of the elections in Scotland.”—*Golf Illustrated*.]

1. From a speech by the Rt. Hon. A. J. B.

... “accused of considerable, and even intentional, ambiguity. Gentlemen, on the eve of an election, I admit that frankness on so vital an issue may well be demanded from the leader of a party. But, indeed, I have never made any secret of my opinion on this important matter—the question, as I need scarcely add, of the desirability or otherwise of protecting the greens with artificial bunkers. (Hear, hear.) But, since my opponents are incapable, or feign incapability, of understanding my previous utterances on this question—pellucid as I should have imagined them to be—I will restate them once more, in the clearest, the shortest, the most emphatic language at my command. (Applause.) On the one hand, we have the belief freely expressed that any but natural hazards disfigure a golf course. The truth of that sentiment appears to me indubitable. (Cheers.) On the other hand, there are those who assert that, unless you make artificial hazards, the scores returned will be far below their proper total. With that opinion, Gentlemen, I sympathise to the fullest extent. (Cheers.) And now at last, as I hope, I have made it impossible for the least scrupulous of my opponents to accuse me of ambiguity on this great, this tremendous question.” (Loud and continued cheers.)

2. From a speech by the Rt. Hon. J. C.

... “Well, we will turn to figures.

What do we find? In the south-eastern portion of England, the average monthly return in competitions is 85. The average bogey score—mark this—is but 84! Yes, Gentlemen, here is the state of things—your average is reduced to within one stroke of bogey—and yet there are besotted intellects which shrink from facing facts, and object to my

3. From a speech by Mr. Winstan Ch-reh-ll.

... “a more pitiful set of foozlers never disgraced the land! When they do not pull their drives, they slice them. When they do not top their iron-shots, they miss them clean—the only clean feature about these gentlemen! (Loud laughter.) In fact, to describe the insufferable ineptitude of their pseudo-athletic performances aright, the exigencies of accurate terminology compel me to classify such persons as the most piffing set of rotters I’ve ever struck. (Renewed laughter.) And yet these, Gentlemen, these are the creatures who declare that the average golf-course is too easy, and propose to make their abominable bunkers, to desecrate the gracious grass with the sacrilegious spade!”

4. From the correspondence column of “The Spectator.”

SIR,—I venture to suggest that—

[We greatly regret that pressure upon our space forbids us to print the remaining portion of our esteemed correspondent’s letter. But whether TAYLOR’s opinion on the deflection of iron shots can be accepted without some considerable reservation is, obviously, a disputable point. It is approximately certain that the distance from tee to green in the

case of the penultimate hole varies greatly on different courses. We are mindful, however, of HERD’s performances, and, while convinced of the soundness of our own view, we shall continue to afford [those who, like our correspondent, hold other opinions, every opportunity of expressing their sentiments in the columns of this journal.—Ed. *Spectator*.]



“No, no. I DON’T WANT THESE COMMON ONES. THEY’RE NOT FOR A PRESENT, YOU KNOW. THEY’RE FOR MYSELF!”

scheme of protection by the introduction of artificial bunkers... possibly not live to see it, yet assuredly the day will come when our motto of ‘protection for the home green’ will prevail. And not for home greens only: nay, in that glorious age, every green in the Empire will rest secure against unskilful approach, guarded on all sides by a sandy and salutary bunker!” (Great cheering.)

LEST YOU REMEMBER.

[To be sung in recitative by Tory waiters outside the banqueting-hall of the New Ministry.]

Now sit ye close about the festal board,
And of the turkey's stuffing take your share;
Let every face with absolute accord
Glow in the spicy pudding's brandied flare,
And each his hand apply
And seize a plum and say, "How good a boy am I!"

Now, while your jesters fling their final sneer
At captive warriors and a broken cause,
And scarce acknowledge, save with burning ear,
The gallant foeman's chivalrous applause—
Upstand on all your legs
And drain a Liberal bumper, drain it to the dregs!

Drink to the hour that is, and shout *Waes hael!*
And let no man too curiously forecast
The doubtful vista hid behind the veil,
Nor draw its safety-curtain from the past,
Lest haply he should jog
Thoughts that are best left lying like a dormant dog.

Lest you remember how your victory came,
How battlements that long defied your wit
Fell not by patient siege, or sword and flamio,
But owing to a sad internal split;
So were the gates flung wide,
And you were asked if you would kindly step inside.

Lest you remember certain awkward facts
Let drop in many a too-expansive speech,—
Immutable committals, solemn pacts,
Private and contradictory each to each;
And how on every pledge
This clique or that will ultimately have to hedge.

Here's one that's sworn to run at REDMOND'S heel,
And there another, bound by equal oaths
To have no hand in any Home Rule deal,
Or wink at what his loyal nature loathes;
Surely between these two
I may detect a slight divergency of view?

Here's one again that marks with angered eyes
"Our Chinese brothers" wearing "slavery's brand,"
Or takes an all-black attitude and cries
"Whip me yon yellow devils off the Rand!"
While others disagree,
Saying, "They're neither slaves nor devils; let 'em be!"

This type's a King's man; that's a frank pro-Boer;
And some are Liberals born, and others made
Such by desertion. Here's a Scot's claymore
That has *Retrenchment* chiselled on the blade,
While BURNS (of England) gloats
Over the damnable expense of paddle-boats.

Therefore, lest you remember facts like these,
Feast while you may, and take a cheerful tone;
Soon you will sit not quite so much at ease,
Eating your winged words, each man his own,—
Tough fowls that you have loosed,
Which have a horrid knack of coming home to roost.

O. S.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

By A-DR-W C-RN-G-E.

[Dedicated to Miss MARIE CORELLI, author of an article on "The Sorrows of a Millionaire," in *The Daily Mail*.]

THERE are some people in this world who actually envy men, and even women of literary genius. I wonder why? How can anyone possessed of a modest competence, with a seat in a Free Library, and entertaining sound democratic sentiments, envy the merely "talented" man, or woman?

To me the genius, especially the romantic genius, is an object of sincere compassion. His popularity is a perpetual incentive to pot-boiling. He is the slave of fashion. He is at the mercy of unscrupulous critics, reviewers, and ink-slingers, of vulgar lion- and lioness-hunters, photographic friends, interviewers and paragraph-mongers. He (or she) cannot rely upon friendship, for he (or she) always suspects friends of ulterior designs—generally matrimonial. Indeed I know of one extraordinarily gifted authoress who receives on an average 500 offers of marriage in the week, and is still unmarried from the utter impossibility of choosing out of this bewildering *embarras de richesses*.

Again, the literary celebrity, pursued by the unrelenting purveyors of personal details, cannot escape the devastating penalties of success. Isolation, privacy, and repose are impossible. She (if he be a she) is forced by the obligations of greatness to live in the limelight of publicity, to enter the controversial lists at the shortest notice, and fight to the death with rival authors; to champion the fame of the mighty authors of the past against the insidious attacks of acid pedants and pedagogues, unprincipled town councillors and greedy jerry-builders. Then there is the ceaseless strain of bearing aloft the banner of the Simple Life against the combined forces of Mammon and Gastronomy—against the delirious devotees of the gold craze and the porcine worshippers of appetite. It is a terrible responsibility, and there is no respite or relief in the struggle. Genius is ever the victim of jealousy, misrepresentation, and spite, ever bound to be on guard against the onslaughts of brutal and insufferable millionaires.

Again, the rewards of genius, though appreciably larger than in previous epochs, are still pitifully insignificant alongside of the accumulations of the magnates of the mercantile world. I am afraid that MILTON, if he were to revisit the world, would be quite unable to dine night after night at the Carlton, and that SHAKESPEARE, if he were now residing at Stratford-on-Avon, would not find himself in a position to keep a reliable motor-car or to entertain Mr. SIDNEY LEE and Miss CORELLI in a manner worthy of his guests. Of course there are exceptions, and Greeba easily outshines Skibo. But the rule remains—the lot of genius is hard and toilsome. To quote from a personal experience, I once went to a musical reception at the house of a certain latterday *Mrs. Leo Hunter*. The greatest living woman of letters had entered just before me, and was met on the stairs by a lady interviewer, who greeted her with a suave yet sinister grin. "So glad to meet you here!" she said. "Mrs. Z— gives most delightful parties! And she has so much influence,—she will speak of your books to so many people." That was quite enough for the affronted genius. Promptly realising the view taken of what she had thought to be merely a courteous response to a friendly invitation, she quickly slipped away from the festive scene, and never darkened the doors of that "influential" house again with her dainty, ethereal shadow. Too proud, you will say? Oh, no! But proud enough to hold the profession of literature as too high for the "patronage" of any lesser power than the universal Public.



GETTING TO WORK.

THE RIGHT HON. J-IN B-RNS. "I CAN TAKE OFF *THIS* COAT JUST AS WELL AS ANY OTHER."



THE FINAL STAVE OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

(With profound apologies to the Genius of Charles Dickens.)

STAVE FIVE.

SCROOGE was certainly under the impression, on going to bed after returning from that wonderful Christmas party at his nephew's, that he would not be required to have any further intercourse with Spirits, and would live henceforth on the Total Abstinence Principle.

But in this he was mistaken. There was no doubt about that. For barely, or so it seemed to him, had he laid his head on his pillow, when the curtains of his bed were once more drawn aside by a spectral hand.

However, on this occasion, he felt no solemn dread. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, he skipped out of bed as lively as a sandboy—or rather several dozen sandboys, every one of them endowed with preternatural agility.

"I know what *you're* here for," he chuckled. "Come to take me out to some more Christmas Parties, eh? All right, I'm ready for you. I feel equal to facing any number of them *now*!"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas more than sixty years to come," announced the Spirit in sepulchral tones.

"My dear Sir," said SCROOGE heartily, "delighted to see you—delighted! Thank'ee. Let us be off at once. Do we go out of the window, or through the wall, this time? Which-ever it is, Spirit, lead on, and I shall be most happy to follow you anywhere you like!"

"Touch my robe!"

SCROOGE did as he was told, and held it fast. The city had entirely vanished; they stood upon an open country road, before some tall wrought-iron gates, flanked by pillars, upon which a pair of heraldic griffins ramped—but amiably, as if even their stone hearts were softened somewhat by the influence of the Season. Through these gates they passed, and up a stately avenue to the portico of a noble mansion.

"One of the country seats of Lord BREDANBOURNE," the Ghost explained.

"But why bring *me* to such a place, Spirit?" asked SCROOGE, feeling slightly puzzled. "For really I can't recollect ever to have heard of his lordship."

"Have you so soon forgotten your fellow 'prentice, DICK WILKINS?" inquired the Spirit. "He married, as you are doubtless aware, the eldest Miss FEZZIWIG, and died Sir RICHARD WILKINS, having been knighted during his Lord Mayoralty by His Gracious Majesty, King WILLIAM THE FOURTH."

"So he was," cried SCROOGE. "Bless his heart! So he was! Dear, dear! And yet, even now, I don't quite——"

"His son, GABRIEL," pursued the Phantom (who, by the way, was less reserved than any of its forerunners) "developed the warehousing connection of the firm of FEZZIWIG & WILKINS to such a prodigious extent that [he eventually became a

Baronet. The second Baronet, Sir PEVERIL, in return for important services rendered to his party, was raised to the Peerage under the title of Baron BREDANBOURNE."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed SCROOGE, rather impressed, "what services, Spirit?"

But the Phantom answered not. It is very possible that it did not know.

"The Lord BREDANBOURNE of the period we are now in," it continued, "does nothing whatever but enjoy himself. He is at this particular moment entertaining a houseful of the smartest people in London for Christmas week."

"Is he, though?" cried SCROOGE, rubbing his hands with the delight of a boy. "What a feast he must be giving them, eh, Spirit? What a capital Turkey! What a wonderful Pudding! What bowls of seething Bishop! What pyramids of oranges and piles of chestnuts! Do let us go inside and look on, Spirit! Just for an hour or so!"

"I fancy they will have finished feasting by this time," said the Spirit. "We shall probably find them all in the Long Drawing-room, playing——"

"Forfeits, I'll be bound!" said SCROOGE, eagerly. "Oh, I must go in, and see the fun! Make haste, Spirit, make haste! Hallo here! Whoop!"

Unseen by any there, they entered that lofty and splendid room—but scarce had they done so, ere SCROOGE's heart grew strangely chill within him.

The walls were decked with Christmas here and there, but yet resounded to no echoing ring of joyous Christmas laughter. SCROOGE noted next that all these guests who sat, in groups of four, at little tables were so deep engrossed in studying the cards that fell—in such a solemn silence, too!—that they were blind and deaf to aught besides, unheeding holly—aye, and mistletoe! From time to time a hollow voice would

cry, "I leave it!" Or one would quit his seat and wander around, like some uneasy soul that finds no rest, and then return, as powerless to resist the spell for long! Young girls there were, who, risking stakes that they could ill afford, doubled "No trumps," and paled as Dummy's hand, displayed, revealed the guarded King that doomed them to inevitable disaster!

"I suppose, Spirit," said SCROOGE, "they'll have in the fiddles and begin to *enjoy* themselves presently, eh? They can't keep up this sort of thing *much* longer! *can* they?"

"They are enjoying themselves," replied the Phantom. "And they will keep it up till one or two in the morning, at least."

"Then I don't wish to see any more," said SCROOGE. "Remove me, Spirit. Let me see my dear nephew's descendants keeping up this Festival in the time-honoured fashion with 'How, when, and where,' and 'Blind-man's buff.'"

Back to the town the Spirit led him next, and to a fine house in a terrace hard by the spot where Tyburn Tree once



1777 with apologies to Rossetti & Keats

bore its ghastly fruit. There might have been a dozen people, old and young, in the solidly furnished drawing-room Scrooge and the Spirit visited next—but not one among them all was engaged in blind-man's buff! He saw the same small tables, with similar unsmiling parties of four seated at each—the very silence might have been the same! In one group Scrooge particularly noticed a grim hatchet-faced elderly gentleman who somehow rather reminded him of his former self. "Your great-nephew, Mr. Justice MERRYWEATHER," explained the Phantom; "he is more learned, though perhaps slightly less genial, than his Early-Victorian father. That pallid young gentleman whose play he is just criticising with such refreshing candour is his great-nephew by marriage, young TOPPER, who has lately been called to the Bar, and has a case—his first brief—coming on in his relative's court early next Hilary term. He has just remembered that circumstance."

"Spirit, show me no more!" entreated Scrooge, "I cannot bear it. In mercy's name take me from this hideous travesty of Christmas cheer to some humbler home, where all the dear old customs are not quite forgot! Let us drop in upon the descendants of my worthy clerk, BOB CRATCHIT! For I tell you plainly, unless I smell roast goose and hot punch, and hear a toast proposed, if not a song, within the next few minutes, I have a feeling that I might relapse into the man that I was wont to be!"

The Phantom inclined its head . . . Their way led them past a row of spacious shops, above which Scrooge could read, in bold and glittering letters, the words, "Cratchit's Cash Stores, Limited."

"Yes," remarked the Spirit airily, "the CRATCHITS have got on, too. The business is vastly improved since old PETER CRATCHIT first founded it in the early sixties. . . . No, the present people don't live over the shop; they occupy a villa residence called 'Chatsworth,' in a new but highly select suburb, where they are known as the 'DE CRESPIGNY-CRATCHITS.'"

To this suburb they repaired. But, as Scrooge passed through the stained-glass portal, his nostrils were

not greeted by the savour for which he hungered, Mrs. DE CRESPIGNY-CRATCHIT being much too refined a woman to allow a roast goose to appear at her table, whether with or without such ungenteel appurtenances as sage and onions.

The party he found in the "Art" Drawing-room to the right of the hall were all in the most correct evening costume, and far too fashionable to be festive. They passed no punch around, proposed no toasts, nor sang a single song. On the contrary, they were engaged in precisely the same occupation as were the two parties at which Scrooge had previously assisted.

"Spirit, I can't stand it!" cried Scrooge. "In Heaven's name, what is this fell pursuit that, in the space of sixty-odd short years, will banish harmless mirth and jollity from every hearth alike?" . . . "They will call it 'Bridge,'" the Spirit answered.

"Ghost of the Future," cried Scrooge, quite agonised, "I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen! You seem to delight to torture me! If there is any respectable home in the town on which this fearful blight has not yet fallen, show that home to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

"I cannot do so," was the Phantom's sorrowful reply, "for I know of none!"

"Then, for the love of Pity," Scrooge implored it, "conduct me back to bed—and let me wake, to feel all this is but a dreadful dream!"

This time his prayer was granted. . . . He positively frisked out of bed next morning. "Why, bless me, it's Boxing Day!" he shouted. "What ridiculous nonsense I've been dreaming! Christmas blighted, indeed! And by a thing called 'Bridge,' too! Pooh!! Stuff!!! That punch at my nephew's last night must have been stronger than I fancied!" F. A.

SCENT PER SCENT.

A TERRIBLE danger threatens the noble and national sport of Fox-hunting; a danger hitherto unseen, or perhaps we should say unscent. And yet how heedlessly we have ridden in its very midst, reeking—we mean reeking—nought of the potent evil lurking among us. Then, suddenly, forth bursts the warning in the daily Press. Hark to the prophet of *The Daily Telegraph*. In solemn type that cannot lie he tells of "the mischief caused—particularly when a cast is being made downwind of the field—by an atmosphere laden with the scent of countless fragrant cigars, and with the varied pungent perfumes emanating (delicate word) from many feminine handkerchiefs." Here, then, is the deadly secret.

Masters, who mop your puzzled brows when the keenest nose in the kennel scours the plain in vain—huntsmen, whose commentaries, not loud but deep, have blanched the cheeks of youthful second whips, when your most cunning casts went unrewarded—know, suffering souls, that all the mischief lies in baccy and bouquet.

What can be done? The strongest varmint fox is whiffless among such redolent rivals. Even the good red herring, the prey of the furious fish-dogs, must pale his ineffectual fumes before these powers of stamped box and stoppered bottle; he is not worth a red scent.

Alas! what disaster do we see before us! Each hound, in time, will run a particular label, and refuse all imitations. By natural selection the lady hounds will speak to the dainty perfumes of the *mouchoirettes*, whilst the sterner sex will give tongue to the rank and vile of the cigar brigade. Then, as the peculiar *penchant* of each of the pack becomes known to their keen-nosed huntsman, every hound, to save confusion, will of course be named after his or her favourite smoke or smell.

Mournful, indeed, to those who have loved the accustomed sounds of the chase (especially if non-smokers) will be the day when our woodlands echo to the cry of "Tally-ho, Bock!" or "Have-a-care, Borneodoro!" A crack of the whip and a "Gently, Jockey-Club," to some eager queen of the kennel will at first fall strangely on the ear, whilst a cheery "Hark to Eau-de-Cologne" answers a well-known note in the whins, proclaiming that the unmerring nose has winded its own triple-extract.

And when, at some future revelry by night, the sounds of music rend the odorous air, shall we recognise an old, old tune through these balmy words?

"Yes, I ken Henry Clay, and Auld Reekie too, Ranker, 'Rose Royale,' and Sinellman so true; From the fag to the case, from the case to the 'pew!' From the 'pew!' to the ash in the morning."





BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Passer-by. "IS THAT YOUR PORK DOWN THERE ON THE ROAD, GUV'NOR?"

Farmer. "PORK! WHAT D'YE MEAN? THERE'S A PIG O' MINE OUT THERE."

Passer-by. "AH, BUT THERE'S A MOTOR-CAR JUST BEEN BY."

COLD COBFORT.

(Sobe Adti-Rheub Bethods.)

[Medical experts, according to *The Daily Mail*, are calling the attention of the public to the importance of performing the nose-blowing operation in a scientific and hygienic manner. First one nostril and then the other should be blown without undue violence, otherwise the compressed air and the microbes may be driven through the Eustachian tube into the middle ear with serious results. It appears, indeed, that a great authority on the subject used to forbid his patients to blow their noses when suffering from a cold.]

BISTER PUDCH, havigg beed recedtly laid up with this seasodable but distress-igg ailbedt, has a bore tedder feeligg for hubad weakdness, add is accordiggly boved to frabe the followigg sibple regulatiods for sibilar idvalids:—

1. First catch your catarrh.
2. Dod't let it develop idto idfluenda, as this is dow udfashiodable—deuralgia is a buch bore sbart eooplaidt.
3. Avoid usigg ady words which cod-taid the codsodadts "ebb" or "edd";

this becobes sobewhat tryigg add tire-sobe to your fabily add frieddss.

4. Refraid frob cobparigg your dose to Charley's Audt, because it is "still ruddigg."

5. Take probptly sobe correspoddedce lessons in Sciadtific Dose-blowigg, but you deedd't do it id the Agody Colubds of *The Tibes*, *The Daily Bail*, or *The Bordigg Post*.

6. Give up sdiffigg, sduffigg, sdoozigg, sdeerigg, sdorigg, sdarligg, sdigerigg, sdiveligg, sdortigg, sduffligg, add sdeezigg—that is, if you ead!

7. Sboke the stroggest tobacco you cad fidd—it will sbother the microbes add sedd igquisitive (add huborous) acquaidtadecs to a safe distadec.

8. Practise abbidexterity id puttigg your figgers add thubbs to your dose—first eploy the right hadd, thed the left, uttil proficiedt. You cad thus cobe out as ad edtertaider add bake a lot of bodey.

9. Dod't let your bedical bad gabod you by calligg it a "coryza." You bight hidt to hib that the lagguage of *The*

Ladcet is very idterestigg, do doubt, to the general practitioder, but the ordidary idividual dowadays is dot to be taked id by the blessed word "Besopotabia."

10. Whed you have fidished with your cold, or sooder, be sure to pass it od with idterest. Jourdey, therefore, persistedtly add oftet id obdibuses add uddergroudd traids, add thus origidate, à la sdowball, a regular Loddod epidebic.

Br. Pudeh, as will be seed above, has dot edlarged od the less robadtic, though hygidic, details of dostril add hagker-chief drill. He hopes, devertheless, that these few elebedtary baxibs will, if duly coplied with, codduce to a Berry Christbas add a Birthful Dew Year abogg his bady fellow-bartys of the Egghlish clibate—Er-tish-oo!

ZIG-ZAG.

"HASTA MAÑANA."—A new newspaper has been recently started in Paris, entitled *Demain*. Not very happy this for subscribers at a distance, as *Demain* n'arrive jamais.

NATURE STUDIES.

CHRISTMAS BIRDS.

THERE is a great gathering of birds every morning now in the bare trees and bushes close to the house, for they know that as soon as breakfast is over some one will step out either from the front door or from one of the French windows on the other side of the house and scatter crumbs for them. The uncertainty as to the spot at which the ceremony will take place keeps them in a fine flutter. I can imagine the sparrows (who, if all accounts may be trusted, have all the vices of men with some particular feathered wickednesses in addition) laying the odds to the solemn rooks or the fancy-waistcoated thrushes with a shrill "Six to four the front-drive!" or "Two to one the back-lawn," and being occasionally taken, let us say, in bread-crumbs or fragments of toast, while the robins, those dainty bird-aristocrats, hop about in disdainful aloofness from the busy throng of little chattering. At last, however, when the suspense is becoming almost too great for chirps, the door (or, it may be, the window) opens, and out steps the little fair-haired distributor of largess. Then what a flutter there is to be in good time. The air is alive with excited wings, and all the twigs of vantage become thick with birds. They are, however, too cautious to descend to the ground until the scattering is finished and the human being removes herself within the house.

In London streets, where the traffic is frequent and the pedestrians innumerable, you will see the sparrows, grown contemptuous with a long familiarity, hardly deign to hop aside when a horse or a man comes upon them; but here in the country their native wildness still maintains itself, and it is difficult to coax them to leave their branches until you have withdrawn yourself from their gaze. But when once that is done they waste no time. Down come the sparrows in their swarms, impudent companies of sturdy little fighters, each one intent both on filling his own gullet and preventing his companion from getting his or her fair share. There is no nonsense of gallantry about a sparrow. If he sees a tiny hen of his breed struggling with a crust of bread as large as her body he is down upon her in a moment, thrusts her furiously aside, lifts the crust in his beak, rises with it (an incredible feat) in the air, and abandons his prey only when three other sparrow-raiders pounce upon him and dispossess him.

In the meantime there has come an incursion of starlings. They arrive with an extraordinary hustle and quickness, determined not to be too late for the feast, and at once begin waddling swiftly to the best bits, their funny bob-tailed bodies simply quivering with excitement. They make no bones at all about shouldering the sparrows aside, and the quarrelsome little fellows seem to respect their size and their gluttony, though I doubt not they make many a sarcastic remark about their awkward gait, so different from the sparrow's graceful rhythmical hop. Two or three blackbirds, gaudy with their yellow bills, and a few thrushes add themselves to the meeting, and here and there a stray robin pecks with dignity on the outskirts. A gentler looking, softer bird than the robin does not fly, but you should see the little beggar when a sparrow really gets in his way. With a rush as swift as the flight of an arrow he scatters the enemy and secures what he wants. If I were a sparrow I should certainly keep my distance from a robin, and guard myself against being betrayed by his blushing breast and his liquid eye into any false notions about his fighting quality.

During all this time three gigantic rooks—gigantic, that is to say, by comparison with the industrious swarm of little birds below—have been perched in observation on the tops of some young poplars. You would think that a bird so black and so portentously beaked could not help being brave, but he certainly is not. On the contrary he is as timid as a fawn, and it is a ludicrous sight to watch him trying to make up

his mind for a swoop on a tempting crust, half letting go of his perch, then convulsively clutching and flapping himself back again into security, looking nervously to right and left, and then at last deciding on the dreadful venture and launching himself downward. He too is a waddler, more ungainly than the starling, since there is more of him to waddle, and he has an absurd false air of dignity and dauntlessness as he stalks at his selected crust, seizes it, and makes off with it to his tree. None of the little birds pays the least attention to him. He is a wasteful mischievous bird, but I can't help pitying him, for his looks belie him so largely, and he is obviously so greatly terrified of men.

The gardener shakes his head over the daily bird-feast, and prophesies that we shall have no fruit next year if the thieves are thus encouraged; but he prophesied the same gloomy things last year and many years before, and in spite of his warnings we have not done so badly. At any rate I cannot find it in my heart to refuse my surplus crumbs to these merry, comfortable little folk. A garden without birds would be sadder than a garden without fruit—but on this point I cannot hope that the gardener will agree with me.

MORE DREAM CORRESPONDENCE;

OR, "LETTERS THAT NEVER REACHED THEM."

I.

(From Mr. Brodrick to Lord Curzon.)

MY DEAR CURZON,—I am extremely sorry that I was unavoidably prevented from going to Charing Cross to welcome you on your return to London, though I need hardly add that I was better employed elsewhere. But it has always been a rule with me never to allow personal predilections to interfere with the discharge of public duty, and I had a long-standing engagement to open a Primrose League Bazaar on the same day. The news of the collapse of the station roof next day gave me quite a shock. Just think what it would have meant for the Empire if it had happened twenty-four hours earlier and I had been there! However, all's well that ends well.

Yours very sincerely,

W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

II.

(From Mr. Balfour to M. Ritz.)

DEAR SIR,—It is at once my privilege and duty to inform you that it is the intention of the KING to confer upon you the honour of a dukedom in recognition of the services which you have rendered the country in connection with dietetic reform amongst the governing classes. Malnutrition is at the root of the physical deterioration of the nation, but none of those who frequent the splendid establishments of which you are the presiding genius has ever complained of being inadequately nourished. You will, I trust, allow me to congratulate you on your well-deserved honour, and to felicitate the House of Lords on a recruit whose aim has always been to reconcile parties on the common platform of gastronomy.

I am, &c., yours faithfully,

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

III.

(From Sir Lewis Morris to Mr. Alfred Austin.)

DEAR MR. AUSTIN,—Hastily glancing at the new Honour List this morning I caught the name ALFRED, and at once jumped to the conclusion that you had been elevated to the peerage. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed the fact that the honour had been bestowed, not upon you, but upon another person with the same Christian name. Still I thought it only right to let you know of my mistake, as an indication of the friendly feeling, irrespective of our political divergence, entertained for a brother bard by

Yours faithfully,

LEWIS MORRIS.

A RECORD MOVE.

[Mr. BALFOUR removed his goods from Downing Street in a motor-car.]

OTHERS may plan their moves by van
With slow and careful art;
Who flits by night may expedite
His progress with a cart;
I that am flying from durance vile,
I that have crossed the Bar,
Manage the thing in a bolder style—
Move in a motor-car.

Then, chauffeur, go, and to and fro
Your frequent course begin;
You need not wait for straw and crate
To pack my chattels in.
What does it matter if things go wrong?
'Tisn't the point just now;
Damage them, lose them, but bring them
along—
Shove them in anyhow!

If you exceed the legal speed,
If peelers take your name,
It shall be mine to pay the fine,
And bear the public shame.
Things at the bottom no doubt may
break;

Those at the top may fall;
Never you mind—but for dear life's sake,
Put on the pace—that's all!

For now at last my toils are past,
Now have I won release,
And with resigned and equal mind
Possess my soul in peace.
Now there are others to work the wheel,
Ready to take their turn,
Let me get out of it—let me feel
Clear of the whole concern.

Then, chauffeur, fly, your courses ply
With all the speed you may,
And get my chattels out of that
Before the close of day.
Tell me as soon as the job's complete—
I shall feel easy then;
I shall forget about Downing Street—

Praise to the gods! Amen!

DUM-DUM.



POPULARITY.

Bishop (to little visitor, who has asked him to sign post-card portrait of himself). "BUT—ER—SURELY, I SIGNED ONE FOR YOU THE OTHER DAY?"

Little Visitor. "YES; BUT I SWAPPED YOU FOR TWO NEW ZEALANDERS, YOU KNOW!"

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Colonial Office is becoming the preserve of those who bear names distinguished in national pastimes. Mr. LYTTELTON, once a great cricketer, resigns in favour of Lord ELGIN, whose name is closely associated with Marbles.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN too, it will be recollected, played the well-known game known as "his own."

It is earnestly hoped by Mr. ROBERT SPENCER that the announcement that he has been appointed Lord Chamberlain will finally remove the impression that he is an agricultural labourer.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is stated to have encountered considerable difficulty, when making up his Ministry,

in overcoming the scruples of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as to his fitness for office.

To what lengths some editors are prepared to go in their craze for originality is evidenced by the fact that one London daily paper tried to make itself conspicuous by omitting to state that Mr. JOHN BURNS, when attending at Buckingham Palace, wore a bowler hat.

ACCORDING to *The Globe* "the President of the Republic ought to be elected by open vote and not by the ballot." We have nothing but praise for this sentiment, which seems to us to be based upon sound morality.

A Hardy Annual.

THE MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It is 54 years since —'s Christmas Cake was first placed on the Market.

Dundee Advertiser.

Will no one take this cake?

FROM the — Library's free book of illustrations and extracts:—

"Each article in the — Library is quite complete in itself. Wherever it has been thought advisable in other cases to take the best part of the book only, the part taken is always the best part of the book."

As the poet says, "We needs must lift the highest when we see it." The difficulty is, of course, to see it. The lifting is easy enough.



THE WORM TURNS.

Misguided Waiter (of slender repertoire but cast persistence). "NOËL! NOËL! NO-ËL!"

Saturnine Householder. "Isn't there? If I come down to you I'll make you alter your opinion!"

CHARIVARIA.

A WAG, last week, affixed to the railings of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S house a placard bearing the inscription, "No more hands wanted." Nothing was said about heads.

The Daily Mail is cheaper than ever. It is now being controlled by a Baron, without any extra charge whatever.

A complaint reaches us from a recently-

made Knight which strikes us as not being unreasonable. Our correspondent points out that when he signs letters, &c. there is nothing to indicate that he is a Knight, and suggests that it would be a welcome reform were all of his rank to append the title "Sir" to their signatures.

It has been calculated that, during the recent spell of foggy weather in London, 57,615 drivers of vehicles asked a like number of other persons similarly employed where they were coming to, and

that only in a very small percentage of cases did the answers give satisfaction.

At Billingsgate the fog was so dense that a drunken man lurched into a coffee-tavern.

And, in the neighbourhood of Wormwood Scrubbs, a respectable citizen hailed a passing omnibus, which stopped for him, and it was only when a door closed that he discovered he was in a vehicle vulgarly called a Black Maria. Efforts to obtain his release are now on foot.

An interesting attempt to disperse the fog was made in Sloane Square. A German band played there for over half-an-hour.

The announcement that a miniature zoological garden will shortly be established by the London County Council at Golders Hill is supposed to be responsible for the rumour, current last week, that the County Hall was to be erected there. One sees how the error arose, but it is none the less regrettable.

A motor-omnibus caught fire in St. Martin's Lane last week. The old vehicles certainly used to be disagreeably cold in winter.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has obtained three months' imprisonment for a woman who persistently bullied and nagged her child. Once again, nothing is being done for husbands.

The *Chemnitzer Allgemeine Zeitung*, whose enterprise we admire, is the first to inform us that Great Britain is about to make war on the Ashantis in order to obtain possession of their golden throne. It is just possible, however, now that the vile scheme has been exposed, that nothing more will be heard of it.

It is, we hear, possible that the General Election will not, after all, take place in the first week in January. There is just a chance that *The Daily Mail* General Election may not be concluded by then.

A charitable lady is said to be raising a fund to give a dinner on Christmas Day to strap-hangers.

Motor-mask parties are the latest novelty in entertaining. The effect of a room filled with goggleywogs is said to be most bizarre.

The statement that Mr. HALL CAINE'S constituents are showing discontent at his absence from their island is denied by Mr. CAINE'S agent.



THE SLIP-KNOT.

(After the late Sir John Everett Millais' well-known picture "The Huguenot.")





Hostess. "AND DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?"

Visitor. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN GETTING RATHER STOUTER LATELY, AND IT'S SUCH A COMFORT TO KNOW THAT I REALLY HAVE NO BODY!"

GOVERNMENT BY MOTORITY.

ACTING on the suggestion made by Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH in *The Daily Mail* that motor-owners who are being asked by Parliamentary candidates for the loan of their cars during the forthcoming Election should guarantee to take joint action to alter the unfair legislation that now controls the liberty of automobiles and thus put the industry in England on the same footing as that in France, a gentleman has sent to a "political friend" the following letter, which he hopes may be useful in promoting further "joint action."

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your request I regret to say that, although fully recognising that at least 25 motor-cars are essential to the success of any electoral contest, I cannot lend you even that small number without requiring you to give me an undertaking to sup-

port certain reasonable measures of which I happen to have a rough draft in my pocket.

I was formerly in the habit of lending automobiles to every man who said he was "blue," without exacting any pledge as to how he would vote if elected, although in some cases, especially in Ireland, there was considerable risk of the varnish on a new car getting scratched; but would you believe what happened? An M.P., who was simply motored into his seat by one of my cars, afterwards had the audacity—not to mention bad taste—actually to say in the House that he approved of some limit being placed on the speed of motors when driven on public roads! I was in the Speaker's Gallery at the time and simply stood aghast. Did this gentleman stop to consider, before using such rash and intemperate language, the effect it might have on the business of undertakers?—a grand industry in

France, but already languishing here through our short-sighted policy.

Now, Sir, I am not going to be duped in this sort of way any more, so unless you are prepared to give me the above-mentioned pledge (of which I will forward you a form on receipt of 6*d.* in stamps), I must reluctantly leave you to flounder outside Westminster Palace without attempting your motor-curricular rescue.

Yours affectionately,

MERCEDES.

P.S.—*Mercedem qui meruit ferat.*

THE Berlin correspondent of *The Daily Mail* announces the following important item of international news:—

"Frisco Kid, the champion boot-polisher, whose great aim in life is to polish the boots of crowned heads, has arrived here from London."

"Uneasy," we are told, "lies the head that wears a crown;" but far, far uneasy must lie the head that wears a boot as well.

"C.-B.," PREMIER.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PLEASANT to note cordial reception with which C.-B. is greeted on accession to office. Political friends and foes applaud his Cabinet-making. All he does is well done. Happy send-off for a new Premier.

'Twas not always thus. Those who have dwelt in House of Commons these last six years have pained memories of quite other things. When at Reform Club meeting at opening of Session of 1899 C.-B. had the Leadership pressed upon him by belated Liberal Party, it was a proof not only of high esteem of business capacity, but of exceptional personal popularity. Those who knew him in private life justly regarded him as an ideal Leader of the Party in the circumstances of the hour. Courteous yet canny, long schooled in politics and Parliament, suffused with mellow humour and the gift of expressing it in happy phrase, he seemed the very man for the place.

He gave early testimony of insight when, acknowledging the unanimity that marked his election and the enthusiasm attendant on his acceptance of the thankless office, he insisted, as an essential condition of success in the arrangement, that the Leader of the Party really must be allowed to show the way. Enthusiastic Liberals cheered this novel sentiment. Before the Session had closed, C.-B. on at least one memorable occasion found his authority openly flouted. The Party divided in the face of the common enemy, marching in sections into opposite lobbies.

Beyond ever-seething revolt in his own Party C.-B. has, through his term of Leadership, been hampered by quite unusual hostility displayed towards him by Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite. PRINCE ARTHUR in particular gleefully seized opportunity of belittling the authority of the Leader of the Opposition. The cue was promptly taken by Ministerialists on back benches and below the Gangway. The manner was adopted by Ministerial organs in the London Press.

C.-B. faced the conspiracy with a quiet dignity and unruffled patience that would have disarmed more generous assailants. He winced once last Session when, on his misreading with comic effect a word of his written speech, the Right Hon. Gentlemen seated opposite broke forth in boisterous laughter. For the most part he passed unnoticed the jeering references—PRINCE ARTHUR here again frequently striking the note—levelled at his habit of carefully preparing in MS. his more important speeches.

Whilst these things happened in the House of Commons, in Printing House

Square, in Fleet Street and its precincts, C.-B. was conscious of being buttressed by support of Liberals throughout the country. Having the advantage of perspective, they formed a juster view of his actual proportions. He is Premier by choice rather of the sturdy Provinces than of the fickle Metropolis. Now that he has come into his own, both applause and success achieved by sterling capacity, unflinching courage, unflinching political honesty.

In the first Session of a new Parliament we shall find C.-B. blooming amid



THE TRIUMPH OF C.-B.

circumstances wholly different from those patiently endured during six years of probation. Having uncomplainingly, doggedly, made his way through the bleak winter of Opposition, his constitutionally genial nature will expand in the sunshine of prosperity that awaits his return to the familiar scene at Westminster.

May it be Averted!

IN *The Daily Mail* of December 11 there was a paragraph to the effect that a possibility existed of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE with his entire company visiting Germany next April. It was not stated that the performances would commence on the first of that month. But is it not the best policy for England that all Englishmen should refrain from acting in any manner that might admit of a wrongful interpretation? Why do anything in any way to irritate the Germans? Let Mr. TREE, our ever-green Christmas Tree, reconsider the matter, and promote brotherly feeling between the two nationalities by remaining, and giving us the pleasure of his company, at H.M.'s Theatre, Haymarket.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS AND CARDS.

WHERE THOMAS—beg pardon, we should say TOM—comes out extra well this year with his Crackers for Christmas is with his Table Decorations. Of course anything Japanese must be very popular just now, and however business-like TOM SMITH'S designs may be for drawing on purchasers' purses his Jap designs are most fancifully original. "Bridge" too is archly presented, while the Calendar Crackers combine utility with ornament, and the *Quick Change* specimens are fascinatingly attractive! TOM'S Christmas stockings are enormous! They are meant for the very biggest calves; or, each one of them might be used as offering retirement to some hundreds of Midsummer Nights' fairies after a Christmas Night's festivity.

McCAW, STEVENSON AND ORR apparently take the place of MARCUS WAID, and keep the old reputation up to its high standard with a Poetical Calendar charmingly designed, and full of poetical reminders, very interesting. Quite a short cut to the poets. ERNEST NISTER is, to this present Xmas Examiner, a new name. Congratulations to him on his most artistic calendars.

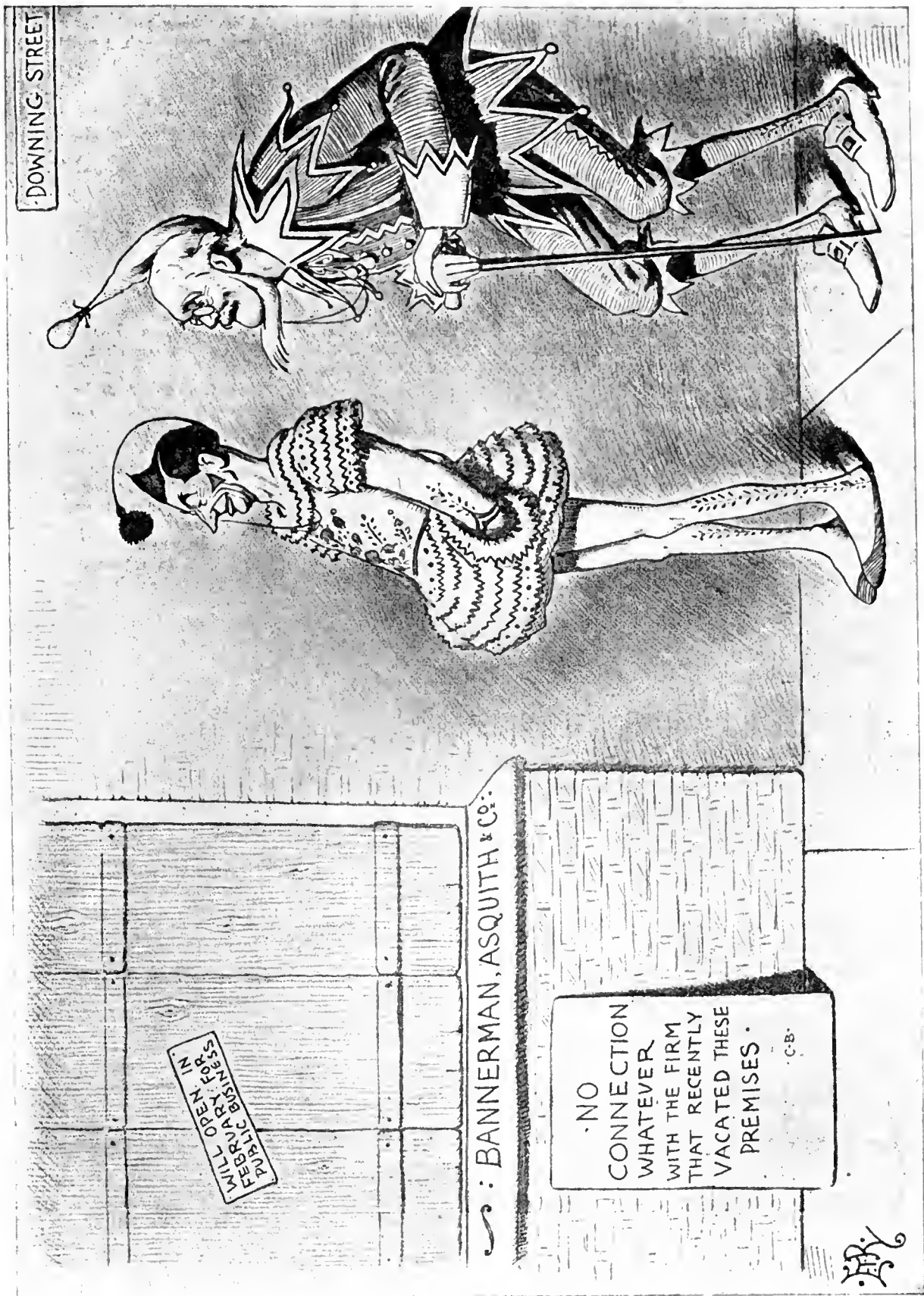
The man in the street, *L'Homme à la rue* (shall we say rightly or wrongly?) will find the *De la Rue* pocket-books of all sorts and sizes as serviceable as ever. By the way *L'Homme à la rue* won't be a purchaser; he will only regard them with appreciation through the shop window, but the public will step in. And of all the other pocket-books, whose shall we indicate as appearing, at least to us, as most serviceable? It sounds, or looks, as if we didn't mean it when we give the name of their publisher and say—"WALKER!"

An Unconsidered Trifle.

HAPPENING to be looking over Sir GEORGE OTTO TREVLYAN'S *Interludes* the Baron DE B.-W., while renewing his acquaintance with "HORACE at Athens," was struck by the following lines, so appropriate to this season when pantomime is upon us:

Like the clown
Who lies with fiendish craft athwart the floor,
Then knocks at some innocuous tradesman's door.

Now, marvellously acrobatic as the most modern clowns may be, the Baron ventures to defy anyone of them while "lying athwart the floor" to knock at a door,—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of "knocking at a door," even with his heels. It recalls that famous impossibility of a sentinel "lying prone" and keeping his eyes fixed on the stars.



Joey. "Oh! I say, Arthur! Won't we just have jolly larks with their windows when they get the shop open? I've got my pockets full of chestnuts to sell at 'em!"
Pantaleon. "No have I, Joey!"

LILLIAN.

VIII.—THE CHIROPODIST.

"THE Great Annual Rummage Sale and Bazaar," said LILLIAN, "will be held in the Schools on Thursday evening, under the distinguished patronage of the Vicar, Miss MALLEY, Mrs. JOHN MARGETTS (who won't be there, luckily), Mrs. ARTHUR MEADOWS, Miss — oh, I forget the rest."

"Do you really come second on the list, or is it just side?" I asked.

"Alas, it's alphabetical. As a distinguished patron, DICK, I feel bound to ask you what you propose to do to help us on this auspicious occasion."

"I hadn't really proposed anything."

"Well, hurry up and begin."

"What does one do at a Bazaar? You can't sing very well——"

"You don't sing very well," corrected LILLIAN.

"My voice may be untrained," I said, "but it has power, not to say volume. I can give you some old clothes of ARTHUR'S."

"Do, and anything of your own you can spare. And try and think of some other way of making money. It's for cassocks."

"Cassocks?"

"Or is it hassocks? I really forget. Anyhow they want a lot."

"That evening I went over ARTHUR'S summer wardrobe, and found quite a lot of old things that he couldn't really have been keen on—except for the associations, and there must have been lots of those.

I made a heap of them without any remorse, feeling sure of his approval as soon as he heard of the noble object in view—cassocks, or hassocks. I mean one *must* sacrifice for the cause of charity. I confess that I did hesitate for a time at a flannel suit (grey with a light blue stripe); but I had certainly never seen him wear it since his marriage, and ante-nuptial garments are unlucky or something, aren't they? Anyhow, I got him on the list.

Of course I gave some of my own things too. In particular I remember a pair of evening socks, very fine, with open work down the front. (I may say here that the bidding was very brisk for these, JOHN CLAYTON securing them eventually for threepence.) Also I thought of an idea.

"It's just this," I said to LILLIAN. "I'm going to tell fortunes. Observe Professor FORTUNO, the Famous Chiropodist. Séances, 3d. Ordinary aunts, 2d. Children Half Price."

"I say, that's rather a thought."

"I shall disguise myself in a long beard, and you can erect me a little tent in a corner of the room."

"Right you are. I'll tell Com." Com is not only a churchwarden, but also a handy man with the adze, being by birth a carpenter.

"Yes, do. By the way," I added, "did you ever see ARTHUR in a flannel suit—grey with a light blue stripe?"

"Grey with a — Isn't that the new one he was so proud of?"

"Oh, is it?"

"I think so. He bought it at the very end of the season for that garden party, and only wore it once. Yes, of course. Why?"

"I knew I hadn't seen him in it often," I murmured.

"Grey, I think, suits ARTHUR, don't you?"



Mr. Turkey-Gobbler. "PON MY WORD! THESE FEATHERLESS PICTURES ARE POSITIVELY INDELICATE! I SHALL CERTAINLY FORBID MY CHILDREN TO COME ROUND HERE!"

"What does the Vicar do with all the clothes?" I asked anxiously.

"They put the best up for auction, and the others have a fixed price," explained LILLIAN.

Mr. Cobb is a worthy man and a good carpenter; but he was a fool to label my tent as "Professor FORTUNO, the Famous Chiropodist," though it does show the spread of education. However, the mistake was soon remedied, and I did much good work for the cause. Personally I must have made several hassocks myself.

Of course I hoped that LILLIAN would come in to have her fortune told, and I meant to give her a good one, too. However, it never came off properly. She dashed in suddenly with, "Oh, Dick, what do you think?"

I seized her hand.

"You will marry a young and handsome man of the name of RICHARD," I began, quickly. "You will have——"

"Oh, I didn't come for that. What do you think has happened?"

"I'm telling you what will happen. You will marry—oh, I said that. I see land, pasture land, in your palm. You are not a farmer yourself. Then perhaps you know somebody of the name of MEADOWS?"

"DICK, stop it. GRACE and ARTHUR are here. And I saw ARTHUR'S flannel suit on the auction stall."

"Oh lord!" I said. I got up and sat down again. "Of course you told ARTHUR that I'd gone up to town for the day? W'h, look out." I took her hand again. "An aunt," I said loudly, "who will die in an Eastern country." And ARTHUR entered.

"Is that yours, LILLIAN? I didn't know you had an aunt. Who is the Professor?"

"Are you going to be told? How splendid! The left hand's best."

I took ARTHUR'S hand. The future was easy to read. "I see trouble before you. Disappointment and wrath are written. Great vexation will be yours shortly. There will be an estrangement between you and a dear friend. A friend? No—no—it is surely a relation."

LILLIAN laughed suddenly. "Poor old ARTHUR!"

"You are gifted with a charitable nature," I went on. "Quite lately you have made great sacrifices in the cause of charity. As yet you do not realise how great."

I peered into his hand again.

"I can see no more," I said. "Except that there is this trouble before you. The rest is—blank."

My next visitor was ETHEL WILLEY, and then I had a brilliant idea.

"It is decreed," I said, taking her hand, "that you will do a work of great kindness in the immediate future."

"But I wanted the past," she said.

"The past is past," I said, impatiently. "Let us leave it there. Now do attend carefully to the prophet." Whereupon I gave her most careful instructions. "Do be a dear and do it for me," I implored. "There's the auction bell. Run."

I had told ARTHUR that there was trouble ahead, and the rest was blank; but when he caught sight of his best suit on the auction stall he started straight off with the blank part. He stood there beginning all sorts of inarticulate protests, until the bidding reached ten shillings, and then GRACE drew his attention to the practical, if expensive, way.

"Twelve shillings," he growled.

"Thirteen," said a voice.

"Twenty," said ARTHUR.

"Thirty."

"Two pounds."

"Two ten."

"Confound it," said ARTHUR, "there's somebody running me up on purpose because she knows I want it. Three."

"Guineas."

"I won't be cheated. I won't go a penny further. I won't—"

"Going for three guineas!"

"Four pounds," shouted ARTHUR, "and I'll talk to somebody about this."

LILLIAN and Miss WILLEY came into my tent.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. DICK," said Miss WILLEY, "I was just going to get it for ten shillings, when some man started bidding against me. And you said I wasn't to go more than three pounds."

"Oh help. What will ARTHUR say?"

"ARTHUR was the man," said LILLIAN, beginning to laugh.

I glared at her.

"Why ever didn't you stop Miss WILLEY then? You knew she didn't know all the—er—the circumstances of the case—"

"I couldn't. I was laughing too much."

"Laughing!" I said bitterly. "It was your duty to—"

LILLIAN sat down and shook with laughter.

"It was," she said between shakes, "my duty—as a patron—as a distinguished patron—to help—the cause—of charity."

"Wait till I get my beard off," said the Chiropodist.

He uses a tortoiseshell comb, and prefers BEETHOVEN to WAGNER. In matters of gastronomy he has his own opinion, but the statement that he eats a Haggis every Saturday night is unfounded. Before he took the name of BANNERMAN he was never known as C.-B.; although now even the policemen on duty in the House call him nothing else. The nickname originated with one of our wittiest M.P.'s.

MR. JOHN MORLEY

is generally considered to be the most intellectual member of the new Cabinet, although there is a difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of the word. He is one of the few members who are not Scotch, and his features are easily distinguishable from those of both Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr.

JOHN BURNS. Mr. MORLEY rarely plays golf when in Opposition; it remains to be seen what he will do in Office. He knows India like a book, but was quite ready to be the Chancellor of Exchequer if necessary. Mr. MORLEY may be seen riding in the Park every morning on a short cobby-built nag named *Pongo*. He uses a J pen and Indian ink.

MR. JOHN BURNS

is the first Labour Member to enter the Cabinet. Few of his fellow Ministers are better known, and none hit harder in the nets in Battersea Park. Mr. BURNS dresses in blue serge and a grey beard. At the time of his summons to the PREMIER's house he was at work on a scheme to convert the L.C.C. steamers into motor omnibuses. This must now stand over for the present. Mr. BURNS strikes a heavy blow, and rarely gets his umbrella stolen. His favourite flower is the little fragile wood-anemone, the wind-flower of the poets. He eats heartily. Mr. BURNS is thinking of giving up Bridge now that he has so many new duties, but so much pressure is being brought to bear upon him that he may change his mind.



TIME—Christmas Day.

Benevolent, but somewhat deaf old Gent. "HA, THERE GO THE DEAR OLD CHURCH BELLS, RINGING OUT THEIR MESSAGE OF CHARITY AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL MANKIND!"

SIR EDWARD GREY

is not really grey, except in name. He is still a young man, although older than Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. His title came not from journalistic enterprise or the promotion of music-hall companies, but was inherited; in other words, he is a baronet, thus giving the lie to the old adage, "All cats are grey at Knight." Sir EDWARD is fond of fishing, and has now and then caught something. He breakfasts usually at nine, but on occasion, when, for example, he has to catch a train, can be earlier. Being a Director of a great Railway Company he is rarely asked for his ticket. His favourite colour is blue, and he always says that pure Latakia is too strong for steady smoking. In all other respects he is a model English gentleman.

MR. JAMES BRYCE,

who is perhaps the ablest Irish Secretary since Mr. GERALD BALFOUR, has been long before the public as a climber and publicist, but this is his first serious attempt to rule the country which gave him his admirable brogue. A man of medium height, he has read much. His interest in life is wide and vivid, and pickled walnuts, he has been often heard by eavesdroppers to declare, have more fitness with cold mutton than cold pheasant. Mr. BRYCE dresses simply in clothes. No member of the new Cabinet spends so much money on hansom, and few have a wider knowledge of Esperanto. He is sixty-seven.

LORD ROSEBURY

is not in the Cabinet.

ALL ABOUT THE NEW CABINET.

(Reprinted from "In the Know.")

At this moment, when it is impossible to be told too much about the members of the new Cabinet, the following particulars concerning some of them cannot fail to be interesting.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

is scrupulously careful in his attire. It was noticed when he called on the KING last week that he had not forgotten his coat or omitted to lace his boots. He has never been known to walk down Pall Mall wearing only one spat, however strong the temptation may have been.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRAYVO, THACK, my boy!" quoth the merry ANDREW ARCEDECKNE, addressing WILLIAM MAKEPEACE after the great novelist's first lecture on the *Four Georges*. "Brayvo, THACK, my boy! First-rate! Why don't you follow 'em up with the Two CHARLIES, the Eight 'ESKIES, and the Sixteen GREGORIES?" And to Mr. JOHN LONG, who has just published among *The Carlton Classics* a clearly printed, quite pocketable, and therefore companionable, edition of THACKERAY'S *Four Georges*, the Baron makes a suggestion similar to ANDREW ARCEDECKNE'S. Give us many standard works in this handy and inexpensive form.

Mr. HERBERT PAUL devotes a considerable portion of his *Life of Froude* (PITMAN) to the scarifying of FREEMAN, who pursued with bitter acrimony the successive literary efforts of his brother historian. Whenever FROUDE added a chapter to his *History*, or contributed an article to a periodical, be sure FREEMAN was down upon him with pen dipped in gall. He was largely responsible for establishing the charge of inaccuracy which still attaches to FROUDE'S work. "I do not suppose," he wrote in one of a long series of assaults in the congenial columns of *The Saturday Review*, "that Mr. FROUDE wilfully misrepresents anything. The fault seems to be inherent and incurable. He does not know what historical truth is, or how a man should set about looking for it.... His book is not written with that regard for truth with which a book ought to be written." That is plain speech, perilously approaching libel. My Baronite only half wonders what would have happened to FREEMAN had he been brought into court before Mr. Justice DARLING and a special jury approaching the average of intelligence. Having effectively disposed of FREEMAN, Mr. PAUL himself takes FROUDE in hand, and in language less coarse, not therefore less effective, sides with the assailant. "FROUDE," he writes, "was an advocate rather than a Judge. He held so strongly the correctness of his own views and the importance of having a right judgment in all things, that he sometimes gave undue prominence to the facts which supported his theory." When FROUDE, having completed his *History of England*, turns his gaze across the Channel, his biographer's flail falls with increasing severity. Mr. PAUL writes: "The book is really an Orange Manifesto. Such works have their purpose and FROUDE'S is an unusually eloquent specimen of its class. But they are not history." Thus was FREEMAN justified of his criticism. Had he had the opportunity of tasting both doses FROUDE would probably have preferred the *Saturday Reviewer* to his biographer. It is to Mr. PAUL'S credit that he is not influenced in passing judgment upon the subject of his biography by the parental fondness of the biographer. This stern quality increases the value of the study, and adds piquancy to a valuable addition to the personal history of literature.

It was a great pleasure to read, and it is as great a pleasure to recommend to everyone, an historical romance so simply told and so thoroughly interesting as *The Idol of the King*, by Captain CURTIES (HUTCHINSON & Co.). The King is GEORGE THE THIRD, who, when Prince of WALES, loved HANNAH LIGHTFOOT the Quakeress, "to whom" (the Baron is quoting THACKERAY) "they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)." For HANNAH our author, who "wishes it to be distinctly understood that he does not vouch for the historical accuracy of all he here describes," substitutes a perfectly charming heroine, *Miss Olivia Everett*, of Old Walsingham Grange, a true gentlewoman of ancient lineage, staunch to the old faith at a time when to profess and practise it was to incur the greatest

possible risks. With her the PRINCE fell in love at first sight, as did she with him. Their marriage was indeed a veritable love-match. On this basis of probability our author, following the example of Sir WALTER SCOTT in his historical novels, builds up a touching romance. Probably the old Norfolk family, of which Captain CURTIES is a member, has in its possession a store of most interesting documents that may serve him for another novel as interesting as this.

Interludes, "being three essays and some verses by HORACE SMITH" (MACMILLAN & Co.). The Baron reading these three chattily-written essays has come across several good old stories, but he gives the palm to such new ones as are of the worthy magistrate's own personal experience.

Some time ago there was published, in bulky volumes necessitated by the long record, the autobiography of Sir HENRY KEPPEL, Admiral of the Fleet. Sir ALGERNON WEST, brother-in-law of the old sailor lately paid off, has supplemented the statelier frigate by something in the shape of a brisk and handy cutter. *Harry Keppel* (SMITH, ELDER) is a memoir including the later years of the typical British sailor of whom Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA spoke as "my beloved little Admiral, best and bravest of men." Born when GEORGE THE THIRD was King, and having held commission on the active list of the Navy under four Sovereigns, KEPPEL lived to see his affectionate friend EDWARD THE SEVENTH crowned in Westminster Abbey. With light touch Sir ALGERNON WEST brings the personality of a simple-hearted yet capable man home to the reader who knew him only by name. He shrinks from attempt to define "that nameless magic, that infection of geniality" which made HARRY KEPPEL equally attractive to his Sovereign and his midshipmen. Happily he makes it clear enough in the pages of his book. The earlier history recording KEPPEL'S gun-room days vividly recalls the experience and adventure of *Midshipman Easy* and *Percival Keene*. Thirty-three years ago, when he was in command at Plymouth, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD was his Flag Lieutenant. My Baronite notes many points of resemblance between the young 'un and the old 'un. Beyond the Flag Lieutenant, now Vice-Admiral, the type is almost extinct.

Kitty and the Viscount, by MULVY OUSELEY (GAY AND BIRD), is a novel that the Baron may (under reservation) recommend as a fairly interesting story that might have been really good, had the construction of the plot been reconsidered, and the style of writing very carefully edited. To believe that a stranger, introduced by the secretary of a West-End swell-noblemen's Club to its members, should, at his very first visit, be taken aside by one of the biggest criminals present and be fully confided in, is so improbable as at once to upset the entire scheme. The introduction of the man who ought to have been Kitty's husband is awkwardly managed. Yet has the Baron a good word for the equivocal Kitty and her Varying Viscount.

The Baron DE BOOK-WORMS begs to announce that during this Christmas season he is giving his Baronite, his Retainers generally, and himself, an entire holiday. On the re-opening of the office, after the holidays, in the second week of the New Year, "Business will be carried on as usual."



NATURE STUDIES.

MIDDLE AGE.

I HAVE heard many men talk very seriously about middle age, but it was generally the middle age of other people, not their own. In referring to their own years they usually spoke with an air of jocoseness which did not well conceal their anxiety to be reassured. What, as a matter of fact, they wished the friend whom they addressed to say was something of this kind:—"Middle-aged, my dear chap! You! Why, you're younger than you ever were in your life. It'll be time enough to talk about middle age in another ten years."

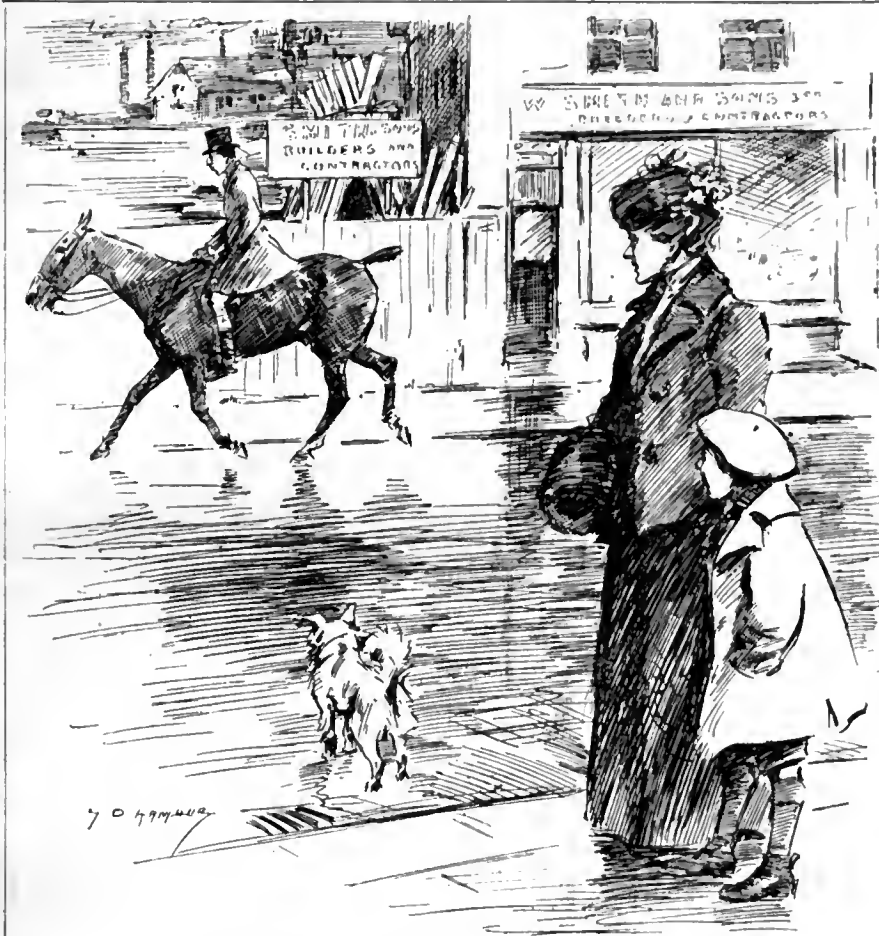
And the friend, if he had a grain of tact, would certainly come up to the scratch gallantly with some genial remark of the sort. If such things happen to besaid to you, don't you find yourself afterwards walking with a springier step, as if you were prepared to ruffle it with the best of them in any of the bold and dashing adventures specially suited to youth? Honestly it's not a bit of use. Look at that grey-haired old servant pottering about the Club library. You can remember him when his hair was black and glossy, when his waist was slim in the Club livery, and when he bustled as if nothing could tire him. How long ago was that? And how old were you at that time? It is a shock to observe these living and palpably aging reminders of one's own vanished elasticity, but the shock is probably good for you.

Or you can pay a visit to your old University and plunge again into that fountain of perennial boyhood. Those were the rooms JACK used to keep in. You remember with a shudder the night when in mere wantonness you let yourself down from them into the Court by means of sheets knotted together. What would you take to do it now? And JACK? Last week the newspapers announced his elevation to a bishopric and gave him high praise for his learning, his piety and his doctrinal orthodoxy. Who else kept in the Court? EDWARD was one, and now he is a headmaster; and TOM was another, and you are godfather to his boy, who rowed last summer in his College Eight. There are ghosts in the Court, too, ghosts in flannels and football boots, or in the easy snits of dittos that the young affected many years ago, and they are shouting and laughing and trolling songs, and altogether behaving as if nothing in the wide world mattered—not Deans or tutors

or lecturers or even the inexorable years themselves. Yes, it was a delightful time, and its memory cannot fade, but to come upon it like this is a little disconcerting.

I met, not long ago—it was a distinguished, a never-to-be-forgotten honour—an undergraduate, a great athlete and, I must add, a thoroughly pleasant companion. What, however, pleased me chiefly about him was, not the list of his triumphs, but the extraordinary vivacity of his youth, both as to bodily enterprise and as to animal spirits. He could turn the most beautiful somersaults on a lawn or on the floor of a room; he could throw cart-wheels; he could walk on his hands for fifty yards and then, with a swift convulsion of his being,

could erect himself suddenly on his feet; and he held and expressed the opinion that at the age of twenty-eight it was still, perhaps, possible for a man to be fairly active. Beyond this he would not go. He bore his part with animation amongst his elders, though he was often heard to say that politics were in his judgment a dull and confusing pursuit, and that literature was even worse as a subject for conversation. He was happiest when he was playing with the small children of the house, and I never knew his spirits and his gay self-confidence to be depressed except upon the rare occasions when he was forced to a desk in order to write a letter, a pursuit which he frankly abhorred. "I say, old chap," I have heard him call out on such an occasion,



"I SAY, AUNTIE, WHAT'S THAT FUNNY MAN WITH THE RED COAT?"

"HE'S BEEN HUNTING, DEAR."

"OH,—HE HASN'T CAUGHT MUCH, HAS HE, AUNTIE?"

When the answer came, "With both," he ejaculated, "Oh, Lord!" in a tone of such deep despair that one might have supposed the very foundations of his world to be crumbling beneath his feet. Yet he was twenty-one years old, and responsible in the eyes of the law for such debts as he might incur.

For myself, I could wish to lose a certain amount of my poor ability in spelling if I could lose with it some of my encumbering years and be a barbarian once more. But I am under no illusions, for it was but a short time ago that an amiable young man—a German he was, but not otherwise hostile—rose as I approached, and offered me his chair. On my protesting that I couldn't think of taking it, he smiled a very pleasant smile and said, with polite insistence: "Pray sit down. For me it does not matter; I have young legs and can stand, but it would not be right that you should remain standing." I thanked him, and took the chair.

WHY WALES WON.

DRUIDICAL AND BARDIC INFLUENCES.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AND WELSH RABBIT.

ARE THE NEW ZEALANDERS A DEGENERATE RACE?

EFFECT OF GEYSERS AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

MR. SEDDON AS A PHYSICAL IDEAL.

[NOTE.—Mr. Punch cannot necessarily guarantee the statements or endorse the conclusions which appear in this article. But he is confident that the general sense of it is as sound as that of other articles, published elsewhere, in which the previous successes of the representatives of New Zealand have been explained on the ground of that country's superiority, physical, social, and moral, over the degenerate Motherland.]

WHILE the echoes of the Welsh triumph are still ringing through the mountain fastnesses of the Principality, the student of ætiology will not be content to dismiss this remarkable occurrence as a mere detached incident in the everyday world of sport. He will look deeper; he will investigate causes, primary, secondary, and immediate. He will say: Here is the spectacle of a country of the most exiguous area inflicting a crushing defeat (by however small a margin) upon another country almost

TWENTY TIMES ITS SIZE.

Here is the spectacle of a practically untried combination overcoming one that for the last two months or more has been steadily perfecting itself in competition with teams of every variety, including scratch fifteens representing Scotland, Ireland, and the amateur section of England. It is impossible to explain this overwhelming superiority without scientific reference to racial characteristics, the influences of tradition, physical environment, and so forth.

And, in the first place, we must remember that the Cymry have always enjoyed a certain sense of confidence born of the success of their defensive tactics against the Saxons, who constantly failed to defeat them on the home ground. Then, again, football was the

NATIONAL GAME OF THE DRUIDS.

The influence of hierarchies on the sports of a people can never be overestimated. The popularity of Ju-jitsu is directly traceable to the ancient Shinto cult; the Olympic Games were under the habitual patronage of the priesthoods of Zeus and Hera; and it is from the ritual of Odin that the Scandinavians derive their passion for Ski-ing.

Secondly, the influence of the Bards cannot be ignored. Ear-witnesses of the impromptu Eisteddfod which was so remarkable a feature of the Cardiff match, after enjoying the privilege of comparing the Maori war-song with the national hymn of Wales, as

Poured forth from 50,000 Patriotic Throats,

assert that so paralysing was the domination of the latter that victory was already won before the leather was so much as set in motion.

Thirdly, there is the question of language. It has been well said that a man who can conquer the difficulty of the Welsh tongue can conquer anything. Further, its effect upon the

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAXILLARY ORGANS

has no parallel in history. And it must not be forgotten how big a part is played by the jaw-bone both as a propelling force in the scrum, and as an instrument for use in colloquution with the referee.

Among immemorial traditions conducive to patriotic fervour in the football field may be mentioned the Welsh Rabbit, symbol of fleetness; and the tale of Taffy, Welshman and Thief, an obvious gloss upon that national reputation for sleight-of-hand which has fallen to the heritage of the present three-quarter line.

Passing from prehistoric origins to the lower middle ages, we have

OWEN GLENDOWER LEADING THE WELSH SCRUM

to victory in a long series of international games, and to the end undefeated by the combination which overthrew the famous Hotspur team (at that time playing under the Rugby code) in the match at Hateley Field by Shrewsbury.

In more recent times Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (a local hero) has taken Cabinet rank; and the Lord Mayor of CARDIFF (a still more local worthy) has made himself conspicuous in other ways.

The pride of memories such as these, both old and new, must have acted as a powerful stimulant to the nerves, and added something to that virility which one invariably associates with an atmosphere of anthracite coal-dust.

Turning to the New Zealanders, we have to ask ourselves whether the quality of degeneracy (a term usually employed in explanation of British defeats) can fairly be predicated of so young a race. I am rather inclined to attribute their *débâcle* to

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

But it is not to their history and traditions (still in the elementary stages of construction) that we must look for the causes of this arrest, but rather to natural environment and social and political institutions. Under the first head I have only time to mention the Geysers, or boiling springs, which are a feature of those unfortunate islands. I know of

NOTHING MORE ENERVATING THAN A GEYSER.

No country that produces them has ever become a First-Class Power without a desperate struggle.

Iceland has Geysers, and that is where the Prodigal Son came from. Further, in New Zealand, as in Iceland, you have those extremes of heat and cold which are so injurious to the system: Geysers at one end of the thermometer and Frozen Lamb at the other.

Then there is the institution of Female Suffrage. Where the women of a nation become men, its men are apt to become women. No less a person than NERXES is my authority for this generalization, based on a remark let fall by him, from a safe distance, at the battle of Salamis.

Finally, in the person of the Right Hon. RICHARD SEDDON, New Zealand's ideal figure, we have a standard of physical culture which

MAKES FOR NATIONAL OBESITY.

His bodily dimensions (quite apart from his tendency to mental tumidity) cannot but have exerted a baleful influence upon his loyal subjects, discouraging that abstinence and self-restraint which are essential to a perfect training, and more than counter-balancing the admirable example offered by the svelte and almost ascetic figure of the Hon. W. P. REEVES, High Commissioner for the Colony.

These drawbacks notwithstanding—and, after all, though the football-players of New Zealand may have had a hand in the establishment of Female Suffrage, Frozen Lamb, and Mr. SEDDON, yet they cannot be held

RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR PREMIER'S PROPORTIONS,

nor for the Geysers—I must believe that this promising young country, by strict attention to its physique, will eventually distinguish itself and send out a combination worthy to cross shins with the all-conquering Cymry.

O. S.



A GOING CONCERN.

SNOW MAN (to himself). "I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME 'PROTECTION' AGAINST THIS SORT OF THING!"



Hostess. "DON'T YOU RING, MR. BINKS?"

Binks. "NO—ER—I—HUM—ER—"

Hostess. "OH, I'M AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BE HEARD IN THIS LARGE ROOM. THANKS, NO MUCH!"
[Terrible disappointment of Binks, who was simply dying to recite "Tam o' Shanter."]

WHITEWASH.

[In his new tragedy, shortly to be presented at His Majesty's, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is understood to have attempted the rehabilitation of the character of NERO. So desperate a task is beyond the powers of the present writer. He is content to bring forward one circumstance in that monarch's earlier career, which should add something of compassion to the resentment with which we regard his deplorable lapses from virtue.]

FRIENDS, Readers, Countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to whitewash NERO, not to praise him.
 His was the first of criminal careers
 (Unless the lurid record of his years
 Wrongly portrays him).

Slain at the age of rising thirty-two,
 He filled the Cup of Vice to overflowing;
 Much that was better left unknown, he knew;
 And what he didn't know, if tales be true,
 Was not worth knowing.

But as a youth he was not wholly bad;
 When he was crowned, men said to one another,
 "By Jove! A worthy and a studious lad;"
 And so he *was*, until—oh passing sad!—
 He lost his Mother!

That was the turning point. While she was there
 He lived comparatively free from scandal;

He knew the sweetness of a Mother's care;
 Felt the correcting arm, that did not spare
 A Mother's scandal.

Who knows? Perchance, had she been near to guide,
 His reign had been less lamentably shady;
 But, on the morning of his regal pride,
 With disconcerting suddenness, she died!
 The poor old lady!

Oh, not to trespass on an orphan's grief,
 'Twas from that time he took to paths of error
 (Thinking, no doubt, that change would bring relief),
 Made it a habit, and became, in brief,
 A holy terror.

I say no more. But though his deeds were dark
 They hold a pathos that no crime can smother;
 Young Nero would have doubtless made his mark
 Had he not, in a mad, mad, boyish lark,
 Murdered his Mother! Dum-Dum.

At Cardiff.

Welsh Farmer. Cootpye, Mr. SONES, cootpye. I will see
 you on Montay, whatever.
 Excursionist from Yorkshire (to friend). How foony t'
 fowks do tark in this paart t' coonty!

THE SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A CHERISHED MEMORY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Labby" speaking from the corner seat below the Gangway.

Monday.—Another figure vanishing from a corner seat below the Gangway. Ghosts haunt it. In succession men as diverse as DILWYN and GRANTOLPH sat there. The last to go (from the opposite side) was JEMMY LOWTHER. Now the SAGE OF QUEEN'S ANNE'S GATE withdraws, happily no further off than Florence, but still too distant to be in time for prayers at Westminster and so secure his coign of vantage.

Mr. GEDGE carried into his retirement pained conviction that the SAGE's tenure of the place was not founded on constitutional usage. According to unwritten law of Parliament, private Members secure for current sitting a particular place by attendance at time of prayer. Then and then only are cards procurable, which, stuck in the back of the seat with the Member's name writ upon them, mark it for his own. Mr. GEDGE, who missed no gathering where "Amen!" might be loudly said, was constant in attendance at prayers. In course of time he was struck by recurrence of strange thing. He never observed the Member for Northampton among his fellow devotees. Yet

at question time there he was, in the corner seat mocking at Ministers.

Mr. GEDGE smelt a rat. Nay, he saw it moving in the air. Resolved to catch it. One day at prayer time he, with innocent air of casualty, moved from his accustomed seat to one below the Gangway in full view of LABBY's seat in which, at that moment, DILKE chanced to be. (When he came to think of it, DILKE always *was* there at prayer time.) Covering his face with his hands in devotional attitude, Mr. GEDGE strategically opened his fingers so that he might see what passed. What he beheld was DILKE furtively sticking a card at the back of the corner seat and another for himself in the seat adjoining!

When at question time the SAGE entered and took the corner seat, Mr. GEDGE peached. The House laughed, the SPEAKER solemnly shook his head, and characterised the procedure as out of order. All the same, the SAGE kept the corner seat, rising thence on the eve of Prorogation last August to deplore afresh the conduct of the Government.

Through six Parliaments he has been triumphantly returned by the men

of Northampton. A strange alliance, the grim cobblers and the cynical man of the world. But it was firmly welded and, come what might, in whatsoever low-water the Liberal Party might droop, LABBY was Member for Northampton. Of late years he has not been much to the fore, but to the end he remained a Parliamentary institution. Between 1886 and 1892 he was in his prime, and did much to contribute to the downfall of the SALISBURY Government which befel in the latter year. It was naturally expected that he would gain the customary reward by the proffer of office in the new Ministry he had helped to create. But something happened. He was left out, and in spite of cynical indifference to place and rank he was never the same man in the House of Commons.

At his best he delighted a staled assembly with the freshness of his views, the piquancy of his criticism. He cherished a generous forbearance for sheer incompetence. That no man so doomed could help. But for pretence or fraud, hypocrisy or self-seeking, he had a keen eye, swooping down upon the sinner with a sweet smile, a soft voice that made more effective the ruthlessness of attack.

The House could better have spared a duller man. The MEMBER FOR SARK goes about with saddened mien, murmuring his "Lament for LABBY":

But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,
The Flower of Northampton is a' wede away.

HONOURED IN THE BRIDGE AND ITS OBSERVANCE.

MR. RAVEN-HILL exhibits his *Bridge Problems* (LAURENCE AND JELICOE) in four tableaux which have already appeared in these pages. For this show he has touched 'em up with a paint-brush. They are very effective, and having already secured popularity in black-and-white attire they will be especially well received, at this season of the year, as excellent specimens of *rouge, noir, et couleur*. At a moderate price they will be dear, in another sense, to Bridge players, just as are JOHN LEECH's inimitable hunting scenes to all sportsmen, ancient and modern.

Each picture tells its own story, though some of them may cause discussion among Bridge-players as to the artist's intention; but there will be no difference of opinion as to the meaning of "Why did he declare hearts?" which situation speaks for itself, as evidently the male partner intends to speak for himself when the play is over, and the words have to be spoken in earnest. Anyone who wants to have "a real good set" in his house at Christmas time could not do better than offer the hospitality of his walls to these Bridgers.



MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 1.

IN THE DISCOMPOSING ROOM.

THE Russian paper the *Razsvet* has ceased for the time being to appear, because, says a special correspondent in St. Petersburg, "the printers refuse to work unless their own comments are inserted in the political articles." The simplest causes, it will be seen, may paralyse the Press. Why so reasonable a request should be refused we fail to see.

Our attitude is shared by the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, who tried the experiment of allowing the compositors who set up the article on Mr. JOHN BURNS in the issue of December 18 to interpolate whatever criticisms they wished. The article, as a matter of fact, got into the paper in its original form, but at one time it ran like this, i.e., the comments of the printing staff being here given in italics for the sake of clarity:

Critics of Mr. (P) Burns.

Some of the Socialist newspapers are girding angrily at the President of the Local Government Board. "Quite right, too." "Who says so? If it's Jim Black that said that, let him come outside." Mr. JOHN BURNS has not been in office a week, but already he is described as "a traitor," an "apostate," and a "backslider." "So he is, the blighter." "No, he's not, he's a true patriot if there ever was one." "How about that £2,000 salary? Calls himself a Socialist, does he?" These abusive—"They're not abusive, they're just. Abusive yourself"—epithets are not likely to disturb the equanimity of a man who is only anxious to serve his fellows. "Oh, is he?" "Yes he is"—and who has not renounced any of his democratic ideals. "What about that £2,000, I keep asking?" "Well, you wouldn't have the man work for nothing, would you?" When will these acidulated critics understand that if there is anything in Socialism it must consist of constructive action, organisation, and administration? "Who's acidulated? Think we're drops, I suppose." "I tell you I know John Burns through and through, and he's all right. He's a good man." "Honest John." Mr. BURNS has never departed from the ideals of social well-being which he held when he began his public career. While his detractors have been talking and talking he has been working. "Talking, indeed! Haven't we been working too? I know jolly well I have!" He can look back upon eighteen years' arduous toil on the London County Council for the benefit of the whole community, and particularly of labour, while his services in the House of Commons

have been of incalculable value to the working classes. "Have they? I'd like to know how." "Well, so you shall: Johnnie Burns has . . ." "Time, Gentlemen, please. You can't hold the pen all night, Mr. Clever, you know. I want my turn too." He now occupies a position where his practical knowledge of local government and his administrative ability will have free play. "Yes, at £2,000 a year. What I want to know is, what price £2,000 a year for a Socialist?" "Go and boil your head." His detractors might at any rate wait until Mr. BURNS has had his oppor-



Dick and Harry (who have lost themselves).
"PLEASE, MR. POLICEMAN, COULD YOU TELL US
THE WAY TO THE THEATRE?"

Policeman (in surprise). "THEATRE!"
Dick. "YUR. WE'RE THE TWO HIMPS OF
MERRIMENT AT THE PANTERMIME."

tunity before launching their arrows against him. The accession to Cabinet office of a champion of Labour and a constant friend of the poor like JOHN BURNS ought to rejoice the heart of the Social Democrat and the Independent Labour man. "Why? That isn't what we sent Burns to Parliament for. We sent him there to be a working man like us, not a blooming toff." "You silly ass, how can he do you so much good as a private member as in the Cabinet?" Instead of thankfulness we find bitterness; instead of gratitude, reproaches. To win the confidence of English Socialists you must talk and theorise. To attempt action is an unpardonable sin. "Well, well. Next article, please." "Down with John Burns!" "Three cheers for John Burns!" "Good old Burns!"

The experience of the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph* was much the same, the article on Mr. BALFOUR's speech at Leeds having been originally set up in the following form:—

It has been the affected habit of members of the present Ministerial party and of their faithful shadows in the Press to pretend that they did not understand the attitude which Mr. BALFOUR has assumed with regard to the Fiscal problems which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with characteristic vigour and ability, has brought once more within the range of practical politics. "Faithful shadow yourself!" "What price the Duke, and George Hamilton, and Balfour of Burleigh and Arthur Elliot?" "No blooming side about any of them." "Who's he getting at, then?" "Joe's the man for me!" There is enough intelligence at the command of the Radicals—there is not a plethora—to compel our belief that this failure to understand is as much a pose as that of a well-known sporting Judge, who asked counsel "What is a booknaker?" "Look here, I'm not going to stand being called a plethora!" "Why can't he say 'Ackins and have done with it?'" "He's got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It was 'Who is Connie Gilchrist?'" Affectation carried to extremes becomes stupidity, and if, after last night's speech, the Radicals still plead inability to comprehend, there will be nothing left for us to do but apply to them the epithet bestowed by VOLTAIRE on the second author who compared his mistress's lips to a rosebud. "Roundabout, longwinded talk when carried to extremes becomes bunkum." "If you want to call a man an ass, why not say so instead of dragging in Voltaire?"

The talented Editor of the *Outlook* published in his issue of the 16th inst. an article headed "Fair Play and No Quarter," the first proof of which read as follows:—

"Although the duty of the new Opposition is to oppose with at least as much energy, vigilance, and resource as the Ministerialists have employed against them, there are some things in which Unionists will set a better example than they have been shown. They will not forget the public interest; and they will not dip their weapons in that venom of personal rancour with which Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Lord MILNER have been assailed. "Oh, won't they! Just you wait a bit until you've got into your stride." "Well, anyhow the Tories didn't forget the 'public' interest." . . . Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, always a vastly over-rated critic, has been in the last few years an exceptionally

industrious and offensive partisan; we can only regret that the Radical party's universal provider of ordinary platform fustian should be made Minister of Education. "That's more like fair play, ain't it?" "What's the matter with the Universal Provider? He's all right!"

The troubles of Tsardom formed the theme of a recent article in *The Spectator*, which, when first set up, presented the following appearance:—

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

A far-away memory comes to us of an eminent explorer's description of the doubts which for some time he entertained as to whether a body of water that he was following was a tributary of a great lake which he had lately left, or an outlet from that inland sea towards a distant ocean. "A trifle foggy that for the opening par." "What has Stanley in Central Africa got to do with the state of Russia?" "O never mind, he'll get there in another stick or two." At one spot the current, such as it was, seemed lakeward; not very far away it was plainly flowing in the opposite direction; while between those points there was a dense growth of reed and cane which made any certain observation practically impossible. "Rather like one of Mr. Balfour's fiscal speeches." "Cheer up, mateys, we shall get to Russia in time." Somewhat similarly, those who now watch the Russian situation—so distant and obscure, though the telegraph, when working, gives it a delusive appearance of nearness—are unable to form any clear conclusion as to the direction in which events will ultimately be determined. "Then why did you sit down to write an article on 'The State of Russia'?" In a few months' time, it may be, there will be no doubt as to the future set of the current of Russian national life—"Yes, that's quite on the cards,"—but at the present moment it is impossible to say with any confidence whether it is heading backwards towards the sands of reaction, or moving forward to become a fertilising river of liberty, or gathering force for the rush of a wild torrent of destruction. "Heading backwards—sounds like a football match." "Oh, Lor! there's another column yet to come!" "Chinese labour's nothing to this."

"As a matter of fact, electricity is absolutely the only safe means of electrically lighting a railway train."—*The Electrical Review*.

Mr. Punch, though not in possession of technical knowledge on this point, hazards the belief that the above statement is correct.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Cabby. "I 'AD A BEARD LIKE YOURS ONCE, BUT WHEN I FOUND WHAT IT MADE ME LOOK LIKE, I GOT IT CUT OFF."

Bussy. "AN' I 'AD A FACE LIKE YOURS ONCE, AN' WHEN I FOUND I COULDN'T GET IT CUT OFF, I GREW A BEARD."

FAILURE.

Now the Old Year in senile weakness lies,
Fast drawing to his close;
And in my bosom bitter thoughts arise,
That make me dash the tear-drops from
my eyes,
And fiercely blow my nose.

It is not that in this sad hour I weep
For each forgotten vow;
'Tis not remorse that will not let me sleep
For broken promises I swore to keep;
I'm used to that by now.

It is not that I mourn for chances tossed
Without a thought aside,

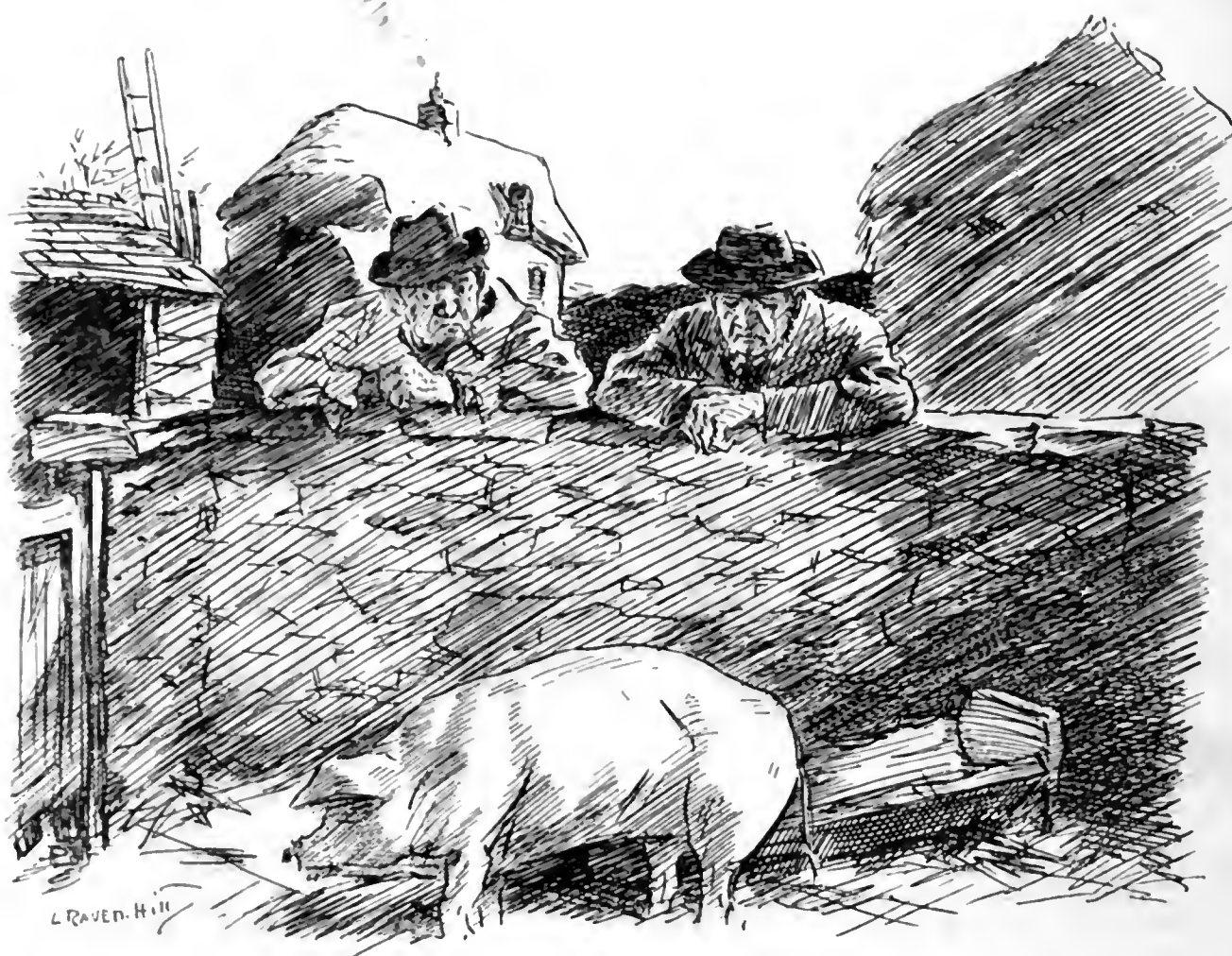
For Fortune's proffered gifts supinely
lost;

I very much prefer to blow the cost,
And let such matters slide.

But this regret within my bosom gnaws,
That, though I've made prodigious efforts to assimilate its laws,
With patience worthy of a better cause,
I have not learned to Bridge!

From the *Gloucestershire Echo*:
ARCADIAN FANCY DRESS BALL;
WAVERLEY ROOMS, CHELTENHAM.
Dress optional.

This is indeed your true Arcadia.



OUR ELECTION.

Giles. "I DON'T EXAW WHICH ON 'EM I SHALL VOTE FOR. THEY BOTH BIN ROUND 'ERE, AN' NEITHER OF 'EM CAN TELL I WOT'S THE MATTER WI' THIC THER' FIG!"

AN EXACT SCIENCE.

[Miss EMILY HOLY has written a book entitled "The Secret of Popularity," in which the road to social success is described as "An Exact Science." Some of its more valuable rules are here reproduced.]

WOULD you, O my Sister, have the women hand-in-glove with you,
All the men in love with you,
Thinking you divine;
People thronging round your door in infinite variety,
Seeking your society,
Begging you to dine?
Then come nay, do not turn from me I'll teach you charm
and tact:
As you will shortly learn from me, the Science is exact.

Practise with a looking-glass the graceful art of meeting friends,
Fancy you are greeting friends,
Aim at glad surprise;
Cultivate a happy smile, catch your breath, look rapturous—
That's the way to capture us—
Welcome with your eyes,
And learn to gush "How sweet, my dear, to see you up in
town!
It's really quite a treat, my dear! And how is Mr. Brown?"

Ply with utmost diligence the subtle art of listening;
Sit with eyes a-glistening,
Lips the least apart.
Never mind however much your visitor is boring you;
Know he is adoring you
And grateful in his heart.
Be sure that he will gad about and sing aloud your praise,
Till all the world is mad about your sympathetic ways.
When you meet a friend at tea who's been to Rome or Hanover,
Call that bashful man over,
Draw your frills aside.
Bid him share your sofa with a little gesture prettily,
Ask about dear Italy;
"Was it azure-skied?"
"Was Jupiter so Pluvius?" and punctuate his prose
Account of Mount Vesuvius with little "Ahs" and "Ohs."
Laugh, too, when he tells you tales of continental travelling.
Never take to cavilling,
However old the brand.
When he takes his leave of you, at once assume an attitude
Of deferential gratitude,
And warmly press his hand.
This way lies popularity. Of course, there's none who thinks
You savour of vulgarity, and are, in short, a minx.



A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW THEN! BUMPERS ALL! TO PEACE AND GOODWILL!!"



CHARIVARIA.

As a reward for beating the "All Blacks," plucky little Wales, it is said, is to have Disestablishment.

"Your Imperial thinkers, your Imperial drinkers, your landlords, your Ramlords, your philosophic doubters, your Imperial shouters, your shufflers, and your scufflers—there they lie in one mingled mass of misery." The foregoing is an extract from a speech by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and one can well understand that anyone who sets himself the task of delivering such elaborate *jeux d'esprit* after dinner does well to be a teetotaler.

"A Mother of Three" writes to protest against the proposed change in our sailors' costumes, as she considers due notice has not been given. She has just had her little boys (whose long curls are always so much admired) rigged out as able-bodied seamen, and it will be a cruel hardship if they are now to become "back numbers."

At many British military messes, we hear, officers are fined by their comrades if they appear in a "made-up" dress-tie. We believe there is no similar regulation in the Japanese Army, and, if this be true, the successes of our allies in the recent war become all the more remarkable.

Upon being served with some stale fish in a restaurant in Paris, a Mexican threw the dish at the waiter, the water-bottle at a gentleman who interfered, and afterwards fired his revolver at the proprietor. It is supposed that the Mexican must have lost his temper.

The coolness of our firemen has often been admired. At a recent conflagration some of them were observed to be actually playing on the flames.

With reference to the police constable who was seen running in a West-End street last week, a satisfactory explanation is now given. The officer was going off duty.

Some excitement, we hear, was caused at a Charity Bazaar, last week, by the appearance of an old gentleman, of weak intellect, in bathing costume. He explained that he had come for the six-penny dip.

A pretty novelty has just been placed upon the market in the form of a dainty gold chain for attachment to false teeth. It is pinned to the lapel of the coat or hung round the neck.

A Chinaman has been sent to prison



HARD TO PLEASE.

Lady (to Shopwalker, who has personally conducted her on grand tour round toyshop for the last hour or so). "No, THANKS. I DON'T THINK I CARE FOR ANY OF THESE. PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING FRESH TO-MORROW!"

at Bangkok for stealing clothes by means of a fishing-rod. The custom of catching fur-coats in a butterfly-net has long been *démodé* in the best circles.

We hear that a new monthly to be devoted to the interests of violinists is in contemplation. Suggested title, *The Strad Magazine*.

At last, we hear, a satisfactory title has been found for a play to succeed worthily "The Worst Woman in London." It is so simple that one wonders that it should not have occurred to anyone before. It is to be "The Worst Woman in England," and the new play is to be followed successively by "The Worst Woman in England and Wales," "The Worst Woman in Europe," and "The Worst Woman Anywhere."

At a meeting of the shareholders of BARNUM AND BAILEY, Limited, it was declared that showmen received salaries almost as large as those of Cabinet

Ministers. The scandal just now, in the opinion of many, is the other way round.

In reply to "Anxious Enquirer," we think that no present is appreciated by a smart young man quite so much as a worked smoking-cap. In fact, the majority of our bachelor friends have three in constant use. They put on a richly embroidered one when smoking a cigar, a less elaborate one for cigarettes, and, for pipes, a quite plain one, with no trimming at all.

We are now in a position to state the real facts about the King of SPAIN. It is true that HIS MAJESTY is engaged to Princess ENA OF BATTENBERG, but at present it is a secret.

Friendly messages have been exchanged between Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the German Government. It will be remembered that they have interests in common. Both are in favour of Free Trade—for Great Britain.

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

NO. IV.—HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

A LETTER is a written document, passing from A. to B., or *vice versa*, at a time when these two persons are precluded from communicating by word of mouth, either by distance or because they are not on speaking terms.

The origin of the art of letter-writing is lost in the mists of antiquity. JOSEPHUS

mentions it as a well-known practice in his day, and later on in the world's history we have the well-known lines:

I had a letter to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best,

showing how the same idea occurred to different minds in ages far apart.

In order to write a letter recourse must be had to the materials acknowledged by the experience of ages to be the most suitable for the purpose. These are as follows:—

Paper.—This should be white, or any other colour the writer may prefer. It may be, and amongst the highest in the land usually is, stamped with the address of the writer, with any information relative to the distance of railway stations, telegraph offices, golf links or licensed houses that may be necessary. A crest also, preferably the writer's own, a coat-of-arms or a neat monogram, may be added for the sake of ornament or self-advertisement.

Pens.—These, originally constructed from the quill of the goose, or *anser vulgaris*, can now be purchased in boxes at the low price of three pence a dozen, while a handle of wood, metal, or some other hard material, is to be procured from most stationers at an inconsiderable sum.

Envelopes.—These are either square or oblong. The flaps are usually supplied with a coating of adhesive gum, to be moistened in a way which need

not be further particularised, in order to keep the communication private.

Ink.—This is a fluid of a dark colour, said by some to be extracted from the fish immortalised by *Captain Cuttle*, and is held in a pot of glass or metal. The supply can be replenished when it has run low.

Blotting-paper.—This preparation is called in French *papier buvard*, but the writer once heard of an Englishman

refuses to accept payment for them, and need not be pressed to do so. There is a cheaper form of stamp sold at a half-penny, but its colour, which is green, is not so pleasing to the eye.

Dictionary.—This will supply the writer with the proper spelling of the word "affectionately," or any others upon which he may be shaky.

Armed with these adjuncts to the art of letter-writing the student will now be in a position to get to the business of inditing an epistle.

There are people who write their letters in bed after breakfast. This posture is not to be recommended as a convenient one on account of bread-crumbs. Far better to sit down comfortably at a desk or table, square the elbows, hunch the shoulders, slightly protrude the tongue, draw a long breath and set to work.

The chief lesson the novice must learn before he or she can hope to become an expert letter-writer is to adapt the tone of his or her correspondence to the different people to whom he or she may wish to write. Thus, a letter addressed by a lady to a draper complaining that the eight yards of *ruching* delivered did not come up to sample, and it is surprising that a

respectable firm should carry on in that way, must not be written in such affectionate terms as to bring the head of the establishment hurrying round with a proposal of marriage. Nor, on the other hand, should a letter in reply to a proposal from an acceptable suitor begin, "Dear Sir,—Yours of 30th ult. to hand and contents duly noted."

Bearing these simple directions in mind, the letter-writer may proceed to exercise his art with the hope of soon becoming, as the manuals put it, complete.



"GOOD GRACIOUS, MASTER TOMMY, WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING?"

"CAN'T FIND MY BEST BAGS ANYWHERE. IT'S JUST LIKE THE PATER TO PUT THEM ON BY MISTAKE, AND THEN GO TO CHURCH IN THEM!"

who entered a stationer's shop in Paris with the request, "*De la bloush, s'il vous plait*," and was immediately supplied.

Stamps.—When the letter is sent by post it is usual to affix a small portrait of the reigning monarch to the right-hand corner of the envelope, out of respect and loyalty. These little portraits are appropriately named "stamps," and, like the envelopes, are supplied with adhesive gum. Very good ones for the purpose can be purchased for one penny each at any post-office, or they may be borrowed from a friend, who usually



"**A** H!" said Mr. PUNCH with satisfaction, as his mind passed rapidly over the events of the preceding twelve months. "Ah! There's another year nearly done. I feel that I have very little to complain of. Take it all round, although there has perhaps been a shade too much Parliamentary indecision, it has been a good year, and it is closing very happily, for we have a new Cabinet, we are teaching our policemen Jujitsu, we have beaten the New Zealanders at last, and there is no influenza epidemic apparent."

"No," continued the Sage, "I think I have very little to grumble at, and I hope I am not singular in that belief."

It was at this point that Mr. PUNCH was made aware of the proximity of a stranger, apparently in the depths of perplexity, who approached him with extreme difficulty, owing to the burden of literature under which he staggered.

"Help! help!" cried the stranger. "Help! help!"

"My dear Sir," said Mr. PUNCH, "is there anything I can do for you? You seem to be burdened by books!"

"Indeed, I am," the stranger replied. "That is my complaint. I am burdened by books. I cannot get into my house for books. I cannot move about it for books, and I cannot leave it for books."

"How is that?" asked Mr. PUNCH. "Are you so inveterate a collector?"

"A collector? No, Sir. A collector is a happy man compared with me. A collector owns his books and can sell them. These are library books."

"But why do you have them?" the Sage inquired.

"Why, Sir? Because I cannot help it, Sir. Unlike Mr. BALFOUR, I am a reader of the newspapers, and every newspaper now forces library books on its patrons. I take in six daily papers; I therefore belong to six libraries. My wife and family take in eight weekly papers; they therefore belong to eight libraries. That, I think, makes fourteen libraries altogether, unless so much literature has ruined my arithmetic. Each of these libraries insists upon our having three books a day—forty-two in all."

"But you could discontinue your subscription," Mr. PUNCH gently suggested.

"No, Sir; impossible. This is an age of perusal. Burdensome as these books may be, I feel that it is my duty as an Englishman to try and master them. I feel that I ought to keep abreast of the intellectual life of the time. I ought to know what people are thinking. Even to expect to understand the differences between Protection and Retaliation is, I know, too much; but I think I ought to know the difference between conscription and universal military service. I ought to know whether the Man in the Iron Mask was JENIUS. I ought to know the relative merits of petrol and white steam. I ought to know whether BACON wrote *Hammurabi*, or SHAKESPEARE wrote Mr. HALL CAINE; and if not, why not."

I ought to know how to keep a motor-car on an income of £800 a year. I want to belong to my age and choose a new religion. I want a new diet. I want to become a millionaire. And to do this I must read first the papers, and secondarily the books. I understand that one is not properly civilised unless one belongs to several libraries."

"Do you read old books as well as the new?" asked Mr. PUNCH.

"Oh no!" replied the heavily-burdened stranger. "The old books are no good; I am told by the assistants at the libraries that every writer who is dead or over forty is a back number—only the books which have been issued in the last two publishing seasons are of any use, have any real snap. Mental pabulum must be fresh if it is to nourish the brain and promote efficiency, or, I should rather say, effectiveness, for efficiency as a cry is more than nine months old. But even so it is hard to keep pace with all the new books. For instance, before I go to bed to-night I must finish a new treatise on Christian Science as applied to Voice Production, a new monograph on Manchuria, and a new novel called *The Sands of Bliss*."

"It seems to me," said Mr. PUNCH, musingly, "that, much as the excesses of the past are abused, and rightly too, I would almost rather be a three-bottle man than a three-book man."

"And that is not the worst," continued the stranger. "I can manage to get an idea of what the books mean; but there is Mr. SHAW as well. Nowadays, all persons with any claim to culture must keep abreast of Mr. SHAW, for does he not reign at the Court? Can you tell me what he is driving at?"

Mr. PUNCH having tactfully parried the question, his interlocutor proceeded:

"My wife goes to Mr. SHAW's plays, and is delighted when a character on the stage describes her and her fellow-women as harpies, or as *succubi*; but it does not amuse me. It enrages me. What am I to do? Is it I who am wrong, or Mr. SHAW? I don't know where I am, Sir. I don't know where I am. What we want is someone to point the way; to provide us with a straightforward road; to make most of all this literature unnecessary."

"Well," said Mr. PUNCH, straightening himself, "you need not go so very far to find that guide, philosopher and friend. You want cheery, salutary, and genial satire; you want the best reading in small space; you want the cream of the journalistic record of the day; you want a healthy yet pungent criticism of life; you want wit without offence and humour without ambiguity? Very well, Sir. One man one vote may be a good cry in Politics, but one man one book is a better in Literature, when it is the right book. Allow me, therefore, ---" and with a gracious gesture he handed to the stranger his

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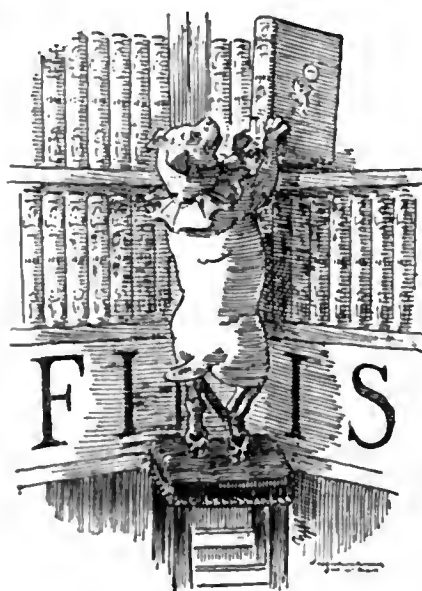
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